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## BY MEAD AND STREAM

A STORY.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF 'ROBIN GRAY,' 'QUEEN OF THE MEADOW,' 'THE GOLDEN SHAFT,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.—THE OVERTURE: 'MUCH VIRTUE IN IT.'

THE sun still bright on the hilltop; figures rising to its crest, and there halting, with hands shading their eyes, to take a glad or sad look backward. Then, impelled by the master Time, they move downward through deepening shades to join the great crowd in the bosky glen at the foot of the mountain. Mingling in the crowd, they become themselves shadows, making strange shapes in the beautiful garden ground where they find rest.

But in that pause on the bright hilltop, in that look back along the slope which has been climbed, there falls a mist from the eyes. There is the straight easy road up to the height which we might have taken, and there are the devious paths like the mazy involutions of the lines on a railway map, which we have taken, and which have made the journey appear so wearisome to many, so short to the happy few.

But all see what a much pleasanter road they could travel if they might only start afresh with this new vision.

Old friends meet and exchange compliments about birthdays—some accepting them contentedly, others regarding them as grim jokes which would be honoured in the omission. But gay or sad, every one has in the heart a plaintive note which sounds that monosyllable 'IF!'

'If I had only been advised at the right moment, how different it would be with me now,' sighs the pallid invalid, closing his eyes in vain and trying to forget.

Then the sad-faced maiden:

'If he had only trusted me a little more—if I had only doubted him a little less, how sweet

it would have been to have gone down this hill-side hand in hand together.'

'If I could only have persuaded him not to make that last journey,' murmurs the widow.

'If my son had been spared,' moans the childless.

'If I had known his falsehood,' bitterly exclaims the betrayed.

'I wish the guv'nor's cash had not gone so fast,' mutters the spendthrift, 'and it might have lasted long enough to have made this an easy slide, if I had only thought about it. Now I suppose it will be a regular plunge.'

'If I had only left off play before my luck turned,' growls the gambler.

'If I had left those shares alone I would have been all right,' says the bankrupt.

'Looking back, sir, is seldom pleasant,' says the successful man with a complacent smile and with a wave of his hand patronising the whole past, 'but to me it is agreeable enough. The struggle was hard, sir, hard; and if it had not been for untiring energy on my part—well, I should not be where I am. But if I had it all to do over again, why, I could double my fortune.'

But he is content enough to go gently down the slope in his carriage, whilst others are tumbling or creeping down the same course bearing that burden 'If.' The miserable ones know that their state would have been more gracious if they could have seen the way more clearly; but they have no wish to go back; they crawl voiceless over the hilltop, in haste to reach the end of the journey.

'Cheated of my due,' the man of ambition cries; 'but if there had been a fair field for me I would have accomplished all my aims, and the world would have been the gainer.'

'Let us walk steadily on,' says the philosopher gently, 'and our memories of the sunlit streaks on the other side will cheer us on our way downward. There is no life that has not some pleasant memory that will bring a sense of happiness to the most desolate—if it be not thrust aside by vain repining. All men and women may be happy, if'—

Oh, that infinite 'If!'

#### CHAPTER II.—WHAT MIGHT BE.

The place was the garden of Willowmere. The time was the middle of August, when trees and fields and bracken were faltering into that full ripeness which bodes decay. At that period, note the gradation of hues in the forest land—from deep watery green to pale, sensitive yellow, every leaf trembling in the sunlight with ever-changing shades. In the garden the forward apples were showing ruddy cheeks, and the late pear presented a sullen gray green.

The persons were Madge Heathcote, niece of Richard Crawshay, the sturdy yeoman farmer of Willowmere, and Philip Hadleigh, son of the master of Ringsford Manor.

She was somewhat pale and anxious: he was inclined to hustle her anxiety aside with the blissful hopefulness of youth and indifference to consequences.

'I am going to give you very bad advice, Madge; will you listen to it?'

'Is it very bad?' she asked, lifting her eyes, in which there was an expression curiously compounded of pathos and coquetry.

'Very bad indeed,' he responded cheerfully, 'for I am going to tell you that you are not to mind your uncle at all, but be guided by me now, as you will be, I hope, at no very distant date.'

'But you know he always liked you, Philip, and you must have done something—something awfully bad to have made him turn so suddenly against you.'

But although she tried to make him believe that she was quite sure he had done something very wicked, she somehow failed to impress the youth with any deep sense of her indignation.

'I cannot measure the degree of my iniquity until you give me some hint as to what it is.'

'Don't you know?'

'On my honour I do not. My conscience is as clear of it as your own. Now speak—tell me my crime.'

'If you don't know what it is,' she said slowly, whilst she studied intently a weed that had grown in the path and which now sprouted at her restless foot. 'If you really don't know what it is—I think we had better say nothing about it.'

'Very well and with all my heart. Still I can't help thinking that your uncle might have come to me, or allowed me to go to him, before he made up his mind that we should never pull together.'

'He did not say that exactly'—

'Would you have believed him if he had?' he interrupted, with an under-current of laughter in his voice and yet with a shade of curiosity in his expression.

She looked at him. That was enough. The pale blue eyes, which seemed in extreme lights quite gray, had that wistful, trustful expression of a dog when being chidden by a loved master for some offence of which it is innocent. But presently the expression changed to one of thoughtfulness, the flush faded from her cheek, and she again sought inspiration from the weed at her foot.

'How can I tell you what I might believe about the future? All that I know is—I trust you, and am content'—

'That's my Madge,' he said in a low glad tone, as he clasped her hand.

'At the same time,' she went on gravely, 'you must remember that Uncle Dick has not only been good and kind to me; but he has, besides, shown himself wise in the advice he has given to others, and it would be very wrong of me not to think seriously over anything he may counsel about my future.'

'Now you are playing Miss Prim, and I don't admire you in that character. I like your uncle and respect his judgment—except of course in the present instance.—Then, suddenly checking himself: 'But what *did* he say?'

'Not very much, but he was in earnest. He told me that if I cared for myself or cared for him, I was to have nothing more to do with any of the Ringsford Manor people.

'That was when he came home from the market yesterday?'

'Yes—but you must not think'—

'No, no—I was not suspecting him of having stayed too long at the *King's Head*, although I daresay he might not be so cool as when he started in the morning. I know that he would be out of humour with our people, for he had some dispute with my father, old Cone tells me. Whether it was about the price of corn, or a pig, or the points of a horse, is known only to themselves, but they parted in a bad temper. You will see that your uncle will not bear me malice on that account. Did he say anything else?'

'Yes.' Her lips trembled a little and she did not seem disposed to continue.

'Well, out with it,' he exclaimed cheerfully.

'He said—that—he wished he saw you fairly off on your wildgoose chase.'

Philip understood now why the lips had trembled and why the words came from her lips with so much effort.

'Poor Madge,' he said gently as he drew her arm under his own and patted the hand which rested on his wrist.

Then they walked together in silence.

He was a broad-shouldered, stalwart fellow, with short, curly, brown hair, a moustache of darker hue; chin and cheeks bare. His was a frank, sanguine face—Hope flashing from the clear eyes and brightening all the features. The square brow, the well-defined lines of nose and jaws, were suggestive of firmness; the soft curves of mouth and chin dispelled all hints of hardness in the character. A resolute but not an obdurate man, one might say.



She was tall and graceful, age between twenty-three and twenty-five, but in certain moods she appeared to be much older; and in others no one would have thought that she was quite out of her teens. Long regular features; silken hair that had once been very fair but had darkened as she grew in years; a quiet, self-possessed manner which made all comers easy in her presence, instantly inspiring confidence and respect. Some people said she had more influence over the labourers in the parish than the parson himself. The parson's wife—although a kindly woman in her way—never had anything like the success of 'Missie' Heathcote, as she was affectionately called by the working-folk, in persuading Hodge to give up his extra pot of a Saturday and inducing Hodge's 'old woman' to keep her cottage and her children neat.

To Philip Hadleigh in his calmest ravings about her she was the most beautiful creature in all woman-nature. He had learned Wordsworth's lines about the 'noble woman nobly planned' who was yet 'not too bright or good for human nature's daily food,' and he was never tired of repeating them to himself. They presented a perfect portrait of Madge. She, too, was beautiful in mind and body—true, earnest, devoted. She would die for the man she loved; she could never be false to him. And he had won that love! He did not know how, or why, or when. He was dazed by his great fortune. He could not realise it; so he shut his eyes and was happy.

But 'Missie' Heathcote herself knew that she was capable of saying and doing very foolish things. She feared that she was capable of hate as passionate and fierce as her love.

So far all had gone smoothly with them. True, their engagement was between themselves; there had been no formal asking of the sanction of her uncle and guardian's leave, or of his father's approval. But everybody knew what had been going on and no objection had been raised. In his easy way Philip took for granted that those who had any right to their confidence understood everything and did not require him to go through the conventional explanations. She had not considered explanations necessary until they should come to the arrangements for the wedding-day.

Their elders did understand: Mr Hadleigh of Ringsford was indifferent or too proud to proffer even to his son advice which was not asked: Crawshay of Willowmere was content to let Madge please herself. He thought her choice a good one, for he liked Philip and believed in him. Of course in the way of money and position she might have done better. (Was there ever a parent or guardian of a girl who did not think that 'she might have done better?') Hadleigh was a wealthy man, but his ownership of Ringsford was of recent date, and although he was doing everything in his power to secure recognition as one of the county families, all his riches could not place him on a level with Dick Crawshay, whose ancestors had been masters of Willowmere from a period before the arrival of the Conqueror—going back to the time of the Romans, as was sometimes asserted.

Crawshay was not a man of prejudice when he considered things calmly. So, in this matter of his niece's choice of a partner, he was content since she was satisfied.

In this way it happened that the heads of the houses had given no formal consent to the proposed marriage; and now that a quarrel had arisen, each felt free to approve or disapprove of it in accordance with his own humour.

Madge regarded the quarrel—as she was inclined to regard most matters—with serious eyes. Philip was convinced that it was nothing more than a petty squabble—a few angry words spoken in a moment of temper, which both men were no doubt ashamed of and would be glad to have forgotten. He was not disturbed about that unpleasant little event.

What elicited that sympathetic whisper 'Poor Madge'—and what had kept them silent so long as they passed down by the dense old hawthorn hedge to the orchard, was a matter of much more importance than the falling-out of their elders. At length, he continued:

'Would you like me to give up this business of mine altogether? . . . We can do without it.'

'No; I should not like that at all,' she answered with prompt decision. 'You believe the result will be of great advantage to your father's firm and to yourself; the experience will certainly be valuable to you; and when you come home again!'

'Ah, when I come home again—that will be a glad day,' he said with subdued enthusiasm. 'Let me take up the picture where you laid down the brush. . . . When I come home again there will be a little conversation with the vicar. Then two young people—just like you and me, Madge—will march into the church on a week-day. The parson will be there and a few friends will be there, and we shall all be very merry. Next will come a sweet month when these selfish young people will hide themselves away from all the world in some out-of-the-way nook, where they will make a joyful world of their own in being together, knowing that only death is to part them now. Won't that be good fun? Do you think you will like it?'

'I think so,' she answered, smiling at his fancy and blushing a little at the happy prospect.

Next they return to their cottage by the wood; and the lady is busy with her housekeeping, and the man is busy admiring her more and more every day, finding new beauty in her face, new love in her heart as the years go on. They will not be always alone, perhaps; and when they are old she will be a sweet-faced dame with beautiful white hair, and there will be strong young arms for her to lean upon as she goes to church on Sunday. The old man will totter by her side, resting on his staff, and still her lover—her lover till death do them part. . . . What do you say to that fine forecast?'

'Ay—if it might be, Philip,' she said with a bright smile—a hint of tears in its brightness, for she had followed his vision of the future with tender sympathy throughout.

'Will you try to make it what I have so often dreamed it may be, should be—must be?'

'I will try.'

His arm was round her waist: they were sheltered by the apple-trees and the great hedge: he kissed her.

'Then that's all right,' was his glad comment; 'and now I am going to hunt for Uncle Dick,

and have it out with him for playing such a wicked joke upon us. I won't say good-bye, for I shall be coming back with him. I don't think I shall say good-bye until— Why are you so troubled about this trip, Madge? It is really nothing more than a trip, and there is still time enough to give it up altogether.'

'You are not to speak of that again,' she replied with playful reproach. 'It was your mother's wish.'

'So be it. But here's a new idea!'

'Are you sure it is new?'

'Quite. Suppose we pay that visit to the church before I start, and then we could travel together? That would be capital.'

She shook her head.

'You know it would never do. You would either neglect the purpose of your journey, or neglect me—and that would be a terrible crime!'

'I am not likely to commit it, and if I did you would forgive me.'

They had reached the stile at the end of the orchard, and he vaulted over it. His foot slipped as he descended, but he saved himself from falling by clutching the top bar of the stile.

'That is not a good omen,' said Madge, laughing gently; 'you ought to have been content to clamber over like other people.'

#### MONASTIC ENGLAND.

A TRAVELLER, visiting any of the monastic ruins which adorn the loveliest of our valleys, cannot but be impressed by the changes time works on institutions and systems. These piles, stately in their desolation, remain as landmarks of a system, which, after holding sway for centuries, was suddenly swept away. Like all social institutions, the monastic orders supplied a public want, and when it was no longer needed, the system disappeared. Many institutions, after having fulfilled their purpose, develop into abuses, and so to some extent counteract the good effect they had formerly produced, and this doubtless applies to the case of the monasteries. The noble architecture and great extent of these ruins show us the skill and enthusiasm displayed by the early workers of these orders; their utter ruin, while it has made the whole appear more picturesque, shows the inevitable end of institutions which outlive their usefulness.

As long ago as the fifth century, it was the custom for devout men to form themselves into societies, apart from the world, that their lives might be untainted by its evil influences. The leader in this movement was St Benedict, an Italian monk, whose followers, naming themselves after him, gave to their order the name of Benedictines. These men, spreading themselves over France and England, were the pioneers of the later monastic orders. They lived in the most extreme poverty, choosing the most forsaken and barren regions for their homes. Thus, we find them in the days of the Saxon, founding in a marsh beside the Thames the abbey of Westminster; in the district of the Fens the abbey of Crowland; in the swamps of the west the abbey of Glastonbury; whilst farther north, on wild headlands overlooking the North Sea, rose the abbeys of Whitby and Lindisfarne. But our

knowledge of the life passed by the inmates of these sanctuaries is extremely scanty. The times were too turbulent to allow the monks much time for study, and although Cædmon and Bede have left glimpses of this age in which they lived, their scanty records are only as flashes in the darkness. The Danes harassed the land incessantly; and the monasteries, as representing a religion they hated, were with them especial objects of attack. Crowland Abbey was given to the flames, and the abbeys of Whitby, Lindisfarne, and Tynemouth were sacked and destroyed.

After the Conquest, the Norman abbots gave a new energy to a system which was becoming somewhat stagnant, and by the twelfth century, this new impetus had reached its climax. Then rose the monasteries whose ruins make Yorkshire scenery doubly attractive. The abbeys of Fountains, Bolton, Rievaulx, and Kirkstall, were all commenced in this period, amid surroundings far different from those which make these districts so attractive to the modern traveller. One consideration in choosing the site of the abbey is worth notice. It was always near to a running stream, from which the brethren might obtain their supplies of fish. Thus, we never think of Bolton Abbey without the Wharfe, or of Melrose without the Tweed.

In every monastic establishment, the principal feature was the abbey, or chapel, consisting of nave, chancel, and transepts, built on the plan of a cross. Here, the monks assembled for prayers, which seem to have been of such wearisome length that artificial means were invented to counteract their soporific effect. In the chancel of Westminster Abbey may be seen the seats ingeniously contrived to throw on to the floor any monk who allowed himself to be overcome by the monotonous routine of prayers. Adjoining the abbey was the chapter-house, where the abbots from the neighbouring monasteries formed a chapter to discuss matters of church interest, and to sit in judgment on those of their brethren who had transgressed. And although it is well known that the origin of the dispute between Becket and the king was the leniency shown by these chapters to their own priesthood, when the plaintiff was a layman, yet in cases where the interests of the church were at stake, these priestly judges did not hesitate to inflict even death itself on the delinquent. Readers of *Marmion* will be reminded of the fate of Constance; and the discovery within recent times of a skeleton immured in a vault of Coldingham Abbey in Berwickshire, may perhaps serve to suggest that this was not an uncommon method of inflicting death.

The refectory, which in many ruins shows least signs of decay, corresponded to the modern dining-hall, and was often a noble and spacious apartment. But the most important of the abbey buildings, in our eyes, was the Scriptorium—the abbey library and study. Here were preserved and copied the writings of the times, and the greater part of our history, prior to the sixteenth century, is owing to the work of these priestly scribes.

The monks formed independent colonies, asking, and indeed needing, no help from the world around them. At first, their lands in many instances were small in extent, and their poverty was amply sufficient to deter any but devout

men from casting in his lot with them. Poverty and work they considered the two great antidotes against sin. Even in those early times, they were fully acquainted with the adage which connects mischief with idle hands. Their employments were as various as their tastes. The building of the abbey must have furnished employment for several generations of monks. The stained-glass windows and the bells of their churches were their own handiwork. Visitors to the Patent Museum at South Kensington are attracted by the loud ticking of a clock, still said to be a capital timekeeper, although the three centuries of its infancy were passed in measuring time for its makers, the monks of Glastonbury. As further instances of the versatile occupations of the monks, it will be remembered that Roger Bacon, the inventor of the common lens, was a Franciscan. Gardening, too, occupied much of their time, and we even read of Becket and his monks tossing hay in the harvest-field.

But as time went on, the abbey lands became extensive, by the grants of men who thought to compensate for their misdeeds by becoming liberal in their dying hours to mother-church. In the course of time, the abbots had become in reality great landowners, and monks only in name. From a glimpse left us of the state of affairs round the abbey of St Edmonsbury, it is plain that the abbot was held more in awe by the surrounding tenantry than the king himself. The abbot of Furness was virtual lord over the country north of Morecambe Bay from the Duddon to Windermere; and the estate of the abbey of Fountains stretched to the foot of Penygant, a distance of thirty miles.

As numerous instances have shown, wealth is a power, which, if not wisely used, may not only demoralise individuals, but communities and nations. The abbays, whose walls had been raised to encircle piety and poverty, became in time the abodes of indolence and luxury. Indeed, it is probable that the scanty knowledge we possess of our country's history during the two centuries prior to the destruction of the monasteries, is owing to the fact that the monks, who had formerly been our chief historians, had thrown aside a task which few others were then competent to take up. The new learning, which carried knowledge outside the monasteries, had not yet sprung into being, and the only learned sect in the land had become idle.

The monastic system, had it been allowed to live on, would certainly have met with a severe check, if not destruction, in the religious reforms which took place in the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth. As it was, the end came before its time, and like all premature reforms, the dissolution clashed with the spirit of the age, and was regarded by the common people as an injustice. The monks had never driven hard bargains with their tenants, and their popularity as landlords was great. Even when their dissolution was discussed in parliament, the members showed themselves averse to extreme measures, and compromised the matter by striking at the smaller monasteries only. But the insurrection known as the Pilgrimage of Grace soon gave Henry VIII. a pretext for their total suppression, and in 1539, the work of dissolution was finished in a most ruthless manner. The abbots of Fountains

and Jorvaulx were hanged together at Tyburn, and the abbot of Glastonbury shared the same fate. The abbot of Furness, to escape death, was compelled to sign a deed conveying his whole estate to the king.

The abbays were for the most part despoiled by the people of the district. A stained-glass window of Furness Abbey was carried off to adorn Bowness Church, on the banks of Windermere. An oriel window from Glastonbury Abbey was used in the building of a neighbouring inn; whilst the houses of the village owed great part of their building materials to the destruction of this noble church. In the case of Crowland, the abbey seems to have suffered little until the time of the Civil War, when a band of the Parliament army destroyed it, after using it as a shelter. In those instances where man has not wreaked his vengeance, time and the elements have effected a slow but sure ruin.

Such was the sudden collapse of these powerful and at one time useful institutions. Whatever may have been the faults and drawbacks of their later existence, they were in earlier periods of immense service to the country, as they conserved within them all that was best and highest in literature, arts, and civilisation. They kept the lamp of knowledge burning throughout the dark ages, ready for a time when its light could be more generally diffused among the nations. And one thing they did which ought to be held in grateful remembrance: they were the chief promoters of the abolition of serfdom, and the manumission of the slaves, both in England and Scotland. When giving the rites of the church to the dying landowner, the monks, although anxious for their own share of his property, never forgot to plead for the slaves. And so it came about that, by the close of the fifteenth century, slavery was virtually abolished, not by Act of Parliament, but by the monastic Orders.

## TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

### CHAPTER I.

ON a certain sunny morning in the pleasant month of June, in a pleasant room, the French-windows of which opened on to a terraced garden, with the gleaming waters of the Channel heaving and falling no great distance away, sat Mrs Bowood, wife of Captain James Bowood—formerly of the mercantile marine, but now of Rosemount, The Undercliff, Isle of Wight—busily engaged with her correspondence. Mrs Bowood was a pleasant-looking woman of some forty summers, whose brown hair was already tinged with gray. She had never been accounted a beauty, and she made no pretensions to a gift with which nature had failed to endow her. But her dark eyes looked the home of kindness and good temper, with now and then a glint of merry humour breaking through them; and she possessed the gift—so precious in a woman—of a voice at once soft, clear, and persuasive. The verdict of every one who knew Mrs Bowood was, that the more you saw of her the better you grew to like her.

All women, whether married or single, like to have one particular friend to whom they can open their minds without fearing that their confidence will be betrayed, to whom they can tell things that they will tell to no one else, not even to their husbands. Mrs Bowood's particular friend and confidante was a certain Miss Dorothea Pennell, who, being a lifelong invalid, and consequently debarred from playing any active part on the world's stage, welcomed all the more eagerly every scrap of news which her correspondent could send her, and responded all the more sympathetically, whenever sympathy was looked for at her hands. It was to Miss Pennell that Mrs Bowood was this morning inditing her fortnightly budget of news. As she turns over the first page and begins on the second, let us take the liberty of peeping over her shoulder and of reading what her pen puts down.

'We are rather more than usually lively at Rosemount just now,' she writes; 'in fact, I should be justified in saying that we are decidedly uproarious. You will know, my dear Dolly, what I mean when I tell you that my sister's two youngsters, Freddy and Lucy, are here on a visit. Maria wanted to go to Paris for a few weeks, so I gladly offered to take charge of them. Their sweet childish laughter makes pleasant music in the old house. I know I shall have a good cry to myself when the time comes for them to leave us. They are at once the pride and the torment of their uncle. You know that my dear old Bow-wow has a fine natural irritability of temper, which really means nothing when you come to know him, and is merely a sort of safety-valve which, I verily believe, saves him from many a fit of gout. So, when the youngsters steal his pocket-handkerchief or hide his spectacles, he stamps—not with his gouty foot—and storms, and his red face grows redder—which is quite unnecessary—and he threatens condign punishment. Then the children pretend to be frightened, and hide themselves for a quarter of an hour; after which they go hand in hand and stand a little distance away from him and rub a knuckle in a corner of their eyes. Then of course they are called up, scolded for half a minute, and forgiven. Then come lollipops. But all the time I feel sure that the young monkeys are laughing at him in their sleeves. Dear old Jamie! he is as transparent as a sheet of glass, and the children's sharp eyes read him through and through.

'The other day they found a quantity of coloured paper, which they persuaded Biggles, their nurse-maid, to cut up and fashion into so-called "roses." Of these paper flowers they made festoons, with which they decorated themselves; but by-and-by, seeing their uncle's white hat on the table in the hall, the temptation was too much for them, and forthwith the *chapeau* was decorated with a wreath of paper flowers. Then the young imps hid behind the half-open library door, waiting till their uncle should set out for his afternoon stroll, about which he is generally as regular as clock-work. Presently, out he came, humming some old sea-song to himself, and took his cane out of the stand and clapped his hat on his head, never perceiving—you know how short-sighted he is—that there was anything amiss with the latter article, and so went his way; and very comical

he must have looked. As soon as he had disappeared, the children came out of their hiding-place and performed a war-dance on the veranda. Meanwhile, my dear old boy marched gaily on his way towards Ventnor. He told me afterwards that he could not make out why people turned and stared so at him. Before long, he had quite a gathering of urchins of both sexes following at his heels—but at a respectful distance, having probably the fear of his cane in their eyes. Then a butcher's boy, as he drove past, called out: "Hi! Bill, here's another guy!" This bewildered the Captain. He turned and glared at his following, and examined his coat-tails, for fear anything might have been pinned surreptitiously behind him; but he never thought of looking at his hat. It was not till he reached the outskirts of the town that some one who knew him stopped him and told him what was the matter. He came back in a great fume, on castigatory thoughts intent; but of course the culprits were not to be found, nor did they venture to put in an appearance till bedtime, when they sneaked up-stairs under the wing of Biggles, without venturing into the drawing-room to bid either their uncle or me their usual "good-night." After this, you will perhaps be surprised to learn that on peeping into the children's room about half-past nine, I found the candles alight, the urchins sitting up in their beds, and their uncle seated on a chair between the two, telling them a sea-yarn and stuffing them with chocolate creams. What is a poor woman to do with such a husband?

'And this reminds me that I have promised my sister to engage a French governess for her while she is away. Maria has a charming knack of throwing on to other people's shoulders any little worry which she does not care to encounter herself. What would seem more natural and proper than that she, whose home is in London, should engage a governess on the spot. But, no; she did not care to face the nuisance of having to pick and select from among a score or two of candidates, and so delegated the labour to me, who live here in this out-of-the-way spot. "You know, dear Caroline, that I lack your firmness in matters of this sort," she wrote in that insinuating way of hers. "I cannot deal with people as you can. I am impulsive; you are just the opposite. I should inevitably engage the first applicant whose appearance pleased me, without reference to her abilities or anything else; while you, dear Caroline"— And so on. You know Maria's style.

'As a consequence of my advertisement, I have been inundated with letters during the last week—the postman will want an extra half-crown at Christmas—all of which I have had to wade through; the result being that I have selected half-a-dozen of the most likely candidates to see personally. I fervently hope that I shall be able to find one out of the half-dozen that will meet Maria's requirements, and so bring this troublesome business to an end.

'The day after I posted my last letter to you, Elsie Brandon came to us on a visit. You will remember her as being at Rosemount when you were staying with us last summer. She has shot up wonderfully in the interim. She is now seventeen, and is nearly as tall as I am. You

will remember my telling you that she is a ward in Chancery, and that she will come into a considerable fortune when she is of age. Her aunt, Miss Hoskyns, who has charge of her, brought her to Rosemount to stay for a couple of months. She is a bright intelligent girl, full of life and high spirits when away from her severely methodical aunt. Miss Hoskyns—whose dearest wish it is to be looked upon as a *femme savante*, and who has just started for Italy to decipher some Etruscan inscriptions which have lately been unearthed there—would fain train up Elsie to eschew all thoughts of matrimony, and develop gradually into a blue-stocking like herself. The child is learning Latin and mathematics, and is to begin Greek next winter, and by-and-by go to Girton College for a couple of years. But I am afraid that all Miss Hoskyns' well-meant efforts will never make a "girl graduate" of Elsie Brandon. Far dearer to her heart than Latin or mathematics is a game of lawn-tennis on a sunny afternoon; and young as she is—unless an old woman is mistaken—she already knows more of the art of flirtation than she is likely to know of the Greek poets as long as she lives. Meanwhile, a little gentle repression will do her no harm. I equalise matters by insisting that her studies shall not be neglected—the Rev. Septimus Dale comes and coaches her three times a week—but when once her lessons have been mastered, she is at liberty to do as she likes. I need scarcely say that she twists, Captain James Bowood round her little finger.

'Now that I have written so much about Elsie, it seems only natural that I should tell you the latest news about the Captain's nephew, Charley Summers, who was such a favourite with you when you were here. You know already how he ran through the small fortune which came to him after his mother's death; and how, subsequent to that, his uncle paid his debts twice over. You know also how, as a last resource, the Captain placed him in a tea-broker's office in the City, and how, after a three months' trial of office-life, he broke away from it, and took to the stage for a living. This was the last straw; and when James heard that his nephew had turned actor, he vowed that he should never darken his doors again, and that he washed his hands of him for ever. My dear husband had certain prejudices instilled into his mind when he was young, and there they live and flourish to the present day. It is his firm belief that in earning his bread as he does at present, Charley has irrevocably disgraced both himself and his family. And yet, for all that, he still holds the boy as the apple of his eye. Love and prejudice have been fighting against each other in his heart, and for the present, prejudice has carried the day; but if I know anything of my husband, the victory is only a temporary one. Love will conquer in the end.

'This preamble brings me to the particular scrap of news anent Charley which I wanted to tell you. On taking up the local paper yesterday morning, I happened to notice the advertisement of a travelling company who are going to play at the Ryde Theatre during the whole of this week. Among the list of names mentioned I found that of Charles Warden—our scapegrace's *nom de théâtre*. This at once set me wondering

whether, now that he is so close to us, he would venture to come over to Rosemount, in defiance of his uncle's express prohibition. I confess that I should greatly like to see the boy, and yet it would certainly be better that he should not venture here for a considerable time to come.

'But there is another point in connection with Charley about which I am more curious and anxious. Do you know, Dolly, I almost fancy that there is something going on between him and Elsie? "How absurd!" you will probably say to yourself. "Why, the girl is only seventeen."—True; but girls of seventeen are often engaged nowadays, and married before they are eighteen. We live in a precocious age.

'While Elsie was at Rosemount last year, Charley came down and stayed a fortnight with us; it was his last visit before he got into disgrace. He and Elsie gravitated naturally towards each other, as young people will do. They were out and about a great deal together, and were sometimes missing from breakfast till dinner-time. I thought nothing of it at the time, looking upon Elsie as little more than a child, whereas Charley was already turned twenty-one. But I was certainly a little surprised when, in the course of conversation a few days ago, Elsie let out the fact that Master Charles had visited at her aunt's house several times during the course of the last winter. By what occult means he contrived to insinuate himself into the good graces of that she-dragon, Miss Hoskyns, is more than I can imagine. He must have found out one of her weak points, for she is very vain in many ways, and have played upon it to serve his own ends. I know Charley too well to believe that he would care to visit Miss Hoskyns out of regard for that lady herself. Could it be because he thought there might be a chance of now and then seeing Elsie, that he put himself to so much trouble? That there is some secret understanding between these young people, I am pretty well convinced; and as an additional proof of the fact, I may tell you that when I pointed out Charley's name in the newspaper to Elsie, her eyes flashed out suddenly, while the wild-rose tints in her cheeks grew deeper and richer. I had never seen the child look so pretty before.

'So, then, here is the first chapter of a little romance working itself out. Should the opportunity be given me of watching its progress, you shall hear all about it in due time.'

As already stated, the French-windows of the room in which Mrs Bowood was writing stood wide open this sunny morning. Mrs Bowood had heard no sound, had seen no shadow; but while she was writing the last few words, there suddenly came over her a feeling that she was no longer alone. She looked up, and could not help giving a little start when she saw a tall figure dressed in black standing close to the open window. Next moment, she smiled to herself and gave vent to a little sigh. 'Another applicant for the post of French governess,' she murmured. 'How tiresome to be interrupted in the midst of one's correspondence! I will never undertake another commission for Maria as long as I live.'

Seeing Mrs Bowood looking at her inquiringly,



the woman came a step; or two nearer, and then paused, as if in doubt. 'What shall I say?—how introduce myself?' she muttered under her breath.

She was tall, and with a sort of easy gracefulness about her which was evidently not acquired, but natural. It was difficult to guess her age, seeing that her face, nearly down to her mouth, was hidden by a veil, which was drawn tightly back over her bonnet, and tied in a knot behind. But the veil could not quite hide two flashing black eyes. She was dressed entirely in black; not a scrap of any other colour being visible anywhere about her.

'You have come in answer to the advertisement?' queried Mrs Bowood.

'The advertisement, madame?' replied the stranger with evident surprise, as she came a step or two nearer. She spoke with a slight foreign accent, which only served to confirm Mrs Bowood's first impression.

'I mean for the French governess's place,' continued the latter lady.

The stranger looked at Mrs Bowood for a moment without speaking; then she said: 'Ah—oui, madame, as you say.' Then she smiled, showing as she did so a very white and perfect set of teeth.

'I am afraid that I shall not be able to attend to you for about half an hour,' said Mrs Bowood in a tone that was half apologetic. 'Perhaps you won't mind waiting as long as that?'

'I am at madame's convenience. I am in no hurry at all. With madame's permission, I will promenade myself in the garden, and amuse myself with looking at the beautiful flowers.'

'Do so, by all means. I will send a servant to tell you when I am ready to see you.'

'Merci, madame.' The stranger in black bowed gracefully, deferentially even, and smiled again. Then taking up the skirt of her dress with one hand, she passed out through the French-window. She paused for a moment in the veranda to put up her black sunshade, and then she passed slowly out of sight. But as she walked she communed with herself: 'This is fortunate—this will give me time. I must find some of the servants, and ask them to direct me. A great deal may be done in half an hour.'

Left alone, Mrs Bowood took up her pen and dipped it in the inkstand. 'Really, many of these foreigners have very nice manners,' she mused. 'We have much to learn from them—not only in manners, but in the art of dress. That young person's gown is made of quite ordinary material; but the style and fit are enough to make poor Madame Smithson die of despair.' Then she took another dip and addressed herself to the continuation of her letter.

'I have a long budget of news for you this week, my dear Dolly, and as yet, have by no means come to the end of it.

'In our many conversations together, I think you must more than once have heard me mention Laura Dimsdale's name, although you may possibly have forgotten the fact. Well, she has been staying at Rosemount for the last ten days. But in order that you may better understand the position of affairs, I will give you a brief résumé of her history.

'You know, of course, that my father was a country doctor, and that after my mother's death I kept his house for many years. When I first knew Laura Langton—that was her name before her marriage—she was a girl of ten, home for her holidays. Her father was vicar of the parish, and he and my father were well acquainted. Well, years went on, and Laura grew up into a very charming young woman. Although there was quite ten years' difference in our ages, she and I were always the best of friends; and whenever she was at home, I used to have a good deal of her company. But by-and-by her school-days were over; and as she was like me, without a mother, she thought that she could not do better than follow my example, and become her father's housekeeper. Soon after this took place, my father's death sent me abroad into the world, and I left Chilwood for ever. But during the last summer I lived there, a certain Sir Frederick Pinkerton, a man about forty years old, used frequently to ride over to the vicarage—he was on a visit at some country-house in the neighbourhood—and village gossip would have it that he was in love with my pretty Laura. But if such were the case, nothing ever came of the affair. By-and-by, Sir Frederick went his way, and was no more seen in those parts.

'Some two or three years later, I heard that Laura was married, and that her husband was Sir Thomas Dimsdale, a wealthy London merchant, forty years older than herself. I said to myself, when I heard the news, that I never could have believed Laura would have married merely for money or position. Later on, I heard the explanation. It appears that her father had been deluded into mixing himself up with certain speculations which were to make a rich man of him, and enable him to leave his daughter a big fortune; but instead of doing that, they simply ruined him. In this crisis, Sir Thomas came to the help of the ruined man. The vicar was extricated from his difficulties; and his daughter became Lady Dimsdale. Such bargains are by no means uncommon in society.

'Sir Thomas died two years ago; and Laura found herself a widow at thirty-three years of age, with an income of something between three and four thousand pounds a year. So far so good. But note the sequel. Should Laura marry again, her income goes from her, all but about four hundred a year. What a poor contemptible creature this Sir Thomas must have been!

'Whether Laura will ever marry again, is of course more than I can say. I hope with all my heart that she may do, and this time for love. She was a very pretty girl, and she is now a very charming woman, and still very youthful-looking. And then, too, her life is a very lonely one. She has no children; her father died years ago; and she has no near relations left alive. For all she is so rich, she is by no means a happy woman.

'I have made mention of a Sir Frederick Pinkerton. Would it surprise you to hear that the individual in question is a neighbour of ours, and a not unfrequent visitor at Rosemount? He has taken a house at Bonchurch for a year, on the recommendation of his doctor. It seems that he and Captain Bowood met somewhere abroad; and they have now renewed their acquaintance.

Sir Frederick is a bachelor, on the wrong side of fifty, I should imagine, but young-looking for his years. He is said to be very rich; but he has also the reputation of being very stingy. He comes of a very old family, and is a thorough man of the world. Remembering that he had known Lady Dimsdale when she was Laura Langton and a girl of twenty, I told him one day, when we met him out driving, that we were expecting her here on a visit. He coloured up, on hearing the news, like any young man of five-and-twenty, a thing which I should scarcely have believed of an old ex-diplomatist like Sir Frederick, had I not seen it with my own eyes. From that moment, I became suspicious.

'Since Laura's arrival, Sir Frederick's visits to Rosemount have been much more frequent than before. That he admires her greatly, is plainly to be seen; but whether he will propose to her is quite another matter. I hope he will do nothing of the kind; or rather, I hope that if he does, she will refuse him. I feel sure that she does not care a bit for him; and he is not at all the sort of man that would be likely to make her happy. But when a woman is lonely, and feels the need of a home and a settled place in the world for the remainder of her days, one can never tell how she may act. Can either you or I tell how we should act under the same circumstances? At present, however, this is beside the question. Sir Frederick has not yet proposed.

'But during the last few hours, matters here have assumed an altogether different complexion. Last evening, there arrived at Rosemount, on a short visit, a certain Mr Oscar Boyd, a civil-engineer of some eminence, who has been out in South America for several years, engaged in laying down certain new lines of railway in that country. Captain Bowood met Mr Boyd for the first time some two months ago, at his lawyer's office in London. It appears that Mr Boyd is possessed of a small estate, which he is desirous of selling; and as the estate in question adjoins certain property belonging to my husband, it follows as a matter of course that my dear old Bow-wow is desirous of buying it. Some difficulty, however, appears to have arisen with regard to the price, or the conveyance, or something; so, in order to bring the affair to an amicable settlement and, as Jamie said, to save lawyer's expenses, Mr Boyd has been invited down here for a few days. The Captain is persuaded that if he and Mr Boyd can talk over the affair quietly between themselves, they will be able to arrive at some agreement which will be satisfactory to both; and I think it not unlikely that Jamie will prove to be right.

'But mark now what follows. When I introduced Mr Boyd to Lady Dimsdale, soon after his arrival last evening, judge my surprise to see them meet as old friends—that is to say, as friends who had known each other long ago, but who had not met for many years. A few words of explanation elicited the fact that Mr Boyd had made the acquaintance of Laura and her father during the time that he was employed as sub-engineer on the Chilwood branch-line of railway. This, of course, was after I left the neighbourhood. From the conversation that followed, I rather fancy that Mr Boyd must have

been a pretty frequent visitor at the vicarage. There's something else, too, I rather fancy—that in those old days there must have been some flirtation or *tendresse*, or something of that kind, between the two young people, the sweet fragrance of which still lingers in the memory of both of them. Of course, I may be mistaken in my idea, but I don't think I am. More than once last evening, I said to myself: "Laura is a widow, Mr Boyd is a widower, why should they not?"—

But at this moment a servant flung open the door and announced: 'Sir Frederick Pinkerton.'

### SLEDGE-DOGS.

THE inestimable value of the dog, which, as Sir Charles Lyell informs us, has been the companion of man ever since the Neolithic age, is nowhere more apparent than in the countries encircling the Arctic Ocean. Besides exercising his powers in the chase, and defending his master's person and cabin from the attacks of rapacious animals, he fulfils the laborious duty of a beast of burden, performing the task with an intelligence not displayed by any other draught animal. Attempts were formerly made to utilise dogs in this capacity in various parts of Europe; and it is well known that in London and many of our provincial towns, certain breeds were once harnessed to butchers' carts, costermongers' flats, and other light conveyances, until the cruelty involved in compelling soft-footed quadrupeds to draw laden vehicles along macadamised roads was at length recognised, and the evil suppressed.

The legitimate sphere for the employment of our canine friends for the purposes of draught is undoubtedly to be found over the frozen wastes of northern latitudes, where the summer shows too brief a sun for the growth of much fodder, and the yielding snow is incapable of supporting heavier animals. Endowed with remarkable intelligence, with great powers of endurance, and with the capability of adaptation to extreme conditions of climate and various kinds of food, they seem peculiarly fitted to aid man where his existence is attended by the severest hardship. Dogs will exist and labour where other quadrupeds would perish, and their marvellous instinct often proves the means of saving life amidst the dangers which beset the inhabitants of those inhospitable regions. In Northern Siberia, Kamtchatka, Greenland, and countries of a similarly rigorous climate, they are essential alike for the transport of articles of commerce and for procuring the necessary means of subsistence. As early as 1577, Frobisher recorded the fact that Eskimo sledges were drawn by teams of dogs, and they have repeatedly proved the indispensable reliance of modern explorers.

Both the Eskimo and the Siberian sledge-dogs are large and powerful animals, and, while differing sufficiently to constitute separate varieties, they agree in bearing a close resemblance in their aspect, the tone of their howling, and in other characteristics to the wolves of the arctic circle. They stand from thirty to thirty-one and



a half inches in height at the shoulder, possess a pointed muzzle, sharp and erect ears, and a bushy tail. Their compact and shaggy coat forms an admirable protection against the cold, and is therefore much prized among the Eskimo for clothing. Their colour is variable, the Eskimo dog presenting almost all shades; but the predominating hue of this and also of the Siberian variety is gray or a dingy white.

They subsist principally on fish, walrus-hide, the flesh or the refuse of seal, and all kinds of offal. On the arctic shores of Asia, small fish, cleaned and dried in the open air, are reserved for the dogs, and form an excellent spring diet. During winter journeys, the food is usually served on alternate days, and consists of fresh frozen fish, or about two pounds of seals' flesh, or its equivalent in walrus-hide, which is often frozen like plates of iron, and has to be chopped or sawn to pieces. They are never permitted to eat salt junk, except through dire necessity, and then only sparingly, for a full meal of it would in many cases be fatal. In summer, they are turned loose to shift for themselves, and live partly on field-mice.

Before entering on long expeditions, sledge-dogs require a careful preparation, very similar to that which the plundering Turcomans give their horses. For some time beforehand, their food, exercise, and rest are strictly regulated. In the last fortnight, they are driven from seven to twenty miles daily, halting at stated intervals, until, like the Turcoman steeds, they are capable of running from seventy to a hundred English miles in a day, if the cold be not very intense and the strain of brief duration. Wrangell states that when the dogs are pursuing game, they will cover fifteen versts, and even more, in an hour, a verst equalling two-thirds of an English mile. This is confirmed by the experience of Dr Hayes, who occasionally amused an enforced leisure by taking an excursion with a team of a dozen dogs, which would traverse six miles in twenty-eight to thirty minutes. Their performances over long distances are even more surprising. On one of his return journeys, Wrangell sometimes accomplished a hundred versts per day, and maintained a mean daily speed of thirty-four miles over a distance of two hundred and fifty leagues, despite the fact that the dogs went several days without food, the stone-foxes and wolverines having destroyed the provision depôts. Dr Kane's team, although worn by previous travel, carried him, with a fully burdened sledge, between seven and eight hundred miles in a fortnight, at the astonishing average rate of fifty-seven miles per day!

When subjected to severe and protracted exertion, the dogs are liable to become footsore. They should then be protected by fur-boots, the paws being washed frequently in strong brandy, and if the weather be sufficiently mild, bathed in sea-water. A similar foot-covering is necessary when the snow is frozen into hard crystals, which cut the feet; or when a team is driven rapidly over sea-ice formed at a low temperature, which, besides cutting the paws, occasions acute pain from the brine expressed, sometimes even causing the animals to fall down in fits. When the cold is unusually severe, the dogs require clothing for the body.

Living almost entirely in the open air, these useful assistants give their masters little trouble in the provision of kennels. During summer, they scratch holes in the ground for coolness, or lie in water to escape mosquitoes. In winter, when the thermometer is exceptionally low, they are occasionally sheltered in an outhouse adjoining the cabin; but even then are more frequently tethered outside, and curl themselves up in their burrows in the snow. For the comfort of the dogs attached to the *Fox*, while engaged in the search for Sir John Franklin, some twenty-five holes were excavated in the face of a snow-bank alongside the vessel, and 'in them they spent most of their time. Under the lee of the ship, they could, when their fur was thick, lie out on the snow without apparent inconvenience, although the temperature was minus forty degrees, and the mists gave a raw and keen edge to the cutting blasts.' Dr Kane erected a doghouse on Butler's Island; but the animals would not sleep away from the vessel, preferring the bare snow within sound of human voices to a warm kennel on the rocks. Wrangell says that they relieve their solitary watches and interrupt the arctic silence with periodical howling, which is audible at a long distance, and recurs as a rule at intervals of six or eight hours, but far more frequently when the moon shines.

The *narti* or sledge of Northern Siberia is nearly two yards long, about twenty-one inches broad, and ten high. The best are built of seasoned birchwood, free from knots, except the bed, which is formed of woven shoots of the sand-willow. No iron is used in the construction, all the parts being bound together by thongs cut from the skin of the elk, ox, or walrus, of which a great number are required. Eskimo sledges vary considerably both in form and material, and are from four to fourteen feet in length; an ordinary specimen measures ten or twelve feet, and weighs upwards of two hundred pounds. A large party of Eskimo who once visited Dr Kane arrived in sledges 'made of small fragments of porous bone, very skillfully fastened together by thongs of hide; the runners, which shone like silver, were of highly polished ivory, obtained from the tusks of the walrus.' One of Dr Kane's sledges, named 'Little Willie,' was constructed of American hickory, thoroughly seasoned, and well adapted for strength, lightness, and a minimum amount of friction. Another, styled the 'Faith,' which was built in a stronger fashion, after models furnished by the British Admiralty, measured thirteen feet long, and four broad, and would carry fourteen hundredweight of mixed stores. The natives moisten the soles of the runners with water, often obtained by dissolving snow in the mouth, which insures a thin shield of ice that glides over a frozen surface with incredible ease.

When the sledge is laden, the whole is covered by thin sheets of deerskin, so as to prevent displacement of the load by the rapid speed or the frequent overthrows. Under favourable circumstances, a team will draw from a thousand to twelve hundred and sixty pounds, or from nine to eleven and a quarter hundredweight, in addition to the driver, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour; but during intense frost, when the snow is rendered granular, and 'almost as gritty as

sand,' the load may have to be limited to three hundred and sixty pounds.

A good team consists of about twelve dogs. Their harness is composed of bearskin, and when tethered, it is by bear or seal skin traces fastened to spears plunged into the ice. The foremost sledge is furnished with an additional dog to act as leader, which receives a careful training, for on him the safety of the whole party frequently depends. If reliable, no difficulty turns him aside, but he selects the track which presents the least danger. On dark nights, or when the wild waste is obscured by a tempest, an impenetrable mist, or a blinding snowstorm, and the sheltering *pouarna* is scarcely discoverable by man, a good leader will be sure to find it, if he has ever crossed the plain before, or once rested at the habitation; while, if the hut be buried in snow, he will indicate the spot where his master must dig. When successfully trained, he rarely runs astray on scenting game; and often excites the admiration of travellers by his persistent efforts to keep the rest of the team to their work, barking and wheeling round at intervals, as if he had come upon a new scent, in order to induce them to follow him. If the leader swerves from duty, the driver not unfrequently finds himself powerless on such occasions to prevent them from rushing madly off in pursuit of prey.

At all times, the task of driving these half-tamed wolfish dogs is one of considerable difficulty, requiring both skill and determination. The sleighman seats himself on one side of the sledge, with his feet on the runner, and must be ready to spring off at any moment when his safety may be imperilled, or to dig his heels into the snow, if the fierce and unruly animals refuse to stop when they are required. A long staff, furnished with iron at one end and bells at the other, serves the double purpose of assisting him to maintain his precarious seat on the rocking sledge, and aids his voice in giving animation to the team by the tintinnabulation of the bells. A far more formidable instrument is the driver's whip. The lash measures twenty feet in length, or four feet more than the traces, and is made of raw seal or walrus hide, tipped with a 'cracker' of hard sinew. Attached to a light stock only two and a half feet long, no little practice is necessary to roll such a lash out to its full length, and when blown in all directions by an arctic gale, will tax the powers of the most experienced hand.

But sledge-dogs need no urging with the whip when their instinct informs them that they are on unsafe ice. They flee onwards at the speed which alone can save, and, as was experienced repeatedly by Dr Hayes, instead of keeping the sledges together in a compact body, they diverge and separate, so as to distribute the weight over as large an area as possible. When they begin to find themselves menaced by this danger, and the prospect ahead appears to them unusually threatening, they tremble, lie down, and refuse to go further. Most arctic explorers tell of hairbreadth escapes from treacherous ice, when they have owed their preservation to the sagacity of their dogs. Wrangell relates an incident of this nature: 'Our first care was to examine the possibility of further advance; this, however, could only be done by trusting to the thin ice of the channel, and opinions were divided as to the possibility of

its bearing us. I determined to try; and the adventure succeeded better than could have been hoped for, owing to the incredibly swift running of the dogs, to which doubtless we owed our safety. The leading sledge actually broke through in several places; but the dogs, warned, no doubt, of the danger by their natural instinct, and animated by the incessant cries and encouragement of the driver, flew so rapidly over the yielding ice, that we reached the other side without actually sinking through. The other three sledges followed with similar rapidity, each across such part as appeared to be the most promising; and we were now all assembled in safety on the north side of the fissure. It was necessary to halt for a time, to allow the dogs to recover a little from their extraordinary exertions.'

Some authorities, including Dr Hayes, pronounce these dogs to be insensible to kindness; but the assertion has been stoutly disputed. The fact appears to be that sledge-dogs, like all others, bark as they are bred, or, in other words, are what their masters make them. When they receive humane treatment, instead of the systematic and revolting brutality which is too commonly their portion, they rarely fail to evince a warm attachment to those with whom they are associated. 'Daddy,' the Eskimo dog which served for three years in the search for Sir John Franklin, 'won all hearts by his winning manner both afloat and ashore.' A lithograph of this cherished animal is preserved in the British Museum. Similar testimony in proof of the friendly and often affectionate disposition of these dogs, when properly treated, is borne by various explorers.

No greater calamity could befall the inhabitants of such regions than to be deprived of the services of the dog. To avert such a disaster, human mothers will nurse pups with their own offspring, if, through the death of the natural mother, there appear danger of the family being left without the preserving dog. It was once proposed in Northern Siberia to prohibit the keeping of dogs, because their large consumption of food was believed to lessen the quantity available for the inhabitants; but the enforcement of such a prohibition would have robbed the people of one of their chief means of subsistence.

The reindeer may be turned to a greater variety of uses than the dog, but, on the other hand, is more difficult to maintain. Over immense tracts of country, almost all articles of food and of commerce, together with the abundant supplies of fuel and oil necessary to impart warmth, light, and cheerfulness to the hovels in which the inhabitants seek refuge from their inconceivably severe and sunless winters, are obtained by the help of dogs. They convey their masters to and from fishing-grounds more distant than could otherwise be visited. They discover the lurking-places of the wary seal. Harnessed to light sledges, and guided by keenness of scent, or by visible traces on the freshly fallen snow, they fly over hummock and hollow in pursuit of the elk, the reindeer, the fox, sable, squirrel, the wild-sheep, and the bear, thus bringing hunters within reach alike of the fleetest, the craftiest, and the most formidable prey. In a word, the dog is as indispensable to the settled inhabitants

of such climes, as the reindeer is to the nomad tribes, as the horse is in England, the sure-footed mule on the mountain-paths of Spain, the llama on those of South America, or as the camel in the sandy deserts of Africa and Arabia.

## A KING OF ACRES.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES, AUTHOR OF THE 'GAME-KEEPER AT HOME,' ETC.

I.—JAMES THARDOVER.

A WEATHER-BEATEN man stood by a gateway watching some teams at plough. The bleak March wind rushed across the field, reddening his face; rougher than a flesh-brush, it rubbed the skin, and gave it a glow as if each puff were a blow with the 'gloves.' His short brown beard was full of dust blown into it. Between the line of the hat and the exposed part of the forehead, the skin had peeled slightly, literally worn off by the unsparing rudeness of wintry mornings. Like the early field veronica, which flowered at his feet in the short grass under the hedge, his eyes were blue and gray. The petals are partly of either hue, and so his eyes varied according to the light—now somewhat more gray, and now more blue. Tall and upright, he stood straight as a bolt, though both arms were on the gate and his ashen walking-stick swung over it. He wore a gray overcoat, a gray felt hat, gray leggings, and his boots were gray with the dust which had settled on them.

He was thinking: 'Farmer Bartholomew is doing the place better this year; he scarcely hoe'd a weed last season; the stubble was a tangle of weeds; one could hardly walk across it. That second team stops too long at the end of the furrow—idle fellow that. Third team goes too fast; horses will be soon tired. Fourth team—he's getting beyond his work—too old; the stilts nearly threw him over there. This ground has paid for the draining—one, at all events. Never saw land look better. Looks brownish and moist; moist brownish red. Query, what colour is that? Ask Mary—the artist. Never saw it in a picture. Keeps his hedges well; this one is like a board on the top, thorn-boughs molten together; a hare could run along it (as they will sometimes with harriers behind them, and jump off the other side to baffle scent). Now, why is Bartholomew doing his land better this year? Keen old fellow. Something behind this. Has he got that bit of money that was coming to him? Done something, they said, last Doncaster; no one could get anything out of him. Dark as night. Sold the trainer some oats; that I know; wonder how much the trainer pocketed over that transaction? Expect he did not charge them all. Still, he's a decent fellow. Honesty is uncertain—never met an honest man. Doubt if world could hang together. Bartholomew is honest enough; but either he has won some money, or he really does not want the drawback at audit. Takes care his horses don't look too well. Notice myself that farmers do not let their teams look so glossy as a few years

ago. Like them to seem rough and uncared for—can't afford smooth coats, these hard times. Don't look very glossy myself; don't feel very glossy. Hate this wind—hang kings' ransoms. People who like these winds are telling falsehoods. That's broken' (as one of the teams stopped); 'have to send to blacksmith; knock off now; no good your pottering there. Next team stops to go and help potter. Third team stops to help second. Fourth team comes across to help third. All pottering. Wants Bartholomew among them. That's the way to do a morning's work. Did any one ever see such idleness! Group about a broken chain—link snapped. Tie it up with your leathern garter—not he; no resource. What patience a man needs, to have anything to do with land. Four teams idle over a snapped link. Rent!—of course they can't pay rent. Wonder if a gang of American labourers could make anything out of our farms? There they work from sunrise to sunset. Suppose import a gang and try. Did any one ever see such a helpless set as that yonder! Depression—of course. No go-ahead in them.'

'Mind opening the gate, you?' said a voice behind; and turning, the thinker saw a dealer in a trap, who wanted the gate opened, to save him the trouble of getting down to do it himself. The thinker did as he was asked, and held the gate open. The trap went slowly through.

'Will you come on and take a glass?' said the dealer, pointing with the butt-end of his whip. 'Crown.' This was sententious for the *Crown* in the hamlet; country-folk speak in pieces, putting the principal word in a sentence for the entire paragraph.

The thinker shook his head and shut the gate, carefully hasping it. The dealer drove on.

'Who's that?' thought the gray man, watching the trap jolt down the rough road. 'Wants veal, I suppose; no veal here, no good.—Now, look!'

The group by the broken chain beckoned to the trap; a lad went across to it with the chain, got up, and was driven off, so saving himself half a mile on his road to the forge.

'Anything to save themselves exertion. Nothing will make them move faster—like whipping a carhorse into a gallop; it soon dies away in the old jog-trot. Why—they have actually started again! actually started!'

He watched the teams a little longer, heedless of the wind, which he abused, but which really did not affect him, and then walked along the hedgerow down hill. Two men were sowing a field on the slope, swinging the hand full of grain from the hip regular as time itself, a swing calculated to throw the seed so far, but not too far, and without jerk. The next field had just been manured, and he stopped to glance at the crowds of small birds which were looking over the straw—finches and sparrows, and the bluish gray of pied wagtails. There were hundreds of small birds. While he stood, a hedge-sparrow uttered his thin pleading song on the hedge-top, and a meadow-pipit which had mounted a little way in the air, came down with outspread wings with a short 'Seep, seep,' to the ground. Lark and pipit seem near relations; only the skylark sings rising, descending, anywhere; but the pipits chiefly while slowly descending. There had been a

rough attempt at market-gardening in the field after this, and rows of cabbage gone up to seed stood forlorn and ragged. On the top of one of these, a skylark was perched, calling at intervals; for though classed as a non-percher, perch he does sometimes. Meadows succeeded on the level ground—one had been covered with the scrapings of roads, a whitish, crumbling dirt, dry and falling to pieces in the wind. The grass was pale, its wintry hue not yet gone, and the clods seemed to make it appear paler. Among these clods, four or five thrushes were seeking their food; on a bare oak, a blackbird was perched, his mate no doubt close by in the hedgerow; at the margin of a pond, a black-and-white wagtail waded in the water; a blue tit flew across to the corner. Brown thrushes, dark blackbird, blue tit, and wagtail, gave a little colour to the angle of the meadow. A gleam of passing sunlight brightened it. Two wood-pigeons came to a thick bush growing over a gray wall on the other side; for ivy-berries, probably.

A cart passed at a little distance, laden with red mangolds, fresh from the pit in which they had been stored; the roots had grown out a trifle, and the rootlets were mauve. A goldfinch perched on a dry dead stalk of wild carrot, a stalk that looked too slender to bear the bird. As the weather-beaten man moved, the goldfinch flew, and the golden wings outspread formed a bright contrast with the dull white clods. Crossing the meadow, and startling the wood-pigeons, our friend scaled the gray wall, putting his foot in a hole left for the purpose. Dark moss lined the interstices between the irregular and loosely placed stones. Above, on the bank, and greener than the grass, grew moss at the roots of ash-stoles and wherever there was shelter. Broad rank green arum leaves crowded each other in places. Red stalks of herb-Robert spread open. The weather-beaten man gathered a white wild violet from the shelter of a dead dry oak-leaf, and as he placed it in his button-hole, paused to listen to the baying of hounds. Yowp! yow! The cries echoed from the bank and filled the narrow beechwood within. A shot followed, and then another, and a third after an interval. More yowping. The gray-brown head of a rabbit suddenly appeared over the top of the bank, within three yards of him, and he could see the creature's whiskers nervously working, as its mind estimated its chances of escape. Instead of turning back, the rabbit made a rush to get under an ash-stole where was a burrow. The yowping went slowly away; the beeches rang again as if the beagles were in cry. Two assistant-keepers were working the outskirts, and shooting the rabbits which sat out in the brushwood, and so were not to be captured by nets and ferrets. The ground-game was strictly kept down; the noise was made by half-a-dozen puppies they had with them. Passing through the ash-stoles, and next the narrow beechwood, the gray man walked across the open park, and after awhile came in sight of Thardover House. His steps were directed to the great arched porch, beneath which the village-folk boasted a waggon-load could pass. The inner door swung open as if by instinct at his approach. The man who had so neighbourly opened the gate to the dealer in the trap was James Thardover, the owner of the property.

Historic as was his name and residence, he was utterly devoid of affectation; a true man of the land.

## II.—NEW TITLE-DEEDS.

Deed, seal, and charter give but a feeble hold compared with that which is afforded by labour. James Thardover held his lands again by right of labour; he had taken possession of them once more with thought, design, and actual work, as his ancestors had with the sword. He had laid hands, as it were, on every acre. Those who work, own. There are many who receive rent who do not own; they are proprietors, not owners; like receiving dividends on stock, which stock is never seen or handled. Their rights are legal only; his right was the right of labour, and it might be added, of forbearance. It is a condition of ownership in the United States that the settler clears so much and brings so many acres into cultivation. It was just this condition which he had practically carried out upon the Thardover estate. He had done so much, and in so varied a manner, that it is difficult to select particular acts for enumeration. All the great agricultural movements of the last thirty years he had energetically supported. There was the draining movement. The undulating contour of the country, deep vales alternating with moderate brows, gave a sufficient supply of water to every farm, and on the lower lands led to flooding and the formation of marshes. Horley Bottom, where the hay used to be frequently carried into the river by a June freshet, was now safe from flood. Flag Marsh had been completely drained, and made some of the best wheat-land in the neighbourhood. Part of a bark canoe was found in it; the remnants were preserved at Thardover House, but gradually fell to pieces.

Longboro' Farm was as dry now as any such soil could be. More or less draining had been carried out on twenty other farms, sometimes entirely at his expense; sometimes the tenant paid a small percentage on the sum expended; generally this percentage fell off in the course of a year or two. The tenant found that he could not pay it. Except on Flag Marsh, the drainage did not pay him fifty pounds. Perhaps it might have done, had the seasons been better; but, as it had actually happened, the rents had decreased instead of increasing. Tile-pipes had not availed against rain and American wheat. So far as income was concerned, he would have been richer had the money so expended been allowed to accumulate at the banker's. The land as land was certainly improved in places, as on Bartholomew's farm. Thardover never cared for the steam-plough; personally, he disliked it. Those who represented agricultural opinion at the farmers' clubs and in the agricultural papers, raised so loud a cry for it, that he went halfway to meet them. One of the large tenants was encouraged to invest in the steam-plough by a drawback on his rent, on condition that it should be hired out to others. The steam-plough, Thardover soon discovered, was not profitable to the landowner. It reduced the fields to a dead level; they had previously been thrown into 'lands,' with a drain-trench on each side. On this dead level, water did not run off quickly, and the growth of weeds increased. Tenants got into a

habit of shirking the extirpation of the weeds. The best farmers on the estate would not use it at all. To very large tenants, and to small tenants who could not keep enough horses, it was profitable at times. It did not appear that a single sack more of wheat was raised, nor a single additional head of stock maintained, since the steam-plough arrived.

Paul of Embersbury, who occupied some of the best meadow and upland country, a man of some character and standing, had taken to the shorthorns before Thardover succeeded to the property. Thardover assisted him in every way, and bought some of the best blood. There was no home-farm; the House was supplied from Bartholomew's dairy, and the Squire did not care to upset the old traditional arrangements by taking a farm in hand. What he bought went to Embersbury, and Paul did well. As a consequence, there were good cattle all over the estate. The long prices formerly fetched by Paul's method had much fallen off; but substantial sums were still paid. Paul had faced the depression better than most of them. He was bitter, as was only natural, against the reaction in favour of black-cattle. The upland tenants, though, had a good many of the black, despite of Paul's frowns and thunders after the market ordinary at Barnboro' town. He would put down his pipe, bustle upon his feet, lean his somewhat protuberant person on the American leather of the table, and address the dozen or so who stayed for spirits-and-water after dinner, without the pretence of a formal meeting. He spoke in very fair language, short, jerky sentences, but well-chosen words. He who had taken the van in improvements thirty years ago, was the bitterest against any proposed change now. Black-cattle were thoroughly bad.

Another of his topics was the hiring-fair, where servant-girls stood waiting for engagements, and which it was proposed to abolish. Paul considered it was taking the bread-and-cheese out of the poor wenches' mouths. They could stand there and get hired for nothing, instead of having to pay half-a-crown for advertising, and get nothing then. But though the Squire had supported the shorthorns, even the shorthorns had not prevented the downward course things agricultural were following.

Then there was the scientific movement, the cry for science among the farmers. He founded a scholarship, invited the professors to his place, lunched them, let them experiment on little pieces of land, mournful-looking plots. Nothing came of it. He drew a design for a new cottage himself, a practical plain place; the builders told him it was far dearer to put up than ornamental but inconvenient structures. Thardover sunk his money his own way, and very comfortable cottages they were. Ground-game he had kept down for years before the Act. Farm-buildings he had improved freely. The education movement, however, stirred him most. He went into it enthusiastically. Thardover village was one of the first places to become efficient under the new legislation. This was a piece of practical work after his own heart. Generally, legislative measures were so far off from country-people. They affected the condition of

large towns, of the Black Country, of the weavers or miners, distant folk. To the villages and hamlets of purely agricultural districts these Acts had no existence. The Education Act was just the reverse. This was a statute which came right down into the hamlets, which was nailed up at the crossroads, and ruled the barn, the plough, and scythe. Something tangible, that could be carried out and made into a fact; something he could do. Thardover did it with the thoroughness of his nature. He found the ground, lent the money, saw to the building, met the government inspectors, and organised the whole. A Committee of the tenants were the ostensible authority, the motive-power was the Squire. He worked at it till it was completely organised, for he felt as if he were helping to mould the future of this great country. Broad-minded himself, he understood the immense value of education, looked at generally; and he thought, too, that by its aid the farmer and the landowner might be enabled to compete with the foreigner, who was driving them from the market. No speeches and no agitation could equal the power concentrated in that plain school-house; there was nothing from which he hoped so much.

Only one held aloof and showed hostility to the movement, or rather to the form it took. His youngest and favourite daughter, Mary, the artist, rebelled against it. Hitherto, she had ruled him as she chose. She had led in every kind act; acts too kind to be called charity; she had been the life of the place. Perhaps it was the strong-minded women whom the cry of education brought to Thardover House, that set ajar some chord in her sensitive mind. Strident voices checked her sympathies, and hard rule-and-line work like this repelled her. Till then, she had been the constant companion of the Squire's walks; but while the school was being organised, she would not go with him. She walked where she could not see the plain angular building; she said it set her teeth on edge.

When the strident voices had departed, when time had made the school-house part and parcel of the place, like the cottages, Mary changed her ways, and occasionally called there. She took a class once a week of the elder girls, and taught them in her own fashion at home—most unorthodox teaching, it was—in which the works of the best poets were the chief subjects, and portfolios of engravings were found on the table. Long since, father and daughter had resumed their walks together.

It was in this way that James Thardover made his estate his own—he held possession by right of labour. He was resident ten months out of twelve; and after all these public and open works, he did far more in private. There was not an acre on the property which he had not personally visited. The farmhouses and farm-buildings were all known to him. He rode from tenancy to tenancy, he visited the men at plough and stood among the reapers. Neither the summer heat nor the winds of March prevented him from seeing with his own eyes. The latest movement was the silo-system, the burying of grass under pressure, instead of making it into hay. By these means, the clouds are to be defied, and a plentiful supply of fodder secured. Time alone can show whether this, the latest invention,



is any more powerful than steam-plough or guano to uphold agriculture against the shocks of fortune. But James Thardover would have tried any plan that had been suggested to him. It was thus that he laid hold on his lands with the strongest of titles, the work of his own hands. Yet still the tenants were unable to pay the former rent; some had failed or left, and their farms were vacant; and nothing could be more discouraging than the condition of affairs upon the property.

#### AN ORDER OF MERCY.

It has from time to time fallen to our lot to point out efforts, both good and bad, for the relief of suffering; and whilst we never shrink from deprecating the so-called charity which enfeebles and harms its recipients, it is with genuine pleasure that we draw attention to schemes of real utility and helpfulness. Of the last-named order, we can confidently affirm, is the St John Ambulance Association, the working of which it is the object of the present paper to explain. The Association was founded in England in 1877, under the auspices of the Order of St John of Jerusalem, and has for its object the spread of such elementary knowledge as may tend to decrease avoidable suffering in cases of accident or injury. Many have known by sad experience the helplessness of bystanders, say in an ordinary street-accident, and have seen how, with the best will in the world, the power to aid the sufferer was utterly wanting, and he has had to be left to his fate till medical help could be procured. Alas! it not seldom happens that by the time help arrives, there is no longer scope for the doctor's skill, and so many a life has been lost for want of the knowledge of how to administer prompt measures for relief.

As an instance of successful unprofessional help, take the following case of a man who was seen by a policeman to fall against an iron railing with such force as to completely sever an artery. The policeman, a pupil of one of the St John Ambulance classes, so cleverly extemporised a compress and bandages that the bleeding was entirely arrested. On the temporary appliance being removed at one of the London hospitals, the hemorrhage returned with so much violence, that the surgeon in attendance declared that nothing but the prompt aid rendered by the policeman could have averted speedy death.

But even when the accident is not so serious as to involve the question of life or death, much needless suffering is often caused by the roughness or carelessness of unskilled handling, and recovery is in consequence greatly retarded. The following instance, both of this and of the advantages of skilled assistance, is taken from the Register of the Association. It is the case of a carter who had his leg broken by a fall whilst at work and at a distance from medical help. Two successful candidates of an ambulance class extemporised splints, bandages, and a stretcher, and conveyed the wounded man to a doctor's house. As a consequence of the injured limb having been properly supported, the patient was able to get out of bed in three weeks' time, and in less than two months was walking about with ease. Five years previously he had

met with a similar accident under corresponding circumstances: but no skilled help being at hand, he was conveyed home somewhat roughly, a proceeding which revenged itself by sixteen weeks of helplessness and suffering.

Such cases are of daily, almost hourly occurrence in our large towns, whilst in mining or manufacturing districts, the risks to life and limb are even more serious and frequent; so that any agency which provides the needed help to such sufferers cannot but be looked upon as a boon to humanity. Now, it is just this first prompt aid that the Association seeks, through its pupils, to place within the reach of all those who are overtaken by sudden accident or injury; and in order to disseminate the necessary knowledge, classes for instruction are held wherever the requisite number—twenty to thirty—of pupils are found willing to prepare themselves to be in readiness to give help in case of need. The course of instruction is limited to a series of five lectures, according to a syllabus drawn up by a Committee of medical men of eminence. It consists of a general slight outline of the structure and functions of the human body, including particular notice of the principal arteries and of the different forms of hemorrhage, with the various extemporary means for its arrest, including the use of bandages. Fractured bones also receive a considerable share of attention. The fourth lecture is devoted to the consideration of insensible patients, the treatment of the apparently drowned, and of the victims to burns, scalds, and various smaller ills. So far, the instruction is the same for male and female pupils; but in the last lecture the lines diverge; and whilst women receive some hints on home-nursing, men are instructed as to the best methods of lifting and carrying the sick and injured, with or without stretchers. The last half-hour of each lesson is devoted to practice by the pupils of such arts as the application of splints and bandages, and the conveying from place to place of patients *pro tem*.

For ladies' classes, a small boy is hired as dummy, and is put through such a series of possible accidents as ought to sober the most reckless of mortals into a cautious habit of life. The sight of a group of eager watchers for a vacant limb is decidedly entertaining; and it is curious to notice the contrast between the utter want of comprehension of some aspirants, and the quickness with which other deft fingers carry out an idea once grasped.

Pupils who pass an examination, partly written and partly practical, which is held at the end of each course of lectures, are presented with certificates of proficiency; and for women only, there is a second course of instruction in the elements of hygiene and home-nursing.

A record, well worth studying, is kept by the Association of cases successfully treated by its pupils; and a list is also kept of those holding certificates who would be willing to join an ambulance train in case of war.

It need scarcely be said that the work of the Association in no sense seeks to supersede or interfere with the doctor's help; and it is pleasing to find that in no case has complaint been made of over-officiousness or presumption on the part of any one pupil. Indeed, the little knowledge so conveyed would be more likely to have a

contrary effect, and to make the amateur pause and consider, before venturing to trifle with such a wonderful and intricate piece of mechanism as the human body. Few of us are without at least one 'friend' who is ready at a moment's notice to prescribe some quack remedy, from the deadly poison of soothing sirup, to the comparatively harmless 'globule' of the homeopathist, and to do so with an air of profound conviction, even in cases where the doctor of learning and experience hesitates to give an opinion.

Now, anything that would tend to foster ignorant presumption is carefully avoided in the ambulance class, the instructor and examiner of which are invariably medical men; and only that amount of knowledge is imparted which will enable pupils to give help of the *right kind*, until the doctor arrives. Pupils in a position to do so, pay a small fee; but as the work of the Association increases rapidly amongst miners, colliers, railway-porters, policemen, and others, who cannot afford to contribute towards the necessary working expenses, whilst they constitute just the class to whom instruction is most valuable, increased support from those who have it in their power to give is very greatly needed; and as the work is undertaken, in great part, as a labour of love, donors may have the satisfaction of feeling that their gifts go directly towards the formation of new centres of usefulness.

In order to complete the work of the Association, a varied stock of *matériel* has been prepared and widely distributed by means of the Store Department. Of the first Handbook prepared for the use of classes, no fewer than fifty thousand copies have been issued, as well as a large number of special Manuals for the advanced or nursing class. It was also found necessary to supply the classes with diagrams for the use of lecturers, and with an assortment of such articles as bandages, splints, &c. The Association has also prepared a small portable hamper in a waterproof case, fitted with those 'First Aid' appliances, the use of which is taught in the classes. Much time and thought has been expended on the production of a stretcher at once light, easily managed, and comfortable; the result has been a small vehicle known as the 'Ashford' litter, consisting of a covered stretcher moving on two wheels, which can in ordinary cases be managed by one person. Such a hamper and litter have, during the past year, been placed in two lodges of Hyde Park; and it needs little prophetic insight to predict that in a short time our public buildings will boast a supply of the wherewithal for dealing with cases of accident or emergency.

The latest idea, which awaits full organisation, is the formation of Ambulance Corps for the transport of sick (non-infectious cases) and injured in large towns, where the distance is of necessity great. In London, there are no proper arrangements for the removal of the infirm, the few vehicles to be had being unsuitable for the purpose and costly to hire; facts which show the need of help, such as an organised Ambulance Corps would be able to give at a moment's notice.

Some idea may be formed of the spread of the Association's work by the fact that during the past year twenty-five thousand men and women have received instruction in London and the

provinces. Of these, eight thousand have successfully passed examinations and have received certificates of proficiency. There are at present ten centres of work in London, and about one hundred and forty in the country; and in addition, the idea has taken root and is spreading in the principal countries of Europe and in all our colonies. But cheering as has been the progress, the promoters of this scheme look forward to still better things in the future, and hopefully anticipate the time when avoidable suffering shall be reduced to a minimum, through a widespread knowledge of the elements of helpfulness.

Any further information respecting the working of the Association and the formation of new classes can be obtained on application to the chief secretary, Captain Perrott, St John's Gate, Clerkenwell, London.

## TWO SONNETS.

### LOVE'S WATCH.

FAIR falls the dawn upon thy face, O sea!  
And from thy furrows, crested white with foam,  
The gray mist brightens, and the hollow dome  
Of pearly cloud slow-reddens over thee:  
The glee of birds with snowy sun-kissed wings  
Cheerily wakes along thy tremulous waves,  
And blent with echoes of far distant caves,  
Thine own wild voice a deep-toned matin sings.

Eastward, the line of jagged reefs is bright  
With sunshine and white dashing of thy spray;  
And laughing blithely in the golden light,  
The fretted surf runs rippling up the bay;  
Westward, from night—O bear it safe, fair sea!—  
Slow sails the ship with freighted love to me.

### LOVE'S TRANSFIGURATION.

O strange sweet loveliness! O tender grace,  
That in the light of passion's day-spring threw  
Soft splendour on a fair familiar face,  
Changing it, yet unchanged, and old, yet new!  
Perfect the portrait in my heart, and true,  
Which traced the smile about that flower-like mouth,  
And those gray eyes with just a doubt of blue,  
Yet darkened with the passion of the South,  
And the white arch of thoughtful forehead, crowned  
With meeting waves of hair:—but still I found  
Some undreamt light of tenderness that fell  
From the new dawn, and made more fair to see  
What was so fair, that now no song can tell  
How lovely seemed thy heart-lit face to me.

GEORGE LOGAN MOORE, A.D.

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## WHAT IS A PEER?

JUDGING from casual remarks often heard in ordinary conversation, it would seem that not a few persons believe every man who is styled 'Lord So-and-so' to be a peer. The notion indicated, though prevalent, is wholly erroneous; and as the peerage of this realm, unlike that of other countries, is a matter of substantial importance, not only in a social but in a constitutional sense, an answer to the question, 'What is a peer?' may not prove uninteresting.

The word 'peer' itself, etymologically, in no way denotes superiority of position; on the contrary, strange to say, it denotes equality, being simply a form of the Latin *par*, equal, and comes to us through the French word *pair*, bearing the same meaning. How comes it, then, that an ennobled person should be designated by a term which signifies 'an equal?'; and of whom is such person an equal? One statement will answer these questions—namely, that every peer of the realm is the equal of every other peer of the realm—that is, of the United Kingdom; just as the members of all other classes of the community are the peers of each other in regard to citizen rights. We say 'peer of the realm,' because all peers are not entitled to be so styled. Thus, a member of only the Irish peerage is not the equal of an English peer or a peer of the realm, for the reason that he is not, by the mere reason of being a peer of Ireland, entitled to a seat in the House of Lords. In other words, he is not a peer or lord of parliament unless he is elected to be such; a remark which requires explanation.

At the time of the union of Ireland with Great Britain, confirmed by the statute 39 and 40 Geo. III. (1801), it was provided in the Act of Parliament that the peers of Ireland should have the power to elect twenty-eight representatives from amongst their own body to sit in the Upper House of the united legislatures for life. Such representative peers are chosen when necessary, and when elected, are lords of parliament, and have all the privileges of peers of the United Kingdom. Other

Irish peers who are not representative in a very different position. They are of parliament, although they *primâ facie* all such privileges as appertain to the generally. And this being so, an Irish peer, whether representative or not, cannot be forced for debt, in which respect he is on an equality with all peers of the realm. An Irish peer is also elected as a member of the House of Commons for a constituency in England or Scotland (by 39 and 40 Geo. III. c. 39), by such election he becomes for the time being a commoner, and so *pro tem.* loses the rights of a peer. It will be remembered that Lord Palmerston, who represented Tiverton in the House of Commons for so many years, was an Irish peer; and the present member of parliament for East Suffolk, Lord Rendlesham, is an Irish peer. His lordship, therefore, the peer of all other Irish peers—not representative peers—is not a peer of, say, Lord Carlingborough, or other noblemen who sit in the House of Lords, as of right.\* Indeed, Lord Rendlesham, as he sits in the Lower House of parliament, is necessarily simply a commoner.

As to peers of Scotland only, they are not entitled to elect representatives out of their general body to sit in the House of Lords. The number so elected is sixteen; but, unlike representative peers, they sit only during the existence of the parliament for which they are elected. On the other hand, a Scotch peer, of any grade, unlike an Irish peer, is a peer of the United Kingdom, and he cannot, therefore, sit in the House of Commons for any constituency whatever.

\* It may be observed with regard to the Irish peerage that the Crown can create a new peer of Ireland as often as three peerages existing in 1801 became extinct. But in order to keep the peerage of Ireland at a number of one hundred, if one of that number becomes extinct, the Crown may then create another. We refer to the Irish peerage pure and simple, and not to include peers who are peers of Ireland as well as of the United Kingdom. As a peerage merely of Ireland confers an empty title and no rights, a peerage of Scotland confers an empty title and no rights, and such a dignity has ceased to be created.

only difference between a Scotch peer and a peer of the United Kingdom is, that the former cannot as of right—that is, unless elected a representative peer—sit in the House of Lords; in all other respects he is the peer of a peer of the realm.

When once, then, a nobleman—by which is here meant a person ennobled by the Crown—takes his seat in the Upper House of parliament, he becomes a peer of the realm—that is, a lord of parliament; and although the well-known gradations of dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons exist, yet, so far as parliamentary rights are concerned, all ennobled persons who sit in the House of Lords are the peers or equals of each other. We purposely make use of the word 'nobleman,' because the two archbishops and all the bishops who sit there and vote too are not peers; for although they are spiritual lords of parliament, are styled 'My Lord,' and—with the exception of the Bishop of Sodor and Man, who has a 'place but no voice'—may vote, they are not 'noble,' and their dignity is not hereditary. For this reason, a peer merely for life, in the absence of an Act of Parliament conferring privileges of peerage upon him, would not be a 'noble' person. Accordingly, when Baron Parke in 1856 was raised to the peerage for life as Lord Wensleydale, it was decided by the Lords' Committee of Privileges that his lordship could not sit and vote as a peer. Selden, in his *Titles of Honour*, seems to refer to life peerages as quite ordinary distinctions; but whether they were so or not, it is clear that they were practically unknown, or had fallen into disuse between his time (1584–1654) and that of Lord Wensleydale. However, now, by section six of 39 and 40 Vict. c. 59 (the Appellate Jurisdiction Act, 1876), the Crown may appoint by letters-patent two qualified persons to be Lords of Appeal in Ordinary, with a salary of six thousand pounds per annum each. And these persons shall be entitled for life to rank as Barons, 'by such style as Her Majesty shall be pleased to appoint, and shall during the time that they continue in their office as Lords of Appeal in Ordinary, and no longer, be entitled to a writ of summons to attend, and to sit and vote in the House of Lords.' But 'their dignity as lords of parliament shall not descend to their heirs.' Since this enactment, three Lords of Appeal in Ordinary have been created—namely, Lord Blackburn (formerly Mr Justice Blackburn); Lord Gordon, who is dead; and Lord Watson. The object of appointing these noble and learned persons to life peerages is, 'for the purpose of aiding the House of Lords in the hearing and determination of appeals.'

So much for the term 'peer' as having reference to an ennobled person.\* But it is applicable, in fact, to all persons who are not ennobled, for they are the 'peers' of each other. We all know the old maxim that 'every man has a right to be tried by his peers;' in other words, his equals. This is, in fact, one of the most important features in Magna Charta: 'No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned . . . otherwise than by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the

land.' This of course applies as much to noblemen as to commoners, although its application to the former is, as we shall directly see, somewhat modified. If John Smith and Thomas Jones were to enter into a conspiracy to dethrone the sovereign, they would be guilty of treason, and would be tried by their peers—namely, a common jury; but if the Duke of A. and Viscount B., peers of parliament, conspired with a like intent, they also would be entitled to be tried by their peers—who, however, would be members of the House of Lords. Also, if Brown, Jones, or Robinson, either singly or in combination, committed burglary, arson, forgery, robbery, embezzlement, they, or he, would be guilty of felony, and would be tried by their peers. So also would the Duke of A. or the Earl of C., &c., as before. But if a peer of parliament were to obtain money under false pretences, or commit perjury, he would not be entitled to be tried in these cases by his peers, but would be tried by those who are his peers only as members of the community. For although the last-named offences are undoubtedly serious, the law regards them as less so than the others, and styles them misdemeanours.\* In all trials for misdemeanours, then, a peer of parliament, when arraigned upon a charge coming within this category, is only regarded as a peer of persons in the lower grades of society. And although members of the House of Lords enjoy immunity from arrest in civil cases—as do also members of the House and barristers too when going to and from a court—yet they are just as liable to arrest in any criminal case as all other subjects are, so that here also they are only the peers of their fellow-men whether noble or simple. As regards the proceedings in courts of law, a peer is liable to be subpoenaed, and must, like a commoner, obey the subpoena. And although, when acting on a jury† for the purpose of deciding the guilt or innocence of a peer arraigned for treason or felony, he is entitled—unlike a common juror—to give his judgment on his honour, yet if he be called as a witness in a court of law, he must, like any other man, be sworn on oath.

A peer when indicted, is bound, like any commoner, to plead to the indictment; and if convicted, is liable to be punished precisely like any other man (4 and 5 Vict. c. 22).

From what has been said, it will be seen that the civil rights of peers are pretty much the same as those of all other subjects. What privileges the most exalted peer possesses are rather of an ornamental than a substantial character. And as every man, however humble may be his origin, has a chance of becoming a peer, the complaints sometimes heard about peers being a privileged class, &c., have, apart from political considerations, but little foundation. Their so-called privileges may thus be enumerated: They are exempt from

\* The distinction between felony and misdemeanour at common law was, that a conviction for the former caused a forfeiture of the offender's goods, &c., to the Crown. The latter did not have this effect. The Act 33 and 34 Vict. c. 23 abolishes forfeiture for treason and felony; but the distinction in other respects between felonies and misdemeanours still exists.

† A jury of peers would be technically described as 'the lords-triers.'

\* Peers as noblemen have likewise been styled by the Latin and French appellations of Magnates, Les Grandes, Proceres, Domini, Seigneurs, and Pares Regni.

arrest for debt; they have a hereditary place in parliament, and, unlike members of the House of Commons, they may vote by proxy, and may record their 'protest' against proceedings in their own House in its journals; as permanent counsellors of the sovereign, they have an individual right of access to the sovereign's presence and audience while there; they may wear coronets appropriate to their peerage rank, and scarlet cloth robes marked in accordance with their degree; they are entitled to be called 'Your Grace' or 'Most Honourable,' 'Your Lordship' or 'Right Honourable,' according to circumstances. And when addressed by the sovereign, they are styled his or her 'cousin,' with a variety of ceremonious and endearing epithets prefixed to that term, more or less so according to their rank. They may also sit in courts of law with their hats on, if they like, during the proceedings.\* And this will explain why a peer is always accommodated with a seat on the bench in court, when plain Mr Smith is either incapable of getting in at all, or if in, is relegated to the gallery or other portion of the court set apart for the public.

A man may be a peer by prescriptive right, by creation, or by hereditary right; and peers are created in two ways, either by the ancient mode of writ of summons, or by letters-patent. At the present day, persons are almost invariably ennobled by the latter process. For if a person summoned by the sovereign to attend parliament as a peer, should die before he can take his seat, the peerage so created would fail, and would, therefore, not descend to his heir. On the other hand, a peerage created by letters-patent descends to the heir of the person so ennobled under any circumstances. The writ of summons, however, is not obsolete, and is used when, for some reason, it is deemed desirable to call the eldest son of a peer to the Upper House of parliament during his father's lifetime. In this case, whether the person summoned does or does not take his seat, is obviously immaterial, so far as the descent of the father's peerage is concerned, because, if the eldest son has a son, the grandfather's title will descend to him, if he outlives his grandfather. When the eldest son of a peer is summoned to the Upper House in his father's lifetime, he sits by the baronial title of the peerage. Thus, the Earl of Albemarle, who is also Viscount Bury and Baron Ashford, being, in 1876, advanced in years, his eldest son, Viscount Bury, was summoned to the House of Lords, not, however, as such, but as Baron or Lord Ashford.

In the creation of a peerage, the limitations—that is to say, the arrangements as to how it shall descend—may be analogous to the limitations of real estate; for a title is just as much a hereditament—which simply means something that can be inherited—as an acre of land, except that the latter is termed in law a corporeal or tangible hereditament, and the former an incorporeal hereditament. Accordingly, a title may be *in fee*, in which case it will descend to the heirs-general of the first holder; *in tail*, male or female, when

it descends to the eldest son, &c., or his brothers and their eldest sons, &c.; or it may be, as we have seen, *for life*, when, at the death of the holder, it expires.

Thus, not only may a man be created a peer, but a woman may also be ennobled; and a woman may also occupy the status of a peeress by marriage, whereas a man never can by marriage occupy even the status of a peer. There are several instances of ladies holding peerages, as may be seen by referring to Sir Bernard Burke's magnificent and interesting work; but we have no dukedom, marquise, or viscounty, in what may be called the female peerage. Peeresses by descent or by creation are the only persons who are legally entitled to be called 'Ladies in their own right,' and their titles descend to their sons and their daughters according to circumstances. Real peeresses, and also those by marriage, have most of the privileges of peers; but of course they cannot sit in parliament and so forth; and if a peeress by marriage, being a widow, remarries with a commoner, all her privileges cease, although she may retain her title conferred by the first marriage. A peeress in her own right, however, who marries a commoner is still a peeress, and does not forfeit any of her privileges as such; but, as before indicated, she cannot ennoble her husband, although she may her son or her daughter—of course, after her own decease—by transmitting her title to him or her.

Daughters of dukes, marquises, and earls, are usually designated by the title of 'Lady,' their Christian names being used before their patronymic; and we often hear that Lady Matilda So-and-so is a lady in her own right. Such, however, is not a correct statement; for the title in such case is held by no absolute right, but only by a custom, itself founded on what is called 'the courtesy of the realm'—*curialitas regni*.

And this brings us to an examination of the opening statement in our paper—namely, that many people appear to think that every man styled Lord So-and-so is necessarily a peer.

Now we have shown what a peer *is*; and it may be safely asserted, that every person in this kingdom, be he whom he may, if not entitled to the description we have given of a peer, his status, and his privileges, is, to all intents and purposes, a commoner, just as much as though he were a costermonger. But we have marquises, earls, viscounts, and lords, in the House of Commons, and how is it that they sit there bearing their titles? The answer is, that although they bear titles, yet such are not titles of nobility, but are simply designations allowed them by reason of their father's rank; the permission being accorded, as in the case of daughters of dukes, marquises, and earls, by the 'courtesy of the realm.'

Many dukes\* have also a marquise, an earldom, a viscounty, and a barony attached to their dukedom; many marquises are earls, vis-

\* One peer, Lord Kingsale, of the Irish peerage, is entitled to be covered even in the sovereign's presence. This singular privilege is of very ancient date. The peerage itself was created in 1181, and the present holder of it is the thirty-first baron.

\* We say 'many,' because all dukes, &c., do not hold the successive titles. Thus, the eldest son of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon bears the courtesy title of Earl of March, and by such style sits in the House of Commons as member of parliament for West Sussex.

counts, and barons; in the same way, an earl is generally a viscount and a baron; while a viscount may have a barony attached to his peerage. By the courtesy of England, the eldest son of all the peers above mentioned, except the last, is allowed to assume his father's second title; but in reality such eldest son, is in every respect nothing but a commoner, so far as his legal rights are concerned. Thus, the eldest son of the Duke of Bedford is styled Marquis of Tavistock, his father's second title; but as M.P. for Bedfordshire, he was not elected to sit by that title, but as the Honourable So-and-so Russell, or rather, perhaps, as So-and-So Russell, Esquire, commonly called Marquis of Tavistock. And a similar rule prevails as to all other similar cases, including instances where any son, not the eldest of a duke or marquis, sits in the Lower House, which persons are all styled 'Lord,' with their Christian and family surnames affixed. Thus, 'Lord' Randolph Churchill, who is, in law, Randolph Churchill, Esquire, commonly called Lord Randolph Churchill, sits as member of parliament for Woodstock. But neither he nor any other person bearing a mere courtesy title is really a 'nobleman,' still less is he a peer of parliament, but in legal contemplation a peer only of his own peers—that is to say, of every commoner of the realm, and has no inherent rights or privileges which they do not possess.

The eldest son of the sovereign is born a peer as Duke of Cornwall, and as such, at twenty-one, is entitled to sit and vote in the House of Lords. The other sons of the sovereign are not born peers, although they are Princes, but they may be created peers; and to enable his or her sons to sit in parliament, the sovereign usually confers peerages on his or her younger sons. Hence, Prince Alfred became Duke of Edinburgh; Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught; and Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany. As Princes, they could not sit in parliament; but having been created peers, they can sit and vote and exercise all the other rights of peers.

It does not follow that a peer of a certain grade in the Scottish or Irish peerage, although entitled a peer of parliament, necessarily sits and votes in the Upper House by the title which he ordinarily bears. Thus, the Duke of Argyll as a lord of parliament is not really a duke, but only a baron; and in the division lists of the House of Lords he is always mentioned among the barons as Lord Sundridge. Again, the Duke of Leinster, who, as regards the Irish peerage, is premier duke, marquis, and earl, is nevertheless only Viscount Leinster so far as the House of Lords is concerned, and by such title he sits and votes. As a matter of politeness, however, both of the two distinguished persons just mentioned are severally referred to by their more exalted titles when spoken of in the House, or when their speeches are reported. Again, locality does not necessarily indicate the status of a nobleman. Thus, Lord Rendlesham, an Irish peer, takes his title from a Suffolk village; and Lord Emly—formerly the Right Honourable W. Monsell—who takes his title from a place in Ireland, is a peer of the United Kingdom. So also of the Earls of Erroll and Enniskillen, who have respectively Scotch and Irish titles, but are yet English peers—though the English peerage is technically

held in each case under a different title from that by which these peers are generally known.

Lastly, although the grades of the peerage are dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons, yet of these, earl is the oldest title so far as regards the British peerage. The first earldom extant, though not the first created, is that of Arundel, created by King Stephen in 1139. Next come barons, of whom, however, we read long before the Conquest. The first barony in the peerage is that of Kingsale (1181), already alluded to. Dukes follow the barons, the first of them having been the Duke of Cornwall, son of Edward III., created in 1377; then marquises, the first of whom was De Vere, Marquis of Dublin, in the reign of Richard II. (1377-1399). Not until the reign of Henry VI. (1422-1461) do we hear of viscounts, and the title of the first viscount—namely, that of Viscount Beaumont, created in 1440—no longer exists.

We have thus endeavoured to answer the question, 'What is a Peer?' and we trust that the foregoing statements have assisted any reader who may have previously entertained confused notions concerning the subject dealt with.

## BY MEAD AND STREAM.

### CHAPTER III.—WHAT IS TO BE.

THE master of Willowmere, Dick Crawshaw, was recognised throughout the county as a perfect specimen of the good old style of yeoman farmer. He was proud of the distinction, and proud of upholding all the traditions of his rapidly diminishing class. It was not so much owing to eccentricity or vanity, as to simple faith in what he believed to be due to his position, that his dress invariably combined the characteristics of the past and the present. His top-boots and breeches were like those worn by his father; his long waistcoat was after the pattern of his grandfather's; whilst his short coat and billy-cock hat belonged in some degree to his own day.

Rough and ready, outspoken in friendship or enmity, quick-tempered, but never bearing malice, his whole creed was that a man should mean what he says and say what he means. He was huge in person, height and breadth, and many people had good reason to know that he was equally huge in kindliness of heart.

Legends of his feats of strength in wrestling, boxing, horse-training and riding, were often recounted by the old men of the district as worthy examples of skill and prowess for their grandchildren to emulate, or to amuse their cronies in the taproom of the *Cherry Tree*.

'Ah, when I think on that day of the Hunt Cup Steeplechase, thirty year ago!' old Jerry Mogridge used to mumble over his jug of foaming ale. 'The young Maister—he were the young Maister Dick in them days—entered his 'oss against some o' the best blood out o' Yorkshire, not to mention what our own county turned out, and we had some rare uns. We don't have no such riding nor no such 'osses, I do believe, nowadays.'

Then Jerry would pause to reflect over departed glories, press down the ashes of his long clay-pipe carefully with his third finger and draw a long breath.

'You was there, Jerry,' his neighbour observed.

'There I was, for sure. And there was Maister Dick with his horse Goggles that he was ready to back agin anything on four legs. It were a sight, I tell you. Nine on 'em started, and Goggles took the lead right away'—here old Jerry, with the stem of his pipe serving as a pencil, began to trace on the table the imaginary lines of the course—he cleared the water-jump pretty, and maybe half a dozen came after. On the flat they was nigh equal, but—Lor' bless you—Goggles was only laughin' at 'em. He knowed as he could get away as soon as the Maister pleased to give him head. They was a'most abreast when they came near the ugly fence down by Farmer Tubbs's land. Then Goggles got his way. He were as brave as a lion—or a unicorn, for the matter o' that—and he took the fence at the highest but the worst part. We see him rise in the air as it might be, and dip again. Then—well, then, if he didn't roll right over, and Maister Dick turned a somersault into the ditch.'

There Jerry would stop again in order that his listeners might realise the full horror of the position, emitting half-a-dozen deliberate puffs of smoke from his mouth, and proceed with the pride of a bearer of good news.

'But the Maister was on his feet again afore you could count your fingers. So was Goggles. The Maister give him a pat on the neck and, says he: "If you can do it Goggles, I'm game." With that he jumps into the saddle and went tearin' after them as was proud to think that he was out o' the chase, and he caught 'em up, and when they were about a quarter of a mile from home, Goggles put on an extra spurt and came in first by a neck. But that weren't the end on it, for while everybody was a-crowdin' round about him, Dr Mauldon says:

"What's the matter with your right arm, Dick, that it's hangin' so limp-like at your side?"

"Dunno what it may be," says Dick; "but it's been no use to me since we tumbled over the fence."

"Broken, sure-ly," says the doctor angry-like, "and you went on riding the race—you're a fool."

"But I won it," says Dick, "and I'm main proud on it, for there's summat more nor the cup hanging on to Goggles this blessed day."

'Six months after that steeplechase, he married Hesba Loughton,' the old man concluded with subdued but suggestive emphasis.

From that day the homestead of Willowmere had been a merry one, notwithstanding the dark shadows which had from time to time crossed it. Three children had been born, but one by one had passed away, leaving a blank in the lives of mother and father which nothing could fill. But it made them the more ready to welcome the child of Mrs Crawshaw's sister when misfortune fell upon her. Madge had been at once taken into their hearts as their own child, and had grown up with as much love and respect for them as she could have given to her parents proper.

On their part Mr and Mrs Crawshaw were devoted to the girl, and allowed her from the first to be mistress of the whole house. She wanted

books, they were at once obtained: she wanted a piano, and her wish was gratified. In her education, they spared neither care nor money, but Crawshaw would never consent to her being banished to a boarding-school.

So she had grown up quite a home-bird, as her uncle used to say; being endowed with mental capacity, however, she had made the most of every opportunity for reading and learning. And through it all she took her share in the household work, and her guardians had reason to be proud of her.

Until the present occasion her uncle had never hinted that he expected to be consulted in her choice of a husband. Even now he only warned her that he would not approve of any of the Ringsford family. But the warning came late, and surprised her the more as no distinct reason was advanced for it. Although there had been no formal announcement that she and Philip had come to the conclusion that they had been born for each other and were dutifully ready to accept their fate, he had for some time been regarded as her chosen suitor.

Their wooing had been free from petty concealments, and there had not been much formal discussion on the subject between themselves. Unconsciously they realised the fact that man or woman can no more be in love and not know it than have the toothache and not feel it. They may coquette with fancy but not with love. They may in modesty try to hide it, but they know it is there. So there had been no 'set scene' of asking and granting. A flash of the eyes—a touch of the hand—a quick, joyful little cry—a kiss and all was known. They loved: they knew it; and were happy in their hope of the future that lay before them.

This sudden change of her uncle's mind in regard to Philip—for of course he could refer only to him when he spoke of the Ringsford people—presented a problem with which she had never expected to be tried. Suppose her guardians should forbid her to marry Philip, would she be able to obey them? Ought she to obey them?

There was no present answer for the questions, and yet they could not be dismissed from the mind. She was glad to find that Philip was innocent of any conscious cause of offence, and pleased that he should go at once to seek an explanation.

The stables, the barn, with their red-tile roofs washed with varying shades of green, the cow-house and piggeries with a white row of labourers' cottages, formed a cosy group of buildings by the side of the green lane which led from Willowmere to the main road between the village of Kingshope and the little town of Dunthorpe.

Crawshaw was standing in the gateway with a tall gentleman whose features were almost entirely concealed by thick black beard, whiskers, and moustache. By way of contrast perhaps, he wore a white hat. His dark-blue frock-coat was buttoned tightly; in his claret-coloured scarf was a horseshoe pin studded with diamonds; his boots were covered by yellow gaiters. A smart man, evidently of some importance. He was discussing with Crawshaw the merits of a



horse which was being trotted up and down the lane for their inspection.

'You won't find anywhere a better bit of horse-flesh for your purpose,' Crawshay was saying whilst he held the stem of an acorn-cup in the side of his mouth like a pipe.

'When you say that, Crawshay, I am satisfied, and he would be a fool who was not. We'll consider it a bargain.'

'Give her another turn, Jerry.—There's action for you!' he added with enthusiasm as the animal was trotted up and down the lane again. 'There's form!—proper, ain't it? Seems to me that I can't part with her.'

'You cannot help it now: we have struck the bargain,' rejoined the purchaser, grinning. He was aware that the farmer's exclamation was in no degree akin to any of the horse-dealer's tricks to enhance the animal's value.

'Well, you are a neighbour, Mr Wrentham, and that is always a sort of comfort.'

'I'll be good to her, never fear. Now, I'm off.—Hullo, Hadleigh, how are you? I am just bolting to catch my train. Good-bye.'

Mr Wrentham walked smartly into the stable-yard, got into his gig and drove off, waving his hand to his two friends as he passed through the gateway.

Philip, who just then had entered the gateway, was glad to see him go: first, because he did not like the man, although frequently forced into contact with him; and, second, because he wanted to be alone with Crawshay.

The latter had not displayed any coldness and had given him the customary greeting. He was patting the mare he had just sold and passing his hand affectionately over her flanks whilst he repeated various expressions of admiration, the burden of them all being:

'He's got a rare bargain, but he's a smart fellow and he'll be good to you, old girl.'

'I have been hunting for you everywhere,' said Philip with his frank smile and without any fear of the explanation which was about to take place. 'Are you going up to the house just now?'

'No; I was meaning to go down to see how the lads are getting on with the wheat. Am I wanted at the house?'

'Not particularly; but I want to have a chat with you.'

'Come along then. There'll be time enough for chatting as we cross the Merefield. What is it?'

'That is exactly what I have got to ask you. What have I been doing that you have been upsetting Madge by telling her that she is to have nothing more to do with me?'

They were in the field—an extensive plain which had been once a morass. Drainage and cultivation had converted it into valuable meadowland. The hedges which bounded it were studded with willows, and three trees of the same kind formed a group in the centre. These trees and the nature of the ground had doubtless suggested the name of the farm. In wet seasons the Merefield justified its title by presenting a sheet of water sometimes more than a foot deep, in spite of drains and embankment to keep the river out.

'That's right, Philip, lad—straight from the shoulder; and I'll make answer likewise. I never told Madge that she was to have nought more ado with you.'

'I was sure of it,' exclaimed the lover in cheerful confidence; 'and now I may call you Uncle Dick again. But you have given her a scare—you know how seriously she takes things, and you will have to tell her yourself that it was only your fun.'

Crawshay's face had at first assumed an expression of internal chuckling at some joke which amused and yet did not altogether please him. Now, however, his brows contracted slightly, and he spoke gravely.

'Ah, but it weren't all fun neither.'

'Then what in the name of goodness was it? I know that you had some disagreement with my guv'nor the other day; but you are not going to make us miserable on that score.'

'I don't want to put you out on any score: but your father may.'

'My father!—nonsense. What could make you fancy that he would interfere with me in this matter?'

Crawshay halted, close by the three willows, clasped his hands behind him and looked straight at his young friend.

'I am not going to tell you ought about what passed atween your father and me,' he said resolutely. 'You can ask him if you like; but if you'll take a word of counsel from me, you won't do it. You can understand this much, however; I am not going to stand in your way with Madge; but I am not going to let you stand in Madge's way, neither.'

'I do not see how that can be,' answered Philip, perplexed by Crawshay's words and manner, 'since we two have only one way before us.'

'That is to say you think so now'—

'And shall always.'

'Ay, ay; we understand all that,' said the elder, nodding with the regretful scepticism of experience; 'but there never was any harm done by making sure of every foothold when passing through a bog. See if we can't clear things up a bit. When are you going away on this grand journey that's to make your fortune?'

'In about a fortnight.'

'And you'll be away how long?'

'Perhaps a year.'

'Maybe two—maybe three.'

'O no; there is no probability of that.'

'There's no saying. But what I want to be at now—and mind you, I'm not doubting you, and I'm not like to doubt Madge—what I want to be at is that while you are away in foreign parts you may change your mind—hold hard a minute—Madge may change hers. Heaps of things may happen. So that all I meant by what I said to her the other night is that you should both be welcome to change if you think it best for yourselves. So there are to be no bindings and pledges atween you. If you come back and are of the same mind and she is content, I will not be against you. Is it a bargain? It is a fair one, though you mayn't think it now; but you are not the lad I take you for if you don't own it to be common-sense and agree to it.'

'I cannot see anything in it to disturb us,' said Philip, 'since you leave us free to please ourselves.'

'Ay, but you understand that when I say *free*, I mean it. If you are going back to the house, you can tell Madge everything I've said.'

'We could not desire any other arrangement. I am content, and she will be. Whatever your tiff with my father may be about, it will not bother us.'

'Ah, you had better wait till you hear what he has to say,' observed the yeoman, with a droll shadow of a grin, as if he again recalled that joke which amused but did not please him.

### A ROMANCE OF ALMANACS.

If any book deserves the name of 'irrepressible,' it is the almanac. Notwithstanding its great antiquity, it is still important; and though we grow old, it renews its youth every year, and greets us regularly with a kind of good-natured, 'Here I am again!' The oldest almanac in existence is an Egyptian one, and may be seen in the British Museum. Buried nearly three thousand years ago with some human contemporary of Rameses the Great, it has been brought to light again, and copied in fac-simile. Twenty-five columns are wholly or partially preserved. The fortunate days are marked in black ink, and the unfortunate in red—a curious instance of a superstition which European nations have reversed. It contains observations about religious ceremonies, cautions against unlucky times, and predictions as to the fate of children born on certain days. But apart from this immense antiquity, we find almanacs early occupying an important part in the Christian economies. Indeed, to churchmen and to church-goers, they soon became indispensable; the more so, as fast days, feast days, and saints' days increased in number.

Written almanacs of later date have not been traced farther back than the second century; but from the eighth to the fifteenth there are many beautiful specimens in existence. For every Missal, Psalter, Breviary, &c., had a calendar in the beginning, pointing out to the faithful the Church's fasts and feasts; and King Athelstan's Psalter, 703 A.D., also exhibits lunar tables.

In Saxon almanacs, the signs of the zodiac do not appear; each month is typified by some domestic or agricultural symbol—thus, ploughing represents February; apple-gathering, September; the Christmas feast, December. The illustrations of French almanacs of the same period distinctly mark the nationality; while those of Flemish and Italian origin are remarkable for their delicate fancies and marvellous beauty of colouring. The French had also rhymes, preserving, in short, satirical remarks, national peculiarities and prejudices.

After the tenth century, the almanacs were the great repositories of astrology, medicine, proverbial wisdom, and popular superstitions. All of them had lists of the lucky and unlucky days; but as yet there were no predictions. Learned churchmen stealthily cultivated astrology and astronomy; but the vulgar were left in ignorance as to whether doleful Saturn was diffusing his baleful

influence, or fiery Mars bringing war and bloodshed. Each month in the year had at least two unfortunate days, except April, which had only one; but that was the terrible Walpurgis Night, specially given up to demons and witches. However, as the English list differed from the French, and the French from the Italian, a man by having the whole three could cheat fate and defy misfortune. Friday has always been a black day; and there are even yet people who have a mysterious dislike to it, who never heard of the thirteen reasons duly set forth in these old almanacs, such as the killing of Abel, the slaughter of the Innocents, the beheading of John the Baptist, &c.

No part of these old almanacs is more positive and more unpleasant than the medical department. Bleeding and herb-teas are specifics for every malady. Each month had its particular herb, and nearly every month its libation of human blood. September had two—the 'liver vein' is said to be then 'full of venom;' and bleeding at the beginning and end of the month, 'most needful and comforting.'

From the homely character of the information in these early almanacs, it is evident that they were intended for general use, and it is probable every burgher possessed one; for we are apt to underrate the extent of manuscript literature, and to overrate its price. That the number of copyists was very great, is evident from the complaints following the invention of printing, which, it was said, 'deprived hundreds of bread.' Of these manuscript almanacs, three famous ones remain—that in Lambeth Palace, bearing the date of 1460; that of John Somers, written in Oxford, five hundred years ago; and the Oxford almanac of 1386. The last was printed as a curiosity at the beginning of the present century; and it may be noted, that in early days, Oxford was the centre of almanac manufacture, astronomy and surgery being mixed with religion and history.

The first printed almanac was published in Buda-Pesth in 1475. Twenty years after it, the first printed English almanac appeared. It contained much miscellaneous information; but the compiler was consistently and gloriously mysterious. Others rapidly followed. Twenty-five years ago, an almanac of that period (1495) was found in an old chest in Edinburgh, and placed in the Bodleian Library, where it may now be seen. It has on its title-page, 'Flete Strete, by Wynkin de Worde;' and it consists of fifteen leaves, each leaf two inches square.

A French almanac which began to appear about this time, is still published. It is called *Le Grand Compost et Calendrier des Bergers*, and it claims to be four hundred years old. A *Prognostication of Righte Goode Effecte*, was set forth by Leonard Digges in London, 1553. It contains some queer astronomical and astrological observations. In it we are told that the moon is fifteen thousand seven hundred and fifty miles from the earth, and Mercury only twelve thousand eight hundred and twelve; that Saturn's conjunction with the moon caused unlucky days; but the moon with Jupiter, fortunate ones. Venus gave luck to woo and marry, and make pleasant pastimes, and, strangely enough, 'blood-letting' is included among the latter. Mercury was



good to buy and sell under, and to send children to school.

Dr Dee's almanac followed in 1571. This is a regular almanac, having a list of days down one side of the page, and the other left blank for memoranda. In this almanac we find among the rhymes that useful one beginning, 'Thirty days hath September,' &c. Dr Dee's almanac did not make any prophecies, except against the Turk and the Pope, the downfall of both of whom was constantly foretold. Before the end of Elizabeth's reign, almanacs had become a popular necessity. Many of them had shrewd touches at the times—at the pride of the nobles, at the tricks of the lawyers; and Pond in 1611 includes all the three 'learned professions' in his evil list.

The importance of the almanac from a commercial point of view originally occurred to James I. He granted a monopoly of these publications to the Stationers' Company and the two universities, and so filled his exchequer. We have a volume before us containing sixteen almanacs for the year 1615. One of the chief things to be noted in this collection is the list of historical events which at that date were thought worth remembering. They are—the invention of printing, the capture of Boulogne, the sweating sickness, the great plague, the great frost of 1564, a blazing star in 1572, a deep snow in 1581, the camp at Tilbury in 1588, the taking of Cadiz in 1596. Bretnor, a famous almanac-maker of James's reign, has the good and evil days in tables, with warnings in such droll phrases, that they are worth a short quotation. Thus the month of January shows that

- |                                |  |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 4, 8. All that you can.        | 1, 2, 7. Lost labour.                  |
| 9. What you desire.            | 3, 5, 6. On the losing side.           |
| 13, 14. Both heart and hand.   | 10, 11, 12. All for your harm.         |
| 17, 18. A fast friend.         | 15, 16. Nothing to your purpose.       |
| 21, 22, 23. Well ventured.     | 19, 20. But hard hap.                  |
| 28, 29. Through the briars.    | 24, 25, 26, 27. Unfit for thy purpose. |
| 30, 31. Fast hope of recovery. |  |

Early in the reign of Charles I., the first commercial almanac was published. It may be called the first *Poor Richard*. It contained tables of interest, necessary tables of expenses, pithy proverbs inculcating frugality and industry, and the usual melange of astrology and medicine. About the same time the religious almanac appeared. A rigid Puritan called Ranger was its editor. It is a gloomy production.

In Cromwell's time, the almanacs are of a religious character; all receipts and directions end 'sermonwise.' The famous William Lilly was at this time the prince of astrologists and almanac-makers. At first, he prophesied for the king. But he was shrewd enough to see, without casting any horoscope, whose star was in the ascendant; and very soon all the stars in their courses fought against Charles.

As a matter of statecraft, James did a wise thing when he legalised astrology. Almanacs have always had a great influence with the mass; and it was a subtle device to give the liberty of prophesying after that legitimate fashion which should gloss with superstition 'the divine right of kings.' But the universities finally grew ashamed of their connection with the almanac,

and sold their rights to the Stationers' Company. This Company was always on the side of the ruling power. It had prophesied for Charles, and it had prophesied for Cromwell. It sang *Te Deum* for the Restoration, as it had done for the Protectorate. It dated its little books from the year 'of our deliverance by King William from popery and arbitrary government;' and it invoked the blessing of the planets on the last of the Stuarts.

When Lilly died, the Company employed his pupil Gadbury; and when Gadbury died, his relative, Job Gadbury, prophesied through another generation of credulous dupes. Then came the infamous John Partridge, who was pilloried by Swift's wicked wit in 1709. But at that time he had been prophesying for the Stationers' Company forty years. After Swift's attack, he refused to predict, and the Company, who did not like to be laughed out of the profits of his reputation, published an almanac which had Partridge's name to it, but which Partridge never wrote. This almanac was still dragging on an existence in 1828, with the sins of a century and a half on its head. Francis Moore began his career of imposture in 1698, and *Poor Robin*, the ribald hoary jester of the Company, about the same time. A dozen years after the Restoration, it also published a *Yea and Nay Almanac for the People called by the men of the world, Quakers*. A more atrocious libel on their faith and morals it is impossible to imagine.

In 1775, an enterprising bookseller called Carnan became possessed with the idea that this corporation had no legal right to its monopoly in almanacs, and he published one of his own. The Company sent him to prison as regularly as he sold his annual commodities; but Carnan was not a man to be put down. It is said he always kept a clean shirt in his pocket, ready for a decent appearance before the magistrates; and at length the Common Pleas decided in his favour. Then the Stationers' Company appealed to Lord North; and as that minister wanted prophecies to make the war against the American colonies popular, he brought in a bill to the House of Commons re-investing the Company with the monopoly which had been declared illegal. The two universities also—which had an annuity from the Company—used all their influence against the solitary bookseller. But he had a good cause, and he had Erskine to plead it; and he triumphed.

When the French Revolution came, Moore was more terrified in his prophecies and more awful in his hieroglyphics than ever. The people wondered and trembled, and the sale of this almanac reached a point without parallel in the annals of imposture. But the continent of Europe had a rival even to Moore in the famous almanac of Liège. A tradition ascribes it first to a canon who lived in 1590. Its early numbers are published 'with the permission of the superior powers;' the later ones are content with 'the favour of His Highness.' It is full of political predictions. In 1700, a French almanac called the *Almanach Royal* started a new idea, the one which has since made the *Almanach de Gotha* so famous—it gave the names and birthdays of all the princes and princesses in Europe, lists of clergy, bar, army, and diplomatic corps. The

latter almanac has been brought to a high pitch of perfection, and contains a vast amount of valuable and well-assorted information.

Shortly after these French almanacs, there appeared a famous American one—the *Poor Richard* of Dr Franklin. He did not care to put his name upon the title-page, and therefore it was duly credited to Richard Saunders. It was published from 1733 to 1757, and was a great financial success. It is now a rare book; a correspondent in *Notes and Queries* mentions one sold in Philadelphia for fifty-two dollars.

In 1828, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge took the almanac in hand. Then the Stationers' Company, perceiving that the day of ignorance was dying and that decency would pay, issued a really excellent one, called *The Englishman*. Yet superstition dies hard. Only sixty years ago, the popular feeling was tested by leaving out of Moore's almanac that mysterious column showing the influence of the moon on the different parts of the body. But the editors, being prudent men, only issued one hundred thousand copies of this emendation, and the result showed their wisdom. The omission was at once detected and resented; nearly the whole issue was returned to the publishers, and they were compelled to reprint the column, in order to retain their popularity.

On the Repeal of the Stamp Act in 1834, almanacs started on their course unfettered. One of the few that now deal in prognostications of a political kind is Zadkiel's. The comic almanac is a purely modern feature of the little book—the pleasant wrinkle added by the nineteenth century. Cruikshank, and those witty clever souls who were the original staff of *Punch*, began the laugh, which America in several publications of this kind has re-echoed. And it is hard to say where this pushing, progressive, irresistible little book will not go. The divine, the lawyer, the physician, the merchant, have all their special almanacs. There are nautical, military, and literary almanacs. We cannot buy a box of note-paper but we find one in it; our perfumer sends it to us scented; our newspaper gives us one illustrated. With such a cosmopolitan temper, and such a universal adaptability, it may yet become the year-book of all nations, and the annual balance-sheet of the world's progress.

## TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

### A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER II.

SIR FREDERICK came forward with his set artificial smile, and shook hands with Mrs Bowood with much apparent cordiality. He was a slightly built man, rather under than over the ordinary height. As Mrs Bowood had remarked, he did not look nearly so old as his years; but he had taken great care of himself all his life, and he was now reaping his reward. He was as upright as a dart, and there was something of military precision in his carriage and bearing, although he had never been in the army. His once coal-black hair was now streaked with gray, but judiciously so, as though he were making a graceful concession to the remorseless advance of time. How much of its tint was due to nature

and how much to art was a secret best known to himself and his valet. His face was close-shaven except for a small imperial, which was jet black. He had clear-cut aquiline features, and, being younger, would doubtless have been considered by most people as a very handsome man. His eyes were small, and their general expression was one of cold suspicion; they lent a touch of meanness to his face, which it would not otherwise have possessed. Sir Frederick was dressed in the height of the prevalent fashion, but with the more prominent 'points' articulated down to harmonise with the obliquity of advancing years.

'Good-morning, Mrs Bowood,' he said. 'Captain at home?'

'Good-morning, Sir Frederick. You are a stranger.'—He had not been to Rosemount for five days.—'Charles is somewhere about the grounds. I will send a servant to look for him.'

'No, no, my dear Mrs Bowood; not so kind, I beg. I will go in search of myself presently. I have driven over to see about that bay mare which I am told he has to get rid of.'

Mrs Bowood smiled to herself. The man was too transparent. 'Charles is one of those who are never happy unless they have something to sell,' she said.

'Whereas your sex, if I may venture to say—'

'Are never happy unless there is something that we want to buy. How thoroughly understand us, Sir Frederick!'

'Consider for how many years I have known you my study.'

'What a pity you did not make better use of your time!'

'Where could I have found another student so charming?'

'You would graduate with honours, I doubt.'

'If you were one of the examining Doctors, might be possible.'—There was a brief pause, then the Baronet said: 'I trust that Lady dale is quite well?'

'Quite well, I believe. She, too, is somewhat about the grounds. This lovely morning to have tempted every one out of doors will stay luncheon of course, Sir Frederick?'

'You are too good. A rusk and a glass of wine are all that I take in the middle of the day.'

It was one of the Baronet's little weaknesses to like to be regarded as a semi-invalid, especially by the ladies.

'Captain Bowood must add his entreaties to mine, and persuade you to stay.—By-the-way, I had almost forgotten to ask after your mother. Have you heard from him lately?'

Sir Frederick became animated in a moment. 'I had a letter from the dear boy by last night. He wrote in excellent spirits. I expect he will be over on leave in the course of the autumn. I shall take the liberty of introducing my friends at Rosemount.'

'I shall not fail to hold you to your promise.'

'And now to find the Captain.'

'The sun is rather oppressive. Had you better send a servant?'

'Thanks; no. I shall have no difficulty in finding him myself.'

finding him. *Au revoir!* And with a smile and a bow, the Baronet made his exit. On reaching the veranda, he paused to put up his umbrella, as a protection from the sun, and then went gingerly on his way.

'It is not Charles, but Laura, whom he has come to see,' mused Mrs Bowood as her eyes followed the Baronet. 'There's something in his manner which makes me feel almost sure that he will propose before the day is over; but now that Mr Boyd has put in an appearance, I am afraid Sir Frederick's chance is a very poor one.—By-the-bye, why did Laura wear those jewels last night, which, as I have heard her say more than once, she has never worn since before her marriage? Well, well; I suppose that neither sentiment nor romance is quite dead, even when people can look back upon their thirtieth birthday.'

Mrs Bowood took up her pen again; but at that moment a servant entered the room. 'Beg pardon, ma'am, but here's a man come to mend the drawing-room lamp; and the fishmonger is waiting to see you; and there's a young gent with spectacles and long hair come to tune the pianos.'

'Dear, dear! I shall have to finish my letter after luncheon, I suppose.—I will come at once, Sparks. But I gave no instructions to any one about tuning the pianos.'

'Perhaps the Captain may have sent the young man, ma'am.'

'Perhaps so; but he doesn't generally interfere in such matters.'

Sparks left the room, and Mrs Bowood put away her unfinished letter in the davenport. 'What can have become of Mr Boyd?' she said to herself. 'I have seen nothing of him since breakfast. Probably, he and Laura are somewhere in the grounds together; if so, poor Sir Frederick will have to find another opportunity.'

As the Baronet, holding his umbrella over his head, paced slowly down one of the winding sunny walks that led from the house, he kept a careful watch on either walks to right and left of him. He was evidently looking out for some one in particular. 'Why delay longer? Why not do it to-day and at once?' he was asking himself as he walked along. 'I have purposely kept away from her for five days, only to find that her image dwells more persistently in my thoughts than ever. It is true that she rejected me once; but that was many years ago, when I was a poor man, and it is no reason why she should reject me a second time. She was a romantic school-girl then; she is a woman of the world now. Yes; the match is a desirable one in every way for both of us. She has money, and I have position. As the wife of Sir Frederick Pinkerton, she would be a very different personage from the widow of a City drysalter; and then her income added to mine would make a very comfortable thing.' The Baronet would seem to have been unaware of that particular clause in the late Sir Thomas's will by which his widow would be deprived of nearly the whole of her fortune in case she should marry again. It is possible that his ardour might have cooled down in some measure, had he been made aware of that important fact.

Presently he saw the object of his thoughts turn a corner of the path a little distance away. Her eyes were bent on the ground, and she did not see him. He stood still for a moment or two, watching her with a critical air. He flattered himself that he had a fastidious taste in most things that a gentleman should be fastidious about, and in women most of all. 'She will do—she will do!' he muttered to himself with an air of complacency. 'She is really charming. She shall be Lady Pinkerton before she is three months older.'

Lady Dimsdale happened to look up at this moment. She could not repress a little start at the sight of Sir Frederick.

The Baronet pulled up his collar the eighth of an inch, squared his shoulders, and went slowly forward.

Laura Dimsdale was a tall, graceful-looking woman. She was fair, with a lovely clear complexion, which, especially when she became at all animated, had not yet lost all the tints of girlhood. She had large hazel eyes, instinct with sweetness and candour, delicately arched eyebrows, and a mass of brown silky hair. If the usual expression of her face when alone, or when not engaged in conversation, was not exactly one of melancholy, it was at least that of a woman who has lived and suffered, and to whom the world has taught more than one bitter lesson. And yet in the old days at the vicarage, which now seemed so far away, there had been no merrier-hearted girl than Laura Langton; and even now, after all these years, the boundary that divided her tears from her smiles was a very narrow one. She was gifted with a keen sense of humour, and it did not take much to cause her eyes to fill with laughter and her mobile lips to curve into a merry mocking smile.

Sir Frederick lifted his hat, and twisted his mouth into a smile that was a capital advertisement for his dentist. 'This is indeed an agreeable surprise, Lady Dimsdale. I came in search of Captain Bowood, and I find—you!'

'How cleverly you hide your disappointment, Sir Frederick!' She gave him her fingers for a moment as she spoke. 'As I have not seen the Captain since breakfast, I cannot tell you where to look for him. But you have been quite a truant during the last few days. We have all missed you.' There was a mischievous twinkle in her eyes as she said these words.

'Hum, hum. You flatter me, Lady Dimsdale. Business of importance took me to town for a few days.' He had turned with her, and was now pacing slowly by her side. 'Do you know, Lady Dimsdale, he went on presently, 'that I never see a garden nowadays which seems half so charming to me as that dear, delightful wilderness of old-fashioned flowers behind your father's vicarage?'

'It was certainly a wilderness, and very old-fashioned into the bargain; but the flowers that grew there were very sweet.'

'I spent many happy hours among its winding walks.'

'And a few uncomfortable ones, I'm afraid. Have you forgotten that afternoon when, as you sat eating strawberries and cream in the summer-house, a caterpillar crawled down your neck?'

fifteen years ago. Lady Dimsdale, here and to-day, I repeat the offer I made you once before—here and to-day I ask you once more to become my wife.' His manner was dignified, his words impressive.

The answer came without a moment's hesitation: 'Lady Dimsdale is infinitely obliged to Sir Frederick Pinkerton. She will not answer him to-day after the fashion she answered him years ago. She will simply say to him as editors say of rejected contributions, "Declined with thanks."'

Sir Frederick changed colour. He had not expected so decided a rebuff. He bowed gravely. 'May I be permitted to hope that your decision is not irrevocable—that it is open to reconsideration?'

'Being a woman, I change my mind about many things; but I shall never change it about this.'

At this moment a childish voice was heard calling: 'Aunt Laura—Aunt Laura, where are you? How tiresome of you to run away!'

Lady Dimsdale rose. 'One of my tyrants is calling me, and I must obey. You will excuse me, Sir Frederick, I am sure.'

Again came the voice: 'Aunt Laura, where are you?'

Lady Dimsdale drew a child's trumpet from her pocket and blew a few notes on it. A moment later, Sir Frederick found himself alone.

'Hum, hum. Rejected—and for the second time,' he muttered to himself. He was excessively chagrined. After the fashion of other men, having failed to obtain the object of his desires, he appraised it at a higher value than he had ever done before. 'There must be another man in the case. She would never have refused Sir Frederick Pinkerton and six thousand a year, unless there were another man in the case. Who can he be?'

He strolled slowly in the direction of the house. He would have a word with Captain Bowood, and then he would take his leave. He entered through the open French-windows, but the room was empty. A moment later the door was opened noisily, and Miss Elsie Brandon burst into the room.

She was a tall slim girl, with very bright eyes, and features that were instinct with vivacity. She gave the promise of considerable beauty in time to come. Her hair, cut nearly as short as a boy's, was a mass of tiny yellow curls. She wore a pinafore, and a frock that scarcely reached to her ankles—her aunt, Miss Hoskyns, had worn a pinafore and a short frock at her age; consequently, they were the proper things for young ladies to wear nowadays.

'Oh, I beg your pardon, Sir Frederick, but I thought that perhaps Charley might be here.'

'Good-morning, Miss Brandon,' said Sir Frederick as he held out his hand.—'And pray, who is Charley?'

'Charley Summers, of course—Captain Bowood's nephew.'

'But I was under the impression that Captain Bowood had discarded his nephew?'

'So he has. Cut off his allowance, and forbade him the house eight months ago.'

'And yet you expect to see him here to-day?'

The Baronet was always interested in the affairs

of his neighbours, especially when those neighbours happened to be people of property.

'I don't mind telling you, but I had a note from Charley this morning—on the sly, you know.'

'Pardon me, but young ladies in society don't generally say "on the sly."'

'Charley says it, and he was educated at Harrow. Anyhow, I had a note from him, in which he said that he should certainly contrive to see me to-day. It's a great risk for him to run, of course; but that won't deter him in the least.'

'You appear to be greatly interested in the young gentleman.'

'Don't call him a young gentleman, please—it sounds so awfully formal. Didn't I tell you that we are in love? No; I don't think I did. Well, we are. It's a secret at present, and there are all sorts of dreadful obstacles in the way. But we have made up our minds to get married by-and-by, or else we shall commit suicide and die together.' As Miss Brandon spoke thus, she flung into the air the Latin grammar she had been carrying and caught it deftly as it fell.

'That would indeed be a terrible fate,' said the Baronet with a smile.

'By Jove, though, Sir Frederick, but we are serious!'

'Young ladies in society don't generally say "by Jove."'

'Charley does, and he was educated at Harrow.' From a pocket in her dress she drew a box of bon-bons, opened it and popped one between her teeth. Then she proffered the box to Sir Frederick. 'Have one?' she said with all the nonchalance imaginable.—The Baronet smiled, and shook his head.—'You need not notice my fingers, please,' continued Miss Brandon. 'I've inked them. Somehow, I always do ink them when I've an extra hard lesson to learn.—But I say, Sir Frederick, isn't it a jolly shame that a great girl like me should still be learning lessons? I'm seventeen years two months and four days old.'

'Young ladies'—

'I know what you are going to say. I learned the word from Charley, so it must be right. Well, it is a shame. I've a great mind to run away. I've five pounds saved up.'

'Perhaps Charley, as you call him, might not like you to do that.'

'No; I suppose not; and I must study him, poor boy. It's an awful responsibility—sometimes my brain reels under it.' Again the Latin grammar was flung high into the air and caught as it fell.

'Is that the way you always learn your lessons, Miss Brandon?'

'Not always. But, I say—I do hate Latin. I shall never learn it; and if I were to learn it, it would never be of any use to me.'

'Young ladies in society don't generally bite the corners of their pinafores.'

'Charley does, and— No; that's nonsense. Young ladies in society don't wear pinafores, so of course they have none to bite.'

At this moment, Captain Bowood entered the room, followed by a foreign-looking young man, who was dressed in a shabby frock-coat buttoned close up to the throat, and a pair of shoes very

much down at heel. In one hand he carried a hat that was considerably the worse for wear. His long hair, parted down the middle, fell over his coat collar, and he wore blue spectacles.

'There you are, young man,' said the Captain as he pointed to the piano. 'And the sooner you are done and off the premises, the better.'

'Very good, sare. Much oblige,' answered the stranger.

At the sound of his voice, Miss Brandon started and gazed earnestly at the young man in the blue spectacles.

'Good gracious! Why, it must be—it is Charley!' she muttered under her breath. 'My poor dear boy! But what a fright he has made of himself!'

### A KING OF ACRES.

#### III.—A RINGFENCE: CONCLUSION.

THERE were great elms in the Out-park, whose limbs or boughs, as large as the trunk itself, came down almost to the ground. They touched the tops of the white wild parsley; and when sheep were lying beneath, the jackdaws stepped from the sheep's back to the bough and returned again. The jackdaws had their nests in the hollow places of these elms; for the elm as it ages becomes full of cavities. These great trees often divided into two main boughs, rising side by side, and afar off visible as two dark streaks among the green. For many years no cattle had been permitted in the park, and the boughs of the trees had grown in a drooping form, as they naturally do unless eaten, or broken by animals pushing against them. But since the times of agricultural pressure, a large part of the domain had been fenced off, and was now partly grazed and partly mown, being called the Out-park. There were copses at the farther side, where in spring the May flowered, the purple orchis was drawn up high by the trees and bushes—twice as high as its fellows in the mead, where a stray spindle-tree grew; and from these copses the cuckoos flew round the park.

But the thinnest hedge about the wheat-fields was as interesting as the park or the covers; and this is the remarkable feature of English scenery, that its perfection, its beauty, and its interest are not confined to any masterpiece here and there, walled in or inclosed, or at least difficult of access and isolated, but it extends to the smallest portion of the country. Wheat-field hedges are the thinnest of hedges, kept so that the birds may find no shelter, and that the numerous caterpillars may not breed in them more than can be helped. Such a hedge is so low it can be leaped over, and so narrow that it is a mere screen of twisted hawthorn branches which can be seen through, like screens of twisted stone in ancient chapels. But the sparrows come to it, and the finches, the mice, and weasels, and now and then a crow, who searches along, and goes in and out and quests like a spaniel. It is so tough this twisted screen of branches that a charge of shot would be stopped by it; if a pellet or two slid through an interstice, the majority would be held as if by

a shield of wicker-work. Old Bartholomew, the farmer, sent his men once or twice along with reaping-hooks to clear away the weeds that grew up here under such slight shelter; but other farmers were not so careful. Then convolvulus grew over the thin screen, a corncockle stood up taller than the hedge itself; in time of harvest, yellow St John's wort flowered beside it, and later on, bunches of yellow-weed.

A lark rose on the other side, and so caused the glance to be lifted and to look farther, and away yonder was a farmhouse at the foot of a hill. Pale yellow stubble covered the hill, rising like a background to the red-tile roof, and to the elms beside the house, among whose branches there were pale yellow spots. Round wheat-ricks stood in a double row on the left hand; count them, and you counted the coin of the land—bank-notes in straw—and on the right and in front were green meads, and horses feeding, horses who had done good work in plough-time and harvest-time, and would soon be at plough again. There were green meads, because some green meads are a necessity of an English farmhouse, and there are few without them, even when in the midst of corn. Meadows in which the horses feed, a pony for the children and for the pony-cart, turkeys, two or three cows; all the large and small creatures that live about the place. When the land was torn up and ploughed for corn of old time, these green inclosures were left to stay on, till now it seems as if pressure of low prices for wheat would cause the cornland to again become pasture. Of old time, golden wheat conquered and held possession, and now the grass threatens to oust the conqueror.

Had any one studied either of these three, the great elms in the Out-park, or the thin twisted screen of hedge, or the red-tile roof, and the yellow stubble behind it on the hill, he might have found material for a picture in each. There was, in truth, in each far more than any one could put into a picture, or than any one could put into a book; for the painter can but give one aspect of one day, and the writer a mere catalogue of things; but nature refreshes the reality every day with different tints, and as it were new ideas, so that, although it is always there, it is never twice the same. Over that stubble on the hill there were other hills, and among these a coombe or valley, in which stood just such another farmhouse, but so differently placed, with few trees, and those low, somewhat bare in its immediate surroundings, but above, on each side, close at hand, sloping ramparts of green turf rising high, till the larks that sang above seemed to sing in another land, like that found by Jack when he clomb the beanstalk. Along this coombe was a cover of gorse, and in spring there was a mile of golden bloom, richer than gold in colour, leading like a broad highway of gold down to the house. From those ramparts in high summer—which is when the corn is ripe and the reapers in it—there could be seen a slope divided into squares of varied grain. This on the left of the fertile undulation was a maize colour, which, when the sunlight touched it, seemed to have a fleeting hue of purple somewhere within. There is no purple in ripe wheat visible to direct and considering vision; look for it

specially, and it will not be seen. Purple forms no part of any separate wheatear or straw; brown and yellow in the ear, yellow in the upper part of the straw, and still green towards the earth. But when the distant beams of sunlight travelling over the hill swept through the rich ripe grain, for a moment there was a sense of purple on the retina. Beyond this square was a pale gold piece, and then one where the reapers had worked hard, and the shocks stood in diagonal rows; this was a bronze, or brown and bronze, and beside it was a green of clover.

Farther on, the different green of the hill turf, and white sheep, feeding in an extended crescent, the bow of the crescent gradually descending the sward. The hills of themselves beautiful, and possessing views which are their property and belong to them; a twofold value. The woods on the lower slopes full of tall brake fern, and holding in their shadowy depths the spirit of old time. In the woods it is still the past, and the noisy mechanic present of this manufacturing century has no place. Enter in among the round-boled beeches which the squirrels rush up, twining round like ivy in ascent, where they nibble the beech-nuts forty feet aloft, and let the husks drop to your feet, where the wood-pigeon sits and does not move, safe in the height and thickness of the spray. There are jew-berries or dew-berries on a bramble-bush, which grows where the sunlight and rain fall direct to the ground, unchecked by boughs. They are full of the juice of autumn, black, rich, vine-like, taken fresh from the prickly bough. Low down in the hollow is a marshy spot, sedge-grown, and in the sedge lie yellow leaves of willow already fallen. Here in the later months will come a woodcock or two, with feathers so brown and leaf-like of hue, and markings, that the plumage might have been printed in colours from brown leaves of beech. No springs are set for the woodcocks now, but the markings are the same on the feathers as centuries since; the brown beech-leaves lie in the dry hollows the year through just as they did then; the large dew-berries are as rich; and the nuts as sweet. It is the past in the wood, and Time here never grows any older. Could you bring back the red stag—as you may easily in fancy—and place him among the tall brake, and under the beeches, he should not know that a day had gone by since the stern Roundheads shot down the last of his race hereabouts in Charles I.'s days. For the leaves are turning as they turned then to the altered colour of the sun's rays as he declines in his noonday arch, lower and lower every day; his rays are somewhat yellower than in dry hot June; a little of the tint of the ripe wheat floats in the sunshine. To this the woods turn. First, the nut-tree leaves drop, and the green brake is quickly yellow; the slender birch becomes lemon on its upper branches; the beech reddens; by-and-by the first ripe acorn falls, and there's as much cawing of the rooks in the oaks at acorn-time as at their nests in the elms in March.

All these things happened in the old old time before the red stags were shot down; the leaves changed as the sunbeams became less brilliantly

white, the woodcocks arrived, the mice had the last of the acorns which had fallen, and which the rooks and jays and squirrels had spared for them after feasting to the full of their greediness. This ancient oak, whose thick bark, like cast-iron for ruggedness at the base, has grown on steadily ever since the last deer bounded beneath it, utterly heedless of the noisy rattle of machinery in the northern cities, unmoved by any shriek of engine, or hum, or flapping of loose belting, or any volume of smoke drifting into the air—I wish that the men now serving the great polished wheels, and works in iron and steel and brass, could somehow be spared an hour to sit under this ancient oak in Thardover South Wood, and come to know from actual touch of its rugged bark that the past is living now, that Time is no older, that nature still exists as full as ever, and to see that all the factories of the world have made no difference, and therefore not to pin their faith to any theory born and sprung up among the crush and pale-faced life of modern time; but to look for themselves at the rugged oak-bark, and up to the sky above the highest branches, and to take an acorn and consider its story and possibilities, and to watch the sly squirrel coming down, as they sit quietly, to play almost at their feet. That they might gather to themselves some of the leaves—mental and spiritual leaves—of the ancient forest, feeling nearer to the truth and soul, as it were, that lives on in it. They would feel as if they had got back to their original existence, and had become themselves, as they ought to be, could they live such life, untouched by artificial care. Then, how hurt they would be if any proposed to cut down that oak; if any proposed the felling of the forest; and the death of its meaning. It would be like a blow aimed at themselves. No picture that could be bought at a thousand guineas could come near that ancient oak; but you can carry away the memory of it, the picture and thought in your mind for nothing. If the oak were cut down, it would be like thrusting a stick through some valuable painting on your walls at home.

The common below the South Wood, even James Thardover with all his desire for improvement could not do much good with; the soil, and the impossibility of getting a fall for draining, all checked effort there. A wild, rugged waste, you say, at first, glancing at the rushes, and the gaunt signpost standing up among them, the anthills, and thistles. Thistles have colour in their bloom, and the prickly leaves are finely cut; rushes—green rushes—are notes of the season, and with their slender tips point to the days in the book of the year; they are brown now at the tip, and some bent downwards in an angle. The brown will descend the stalk till the snipes come with gray-grass colours in their wings. But all the beatings of the rain will not cast the rushes utterly down; they will send up fresh green successors for the spring, for the cuckoo to float along over on his way to the signpost, where he will perch a few minutes, and call in the midst of the wilderness. There, too, the lapwings leave their eggs on the ground among the rushes, and rise, and complainingly call. The warm showers of June call up the iris in the corner where the streamlet widens, and under the willows appear large yellow flowers above the flags. Pink and



white blossom of the rest-harrow comes on bushy plants where the common is dry, and there is heath, and heather, and fern. The waste has its treasures too—as the song-thrush has his in the hawthorn bush—its treasures of flowers, as the wood its beauties of tree and leaf, and the hills their wheat.

The ringfence goes farther than this; it incloses the living creatures, yet without confining them. The wing of the wood-pigeon as the bird perches, forms a defined curve against its body. The forward edge of the wing—its thickest part—as it is pressed to its side, draws a line sweeping round; a painter's line. How many wood-pigeons are there in the South Wood alone, besides the copses and the fir-plantations? How many turtle-doves in spring in the hedges and outlying thickets, in summer among the shocks of corn? And all these are his—the Squire's—not in the sense of possession, for no true wild creature was ever any one's yet; it would die first; but still within his ringfence, and their destinies affected by his will, since he can cut down their favourite ash and hawthorn, or thin them with shot. Neither of which he does. The robin, methinks, sings sweetest of autumn-tide in the deep woods, when no other birds speak or trill, unexpectedly giving forth his plaintive note, complaining that the summer is going, and the time of love, and the sweet cares of the nest; telling you that the berries are brown, the dew-berries over-ripe, and dropping of over-ripeness like dew as the morning wind shakes the branch; that the wheat is going to the stack, and that the rusty plough will soon be bright once more by the attrition of the earth.

Many of them sing thus in the South Wood, yet scarce any two within sound of each other, for the robin is jealous, and likes to have you all to himself as he tells his tale. Song-thrushes—what ranks of them in April; larks, what hundreds and hundreds of them on the hills above the green wheat; finches of varied species; blackbirds; nightingales; crakes in the meadows; partridges; a whole page might be filled merely with their names.

These, too, are in the ringfence with the hills and woods, the yellow iris of the common, and the red-roofed farmhouses. Besides which, there are beings infinitely higher, something of whom has been said in a previous chapter—namely, men and women in village and hamlet, and more precious still, those little children with hobnail boots and clean jackets and pinafores, who go a-blackberrying on their way to school. All these are in the ringfence. Upon their physical destinies, the Squire can exercise a powerful influence, and has done so, as the school itself testifies.

Now, is not a large estate a living picture? Or rather, is it not formed of a hundred living pictures? So beautiful it looks, its hills, its ripe wheat, its red-roofed farmhouses, and acres upon acres of oaks; so beautiful, it must be valuable; most valuable; it is visible, tangible wealth. It is difficult to disabuse any one's mind of that idea; yet, as we have seen, with all the skill, science, and expenditure Thardover could bring to bear upon it, all his personal effort was in vain. It was a possession, not a profit. Had not James Thardover's ancestors invested their

wealth in building streets of villas in the outskirts of a great city, he could not have done one-fifth what he had. Men who had made their fortunes in factories—the noisy factories of the present century—paid him high rents for these residences; and thus it was that the labour and time of the many-handed operatives in mill, factory, and workshop really went to aid in maintaining these living pictures. Without that outside income the Squire could not have reduced the rents of his tenants so that they could push through the depression; without that outside income he could not have drained the lands; put up those good buildings; assisted the school, and in a hundred ways helped the people. Those who watched the polished machinery under the revolving shaft, and tended the loom, really helped to keep the beauties of South Wood, the grain-grown hills, the flower-strewn meadows. These were so beautiful, it seemed as if they must represent money—riches; but they did not. They had a value much higher than that. As the spring rises in the valley at the foot of the hills and slowly increases till it forms a river, to which ships resort, so these fields and woods, meads and brooks, were the source from which the city was derived. If the operative in the factory, or tending the loom, had traced his descent, he would have found that his grandfather, or some scarcely more remote ancestor, was a man of the land. He followed the plough, or tended the cattle, and his children went forth to earn higher wages in the town. For the hamlet and the outlying cottage are the springs whence the sinew and muscle of populous cities are derived. The land is the fountainhead from which the spring of life flows, widening into a river. The river at its broad mouth disdains the spring; the city in its immensity disdains the hamlet and the ploughman. Yet if the spring ceased, the ships could not frequent the river; if the hamlet and the ploughman were wiped out by degrees, the city must run dry of life. Therefore the South Wood and the park, the hamlet and the fields, had a value no one can tell how many times above the actual money rental, and the money earned by the operatives in factory and workshop could not have been better expended than in supporting it.

But it had another value still—which they too helped to sustain—the value of beauty. Parliament has several times intervened to save the Lake district from the desecrating intrusion of useless railways. So too, the beauty of these woods, and grain-grown hills, of the very common, is worth preservation at the hands and votes of the operatives in factory and mill. If a man loves the brick walls of his narrow dwelling in a close-built city, and the flowers which he has trained with care in the window; how much more would he love the hundred living pictures like those round about Thardover House. After any artificer had once seen such an oak and rested under it, if any threatened to cut it down, he would feel as if a blow had been delivered at his heart. His efforts, therefore, should be not to destroy these pictures but to preserve them. All the help that they can give is needed to assist a King of Acres in his struggle, and the struggle of the farmers and labourers—equally involved—against the adverse influences which press so heavily on English agriculture.



### MRS SHAW: THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S NURSE.

VISITORS to Paris during the meretricious glories of the Second Empire may possibly recall to mind that amidst the glare and glitter of that feverish epoch, one wholesome and interesting sight was constantly to be seen in the Tuileries gardens when the court was in residence at the palace—a bright-looking child playing with his English nurse; and the spectators were particularly attracted by the devoted attachment that appeared to exist between them. The child was the Prince Imperial of France; and his attendant, the pleasant-looking Yorkshire woman, was known in Paris as Mrs Shaw. A curious history is connected with her entrance into the imperial household, the story of which the writer obtained from what she believes to be a well-authenticated source.

Mrs Shaw was a valued nurse in a family where she had lived for some time, when one morning she startled her mistress with the announcement that she had dreamt she was destined to have the charge of the future Prince Imperial of France, and must leave her place at once. Although the expected event was causing the greatest excitement in Paris, it seems unlikely that it should have created much interest in a quiet English establishment, and naturally enough, her inspiration was treated as an unreasonable and inconvenient delusion. But no persuasions or arguments could induce her to remain, or remove what appeared to be an aberration of mind. Off she set, back to her Yorkshire village, and sought an interview with the clergyman of the parish, who appears to have been one of those worthy souls to whom his parishioners could resort as to a father-confessor; and struck with her determination and energy, he promised, after some expostulation, to assist her to the best of his power, though holding out no hope of success. He happened to have a slight acquaintance with the eminent London physician who had been honoured by Her Imperial Majesty with instructions to select a certain number of nurses, from whom she herself would choose the one that seemed most fitting for the post. Although besieged with applications, he consented to place Mrs Shaw on his list of candidates, and to grant her an interview, which resulted in his sending her with five others to Paris for the Empress's approval, who at once chose her; and her dream was fulfilled!

The strength of character that had carried her to this triumphant issue, by no means deserted her in this new position. Amusing anecdotes reached us from time to time of the way in which the sensible, homely Yorkshire woman carried all before her in the imperial nurseries; would have no foreign ways or interference from court dames or lady-superintendents, or allow her small charge to be harassed with tedious toilets and fatiguing ceremonials; and finally gained her point, after personally appealing to the Emperor, who was only too glad to have the child brought up in the healthy English fashion; and fully appreciating her fidelity, gave orders that she was to rule alone, without let

or hindrance; and always treated her with the greatest kindness and consideration.

And is it not possible that the true and perfect knight the Prince in after-years became, may have been owing in some measure to this early training in English ways and English thoughts, which made us look upon him as the child of our adoption when in exile among us, and take a mournful pride in his heroic martyrdom?

At the end of seven years, rumours of another tug of war reached us from the nursery domain. Mrs Shaw was to retire with a pension, and the Prince transferred to tutors and governors, as befitted his exalted prospects. But she absolutely refused to go and break her heart and the child's too; and again gaining her point, was transformed into a sort of Madame la Gouvernante, and allowed to retain her apartments in the Tuileries; and a pleasant retreat they must have been for the poor Prince, when bored and wearied with lessons and precepts and all the miseries attendant upon high education, which seem to be inflicted in a more burdensome form upon royal pupils than on their subjects, perhaps because it is conducted on the solitary confinement fashion, without the competition and other natural excitements of a public school. The writer believes she afterwards married an officer in the Imperial Guard, so that her fortunes were still more closely bound up with those whom she loved and served so well; and we often wondered what became of her in the dark days of Sedan and the downfall of their race, and whether she lived to join them in exile, and share the last crushing sorrow with the beloved and bereaved Empress.

### A YEAR'S WOOING.

'Twas autumn when first they stood on the bridge;  
Ripe pears on the pear-tree, ripe corn on the ridge;  
The swallows flew swiftly far up in the blue,  
And speeding still southward, were lost to the view,  
Said he: 'Can you love me, as I can love you?'  
She said, quite demurely: 'Already I do!'

'Twas winter when next they met on the bridge;  
The pear-trees were brown, and white was the ridge;  
The swallows were feathering their nests in Algiers.  
She looked in his face, and she burst into tears!  
His nose it was pinched, and his lips they were blue.  
Said she: 'I can't love you!' Said he: 'Nor I you!'

'Twas spring-time when next they stood on the bridge,  
And white was the pear-tree, and green was the ridge;  
The swallows had thoughts of a speedy return;  
And the midges were dancing a-down the brown burn.  
He said: 'Pretty maiden, let by-gones go by—  
Can you love me again?' She said: 'I can try.'

'Twas summer when next they stood on the bridge;  
There were pears on the pear-tree, tall corn on the ridge;  
The swallows wheeled round them, far up in the blue,  
Then swooped down and snapped up a midgelet or two.  
Said he: 'Lest some trifle should come in the way,  
And part us again, will you mention the day?'  
She stood, looking down on the fast-flowing rill,  
Then answered, demurely: 'As soon as you will!'

H. L. R.

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## GIRLS, WIVES, AND MOTHERS.

### A WORD TO THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

THERE may be theoretically much to sympathise with in the cry for the yet higher culture of the women of our middle classes, but at the same time not a little to find fault with in practice. While it is difficult to believe that there can be such a thing as over-education of the human subject, male or female, there may yet be false lines of training, which lead to a dainty misplaced refinement, quite incompatible with the social position the woman may be called to fill in after-life, and which too often presupposes, what even education has a difficulty in supplying—a subsistence in life. Where we equip, we too frequently impede. In the hurry to be intelligent and accomplished, the glitter of drawing-room graces is an object of greater desire than the more homely but not less estimable virtues identified with the kitchen. Our young housewives are imbued with far too much of the æsthete at the expense of the cook; too much of the stage, and too little of the home. In abandoning the equally mistaken views of our grandfathers on women's up-bringing, we have gone to the opposite extreme, to the exclusion of anything like a means to an end; and in the blindest disregard of the recipients' circumstances in life, present and prospective.

In considering what the aim of female education ought to be, it is surely not too much to expect that of all things it should mentally and physically fit our women for the battle of life. Its application and utility should not have to end where they practically do at present—at the altar. While it is necessary to provide a common armour for purposes of general defence, there certainly ought to be a special strengthening of the harness where most blows are to be anticipated; and if not to all, certainly to middle-class women, the years of battle come *after*, not before marriage. Every one of them, then, ought to be trained in conformity with the supreme law of her being;

to prove a real helpmate to the man that takes her to wife. Make sure that she is first of all thoroughly qualified for a mother's part, in what may be called a working sphere of life; then add whatever graces may be desirable as a sweetening, according to taste, means, and opportunity. It is in this happy blending of abstract knowledge with the economy of a home, that true success in the education of middle-class women must be sought.

In the training of our boys, utility in after-life is seldom lost sight of. Why should it be too often the reverse in the education of our girls, whose great vocation in life, as wives and mothers, is a birthright they cannot renounce, which no lord of creation can deprive them of, and which no sticklers for what they are pleased to call the rights of women can logically disown? No doubt, among the last-named there are extreme people, who cannot, from the very nature of their own individual circumstances, see anything in wifely cares save the shackles of an old-world civilisation. In their eyes, motherhood is a tax upon pleasure, and an abasement of the sex. With them, there need be no parley. There is no pursuit under the sun that a woman will not freely forsake—often at a sacrifice—for the wifely cares that supervene on marriage; and therein, few will deny, lies her great and natural sphere in life. Than it, there is no nobler. In it, she can encounter no rival; and any attempt to divest herself of nature's charge can have but one ending. The blandishments of a cold æstheticism can never soothe, animate, and brighten the human soul, like the warm, suffusive joys which cluster round the married state.

Here we may briefly digress to remark, that in our opinion, no valid objections can be urged against women entering professional life, *provided they stick to it*. They already teach, and that is neither the lightest nor least important of masculine pursuits. Why should they not prescribe for body and soul? why not turn their proverbial gifts of speech to a golden account at the bar? It would be in quitting any of these

professions, and taking up the rôle of wife and mother, which they would have to learn at the expense of their own and others' happiness, that the real mischief of the liberty would lie. In nine cases out of ten, their failure in the second choice would be assured, thereby poisoning all social well-being at its very source.

The woman not over- but mis-educated is becoming an alarmingly fruitful cause of the downward tendencies of much of our middle-class society. She herself is less to blame for this, than the short-sighted, though possibly well-meant policy of her parents and guardians, who, in the worst spirit of the age, veneer their own flesh and blood, as they do their furniture, for appearance' sake. Let us glance at the educational equipment they provide their girls with, always premising that our remarks are to be held as strictly applicable only to the middle ranks of our complex society.

Our typical young woman receives a large amount of miscellaneous education, extending far through her teens, and amounting to a very fair mastery of the *Rs*. If she limp in any of these, it will be in the admittedly vexatious processes of arithmetic. She will have a pretty ready command of the grammatical and idiomatic uses of her mother-tongue; a fairly firm hold of the geography of this planet, and an intelligent conception of the extra-terrestrial system. She will have plodded through piles of French and German courses; learning many things from them but the language. She will have a fair if not profound knowledge of history. She can, in all likelihood, draw a little, and even paint; but of all her accomplishments, what she must imperatively excel in is music. From tender years, she will have diligently laboured at all the musical profundities; and her chances in the matrimonial market of the future are probably regarded as being in proportion to her proficient manipulation of the keyboard. If she can sing, well and good; play on the piano she must. If, as a girl, she has no taste for instrumental music, and no ear to guide her flights in harmony, the more reason why she should, with the perseverance of despair, thump away on the irresponsive ivories, in defiance of every instinct in her being. The result at twenty *may* be something tangible in some cases, but extremely unsatisfactory at the price.

During all these years, she has been systematically kept ignorant of almost every domestic care. Of the commonplaces of cookery she has not the remotest idea. A great educationist, whose statement we have good reason to indorse, asserts that there are thousands of our young housewives that do not know how to cook a potato. This may seem satire. It is, we fear, in too many cases, true, and we quote it with a view to correct rather than chastise.

The misapplications of young miss's upbringing do not end here. She cannot sew to any purpose. If she deign to use a needle at all, it is to embroider a smoking-cap for a lover or a pair of slippers for papa. To sew on a button, or cut out and unite the plainest piece of male or female clothing, is not always within her powers, or at least her inclinations. Prosaic vulgar work, fit only for dressmakers and milliners! She will spend weeks and months over

eighteen inches of what she is pleased to call lace, while the neighbouring seamstress is making up all her underclothing, to pay for which, papa has not too much money; but then it is genteel.

She cannot knit. A pair of worsted cuffs or a lanky cravat is something great to attain to; while a stocking, even were the charwomen less easily paid, is sure to come off the needles right-lined as any of Euclid's parallelograms—all leg and no ankle—a suspicion of foot, but never a vestige of heel. To darn the hole that so soon appears in the loosely knitted fabric, would be a servile, reproachful task, quite staggering to the sentimental aspirations of our engaged Angelina. Yet darning and the divine art of mending will one day be to her a veritable philosopher's stone, whose magic influences will shed beams of happiness over her household, and fortunate will she be if she have not to seek it with tears.

By the sick-bed, where she ought to be supreme, she is often worse than useless. The pillows that harden on the couch of convalescence, too rarely know her softening touch. She may be all kindness and attention—for the natural currents of her being are full to repletion of sweetness and sympathy—yet as incapable of really skilled service as an artist's lay-figure. And, as a last touch to the sorry picture, instead of being in any way a source of comfort to the bread-winners of her family, or a lessening of the strain on their purse-strings, she is a continual cause of extra work to servants, of anxiety to her parents, of *ennui* to herself.

Apparently, the chief mission of the young lady to whom we address ourselves, is to entice some eligible young man into the responsibilities of wedlock. He, poor fellow, succumbs not so much to intrinsic merits, as to fine lady-like airs. He sees the polish on the surface, and takes for granted that there is good solid wear underneath. Our young miss has conquered, and quits the family roof-tree, sweetly conscious of her orange wreath of victory; but alas!—we are sorry to say it—do not her conquests too often end at the altar, unless she resolutely set herself to learn the exacting mysteries of her new sphere, and, what is far more difficult, to unlearn much that she has acquired? That she often does at this stage make a bold and firm departure from the toyish fancies of her training, and makes, from the sheer plasticity and devotion of her character, wonderful strides in the housewife's craft, we cheerfully confess. Were it otherwise, the domestic framework of society would be in a far more disorganised condition than it happily is. But why handicap her for the most important, most arduous portion of her race in life? Why train her to be the rapid fine lady, with almost the certainty that, by so doing, you are taking the surest means of rendering her an insufficient wife and mother? And, unfortunately, not always, in fact but seldom, is she able, when she crosses her husband's threshold, to tear herself away from her omnivorous novel-reading, piano-playing, and all the other alleviations of confirmed idleness.

The sweets of the honeymoon and an undefined vacation beyond make no great calls on her as a helpmate and wife. If her husband's means permit of a servant or two, the smoother the water and the plainer the sailing for the nonce; although

these keen-scented critics in the kitchen will, in a very short time, detect and take the grossest advantage of their mistress's inexperience. Besides, if we reflect that among our middle classes more marry on an income of two hundred pounds than on a higher, it becomes painfully apparent that two or three servants are the one thing our young housewife needs, but cannot possibly afford.

She is now, however, only about to begin her life-work, and if there is such a thing clearly marked out for a being on this globe, it is for woman. By birthright, she is the mother of the human race. Could she have a greater, grander field for enterprise? How admirably has nature fitted her for performing the functions of the mother and adorning the province of the wife! Hence, there devolves upon her a responsibility which no extraneous labour in more inviting fields can excuse. No philosophy, no tinkering of the constitution, no success in the misnamed higher walks of life and knowledge, will atone for the failure of the mother. Let her shine a social star of the first magnitude, let her be supreme in every intellectual circle, and then marry, as she is ever prone to do, in spite of all theories; and if she fail as a mother, she fails as a woman and as a human being. She becomes a mere rag, a tatter of nature's cast-off clothing, spiritless, aimless, a failure in this great world of work.

As her family increases, the household shadows deepen, where all should be purity, sweetness, and light. The domestic ship may even founder through the downright, culpable incapacity of her that takes the helm. Her children never have the air of comfort and cleanliness. In their clothes, the stitch is never in time. The wilful neglect, and consequent waste, in this one matter of half-worn clothing is almost incredible. A slatternly atmosphere pervades her entire home. With the lapse of time our young wife becomes gradually untidy, dishevelled, and even dirty, in her own person; and at last sits down for good, disconsolate and overwhelmed by her unseen foe. Her husband can find no pleasure in the 'hugger-mugger,' as Carlyle phrases it, of his home; there is no brightness in it to cheer his hours of rest. He returns from his daily labours to a chaos, which he shuns by going elsewhere; and so the sequel of misery and neglect takes form.

As a first precaution against such a calamity, let us strip our home-life of every taint of quackery. Let us regard women's education, like that of men, as a means to a lifelong end, never forgetting that if we unfit it for everyday practice, we render it a mere useless gem, valuable in a sense, but unset. Middle-class women will be the better educated, in every sense, the more skilled they are in the functions of the mother and the duties of the wife. Give them every chance of proving thrifty wives and good mothers, in addition to, or, where that is impossible, to the exclusion of accomplished brides. Let some part of their training as presently constituted, such as the rigours of music, and the fritterings of embroidery, give way, in part, to the essential acquirements which every woman, every mother should possess, and which no gold can buy. Give us a woman, then, natural in her studies, her training, her vocations, and her dress, and in the words of the

wisest of men, who certainly had a varied experience of womankind, we shall have something 'far more precious than rubies. She will not be afraid of the snow, for her household; strength and honour will be her clothing; her husband shall have no need of spoil; he shall be known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders; he shall praise her; and her children shall call her blessed.'

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER IV.—IN THE OAK PARLOUR.

AND so, it had been only a bit of Uncle Dick's kindly forethought and common-sense which had prompted the alarming words he had spoken to Madge. How she and Philip laughed at the chimerical idea that there could be any possible combination of circumstances in time or space which could alter their thoughts regarding each other! The birds in the orchard, in the intervals of pecking the fruit, seemed to sing a joyous laughing chorus at the absurdity of it—notwithstanding that the admission of it might be prudent.

But when they came down to the point of vague admission that in the abstract and in relation to other couples—of course it could not apply to their own case—Uncle Dick's counsel was such as prudent young people about to separate should keep in mind, an expression of perplexity flitted across Madge's face. She looked at him with those tenderly wistful serious eyes, half doubting whether or not to utter the thought which had come to her.

'But what I cannot understand,' she said slowly, 'is why Uncle Dick should have been in such a temper. You know that although he may fly into a passion at anything that seems to him wrong, he never keeps it up. Now he had all the time riding home from Kingshope to cool, and yet when he spoke to me he seemed to be as angry as if he had just come out of the room where the quarrel took place.'

'What can it matter to us?' was the blithe response. 'He is not angry with me or with you, and so long as that is the case we need not mind if he should quarrel with all creation.'

'I'll tell you what we will do,' she said, and the disappearance of all perplexity from her face showed that she was quite of his opinion, although she wanted to have it supported by another authority.

'What is that?'

'We will go in and ask Aunt Hussy what she thinks about it. . . . Are you aware, sir' (this with a pretty assumption of severity), 'that you have not seen aunty to-day, and that you have not even inquired about her?'

'That is bad,' he muttered; but it was evident that the badness which he felt was the interruption of the happy wandering through the orchard by this summary recall to duty.

In his remorse, however, he was ready to sacrifice his present pleasure; for Aunt Hussy was a stanch friend of theirs, and it might be that her cheery way of looking at things would dispel the last lingering cloud of doubt from Madge's mind regarding the misunderstanding between his father and Uncle Dick.

'Then we had better go in at once; we shall find her in the dairy.'

Mrs Crawshaw was superintending the operations of three buxom maidens who were scalding the large cans in which the milk was conveyed every morning to the metropolis. Her ruddy face with the quiet, kindly gray eyes was that of a woman in her prime, and even her perfectly white hair did not detract from the sense of youth which was expressed in her appearance: it was an additional charm. She was nearly sixty. Her age was a standing joke of Uncle Dick's. He had made the discovery that she was a month older than himself, and he magnified it into a year.

'Can't you see?' he would say, 'if you are born in December and I am born in January, that makes exactly a year's difference?'

Then there would be a loud guffaw, and Uncle Dick would feel that he had completely overcome the Missus. The words and the guffaw were as a rule simultaneous, and if nobody happened to be present, it usually ended in Uncle Dick putting his arm round her neck and saying with a lump in his throat: 'My old lass—young always to me.'

He had not the slightest notion of the poetry that was in his soul whilst he spoke.

Mrs Crawshaw believed in young love. She had been very happy in hers. She had been brought up on a farm. Lads had come about her of course, and she had put them aside with a—'Nay, lad, I'm not for thee,' and had thought no more about them. Then Dick Crawshaw had come, and—she did not know why—she had said: 'Yes, thou art my lad.'

They had been very happy notwithstanding their losses—indeed the losses seemed to have drawn them closer together.

'It's only you and me, my old lass,' he would say in their privacy.

'Only you and me, Dick,' she would say as her gray head rested on his breast with all the emotion of youth in her heart.

'Go into the oak parlour,' said Mrs Crawshaw cheerily to the young folks, when she understood their mission; 'and I'll be with you in a minute.'

The oak parlour was the stateroom of the house. It was long and high; the oak of the panels and beams which supported the pointed roof were of that dark hue which only time can impart. The three narrow windows had been lengthened by Dick's father, and when the moon shone through them they were like three white ghosts looking in upon the dark chamber. But the moon did not often get a chance of doing this, for there was only a brief period of the year during which there was not a huge fire blazing in the great old-fashioned ingle. There were four portraits of former Crawshays and three of famous horses; with these exceptions the walls were bare, for none of the family had ever been endowed with much love of art.

There were some legends still current about the mysteries hidden behind the sombre panels. One of the panels was specially honoured because it was reputed to have a recess behind it in which the king had found shelter for a time during his flight from the Roundheads. But owing to the

indifference or carelessness of successive generations, nobody was now quite sure to which of the panels this honour properly belonged. There had been occasional attempts made to discover the royal hiding-place, but they had hitherto failed.

The furniture was plain and substantial, displaying the styles of several periods of manufacture. In spite of the stiff straight lines of most of the things in the room, the red curtains, the red table-cover, the odd variety of the chairs gave the place a homely and, when the fire was ablaze, a cosy expression. This stateroom was correctly called 'parlour,' and it had been the scene of many a revel.

As Philip and Madge were on their way to the oak parlour, a servant presented a card to the latter.

'He asked for you, miss,' said the girl, and passed on to the kitchen.

Madge looked at the card, and instantly held it out to Philip.

'Hullo!—my father,' ejaculated he, adding with a laugh: 'Now you can see that this mountain of yours is not even a molehill.'

'How can you tell that?'

'Because my father is the reverse of Uncle Dick. He never forgets—I doubt if he ever forgives—an unpleasant word. And yet here he is. Come along at once—but we had better say nothing to him about the affair unless he speaks of it himself.'

They entered the room together, smiling hopefully.

Mr Lloyd Hadleigh was standing at a window, hat in one hand, slim umbrella in the other, and staring hard at the shrubs. He had a way of staring hard at everything, and yet the way was so calm and thoughtful that he did not appear to see anything or anybody, and thus the stare was not offensive.

'The gov'nor always seems to be dreaming about you when he looks at you, and you never know when he's going to speak—that's awkward,' was the description of his expression given by Caleb Kersey, one of the occasional labourers on Ringsford.

He was a man of average height, firmly built; square face; thick black moustache; close cropped black hair, with only an indication of thinning on the top and showing few streaks of white. His age was not more than fifty, and he had attained the full vigour of life.

'People talk about the fire and "go" of thirty,' he would say in his dry way. 'It is nonsense. At that age a man is either going downhill or going up it, and in either case he is too much occupied and worried to have time to be happy. That was the most miserable period of my life.'

Coldness was the first impression of his outward character. No one had ever seen him in a passion. Successful in business, he had provided well for the five children of a very early marriage. He never referred to that event, and had been long a widower without showing the slightest inclination to establish a new mistress at Ringsford.

He turned on the entrance of Madge and Philip, saluting the former with grave politeness; then to the latter: 'There are some letters for you at home, Philip.'



'Thank you, sir; but I have no doubt they can wait. I am to stay for dinner here.'

'From the postmarks I judge they are of importance.'

'Ah—then I know who they are from, and in that case there is no hurry at all, for the mail does not leave until Monday.'

Mr Hadleigh addressed himself to Madge—no sign of annoyance in voice or manner.

'May I be permitted to have a few minutes' conversation with you in private, Miss Heathcote?'

'I beg your pardon, sir,' broke in Philip hastily; 'I did not understand you to mean that you found me in the way.—If your aunt should ask for me, Miss Heathcote, I shall be in the garden.'

With a good-natured inclination of the head, he went out. And as he walked down the garden path filling his pipe, he muttered to himself thoughtfully: 'Seems to me he grows queerer and queerer every day. What *can* be the matter with him? If anybody else had asked for a private interview so solemnly, I should have taken it for granted that he was going to propose. . . . Daresay he wants to give some explanation of that confounded row, and make his apologies through Madge. I should like him to do that.'

But Mr Hadleigh was neither going to propose nor to make apologies. He smiled, a curious sort of half-sad, half-amused smile, and there was really something interesting in the expression of his eyes at the moment.

'The truth is, Miss Heathcote, that I cannot acknowledge weakness before Philip. He is such a reckless fellow about money, that he would tell me I ought to give in at once to the labourers.'

'I am sure he would not, Mr Hadleigh, if he thought you were in the right.'

'I am not one likely to hold out if convinced that I am in the wrong.'

'Few men do under these conditions, Mr Hadleigh,' said Madge, smiling.

'Well, at anyrate, I want your assistance very much; will you give it?'

'With great pleasure, if it is worth anything to you.'

'It is worth everything; for what harvest I might have on the home-farm—and I understand it promises to be a good one—is likely to be lost unless you help me.'

'How can that be, Mr Hadleigh?'

'Through beer. This is how the matter stands. You know the dispute about the wages, and I am willing to give in to that. But on this question of beer in the field I am firm. The men and women shall have the price of it; but I will neither give beer on the field nor permit them to bring it there. A great reform is to be worked in this matter, and I mean to do what little I can to advance it. I am sure, Miss Heathcote, you must acknowledge that I am right in adhering to this resolution.'

'I have been brought up in some very old-fashioned notions, Mr Hadleigh,' she answered with pretty evasiveness.

'There is a high principle at stake in it, my dear Miss Heathcote, and it is worth fighting for.'

'But I do not yet see how my services are to

be of use to you,' she said, anxious to avoid this debatable subject. It was one on which her uncle had quite different views from those of Mr Hadleigh. And, therefore, she could not altogether sympathise with the latter's enthusiasm, eager as she was to see the people steady and sober, for she remembered at the moment that he had made a considerable portion of his fortune out of a brewery.

'That was exactly what I was about to explain,' he replied. 'I came to beg you to speak to Caleb Kersey.'

'Caleb!—why, he never touches anything stronger than tea.'

'That may be; but he believes that other people have a right to do so if they like. He has persuaded every man and woman who comes to me or my bailiff to put the question: "Is there to be beer?" When they are answered: "No; but the money," they turn on their heels and march off, so that at this moment we have only two men. Now, my dear Miss Heathcote, will you persuade Kersey to stop his interference?'

'I do not see that he is interfering; but I will speak to him.'

'Thanks, thanks. If you were with me I should have no difficulty.'

'You would find me a very bad second,' she answered, laughing, 'for I should say—submit to old customs until persuasion alters them, since force never can.'

Two things struck Madge during this interview and the commonplaces about nothing which followed it: The first, how much more frank and at ease he seemed to be with her than with any one else; and the second was, how loath he seemed to go.

The owner of Ringsford said to himself as he was driven away: 'I shall be glad when she is Philip's wife.'

#### CHAPTER V.—A NEW EDEN.

She was still standing at the door to which she had accompanied Mr Hadleigh, and was looking after him, when a kindly voice behind her said: 'He does look a woeful man. I wonder if he has any real friends.'

Madge turned. Aunt Hussy was standing there, a pitying expression on her comely face, and she was wiping her hands in her apron. There was nothing in Mrs Crawshaw's manner or appearance to indicate her Quaker antecedents, except the frequent use of *thee* and *thou*—she did not always use that form of speech—and the quiet tone of all the colours of her dress. Yet, until her marriage she had been, like her father, a good Wesleyan; after her marriage she accompanied her husband to the church in which his family had kept their place for so many generations. To her simple faith it was the same whether she worshipped in church or chapel.

'Why do you say that, aunt?'

'Because he seems to be so much alone.'

'Mr Hadleigh alone! What about all the people who visit the manor?'

'Ay, they visit the manor,' answered Aunt Hussy, with a slight shake of the head and a quiet smile.

That set Madge thinking. He did impress her as a solitary man, notwithstanding his family,



his many visitors, his school treats, his flower-shows, and other signs of a busy and what ought to be a happy life. Then there was the strange thing that he should come to ask her assistance to enable him to come to terms with the harvesters.

'I believe you are right, aunt. He is very much alone, and I suppose that was why he came to me to-day.'

'What did he want?' asked Dame Crawshay, with unusual quickness and an expression of anxiety Madge could not remember ever having seen on her face before. She did not understand it until long afterwards.

Having explained the object of Mr Hadleigh's visit, as she understood it, she was surprised to see how much relieved her aunt looked. Knowing that that good woman had never had a secret in her life, and never made the least mystery about anything, she put the question direct: 'Did you expect him to say anything else?'

'I don't know, Madge. He is a queer man, Mr Hadleigh, in a-many ways. He spoke to your uncle about this, and he would have nothing to do with it.'

'And that is why they fell out at the market, I suppose.'

'Where is Philip? He must take after his mother, for he is straightforward in everything.'

'He is out in the garden. Shall I go for him?'

'Nay. I want more peas, so we can find him on our way for them.'

Philip had not gone far. He had walked down to the duck-pond; but after that distant excursion, he kept near the little gate beside the dairy, glancing frequently at the house-door. He was dallying with the last hours of the bright morning of his love, and he grudged every moment that Madge was away from him. A few days hence he would be looking back to this one with longing eyes. How miserable he would be on board that ship! How he would hate the sound of the machinery, knowing that every stroke of the piston was taking him so much farther away from her. And then, as the waters widened and stretched into the sky, would not his heart sink, and would he not wish that he had never started on this weary journey?

In response to that lover-like question, he heard the echo of Madge's voice in his brain: 'It was your mother's wish.'

This simple reminder was enough, for he cherished the sad memory of that sweet pale face, which smiled upon him hopefully a moment before it became calm in death.

He sprang away from these sorrowful reflections. Yes; he would look back longingly to this day when sea and sky shut out Willowmere and Madge from sight. But they would both be palpable to his mental vision; and he would look forward to that still brighter day of his return, his mission fulfilled, and nothing to do but marry Madge and live happy ever after. Ay, that should comfort him and make the present parting bearable.

Besides, who could say with what fortune he might come back? The uncle to whom he was going was rumoured to be the possessor of fabulous wealth, and although married he was child-

less. True, also, he was reported to be so eccentric that nobody could understand him, or form the slightest conception of how he would act under any given circumstances. But it was known that before he went abroad, his sister—Philip's mother—had been the one creature in whom all his affection seemed to be concentrated. An inexplicable coldness appeared in his conduct towards her after her marriage. The reason had never been explained.

Shortly before her death, however, there had come a letter from him, which made her very happy. But she had burned the letter, by his instructions, without showing it to any one or revealing its contents. Evidently it was this letter which induced her to lay upon her son the charge of going to her brother Austin Shield, whenever he should be summoned. But the uncle held no correspondence with any one at Ringsford. That he was still alive, could be only surmised from vague reports and the fact that on every anniversary of Mrs Hadleigh's birthday, with one exception, a fresh wreath of flowers was found on her grave—placed there, it was believed, by his orders. Then a few months ago, a letter had come to Philip, containing an invitation from his uncle, suggesting possible advantages, and inclosing a draft for expenses. So, being summoned, he was going; and whether the result should be good or ill fortune, his mother's last command would be obeyed, and he would return with a clear conscience to marry Madge.

That thought kept him in good-humour throughout the weary ages which seemed to elapse before he saw Madge and her aunt approaching. He ran to meet them.

'I thought you were never coming,' was his exclamation.

'Thou'lt be able to do without her for a longer time than this without troubling thyself, by-and-by,' said Dame Crawshay with one of her pleasant smiles.

'When that day comes, I will say you are a prophetess of evil,' he retorted, laughing, but with an air of affectionate respect. That was the feeling with which she inspired everybody.

'Nay, lad; but it need not be evil, for you may be apart, surely, doing good for each other.'

'Yes; but not without wishing we were together.'

'Wilt ever be wishing that?'

'For ever and ever.'

He answered with burlesque solemnity outwardly; but Madge knew that he spoke from his heart, and in the full faith of his words. She gave him a quiet glance with those soft wistful eyes, and he was very happy.

They had reached a tall row of peas, at which Dame Crawshay had been already busy that morning, as a wooden chair placed beside it indicated. Here she seated herself, and began to pluck the peas, shelling them as she plucked; then dropping the pods into her lap and the peas into a basin. She performed the operation with mechanical regularity, which did not in any way interfere with conversation.

Madge, kneeling beside her, helped with nimble fingers; and Philip, hands clasped behind him, stood looking on admiringly. The sun was shining upon them; and, darting shafts of light through the surrounding trees, made bright spots

amidst the moving shadows underneath. Everything seemed to be still and sleepy. The breeze was so light that there was only a gentle rustle of leaves, and through it was heard the occasional thud of an over-ripe apple or pear as it fell, and the drowsy hum of the bees.

Light, warmth, peace. 'Ah,' thought Philip, 'if we could only go on this way always! If we could fix ourselves thus as in a photograph, what a blessed Eden this would be!'

'Thou'dst find it dull soon, Philip, standing there looking at us shelling peas, if thou wert forced to do it,' said Dame Crawshay, looking up at him with a curious smile.

'That shows you cannot guess my thoughts. They were of quite a different nature, for I was wishing that there had been some fixing process in nature, so that there might never be any change in our present positions.'

Madge looked as if she had been thinking something very similar; but she went on silently shelling peas; and a sunbeam shooting through a gap in the green pea hedge, made a golden radiance on her face.

'Eh, deary me, what love will do!' exclaimed the dame, laughing, but shaking her head regretfully, as if sorry that she could not look at things in the same hopeful humour. 'Other people have talked like that in the heyday of life. Some have found a little of their hope fulfilled; many have found none of it: all have found that they had to give up the thought of a great deal of what they expected. Some take their disappointment with wise content and make the best of things as they find them. They jog along as happily as mortals may, like Dick and me; a-many kick against the pricks and suffer sorely for it; but all have to give in sooner or later, and own that the world could not get along if everybody could arrange it to suit his own pleasure.'

How gently this good-natured philosopher brought them down from the clouds to what foolish enthusiasts call contemptuously 'the common earth.' Sensible people use the same phrase, but they use it respectfully, knowing that this 'common earth' may be made beautiful or ugly as their own actions instruct their vision.

To Philip it was quite true that most people sought something they could never attain; that many people fancied they had found the something they wanted, and discovered afterwards, to their sorrow, that they had not found the thing at all. But then, you see, it was an entirely different condition of affairs in his case. He had found what he wanted, and knew that there could be no mistake about it.

To Madge, her aunt's wisdom appeared to be very cold and even wrong in some respects, considering the placid and happy experiences of her own life. She had her great faith in Philip—her dream of a life which should be made up of devotion to him under any circumstances of joy or sorrow, and she could not believe that it was possible that their experience should be as full of crosses as that of others. And yet there was a strange faintness at her heart, as if she were vaguely conscious that there were possibilities which neither she nor Philip could foresee or understand.

'We shall be amongst the wise folk,' said Philip

confidently, 'and take things as they come, contentedly. We shall be easily contented, so long as we are true to each other—and I don't think you imagine there is any chance of a mistake in that respect.'

Aunt Hussy went on shelling peas for a time in silence. There was a thoughtful expression on her kindly face, and there was even a suggestion of sadness in it. Here were two young people—so young, so happy, so full of faith in each other—just starting on that troublous journey called Life, and she had to speak those words of warning which always seem so harsh to the pupils, until, after bitter experience, they look back and say: 'If I had only taken the warning in time, what might have been?'

By-and-by she spoke very softly: 'Thou art thinking, Madge, that I am croaking; and thou, Philip, are thinking the same. . . . Nay, there is no need to deny it. But I do not mean to dishearten thee. All I want is to make thee understand that there are many things we reckon as certain in the heyday of life, that never come to us.'

'I daresay,' said Philip, plucking a pea-pod and chewing it savagely; 'but don't you think, Mrs Crawshay, that this is very like throwing cold-water on us, and that throwing cold-water is very apt to produce the misadventure which you think possible?—that is, that something might happen to alter our plans?'

'I am sorry for that, lad; I do not mean to throw cold-water on thee; but rather to help thee and to help Madge to look at things in a sensible way. Listen. I had a friend once who was like Madge; and she had a friend who was, as it might be, like you, Philip. He went away, as you are going, to seek his fortune in foreign parts. There was a blunder between them, and she got wedded to another man. Her first lad came back, and finding how things were, he went away again and never spoke more to her.'

'They must have been miserable.'

'For a while they were miserable enough; but they got over it.'

'I'll be bound the man never married.'

'There thou'dst be bound wrong. He did marry, and is now wealthy and prosperous, though she was taken away in a fever long ago.'

'Ay, but is he happy?'

'That is only known to himself and Him that knows us all.'

'Well, for our future I will trust Madge,' said Philip, taking her hand, 'in spite of all your forebodings; and she will trust me.'

Dame Crawshay had filled her basin with peas, and she rose.

'God bless thee,' Philip, wherever thou goest, and make thy hopes realities,' she said with what seemed to the lovers unnecessary solemnity.

The dame went into the house. Madge and Philip went down the meadow, and under the willows by the merry river, forgot that there was any parting before them or any danger that their fortunes might be crossed.

Those bright days! Can they ever come again, or can any future joy be so full, so perfect? There are no love-speeches—little talk of any kind, and what there is, is commonplace enough. There is no need for speech. There is only—only!—the sense of the dear presence that makes

all the world beautiful, leaving the heart nothing more to desire.

But the dreams in the sunshine there under the willows, with the river murmuring sympathetic harmonies at their feet! The dreams of a future, and yet no future; for it is always to be as now. Can it be possible that this man and woman will ever look coldly on each other—ever speak angry, passionate words? Can it be possible that there will ever flit across their minds one instant's regret that they had come together?

No, no: the dreams are of the future; but the future will be always as now—full of faith and gladness.

### THE CLIFF-HOUSES OF CAÑON DE CHELLY.

THE fourth and most southerly iron link of railway which will soon stretch across the North American continent from ocean to ocean is rapidly approaching completion along the thirty-fifth parallel; already it has reached the San Francisco mountains in its course to the Pacific. While avoiding the chances of blockade by snow, liable in higher latitudes, it has struck through a little explored region among the vast plains of Arizona and New Mexico. It is not easy at once to realise the extent of tablelands, greater in area than Great Britain and Ireland, upon which no soul has a settled habitation. The sun beats down with terrible force on these dry undulating plains, where at most times nothing relieves the eye, as it wanders away to the dim horizon, save a few cactus and sage-bush plants. But at seasons, heavy rains change dry gulches into roaring torrents, and parched lowlands into broad lakes, covering the country with a fine grass, on which millions of sheep, horses, and cattle are herded by wandering Navajo and Moqui Indians. To the periodical rains, as well as to geological convulsions, are traced the causes of those wondrous chasms, which in places break abruptly the rolling surface of the prairie, and extend in rocky gorges for many miles. They are called cañons. The grandeur of the scenery found in one of them, Cañon de Chelly, can scarcely be overstated.

Cañon de Chelly—pronounced Canyon de Shay—is in the north of Arizona. It takes its name from a Frenchman, who is said to have been the first white man to set foot within its walls; but except the record of a recent visit by the United States Geological Survey, no account of it seems to have hitherto appeared. The picturesque features of this magnificent ravine are unrivalled; and what lends a more fascinating interest, is the existence, among its rocky walls, of dwellings once occupied by a race of men, who, dropping into the ocean of the past with an unwritten history, are only known to us as cave-dwellers.

In October 1882, an exploring party, headed by Professor Stevenson of the Ethnological Bureau, Washington, and escorted by a number of soldiers and Indian guides, set out for this

remarkable spot. One of the party, Lieutenant T. V. Keam, has furnished the following details of their investigations. After travelling one hundred and twenty miles out from the nearest military post, Fort Defiance, and crossing a desert some twenty miles broad, the entrance to Cañon de Chelly was reached. The bed of the ravine is entirely composed of sand, which is constantly being blown along it, with pitiless force, by sudden gusts of wind. The walls of the cañon are red sandstone; at first, but some fifty feet high, they increase gradually, until at eighteen miles they reach an elevation of twelve hundred feet, which is about the highest point, and continue without decreasing for at least thirty miles. The first night, Professor Stevenson's party camped three miles from the mouth of the cañon, under a grove of cotton-wood trees, and near a clear flowing stream of water. Here the scene was an impressive one. A side ravine of great magnitude intersected the main cañon, and at the junction there stood out, like a sentinel, far from the rest of the cliff, one solemn brown stone shaft eight hundred feet high. In the morning, continuing the journey through the awful grandeur of the gorge, the walls still increased in height, some having a smooth and beautifully coloured surface reaching to one thousand feet; others, from the action of water, sand storms, and atmospheric effects, cut and broken into grand arches, battlements, and spires of every conceivable shape. At times would be seen an immense opening in the wall, stretching back a quarter of a mile, the sides covered with verdure of different shades, reaching to the summit, where tall firs with giant arms seemed dwarfed to the size of a puny gooseberry bush, and the lordly oak was only distinguished by the beautiful sheen of its leaves.

On the second night the camp was formed at the base of a cliff, in which were descried, planted along a niche at a height of nearly one hundred feet, some cliff-dwellings. Next morning, these were reached after a dangerous climb, by means of a rope thrown across a projecting stick, up the almost perpendicular sides of this stupendous natural fortress. The village was perched on its narrow ledge of rock, facing the south, and was overshadowed by an enormous arch, formed in the solid side of the cañon. Overlapping the ruins for at least fifty feet, at a height above them of sixty feet, it spread its protecting roof five hundred feet from end to end. No moisture ever penetrated beyond the edge of this red shield of nature; and to its shelter, combined with the dryness of the atmosphere and preserving nature of the sand, is to be attributed the remarkable state of preservation, after such a lapse of time, in which the houses of the cliff-dwellers were found. Some of them still stood three stories high, built in compact form, close together within the extremely limited space, the timber used to support the roof being in some cases perfectly sound. The white

stone employed is gypsum, cut with stone implements, but having the outer edges smoothly dressed and evenly laid up; the stones of equal size placed parallel with each other presenting a uniform and pleasing appearance.

No remains of importance were found here, excepting a finely woven sandal, and some pieces of netting made from the fibre of the yucca plant. But on proceeding two miles farther up the cañon, another group of ruins was discovered, which contained relics of a very interesting character. The interior of some of the larger houses was painted with a series of red bands and squares, fresh in colour, and contained fragments of ornamented pottery, besides what appeared to be pieces of blankets made from birds' feathers; these, perhaps, in ages past bedecked the shoulders of some red beauty, when the grim old walls echoed the fierce war-songs of a long-lost nation. But the most fortunate find at this spot, and the first of that description made in the country, was a cyst, constructed of timber smoothly plastered on the inside, containing remains of three of the ancient cliff-dwellers. One was in a sitting posture, the skin of the thighs and legs being in a perfect state of preservation. These ruins, as in the former case, were protected from the weather by an overhanging arch of rock.

At several points on the journey through Cañon de Chelly, hieroglyphics were traced, graven on the cliff wall. Most of the designs were unintelligible; but figures of animals, such as the bear and mountain sheep or goat, were prominent. Another cliff village was observed of a considerable size, but planted three hundred feet above the cañon bed, in such a position that it is likely to remain sacred from the foot of man for still further generations. The same elements which in geologic time fashioned the caves and recesses of the cañon walls, have in later times worn the approaches away, so that to-day they do not even furnish a footing for the bear or coyote. In what remote age and for how many generations the cliff-dwellers lived in these strange fastnesses, will probably never be determined. Faint traces of still older buildings are found here and there in the bed of Cañon de Chelly; and it is conjectured that this region was once densely populated along the watercourses, and that the tribes having been driven from their homes by a powerful foe, the remnant sought refuge in the caves of the cañon walls.

Of the great antiquity of these structures, there is no question. The Indian of to-day knows nothing of their history, has not even traditions concerning them. The Navajo, with a few poles plastered with a heavy deposit of earth, constructs his *hogan* or wigwam, and rarely remains in the same place winter and summer. He has no more idea of constructing a dwelling like those so perfectly preserved in the cliffs, than he has of baking specimens of pottery such as are found in fragments amongst the walls. In the fine quality of paste, in the animal handles—something like old Japanese ware—and in the general ornamentation, these exhibit a high order of excellence. Some specimens of what is called laminated ware are remarkable; threadlike layers of clay are laid one on each other with admirable delicacy and patience. In these fragments may yet be read something of the history of a vanished race.

They illuminate a dark corner in the world's history, and seem to indicate a people who once felt civilising influences higher than anything known by those uncouth figures whose campfires now glimmer at night across the silent starlit prairie.

## TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

### A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN BOWOOD came forward. 'Sir Frederick, your servant; glad to see you,' he said in his hearty sailor-like fashion.

'I am glad to see you, Captain,' responded the Baronet as he proffered his hand. 'How's the gout this morning?'

'So, so. Might be better—might be worse. —You here, Miss Saucebox?' he added, turning to Elsie. 'Why are you not at your lessons—eh, now?'

'As if anybody could learn Latin roots on a sunny morning like this!' Then, clasping one of his arms with both her hands, and looking up coaxingly into his face, she said: 'You might give me a holiday, nunky dear.'

'Why, why? A holiday indeed!—Listen to her, Sir Frederick. The baggage is always begging for holidays.'

'But the baggage doesn't always get them,' was the answer with a pretty pout. Then, after another glance at the long-haired stranger, who was already busy with the piano, she said to herself: 'It is he; I am sure of it. And yet if I had not heard his voice, I should not have known him.'

Captain Bowood at this time had left his sixtieth birthday behind him, but he carried his years lightly. He was a bluff, hearty-looking, loud-voiced man, with a very red face, and very white hair and whiskers. A fever, several years previously, had radically impaired his eyesight, since which time he had taken to wearing gold-rimmed spectacles. He had a choleric temper; but his bursts of petulance were like those summer storms which are over almost as soon as they have broken, and leave not a cloud behind. Throughout the American Civil War, Captain Bowood had been known as one of the most daring and successful blockade-runners, and it was during those days of danger and excitement that he laid the foundation of the fortune on which he had since retired. No man was more completely ruled by his wife than the choleric but generous-hearted Captain, and no man suspected the fact less than he did.

'I drove over this morning,' said Sir Frederick, 'to see you about that bay mare which I hear you are desirous of getting rid of.'

'Yes, yes—just so. We'll go to the stable and have a look at her. By-the-bye, I was talking to Boyd just now, when your name cropped up. It seems he met you when you were both in South America. Oscar Boyd, engineering fellow and all that. You remember him, eh, now?'

'I certainly do remember a Mr Boyd; but it is many years since we met.' Then to himself the Baronet said: 'Can this be the other man? Oh! Lady Dimsdale.'

'A very agreeable fellow,' said the Captain. 'Here on a visit for a couple of days. A little matter of business between him and me to save lawyers' expenses.'

'The other man, without a doubt,' thought the Baronet. 'His wife must be dead.'

Miss Brandon had slipped unobserved out of the room. She was now sitting in the veranda, making-believe to be intent over her Latin verbs, but in reality waiting impatiently till the coast should be clear. She had not long to wait: Presently she heard the Captain say in his cheery loud-voiced way: 'Come along, Sir Frederick; we shall just have time to look at the mare before luncheon;' and a minute later, she heard the shutting of a door.

Then she shut her book, rose from her seat, and crossing on tiptoe to the open French-window, she peeped into the room. 'Is that you, Charley?' she asked in a voice that was little above a whisper.

'Whom else should it be?' answered the young man, looking round from the piano with a smile.

'I was nearly sure of it from the first; but then you look such a guy!'

'She calls me a guy! after all the trouble I have taken to get myself up like a foreign nobleman.' Speaking thus, he took off his spectacles and wig, and stood revealed, as pleasant-looking a young fellow as one would see in a day's march.

Elsie ran forward with a little cry of surprise and delight. 'Now I know you for my own!' she exclaimed; and when he took her in his arms and kissed her—more than once—she offered not the slightest resistance. 'But what a dreadful risk to run!' she went on as soon as she was set at liberty. 'Suppose your uncle—good gracious!'

'My uncle? He can't eat me, that's certain; and he has already cut me off with the proverbial shilling.'

'My poor boy! Fate is very, very hard upon you. We are both down on our luck, Charley; but we can die together, can't we?' As she propounded this question, she held out her box of bon-bons. Charley took one, she took another, and then the box was put away. 'A pan of charcoal'—she went on, giving her sweetmeat a gustatory turn over with her tongue—'door and windows close shut—you go to sleep and forget to wake up. What could be simpler?'

'Hardly anything. But we have not quite come to that yet. Of course, that dreadful Vice-chancellor won't let me marry you for some time to come; but he can't help himself when you are one-and-twenty.'

'That won't be for nearly four years,' answered Elsie with a pout. 'What a long, long time to look forward to!'

'We have only to be true to each other, which I am sure we shall be, and it will pass away far more quickly than you imagine. By that time, I hope to be earning enough money to find you a comfortable home.'

'There's my money, you know, Charley dear.'

'I don't mean to have anything to do with that. If I can't earn enough to keep my wife, I'll never marry.'

'Oh!'

'But I shall do that, dear. Why, I'm getting five guineas a week already; and if I'm not getting three times as much as that by the time you are twenty-one, I'll swallow my wig.'

'Your uncle will never forgive you for going on the stage.'

'O yes, he will, by-and-by, when he sees that I am making a fair living by it and really mean to stick to it—having sown all my wild-oats; and above all, when he finds how well they speak of me in his favourite newspaper. And that reminds me that it was what the *Telephone* said about me that caused old Brooker our manager to raise my screw from four guineas a week to five. I cut the notice out of the paper, you may be sure. Here it is.' Speaking thus, Master Charles produced his pocket-book, and drew from it a printed slip of paper, which he proceeded to read aloud: "Although we have had occasion more than once to commend the acting of Mr Warden"—that's me—"we were certainly surprised last evening by his very masterly rendering of the part of Captain Cleveland. His byplay was remarkably clever; and his impassioned love-making in the third act, where timidity or hesitation would have been fatal to the piece, brought down the house, and earned him two well-merited recalls. We certainly consider that there is no more promising *jeune premier* than Mr Warden now on the stage." There, my pet, what do you think of that?' asked the young actor as he put back the slip of paper into his pocket-book.

But his pet vouchsafed no answer. Her face was turned from him; a tear fell from her eye. His arms were round her in a moment. 'My darling child, what can be the matter?' he asked.

'I—I wish you had never gone on the stage,' said Elsie, with a sob in her voice. 'I—I wish you were still a tea-broker!'

'Good gracious! what makes you wish anything so absurd?'

'It's not absurd. Doesn't the newspaper speak of your "impassioned love-making"? And then people—lovers, I mean—are always kissing each other on the stage.'

'Just as they do sometimes in real life;' and with that he suited the action to the word.

'Don't, Mr Summers, please.' And she pushed him away, and her eyes flashed through her tears, and she looked very pretty.

Mr Summers sat down on a chair and was unfeeling enough to laugh. 'Why, what a little goose you are!' he said.

'I don't see it at all.' This with a toss of her head. Certainly, it is not pleasant to be called a goose.

'You must know, if you come to think of it, that both love-making and kissing on the stage are only so much make-believe, however real they may seem to the audience. During the last six months, it has been my fate to have to make love to about a dozen different ladies; and during the next six months I shall probably have to do the same thing to as many more; but to imagine on that account that I really



care for any of them, or that they really care for me, would be as absurd as to suppose that because in the piece we shall play to-morrow night I shall hunt Tom Bowles—who is the villain of the drama—through three long acts, and kill him in the fourth, he and I must necessarily hate each other. The fact is that Tom and I are the best of friends, and generally contrive to lodge together when on our travels.'

Elsie was half convinced that she *had* made a goose of herself, but of course was not prepared to admit it. 'I see that Miss Wylie is acting in your company,' she said. 'I saw her in London about a year ago; she is very, very pretty.'

'Miss Wylie is a very charming woman.'

'And you make love to her?'

'Every night of my life—for a little while.'

Elsie felt her unreasonable mood coming back. 'Then why don't you marry her?' she asked with a ring of bitterness in her voice.

Again that callous-hearted young man laughed. 'Considering that she is married already, and the happy mother of two children, I can hardly see the feasibility of your suggestion.'

'Then why does she call herself "Miss Wylie"?''

'It's a way they have in the profession. She goes by her maiden name. In reality, she is Mrs Berrington. Her husband travels with her. He plays "heavy fathers."'

Miss Brandon looked mystified. Her lover saw it.

'You see this suit of clothes,' he said, 'and this wig and these spectacles. They are part of the "make-up" of a certain character I played last week. I was the Count von Rosenthal, in love with the beautiful daughter of a poor music-master. In order to be able to make love to her, and win her for myself, and not for my title and riches, I go in the guise of a student, and take lodgings in the same house where she and her father are living. After many mishaps, all ends as it ought to do. Charlotte and I fall into each other's arms, and her father blesses us both with tears in his eyes. Miss Wylie played the Professor's daughter, and her husband played the father's part, and very well he did it too.'

'Her husband allowed you to make love to his wife?' said Miss Brandon, with wide-open eyes.

'Of course he did; and he was not so foolish as to be jealous, like some people. Why should he be?'

Elsie was fully convinced by this time that she had made a goose of herself. 'You may kiss me, Charley,' she said with much sweetness. 'Dear boy, I forgive you.'

Suddenly the sound of a footstep caused them to start and fly asunder. There, close to the open French-window, stood Captain Bowood, glaring from one to the other of them. Miss Brandon gave vent to a little shriek and fled from the room. The Captain came forward, a fine frenzy in his eye. 'Who the deuce may you be, sir?' he spluttered, although he had recognised Charley at the first glance.

'I have the honour to be your very affectionate and obedient nephew, sir.'

The Captain's reply to this was an inarticulate growl. Next moment, his eye fell on the discarded wig. 'And what the dickens may this be, sir?'

he asked as he lifted up the article in question on the end of his cane.

'A trifle of property, sir, belonging to your affectionate and obedient nephew;' and with that he took the wig off the end of the cane and crammed it into his pocket.

'So, so. This is the way, you young jackanapes, that you set my commands at defiance, and steal into my house after being forbidden ever to set foot in it again! You young snake-in-the-grass! You crocodile! It would serve you right to give you in charge to the police. How do I know that you are not after my spoons and forks? Come now.'

'I am glad to find, sir, that your powers of vituperation are in no way impaired since I had the pleasure of seeing you last. Time cannot wither them.—Hem! I believe, sir, that you have had the honour of twice paying my debts, amounting in the aggregate to the trifling sum of five hundred pounds. In this paper, sir, you will find twenty-five sovereigns, being my first dividend of one shilling in the pound. A further dividend will be paid at the earliest possible date.' As Mr Summers spoke thus, he drew from his waistcoat pocket a small sealed packet and placed the same quietly on the table.

The irate Captain glanced at the packet and then at his imperturbable nephew. The cane trembled in his fingers; for a moment or two he could not command his voice. 'What, what!' he cried at last. 'The boy will drive me crazy. What does he mean with his confounded rignarole? Dividend! Shilling in the pound! Both me, if I can make head or tail of his foolery!'

'And yet, sir, both my words and my meaning were clear enough, as no doubt you will find when you come to think them over in your calmer moments.—And now I have the honour to wish you a very good-morning; and I hope to afford you the pleasure of seeing me again before long.' Speaking thus, Charles Summers made his uncle a very low bow, took up his hat, and walked out of the room.

'There's insolence! There's audacity!' burst out the Captain as soon as he found himself alone. 'The pleasure of seeing him again—eh? Only let me find him here without my leave—I'll—I'll—I don't know what I won't do!—And now I come to think of it, it looks very much as if he and Miss Saucebox were making love to each other. How dare they? I'll haul 'em both up before the Vice-chancellor.' Here his eye fell on the packet on the table. He took it up and examined it. 'Twenty-five sovereigns, did he say? As if I was going to take the young idiot's money! I'll keep it for the present, and send it back to him by-and-by. Must teach him a lesson. Do him all the good in the world. False hair and spectacles, eh? Deceived his old uncle finely. Just the sort of trick I should have delighted in when I was a boy. But Master Charley will be clever if he catches the old fox asleep a second time.' He had reached the French-window on his way out, when he came to a sudden stand, and gave vent to a low whistle. 'Ha, ha! Lady Dimsdale and Mr Boyd, and mighty taken up with each other they seem. Well, well. I'm no spoil-sport. I'll not let them know I've seen them. Looks uncommonly as if Dan Cupid had got them by the ears. A widow too! All widows



ought to be labelled "Dangerous." Smiling and chuckling to himself, the Captain drew back, crossed the room, and went out by the opposite door.

### THE COLOUR-SENSE.

THE phenomenon of Colour is one with which all who are not blind must of necessity be familiar. So accustomed, indeed, have we been to it throughout all our lives, that most of us are inclined to take it for granted, and probably trouble ourselves very seldom as to its true cause. A brief discussion, therefore, of the nature of the Colour-sense may, we trust, prove not uninteresting to our readers.

What, then, is colour? It is obvious that it may be considered in two ways; we may either discuss the impression it makes on the mind, or the real external causes to which it is due. Viewed in the first light, colour is as much a sensation as is that of being struck or burnt. Viewed from the latter stand-point, it is merely a property of light; hence, in order correctly to understand its nature, we must first briefly examine the nature of this phenomenon.

According to modern scientific men, light is not a material substance, but consists of a kind of motion or vibration communicated by the luminous body to the surrounding medium, and travelling throughout space with an enormous velocity. The medium, however, through which light-waves travel is not air, nor any of the ordinary forms of matter. Of its real nature nothing is known, and its very existence is only assumed in order to account for the observed phenomena. It must be very subtle and very elastic; but it is a curious fact that the nature of the vibrations in question would seem to preclude the supposition that it is a fluid, these being rather such as would be met with in the case of a solid. To this medium, whatever its true nature may be, the name of *ether* is given.

The sensation, then, which we know by the name of Light is to be regarded as the effect on the retina of the eye of certain very rapid vibrations in the *ether* of the universe. All these waves travel with the same swiftness; but they are not all of the same length, nor of the same frequency; and investigation has shown that it is to this difference of wave-length that difference of colour is due. In other words, the impression to which we give the name of a certain colour is due to the effect on the retina of vibrations of a certain frequency. This conclusion is arrived at by a very simple experiment, in which advantage is taken of the following principle. So long as a ray of light is passing through the same medium, it travels in one straight line; but in passing obliquely from one medium into another of different density, its path is bent through a certain angle, just as a column of soldiers has a tendency to change its direction of march when obliquely entering a wood or other difficult ground. Now, this angle is naturally greatest in the case of the shortest waves, so that when a ray of light is thus bent out of its course—or, as it is called, 'refracted'—the various sets of vibrations of which it is composed all travel in different directions, and may be separately examined. In fact the ray of light is analysed, or broken up

into its component parts. The most convenient apparatus to employ for this purpose is a prism of glass. It is found, as is well known, that if a beam of ordinary sun-light be allowed to pass through the prism and be then received on a screen, it is resolved into a band of colours succeeding one another in the order of those of the rainbow. Such a band of colours is called a 'spectrum.'

Now, of the visible portion of the spectrum the red rays are those which undergo the least refraction, while the violet rays are bent through the greatest angle, the other colours in their natural order being intermediate. From what has been said above, it is evident that, this being the case, the portion of the light consisting of waves of greatest length and least frequency is that which produces on the eye the sensation of red, and that each of the other colours is caused by vibrations of a certain definite length. We are speaking now of the visible part of the spectrum. As a matter of fact, the waves of least and greatest frequency make no impression on the eye at all; but the former have the greatest heating power, while the latter are those which chiefly produce chemical effects such as are utilised in photography.

Having now arrived at the nature of colour, we are in a position to apply these facts to the discussion of coloured substances.

When light falls on a body, a portion of it is turned back or, as it is called, 'reflected' from the surface; another part is taken up or 'absorbed' by the substance; while, in the case of a transparent body, a third portion passes on through it, and is said to be 'transmitted.' Most bodies absorb the different parts of the light in different proportions, and hence their various colours are produced. The colour of a transparent substance is that of the light which it transmits; while an opaque body is said to be of the colour of the light which it reflects, or rather of that part of it which is irregularly scattered.

There are three colours in the solar spectrum which are called 'primary,' owing to the fact that they cannot be produced by mixtures. These are red, violet, and deep olive green. The generally-received idea that red, blue, and yellow are primary colours, is by recent scientific authorities not regarded as tenable; it arose from observations on mixtures of pigments rather than of coloured light. For instance, objects seen through two plates of glass, one of which is blue and the other yellow, appear green; but this by no means justifies us in saying that a mixture of blue and yellow light is green. For remembering that the two glasses do not appear coloured by reason of their adding anything to the light, but rather through their stopping the passage of certain rays, we shall see that the green light which is finally transmitted is not a mixture of yellow and blue at all, but is rather that portion of the light which both of the glasses allow to pass. The blue glass will probably stop all rays except blue, violet, and green; the yellow glass, all but green, yellow, and orange. The only light, therefore, which can pass through both glasses is green. The same remark applies to mixtures of pigments, each particle being really transparent, though the whole bulk appears opaque. It is easy, however, to obtain real mixtures of coloured lights by

employing suitable arrangements, of which one of the simplest consists of a disc painted with alternate bands of colours and rapidly rotated. By such means it is found that a mixture of blue and yellow is not green, but white or gray, and that yellow can itself be produced by a mixture of red and green in proper proportions. The late Professor Clerk Maxwell made an interesting series of experiments on colour mixtures by means of an apparatus known as Maxwell's Colour-box, by which any number of colours could be combined in any required proportions.

It would, however, be beyond the scope of the present paper to discuss the many important results which followed from his investigations. Helmholtz believed the three primary colour sensations to be due to the action of three sets of nerves at the back of the retina, each of which is excited only by vibrations within a certain range of frequency; and this theory is now generally held. In the case of some persons, the sensation corresponding to red is wholly absent, and the spectrum appears to consist of two colours with white or gray between. The nature of these colours is, for obvious reasons, difficult to determine; but one doubtless nearly corresponds to our sensation of blue, while the other is a deep colour, probably dark green. Persons thus affected are usually called 'colour-blind;' but this epithet is a misnomer, and the term 'dichroic vision' has been suggested for the phenomenon instead.

We have already remarked that our range of vision is comparatively narrow, the extreme portions of the spectrum making no impression on the retina. But we have no reason to think that these limits have been the same in all ages. The evidence would rather tend to show that the human eye is undergoing a slow and gradual development, which enables it to distinguish between colours which the ancients regarded as identical, and may in future render it able to perceive some portions at least of the parts of the spectrum which are now invisible. The Vedas of India, which are among the most ancient writings known, attest that in the most remote ages only white and black could be distinguished.

It would seem as if the perception of different degrees of intensity of light preceded by a long time the appreciation of various kinds of colours. After weighing the evidence, Magnus has come to the conclusion that red was the first colour to become visible, then yellow and orange; and afterwards, though at a considerable interval, green, blue, and violet in order. Various passages in the Old Testament have been cited as proof that the ancients failed to perceive all the colours seen by us, one of the most remarkable being in Ezekiel i. 27 and 28, where the prophet compares the appearance of the brightness round about the fire to that of the 'bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain'—which passage has been cited by Mr Gladstone in his article in the *Nineteenth Century* for October 1877, as indicating a want of appreciation of distinct colours among the ancients. This is not quite clear, however, as the appearance round about the supernatural fire might have assumed auroral or rainbow tints. But the most important evidence on the apparent want of capacity among the ancients to discriminate between colours is that afforded by the writings

of Homer, who, in the opinion of Magnus, could neither have perceived green nor blue. The point has been carefully examined by Mr Gladstone, who comes to the conclusion that this estimate is quite within the mark. Inquiring in detail into each of Homer's colour-epithets, he shows that almost all must be in reality regarded as expressing degrees of intensity rather than of quality, and that the few exceptions are all confined to red and yellow. The brilliant blue sky of the southern climes where Homer lived must have appeared to him as of a neutral gray hue. Of course, the suggestion that the writings usually assigned to Homer were in reality the productions of many authors, does not invalidate the reasoning at all, as we do not attribute any defect in vision to the poet which was not equally manifested by his contemporaries.

It is curious that the distinction between green and blue is not yet perfectly developed in all nations. Travellers tell us that the Burmese often confuse these colours in a remarkable manner. This and other facts suggest that the development of the colour-sense is not yet completed; and that in the future our range of perception may be still further enlarged, so that the now invisible rays may be recognised by the eye as distinct colours.

# 'SO UNREASONABLE OF STEP-MOTHER!'

## A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Not long before the death of George Eliot, on a return trip to London by the Midland route, I broke my journey at Leicester, to pay a flying visit to Coventry, where the great writer had spent many of her happiest days. There I was privileged by having for escort one of her most valued friends; and many interesting reminiscences were for our benefit called to mind, especially of a visit paid to Edinburgh, 'mine own romantic town,' and of the impression the beauty of its situation had made on her mind. Next morning, every favourite haunt of hers was searched out and commented on, as well as the interesting points of the quaint old city of Coventry; and bidding good-bye to our hospitable friends, I departed alone by the evening mail for Leicester, there to wait for the midnight train to Edinburgh, feeling satisfied that the hours had been well spent. Arrived in Leicester, I was fortunate in finding a fellow-countryman in one of the porters, who at once took me and my belongings under his especial protection, and when he had seen me comfortably 'happit up' on one of the sofas of the luxurious waiting-room, he retired, bidding me take a quiet forty winks, and keep my mind quite easy, for he would give me timely notice of the arrival of the Scotch train. Scarcely had I begun to feel the loneliness of my situation, when the door opened, and a female figure entered, rather unwilling, apparently; nay, seemed to be pushed in, while a deep male voice advised that she should rest by the fire, and not put herself about so. By a succession of jerks, she advanced to the chair by the fire opposite to my

sofa; and finding that I was not asleep, as she had supposed, at once, and without any circumlocution, began to unburden her mind, her words flowing from her mouth at express speed, regardless of comma or full stop.

'Not put myself about! Humph! That's so like men.—Ain't it now, miss? Ah, I dessay you've 'ad your own share of worriting before now, and know 'ow downright masterful and provoking they can be at times. I tell you, *w'at*, miss, if you want to be at peace at all, you've got to say black is w'ite, if they 'ave a mind that it should be so.—Not put myself about! I'd like to know 'ow one with a 'cart and a soul in their body could 'elp being put about, as I am.'

I ventured to hope nothing serious had occurred to disturb her composure or to put her about, my voice at once disclosing that I hailed from the North, and also that I was of a sympathetic nature.

'Put about!' she once more exclaimed. 'Why, I *am* put about; yes—no use trying to appear as if I was anything else. Yes; only think, miss! Not 'alf an hour gone, a telegram was brought to our 'ouse by the telegraph-boy. His mother, a widow, keeps a little bit of a shop not many doors from our own. Yes; he 'ands it in saying it was for father. I opened it; and there, staring me right in the eyes were them words: "*Step-mother is lying a-dying.*"—Not put about! I'd just like to know 'ow anybody could 'ave been anything else than put about, after *that*. Now, miss, you must understand that John—that's my 'usband—is a great go-to-meeting-man. Why, at that very moment he might be at the church meeting, or he might 'ave been at the Building meeting, or he might 'ave been at a Masonic meeting, or he might 'ave been at any other meeting under the sun. And w'at-ever was I to do? for there was the telegraph-boy; there was the telegram, with the words as plain as plain: "*Step-mother is lying a-dying.*" I put on my bonnet and shawl; I 'urried to father's office—he is a master-builder, is father, with sixteen men under him and three apprentices; and John, my son, for partner. I rushed in quite out of breath, not expecting to find any one there at that time of night; but there I found John—that's my son—and says I, without taking time to sit down, though I was like to drop: "John, w'at-ever is to be done! Here's a telegraph-boy has brought a telegram for father to say, 'step-mother is a-dying.'"

'Now, miss, I just put it to you, if their telegrams, coming so sudden at hours w'en no one expects postmen's knocks, and bringing such news as that, ain't enough to put any one about! Augh! Men are so queer; there's no nerves in their bodies, and can't understand us women. I've no patience with them. There was John—that's my son—w'at did he do? Why, look at me quite composed, as if it weren't no news at all, and says he: "Don't put yourself about, mother. Father has gone off not many minutes ago to the paddock, to give little Bobbie a ride." And with that he takes down a time-table, to look at it for the last train, puts on his hat, calls for a cab, and says quite composed: "Jump in, mother. We'll go in pursuit of father, and then we'll catch the train

quite easily." It seemed to me the horse just crept up the 'ill like a snail; only John would 'ave it they were going faster than their usual pace. W'en we came to our door, w'at do you think we saw, now, miss?—No; you'll never guess, I dessay. Why, *father*, to be sure! Yes; there he was; and there was the pony; and there was little Bobbie—all three of 'em just about to start for a long ride into the country. I 'ad carried the telegram in my pocket; and do you know, miss, after all my flurry and worry, w'at did John—that's my 'usband—say, think you?—Augh! Men are so unreasonable, and w'at's more, such cool and 'eartless pieces. Yes; that's w'at *they* are; and I don't care who hears me a-saying it.

'John—that's father—after he had read the telegram, he turns to me, and says he: "Why, mother, 'ave your senses left your 'ead altogether? W'at-ever made you carry off the telegram! Couldn't you 'ave stayed quietly at 'ome, instead of putting yourself about in this here fashion? If you 'ad, we'd 'ave been at the station without any hurry at all, by this time.'"

'I felt too angry to speak, I do declare, miss. I think the older men grow, the more aggravating they get to a sensitive nature. So I gathered the things together father said we'd better take with us, into my travelling-basket, without as much as a single word—a stranger coming in would 'ave thought me dumb—while father sent a man back to the paddock with little Bobbie and the pony. We then got into the cab once more; and here we are, with John—that's my son—a-looking after the tickets and the luggage; and father smoking his pipe outside as cool as cool. O dear, if they wouldn't put me out with their "Keep cool, mother; no need to fluster and flurry so, mother"—"Take it easy, good ooman; don't put yourself about"—I'd bear it better, I certainly should.

'Is step-mother nice? you ask. Oh—well—that's just as you take it. Some people say she's nice; some say she's quite the opposite. But—and here she drew her chair closer to me, and in a more confidential tone, continued: "I tell you *w'at*, miss—I've said it before, and I say it again—step-mother, in spite of her religious pro-fession and san'timonious ways, is cantankerous. No use a-trying to hide it—step-mother is just w'at I say, *cantankerous*. I've said it before; I say it again—she'd show her cantankerousness to the very last. And han't my words come true, for here she is lying a-dying, and Mary-Anne's wedding fixed for Friday of this very week!—O my—now that I come to 'ave a quiet moment to think, w'at-ever am I to do? It's so unreasonable of step-mother! Why, the dressmaker was coming this very evening to fit my dress on for the second time—a new black silk it is—and w'at-ever will *she* think, w'en she finds I've gone off without as much as a good-bye message? You see, miss, Mary-Anne is going to marry into quite a genteel family. Father, and John—that's my son—he comes to me not many weeks gone, and says he: "Mother, I 'ope you are going to 'ave a nice dress for this wedding. I 'ope it will be a silk or a satin you decide to buy." And says I: "John, you know w'at father is, and 'as been all his life—a just man to all; but a man who looks

upon gay clothes as not necessary.' And then, John, you know as well as I do that father is rather close-fisted w'en money has to be paid out—like his own father before him, who was looked upon by all as the most parsimonious man in the town. I don't say father is quite as bad; but close-fisted I do say he is, John; and you know it. Were I to say: 'Father, I'd like to 'ave a silk dress for this wedding'—and I don't hide the fact from you, John, that I certainly should—he'd just laugh. I know it beforehand. He'd say: 'Why, mother, 'aven't you been content with a good stuff-dress all our married life, and can't you go on to the end so? I've over and over again said my wife looked as well as most women in the town of Leicester.'

"But," says John—that's my son—"mother, you owe your duty certainly to father. I'm not going against it; but w'at I says is: You owe your duty to your son also; and w'en I wish my mother to look better than she's ever done before, why—to oblige me—you'll go and purchase the best silk-dress in town, 'ave it made fashionable, with frills and all the fal-de-rals and etceteras; send in the account in my name; and if father makes any objections, why, let him settle the matter with me."

"You see, miss, John is getting to be so like father—both firm, very; and if they take a notion of any kind w'atever into their 'eads, you'd move this station as soon as move them from their purpose; so the dress 'as been bought; and w'at father will say to it—for it's to be made in the height of the fashion—I can't say."

A few judicious questions about the step-mother who was lying a-dying, drew from my companion that the said old lady was rich as well as cantankerous; and that, as there were other relations who might step in to the injury of the worthy builder, who was her only stepson, it was, to say the least, but prudent to be on the spot.

"Ah, yes, miss," she exclaimed, stretching her hands out to keep the heat of the fire from her face, "this is a very strange world. Only on Sunday, the vicar was preaching to us against worldly-mindedness, telling us that as we came naked into the world, so we left it, carrying nothing away. But, miss, step-mother ain't like the most of people; and she's going to manage to take with her as much money as she possibly can.—How is she going to do it? Why, miss—she's going to 'ave a coffin!—No need to look surprised, miss. O yes; we all bury our dead in coffins; but w'at kind of a coffin is step-mother going to 'ave, do you think? No; don't try to guess, for you'd be down to Scotland and up again before it would ever come into your 'ead.—No; not a velvet one, nor a satin; but a *hoak* one.—Yes; I thought you would get a scare. A *hoak* coffin is w'at it is to be. And she's going to 'ave bearers—six of 'em. Each bearer is to 'ave 'at-bands and scarfs, and two pounds apiece. And if all that pomp and tomfoolery ain't taking so much money out of the world with her, I don't know w'at is. W'en John—that's father—heard of it, says he to me: "Mother, if you survives me, bury me plain, but comf'able;" and says I: "Father, if you survives me, I 'ope you will do the same by me—plain, but comf'able; for I tell you w'at, father, I'd not lie easy under-

ground thinking of the waste of good money over such 'umbug.'"

Here the waiting-room door opened hurriedly, and the worthy woman bounded to her feet at the one word 'Mother!' pronounced in such a decided tone that I too was standing beside her before I knew what I was doing, with all my wraps tossed higgledy-piggledy on the floor. Advancing with her to the door, she got out of me that my immediate destination was Scotland—a place, to her mind, evidently as remote as the arctic regions; and in her astonishment, she forgot the necessity there was to hurry to get in to her train, now ready to start again. She even seemed to forget that step-mother was lying a-dying, as she insisted upon introducing me to her husband, whose huge body was wrapped in a greatcoat, with tippet after tippet on it up to his neck. 'Only to think, John—this lady is going to Scotland all alone, John! She'll be travelling all night.—O dear, however are you to do it, miss; ain't you afraid?—Yes, John; I'm coming.—Good-bye, miss; we've 'ad quite a pleasant chat, I do assure you; the time seems to 'ave flown.'

I hurried her along the platform, whispering to her as I did so: 'I hope step-mother will rally a bit; that if she must pass away, it may be next week, so that Mary-Anne may get her wedding comfortably over.' At the very door of the carriage she paused, seized my hand, shook it warmly, as she exclaimed: 'Well, now, you 'ave a feeling 'eart; but I don't expect her to be so accommodat-ing. No; I've said it before, and I say it again—step-mother is—*can-ta*— Why, w'atever is the matter?'

Next thing that happened, the little woman was lifted up bodily in her son's arms—a counterpart of his father—and deposited in the carriage; while her husband, in spite of his lumbering large body, succeeded in jumping in just as the patience of all the railway officials was exhausted, and the signal given to start the train. Before it was lost to view, a white handkerchief fluttered out, by way of good-bye, causing a smile to rise over the calm features of John the younger, who, lifting his hat politely to me, bade me good-evening, adding: 'Mother is no great traveller, so she is easily put about. Dessay if she went often from 'ome, she'd learn to be more composed.'

From that hour I have never ceased to regret that I did not ask the good-natured young builder to forward me a local paper with the account of the death and burial of 'step-mother.' No doubt there would be due notice taken of such an interesting personage, as she lay in state in her 'hoak' coffin, surrounded by her bearers in the flowing scarfs and hat-bands. Sharp as my friends generally give me credit for being, I own I committed a grievous blunder; I am therefore obliged to leave my story without an end, not being able even to add that the fair Mary-Anne's wedding came off on the appointed day, or was postponed till after the complimentary days of mourning were past. I cheer myself with the thought that 'John—that's father'—being a firm man and a sensible, would insist upon the previous arrangements standing good, seeing that the bridegroom—a most important fact I have omitted to record—had a fortnight's holiday reluctantly

granted to him by his employers. Why, now that I think of it, my countryman the railway porter would have sent me any number of papers, judging by the kindly interest he took in my behalf, and the determined manner he fought for a particular seat for me in a particular carriage when the time came for my train to start. 'Na, na, mem; nae need for thanks; blood's thicker than water,' he said. 'Never you fear, now that the Scotch guard has ta'en up your cause; you're a' right; he'll see that ye're safely housed.' And safely housed I was, and went steaming out of the station with my worthy friend hanging on by the door, calling to me: 'If you're ever in the town o' Perth, mem, my auld mother would be downright pleased to see you, for my sake. Tell her I'm getting on as weel as can be expectit, sae far frae hame.'

All night, my disturbed sleep was made doubly so by dreams of old women of every age and style. Now I was hunting for the porter's nameless mother; now I was standing by the bedside of the step-mother who was lying a-dying. Again I was an active assistant at a marriage ceremony, with the fair Mary-Anne, surrounded by her genteel relations, leaning on my shoulder, weeping copiously at the idea of travelling to Scotland. Once more I stood gazing down on the old step-mother; and just as the day dawned, I was fairly roused, in my determination not to be smothered under an oak coffin and a pyramid of scarfs, hat-bands, and bearers, by the tumbling of my own bonnet-box from the luggage-rack above me.

#### FRENCH DETECTIVES.

'The Secret Police' in France are not only personally unknown to the general public, but, save in exceptional cases, even to each other. It is known where they may be found at a moment's notice when wanted; but, as a rule, they do not frequent the prefecture more than can be helped. They have nothing whatever to do with serving summonses or executing warrants. There are among them men who have lived in almost every class of life, and each of them has what may be called a special line of business of his own. In the course of their duty, some of them mix with the receivers of stolen goods, others with thieves, many with what are called in Paris commercial rascals, and not a few with those whose 'industry' it is to melt silver and other property of a like valuable nature. Forgers, sharpers of all kinds, housebreakers and horse-stealers—a very numerous class in Paris—have each all their special agents of the police, who watch them, and know where to lay hands upon them when they are wanted. A French detective who cannot assume and act up to any character, and who cannot disguise himself in any manner so effectually as not to be recognised even by those who know him best, is not considered fit to hold his appointment. Their ability in this way is marvellous. Some years ago, one of them made a bet that he would in the course of the next few days address a gentleman with whom he was acquainted four times, for at least ten minutes each time, and that he should not know him on any occasion until the detective had discovered himself. As a matter of course, the gentleman was on his guard, and mistrusted

every one who came near him. But the man won his bet. It is needless to enter into the particulars. Suffice it to say that in the course of the next four days he presented himself in the character of a bootmaker's assistant, a fiacre-driver, a venerable old gentleman with a great interest in the Bourse, and finally as a waiter in the hotel in which the gentleman was staying.

#### 'NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.'

My little child, with clustering hair,  
Strewn o'er thy dear, dead brow,  
Though in the past divinely fair,  
More lovely art thou now.  
God bade thy gentle soul depart,  
On brightly shimmering wings;  
Yet near thy clay, thy mother's heart  
All weakly, fondly clings.

My beauteous child, with lids of snow  
Closed o'er thy dim blue eyes,  
Should it not soothe my grief to know  
They shine beyond the skies?  
Above thy silent cot I kneel,  
With heart all crushed and sore,  
While through the gloom these sweet words steal:  
'Not lost, but gone before.'

My darling child, these flowers I lay  
On locks too fair, too bright,  
For the damp grave-mist, cold and gray,  
To dim their sunny light.  
Soft baby tresses bathed in tears,  
Your gold was all mine own!  
Ah, weary months! ah, weary years!  
That I must dwell alone.

My only child, I hold thee still,  
Clasped in my fond embrace!  
My love, my sweet! how fixed, how chill,  
This smile upon thy face!  
The grave is cold, my clasp is warm,  
Yet give thee up I must;  
And birds will sing when thy loved form  
Lies mouldering in the dust.

My angel child, thy tiny feet  
Dance through my broken dreams;  
Ah me, how joyous, quaint, and sweet,  
Their baby pattering seems!  
I hush my breath, to hear thee speak;  
I see thy red lips part;  
But wake to feel thy cold, cold cheek,  
Close to my-breaking heart!

Soon, soon my burning tears shall fall  
Upon thy coffin lid;  
Nor may those tears thy soul recall  
To earth—nay, God forbid!  
Be happy in His love, for I  
Resigned, though wounded sore,  
Can hear His angels whispering nigh:  
'Not lost, but gone before.'

FANNY FORRESTER.

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## ANOTHER WORD TO LITERARY BEGINNERS.

WITHIN these few years past we have from time to time given a word of warning and of encouragement to Literary Aspirants. We do not use the latter word in any disparaging sense; but simply as the only one which fully embraces the great and constantly increasing class of persons, who, as writers of matter good, bad, and indifferent, are now weekly and daily knocking for admission at the doors of Literature. We have always been favourable to giving encouragement to young writers of ability, and never a year passes but we are able to introduce a few fresh contributors to the world of periodical literature. But this encouragement must necessarily be within certain lines, otherwise evil and not good would accrue to many. We are from time to time reminded by correspondents of what a popular novelist, possibly in a half-jocular mood, advised in this matter. His advice to parents amounted to this, that if they had an educated son or daughter with no particular calling in life, but in need of one, they had only to supply him or her with pens, ink, and paper, and a literary calling might at once be entered upon. We fear too many have laid, and daily lay, this flattering unction to their souls. In the majority of cases, disappointment and heart-sickness can alone be derived from the experiment.

In order to give those outside the circle of editorial cognisance some idea of the amount of literary matter sent in by outsiders, and which falls to be adjudicated upon on its merits, we subjoin an abstract of the number of manuscripts received by us during the twelve months from August 1882 to August 1883. During that period we have had offered to us in all 3225 manuscripts, of which 2065 were contributions in prose, and 1160 in verse. These offerings varied from each other to the utmost extent both as to size and subject, from a few stanzas of verse to the bulk of a three-volume novel, and came to us from all quarters of the English-speaking world, England, Scotland,

Ireland, the Continent, America, India, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and elsewhere. Of the 2065 prose manuscripts, 300 were accepted by us for publication, or fourteen per cent. of the whole. Of the 1160 pieces of verse, only 30 were accepted, or less than three per cent. of the total. Taking the two classes of contributions together, of the 3225 manuscripts received, 330 were accepted—that is, of every hundred manuscripts received, ten were retained by us and ninety returned to their authors. If we estimate this pile of contributions according to its bulk, and allowing a very moderate average length to each manuscript, the whole, if printed, would have filled 9125 pages of this *Journal*, or as much as would have sufficed for eleven of our yearly volumes.

The lesson to be derived from this by literary beginners is, not to be over-sanguine as to the acceptance of any article offered to magazines, knowing the great competition that is constantly going on for a place in their pages. It is true that those who possess the literary faculty in a sufficient degree will, though not perhaps without suffering many rejections and disappointments, ultimately assert their claims and obtain the coveted place; but even in such cases, the early struggle may sometimes be severe and long-continued. Nor must contributors go away under the impression that all rejected offerings are necessarily of an inferior quality. This is far from being the case. Great numbers of the prose articles in the above enumeration of rejected contributions, were articles with which no fault might be found in a literary sense. But it must be borne in mind that a magazine is limited in its space; and that when a definite part of that space has been allotted to articles or tales which have been supplied under previous arrangements made between author and editor, the remaining space may afford but small room for the number of claimants thereto. An article, therefore, which is perfectly equal to the literary standard of a magazine, may have to be returned by the editor on various grounds, such as that the subject of the paper does not come within the scope of his present requirements; or that an

article has already appeared or been accepted on the same subject, or that some one has been already engaged to write upon it; or, in short, a dozen reasons might be found, any one of which would be sufficient to cause the rejection of a given article. But what one magazine rejects another may be in need of; so that a really good article is almost certain of finding its billet somewhere.

In these circumstances, while there is nothing that need eventually discourage a capable or promising writer, there is much to make parents and guardians take warning before they set a young man or woman adrift on the sea of life with only his or her pen as a rudder. Literature, like painting, affords to persons of inferior or only mediocre powers a very precarious means of livelihood. Besides, places are not to be got in the literary any more than in the artistic world without evidence of genuine capacity being given by the claimant. The number of aspirants is no doubt from year to year being winnowed, until the grain shall be finally selected from the chaff; but the process, we admit, is not pleasant to those who do not come within the metaphorical category of grain. Scarcely a week passes but we receive letters requesting us, from the specimens of work inclosed, to say whether the contributor might hope to become a successful writer for magazines, as he or she is presently a clerk or a governess, and would wish to attain a better position, which position, 'kind friends'—often in this same matter, if they knew it, very unkind—think, might be reached through the channel of literature. It is not difficult, as a rule, to advise in such cases. It is, stick to your present occupation, if it is only respectable, and on no account throw it up in the hope of having your name engrossed in the higher rolls of literary achievement. Even in the case of what may be called successful minor contributors to periodical literature, it can hardly be possible, we should think, for them to rely *wholly* upon the results for a livelihood. Nor is it necessary to do so. The kind of literary work to which we allude can, in general, be carried on side by side with the work of an ordinary occupation or profession, as it is rarely that the articles of a writer of this class are in such constant demand as to make it necessary to give his or her whole time to their production. When this combination can be maintained, a useful source of income is added, without in all cases necessarily detracting from one's professional industry otherwise.

What we have said is not with the object of repressing literary ambition, but of preventing literary aspirants from setting out under false ideas, or quitting the successful pursuit of their ordinary occupations in the too frequently unrealised hope of rising to literary distinction. It must not be forgot that the desire to write does not necessarily comprehend the power to write well; or that, even with those who succeed in demonstrating their literary capabilities, such success is obtained without hard work and long practice. As we have said on former occasions, writers must not start, as is too often done, on the assumption that their possession of *genius* is to be taken for granted; genius only comes once in a while—once or twice in a generation perhaps. It is always safer to begin upon

the supposition that your faculties are of the kind which, like granite, will only shine by polishing; and if genius should be evoked in the process, the polishing will not harm it. We would not wish to dim the roseate hues which the future has for those who are young; but neither would we wish to be responsible for encouraging within them hopes that are not likely to be realised, or only realised under special powers of application, or by the operation of special natural faculties.

## BY MEAD AND STREAM.

### CHAPTER VI.—ALONE.

It was a strange life that of Mr Lloyd Hadleigh. A solitary life, notwithstanding the consciousness of success, the possession of a considerable fortune, and the knowledge that it had been earned by his own ability. He was still young enough to have the capacity for enjoyment, if age were numbered by years; still young enough to have been the companion of his children and to have made new friendships. But there was something so cold and reserved in his bearing, that although he had many acquaintances, he had no friends or companions; and the good fortune he possessed made many people resent his ungracious manner.

With everything apparently that man could desire to secure happiness, he lived absolutely alone. His nearest approach to companionship was with his eldest son Coutts Hadleigh. But even with him there was constraint, and their companionship appeared to be due more to their close association in business than to affection.

This Coutts Hadleigh was a tall, wiry man, who entered into the pleasures of the world with discretion, and a cynical smile always on his face, as if he were laughing at the pleasures rather than in them. He was a captain of Volunteers, and as punctual in his attendance upon drill as in attendance at his office. For he was a strict man of business, and was now the practical manager as well as leading partner in the house of Hadleigh and Co., shipbrokers and bankers. He neither laughed at his brother Philip's indifference to the affairs of the office, nor attempted to advise him. Sometimes, however, he would say, with one of his dry, cynical smiles: 'You are doing everything you can, Phil, to keep yourself out of a partnership, and you will be sorry for it some day—especially if you mean to marry that young lady over the way in a hurry. Playing the gentleman at ease is not the way to make sure of the case. However'—Then he would shrug his shoulders, as if washing his hands of the whole matter with the mental exclamation: 'But just as you like; there will be the more for me.' Only he never uttered that exclamation aloud.

'All right,' Philip would say with a laugh; 'my time is coming; and I prefer happiness to a banking account.'

There the subject would drop, and Coutts would turn away with a pitying smile.

As for the three daughters, they accepted their position with as much content as is permitted to young ladies who have nothing whatever to do but go through the routine of paying formal

visits in their carriage, attending garden parties in summer and dining out in winter. Miss Hadleigh (Beatrice) had been lately engaged to a thriving young merchant, and in consequence assumed a dignified primness. The other two, Caroline and Bertha, were looking forward to that happy state; and, meanwhile, having just been released from boarding-school, found their chief delights in fiction and lawn-tennis. They had every opportunity to enjoy themselves in their own ways, for their father interfered little with them, whilst he never stinted them in pocket-money.

Ringsford Manor was a large old-fashioned building of red brick, with a wing added by Mr Hadleigh, when he came into possession, for a new dining-room and a billiard-room. The house stood in about twenty acres of ground, on the borders of the Forest. The gardens were under the care of a Scotchman, named Sam Culver, whose pride it was to produce the finest pansies, roses, and geraniums in the neighbourhood or at the local flower-shows. He had also obtained a prize at the Crystal Palace rose-show, which made him more eager than ever to maintain his reputation. The result of this honourable ambition was that the grounds of Ringsford were the admiration of the whole county; and as the proprietor on certain days of the year threw them open to the public and invited bands of school-children to an annual fête, his character as a benefactor spread far and wide.

Much, however, as Sam Culver's skill as a gardener was admired, there were many gallants, old as well as young, who declared that the finest flower he had ever reared was his daughter, Pansy.

As Mr Hadleigh was returning from his visit to Willowmere, he got out of the carriage about half a mile from his own gate and bade the coachman drive home. Then he proceeded to walk slowly into the Forest in the direction of the King's Oak.

The rich foliage, the dense clumps of bracken and furze, with their changing colours and varying lights and shades looking their best in the bright sunshine, did not attract his eyes. His head was bowed and his hands tightly clasped behind him, as if his thoughts were bitter ones and far away from the lovely scene around him. At times he would lift his head with a sudden jerk and look into space, seeing nothing.

But as he approached the broad spreading King's Oak—so called from some legendary association with King Charles—the loud laughter of children roused him from his reverie.

Pansy Culver was seated on the ground, threading necklets and bracelets of buttercups and daisies for a group of little children who were capering and laughing round her. She was herself a child still in thought, but verging on womanhood in years; and the soft, bright features, brown with the sun, and lit by two dark, merry eyes, suggested that her father in his fancy for his favourite flowers had given her an appropriate name.

She rose respectfully as Mr Hadleigh approached; and he halted, looking for an instant as if he ought to know her and did not. Then his eyes took in the whole scene—the bright face, the happy children, and the buttercups and daisies.

Something in the appearance of the group brought a curiously sad expression to his face. He was contrasting their condition with his own: the little that made them so joyful, and the much that gave him no content.

'Ah, Pansy,' he said, 'what a fortunate girl you are. I wish I could change places with you—and yet no; that is an evil wish. Do you not think so?'

'I don't know, sir; and I don't know how you should wish to change places with me. I do not think many people like you would want to do it.'

A slow nodding movement of his head expressed his pity for her ignorance of how little is required for real happiness, and how the contented ploughman is richer than he who possesses the mines of Golconda without content. It was that sort of movement which accompanies the low sibilating sound of *tst-tst-tst*.

'I hope you will never know, child, why a person like me can wish to change places with one like you.'

He passed on slowly, leaving the girl looking after him in wonderment. When she told her father of this singular encounter, he only said: 'I'm doubtin' the poor man has something on his mind. But it's none of our business; and you ken there is only one kind o' riches that brings happiness.'

Mr Hadleigh spent the rest of that day in his library. He was writing, but not letters. At intervals he would rise and pace the floor, as if agitated by what he wrote. Then he seemed to force himself to sit down again at the desk and continue writing, and would presently repeat the former movement.

By the time that Philip returned, several sheets of closely written manuscript had been carefully locked away in a deed-box, and the box was locked away in a safe which stood in the darkest corner of the room.

After dinner he desired Philip to come into the library as soon as he had finished his cigar. Although he did not smoke himself, he did not object to the habit in others.

'Something queer about the governor to-night,' said Coutts, sipping his wine and smoking leisurely. 'I have noticed him several times lately looking as if he had got a fit of the blues or dyspepsia at least, yet I don't know how that can be with a man who is so careful of his digestion. He ought to come into town oftener.'

'Anything wrong in town?' inquired Philip, and in his tone there was a note of consideration for his father: in that of Coutts there was none.

'Things never were better since I have known the business. That is not the cause of his queer humour, whatever it may be. Might be first touch of gout.'

Philip rose and threw away his cigar. He did not like his brother's manner when he spoke in this manner of their parent.

On entering the library, he found it almost in darkness; for the curtains were partly drawn and the lamps were not lit. For a moment he could not see his father; but presently discovered him standing on the hearth, his arms crossed on the broad mantel-shelf, and his brow resting on them. He turned slowly; and his face was in

deep shadow, so that its expression could not be distinguished.

'I told them I did not want lights yet,' he said, and there was a huskiness in his voice which was very unusual, as it was rather metallic in its clearness. 'Will you excuse it, and sit down?'

'Certainly, sir; but I hope there is nothing seriously wrong. I trust you are not unwell?'

There was no answer for a moment, and the dark outline of the figure was like a mysterious silhouette. Then: 'I am not particularly well at present. The matter which I wish to speak to you about is serious; but I believe there is nothing wrong in it, and that we can easily come to an agreement about it. Will you sit down?'

Philip obeyed, marvelling greatly as to what this mysterious business could be which seemed to disturb his father so much, making him speak and act so unlike himself.

(To be continued.)

### THE FIRE OF FRENDRAUGHT.

ABOUT six miles from the thriving market-town of Huntly, in Aberdeenshire, stands the mansion-house of Frendraught, built on the site and incorporating the ruins of the old castle of that name. In the seventeenth century it was the scene of a strange and inexplicable event—an event which, on the supposition that it was not accidental, might well be regarded as tragic.

The lands of Frendraught, towards the beginning of the seventeenth century, were in the possession of James Crichton, a laird or minor baron of the period, sufficiently proud of that designation to slight and reject the title of viscount which his son accepted in his father's lifetime. His wife was Lady Elizabeth Gordon, a woman of a proud and resolute character, daughter of the Earl of Sutherland, and a 'near cousin,' as Spalding expresses it, of the Marquis of Huntly, a connection which should be remembered in the course of the narrative. On the crest of a knoll that overlooks the river Deveron, stood and still stands the Tower of Kinnairdy, another baronial residence of Crichton, at the distance of a few miles from Frendraught. Four miles above Kinnairdy, on the same river, stood Rothiemay, the home of the Gordons of Rothiemay, a sept of that numerous and powerful clan of which the Marquis of Huntly was chief. The lairds of Frendraught and of Rothiemay were thus neighbours, at a period when neighbourhood as surely engendered strife as friction develops heat. It chanced that Gordon of Rothiemay sold a portion of his lands adjoining the Deveron to the laird of Frendraught.

At the present day, there is perhaps no river in Scotland which at certain seasons of the year furnishes better sport to the angler for salmon than the Deveron, and its excellence in this respect must equally have characterised it two centuries ago; for the right to the valuable salmon-fishing appertaining to the land which had been sold became the subject of bitter strife between the two lairds. Frendraught appealed to the law; but while the cause was winding its way slowly through the courts, he managed, by persecution and provocation, to hurry Rothiemay into acts of exasperation and illegality, which made it easy to procure a decree of outlawry against him.

After this, as a contemporary historian has it, 'Rothiemay would hearken to no conditions of peace, neither would he follow the advice of his wisest friends.' He made a raid upon the lands of Crichton, who thereupon obtained from the Privy-council a commission to apprehend him.

On the 1st of January 1630, the laird of Frendraught, accompanied by Sir George Ogilvie of Banff, and, among others of less note, by young Leslie of Pitcairne and John Meldrum of Reidhill, set out to seize Rothiemay in his own domain. Rothiemay, having learned their intention, mustered what forces he could, and marched to meet them. A desperate encounter took place. Rothiemay's horse was killed under him. He continued to fight on foot till his followers were driven from the field, leaving his son and himself still maintaining a struggle against outnumbering foes. At length he fell, whereupon young Rothiemay sought safety in flight. His father, covered with wounds, was left for dead on the ground; but having been carried home by his friends, survived for three days. On Frendraught's side, one gentleman was slain, and John Meldrum—of whom more will be heard—was wounded.

The feud between the two houses, rancorous enough before, was prosecuted with the deadliest animosity now that blood had been shed on both sides. Deeds of savage reprisal ensued; and as each party sought to strengthen itself by enlisting new adherents, the area of strife grew wider, and assumed proportions so menacing to the public peace, that the Privy-council made earnest but fruitless endeavours to effect a reconciliation between the hostile houses.

Young Gordon of Rothiemay feeling 'himself the weaker in the struggle, called to his aid the notorious Highland cateran, James Grant, and his band. It is singular that we have neither ballad nor legend commemorating the career of this person—a career which, in its extraordinary feats of daring insolence, its marvellous escapes, and dark deeds of blood, outrivals all that is recorded of Rob Roy. At this juncture, while Grant and his followers were mustering at Rothiemay House for a raid against Frendraught, and when the Earl of Moray, Lieutenant of the North, had confessed himself utterly unable to suppress the commotion, a commission, sent by the Privy-council, associating itself with the Marquis of Huntly, succeeded in effecting an arrangement between the hostile parties. Grant was dismissed to his mountain fortresses; Crichton and Rothiemay were persuaded to meet at Strathbogie, the residence of the Marquis, where, after much earnest intercession, the commissioners succeeded in settling terms of peace and reconciliation. The deeds of blood were mutually forgiven, and, as a concession to the greatest sufferer, Crichton agreed to pay fifty thousand merks to the widow of the slain laird of Rothiemay. Over this arrangement all parties shook hands in the orchard of Strathbogie.

Little did they suspect, while congratulating themselves on the termination of the quarrel, that one spark had been left smouldering, which was soon to blaze into a more destructive conflagration than that which had just been extinguished. Among those who had fought on Crichton's side against the laird of Rothiemay we have mentioned one John Meldrum as having

been wounded. This Meldrum was one of those ruffianly retainers, half-gentleman half-groom, who hung on the skirts of the more powerful barons, ready for any task assigned them without a question or a scruple. At this time he was an outlaw. Conceiving that Frendraught had too lightly estimated his service and his sufferings, he persecuted the laird with appeals for ampler remuneration, and finding them disregarded, took satisfaction in his own way by stealing two of the laird's best horses from a meadow adjoining the castle.

Crichton at first appealed to the law; but Meldrum failed to appear in answer to the charge, and was outlawed. Crichton therefore received a commission to arrest him; and learning that he had taken refuge with the Leslie of Pitcaple, relatives by marriage, set out with a small party in quest of him; but the encounter only resulted in one of Crichton's friends wounding a son of Pitcaple.

Afraid of the consequences of this new feud, and remembering the good offices of the Marquis of Huntly on a former occasion, Crichton solicited his intercession with the laird of Pitcaple. The Marquis invited both lairds to the Bog of Gicht, now Gordon Castle; but old Leslie remained obdurate, declaring that he would entertain no terms of reconciliation until he saw the issue of his son's wound; and departed with unabated resentment. The Marquis detained Crichton two days longer, having also as his guest young Gordon of Rothiemay; and on Crichton's departure, fearing that he might be attacked by the Leslie, he sent as an escort his second son, Viscount Melgum (who was also frequently called Aboyne), and young Rothiemay, with their attendants. The party reached Frendraught Castle in the evening (October 8, 1630); and the Viscount, with his friend Rothiemay, was induced by the entreaties of Crichton and his lady, to remain for the night.

Thus far the course of events is clear and intelligible; what followed is involved in doubt and obscurity. Spalding, in his *Memorials*, says: 'They [the guests] were well entertained, supped merrily, and to bed went joyfully. The Viscount was laid in a bed in the old tower (going off of the hall), and standing upon a vault, wherein there was a round hole, devised of old just under Aboyne's bed. Robert Gordon, born in Sutherland, his servitor, and English Will, his page, were both laid beside him in the same chamber. The laird of Rothiemay, with some servants beside him, was laid in an upper chamber just above Aboyne's chamber; and in another room above that chamber were laid George Chalmer of Noth, and George Gordon, another of the Viscount's servants, with whom also was laid Captain Rollok, then in Frendraught's own company. Thus all being at rest, about midnight that dolorous tower took fire in so sudden and furious a manner, yea, and in a clap, that this noble Viscount, the laird of Rothiemay, English Will, Colin Eriot, another of Aboyne's servitors, and other two, being six in number, were cruelly burnt and tormented to the death but [without] help or relief; the laird of Frendraught, his lady [both of whom had slept in a separate wing of the building], and his whole household looking on without moving or stirring to deliver them from the

fury of this fearful fire, as was reported. Robert Gordon, called Sutherland Gordon, being in the Viscount's chamber, escaped this fire with his life. George Chalmer and Captain Rollok, being in the third room, escaped also this fire; and, as was said, Aboyne might have saved himself also, if he had gone out of doors, which he would not do, but suddenly ran up-stairs to Rothiemay's chamber and wakened him to rise; and as he is wakening him, the timber passage and lofting of the chamber hastily takes fire, so that none of them could win down stairs again; so they turned to a window looking to the close, where they piteously cried Help, help, many times, for God's cause. The laird and the lady, with their servants, all seeing and hearing this woful crying, but made no help nor manner of helping; which they perceiving, they cried oftentimes mercy at God's hand for their sins, then clasped in other's arms, and cheerfully suffered this cruel martyrdom. . . . It is reported that upon the morn after this woful fire, the lady Frendraught, daughter to the Earl of Sutherland, and near cousin to the Marquis, busked in a white plaid, and riding on a small nag, having a boy leading her horse, without any more in her company, in this pitiful manner came weeping and mourning to the Bog [Gordon Castle], desiring entry to speak with my lord; but this was refused; so she returned back to her own house the same gate [way] she came, comfortless.'

It is clear from this extract that Spalding's opinion was that which the Marquis of Huntly adopted after consultation with his friends, namely, that the fire was not accidental, but the result of a plot, in which Frendraught and his lady were accomplices. This belief takes forcible expression in the ballad which was composed on the occasion, and is still popular in the neighbourhood of Frendraught. It is sufficient to cite a few verses:

When steeds were saddled and well bridled,  
And ready for to ride,  
Then out came her and false Frendraught  
Inviting them to bide.

When they were dressed in their cloaths,  
And ready for to boun,  
The doors and windows was all secured,  
The roof-tree burning down.

'O mercy, mercy, Lady Frendraught!  
Will ye not sink with sin?  
For first your husband killed my father,  
And now you burn his son.'

Oh, then outspoke her Lady Frendraught,  
And loudly did she cry—  
'It were great pity for good Lord John,  
But none for Rothiemay;  
But the keys are casten in the deep draw-well;  
Ye cannot get away.'

That the laird of Frendraught and his lady either contrived the deed or acquiesced in it, is difficult of belief. The presumptions generally are against such a conclusion. There is no reason for supposing that the laird of Frendraught was not honest in reconciling himself to Rothiemay; but even allowing him to be wicked enough to plan the destruction by fire of the son of the man whom he had slain, while a guest under his roof, how is it possible to believe that he chose a plan which must involve the



death of Viscount Melgum, a son of the Marquis of Huntly, and hitherto his friend?

Crichton was perfectly aware of the popular suspicion; and the fruitless visit of his wife to Gordon Castle sufficiently disclosed the sentiments of the Marquis. Shortly after the fire, therefore, he placed himself under the protection of the Lord Chancellor, offering to undergo any trial, and to assist in every way in discovering the perpetrators of the crime.

The Privy-council made the most strenuous efforts to pierce the mystery. Before the end of the year, John Meldrum and three of his servants, and about thirty of the servants or dependents of Crichton, had been apprehended, and about as many more summoned to Edinburgh to give evidence; but not the slightest clue was obtained as to the origin of the fire.

In the following April, a commission, consisting of the Earl Marischal, the bishops of Aberdeen and Moray, with three others, was sent to investigate the occurrence on the spot. They cautiously reported thus: 'We find by all likelihood that the fire whereby the house was burned was first raised in a vault, wherein we find evidences of fire in three sundry parts; one at the furthest end thereof, another towards the middle, and the third on that gable which is hard by the hole that is under the bed which was in the chamber above. Your good lordships will excuse us if we determine not concerning the fire whether it was accidental or of set purpose by the hand of man; only this much it seemeth probable unto us, after consideration of the frame of the house and other circumstances, that no hand from without could have raised the fire without aid from within.'

For a year the Council did nothing, being utterly at a loss as to what they should do; but public indignation, and the desire to bring home the guilt to the criminals—if guilt there were—had not abated, and, stimulated by a message on the subject from the king, the Council actually resolved to devote one day every week to further investigation. At the same time, John Meldrum was ordered to be tried by torture.

In August 1632, John Tosh, master of the household at Frendraught, was brought to the bar of the Court of Justiciary on the charge of setting fire to the vault from within. It was pleaded for him that, having endured the torture of the 'boots,' and thereafter of the 'pilniewinks' or thumbikins, and having on oath declared his innocence, he could not be put to further trial; and this plea was sustained.

In August 1633—nearly three years after the fire—John Meldrum of Reidhill was put upon his trial, charged with having set fire to the vault from the outside. It was urged against him, that he had associated himself with James Grant, the notorious robber, in order to wreak his vengeance on Frendraught; that he had threatened to do Frendraught an evil turn some day; and being asked how, had said that the laird would be burned; and that he had been seen riding towards Frendraught Castle on the evening before the fire. It was suggested that he had set fire to the vault by throwing combustibles, such as powder, brimstone, and pitch, through the narrow slits that served as windows. On such evidence as was offered against him,

no jury at the present day would convict. The assumption that fire had been introduced from the outside was directly against the conclusion of the Council's commission; and Meldrum's counsel insisted on the impossibility of kindling a fire in a vault to which the only access from the outside was by narrow slits piercing a wall ten feet thick. Nevertheless, Meldrum was convicted, and hanged.

The jury seem to have thought some victim should be offered for the public satisfaction, and that no injustice would be done to John Meldrum in assigning him as a sacrifice, seeing that he had done quite enough to deserve hanging, even if he had no hand in the burning of Frendraught Castle. With the execution of Meldrum, all further proceedings in the case ceased; but suspicion and animosity rankled long in the House of Huntly against Frendraught. The origin of the fire still remains a mystery.

## TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

### A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN BOWOOD had spoken truly. Lady Dimsdale and Mr. Boyd were sauntering slowly in the direction of the house, deep in conversation, and quite unaware that they were being watched from a little distance by the woman in black whom Mrs Bowood had taken to be an applicant for the post of French governess.

Oscar Boyd was a tall, well-built man, verging towards his fortieth year. His complexion was deeply imbrowned by years of tropical sunshine. He had a silky chestnut beard and moustache, and hair of the same colour, which, however, was no longer so plentiful as it once had been. He had clear, frank-looking eyes, a firm-set mouth, and a face which gave you the impression of a man who was at once both thoughtful and shrewd. It was one of those kindly yet resolute faces which seem to invite confidence, but would never betray it.

Lady Dimsdale brought quite a heap of flowers into the room. There was a large shallow vase on the centre table, which it was her intention to fill with her floral spoils. 'You look as cool as if this were December instead of June,' she said.

'I have been used to much hotter suns than that of England.'

'I hardly knew you again at first—not till I heard you speak.'

'Fifteen years are a long time.'

'Yet already it seems to me as if I should have known you anywhere. You are different, and yet the same.'

'When I arrived last evening, I did not know that you were here. I heard your voice before I saw you, and the fifteen years seemed to vanish like a dream.'

'It seems to me like a dream when I go back in memory to those old days at the vicarage, and call to mind all that happened there.'

'Do you ever think of that evening when you and I parted?'

'I have not forgotten it,' answered Lady Dimsdale in a low voice.

'How little we thought that we should not meet again for so long a time!'

'How little we foresaw all that would happen to us in the interval!'

'If that telegram had arrived ten minutes later, how different our lots in life might have been!'

'Life seems made up of *Ifs* and *Buts*,' she answered with a little sigh.

'That evening! The scent of new-mown hay was in the air.'

'The clock in the old church tower had just struck seven.'

'Under the hill, a nightingale was singing.'

'Far off, we heard the murmur of the tide.'

'Fido lay basking among fallen rose-leaves on the terrace.'

'Wagging his tail lazily, as if beating time to some tune that was running in his head.'

'We stood by the wicket, watching the last load of hay winding slowly through the lanes. I seized the moment:—'

'You seized something else.'

'Your hand. If you had only known how nervous I was! I pressed your fingers to my lips. "Laura, I love you," I stammered out.'

'*"Darling Laura,"* was what he said,' murmured Lady Dimsdale to herself.

'Before I had time for another word, Hannah came hurrying down the steps.'

'Dear old Hannah, with her mob-cap and prim white apron. I seem to see her now.'

'She had an open paper in her hand. Your aunt had been taken ill, and you were instructed to go to her by the first train. You gave me one look—a look that haunted me for years—and went into the house without a word. An hour later, I saw you at the train; but your father was there, and he kept you by his side till the last moment.'

'That miserable journey! For the first twenty miles I was alone; then an old lady got in. "Dear me, how damp this carriage feels," she said. I rather fancy I had been crying.'

'And we never met after that, till last evening.'

'Never!' murmured Lady Dimsdale almost inaudibly.

'Two days after our parting, I was ordered abroad; but I wrote to you, not once or twice only, but many times.'

'Not one line from you did I ever receive.'

'Then my letters must have been intercepted. I addressed them to your aunt's house in Scotland, where you were staying at the time.'

'Aunt Judith had set her heart on my marrying Sir Thomas Dimsdale.'

'And would not let my letters reach you. Week after week and month after month, I waited for an answer, hoping against hope; but none ever came.'

'Week after week and month after month, I waited for a letter from you; but none ever came.'

'And your Aunt Judith—she who intercepted my letters—was accounted a good woman.'

'An excellent woman. Even on wet Sundays, she always went to church twice.'

'So excellent, that at length she persuaded you to marry Sir Thomas.'

'It was not her persuasion that induced me to marry. It was to save my father from ruin.'

'What a sacrifice!'

'You must not say that. How could anything I might do for my father's sake be accounted a sacrifice?'

Oscar Boyd did not answer. Lady Dimsdale's white slender fingers were busy with the arrangement of her flowers, and he seemed absorbed in watching them.

'And you too married?' she said at length in a low voice.

'I did—but not till more than a year after I read the notice of your marriage in the newspapers. Life seemed no longer worth living. I cared not what became of me. I fell into the toils of an adventuress, who after a time inveigled me into marrying her.'

'Your marriage was an unhappy one?'

'Most unhappy. After a few months, we separated, and I never saw my wife again. Her fate was a sad one. A year or two later, a steamer she was on board of was lost at sea; and so far as is known, not a soul survived to tell the tale.'

'A sad fate indeed.'

The subject was a painful one to Oscar Boyd. He crossed to the window, and stood gazing out for a few moments in silence.

Lady Dimsdale's thoughts were busy. 'What is there to hinder him from saying again to-day the words he said to me fifteen years ago?' she asked herself. 'If he only knew!'

'How strange it seems, Laura, to be alone with you again after all these years!' He spoke from the window.

A beautiful flush spread swiftly over Lady Dimsdale's face. Her heart beat quickly. In a moment she had grown fifteen years younger. 'He calls me *Laura*!' she murmured softly to herself. 'Surely he will say the words now.'

'I could fancy this was the dear never-to-be-forgotten room in the old vicarage—that that was the garden outside. In another moment, Fido will come bounding in. Hannah will open the door and tell us tea is waiting. We shall hear your father whistling softly to himself, while he counts the ripening peaches on the wall.'

'Oscar, don't!' cried Lady Dimsdale in a voice that was broken with emotion.

Oscar Boyd came slowly back from the window, and stood for a few moments watching her in silence. Then he laid a hand gently on one of hers, took possession of it, looked at it for a moment, and then pressed it to his lips. Then with a lingering pressure, he let it drop, and walked away again to the window.

Lady Dimsdale's eyes followed him; she could have laughed or she could have cried; she was on the verge of both. 'Oh, my dear one, if you only knew what stupid creatures you men are!' she said to herself. 'Why isn't this leap-year?'

Presently Mr. Boyd paced back again to the table; he seemed possessed by some demon of restlessness. 'With your permission, I will relate a little apologue to you,' he said; and then he drew up a chair near to the table and sat

down. 'I once had a friend who was a poor man, and was in love with a woman who was very rich. He had made up his mind to ask her to be his wife, when one day he chanced to hear himself stigmatised as a fortune-hunter, as an adventurer who sought to marry a rich wife in order that he might live on her money. Then, although he loved this woman very dearly, he went away without saying a word of that which was in his heart.'

'Must not your friend have been a weak-minded man, to let the idle talk of an empty busybody come between himself and happiness? He deserved to lose his prize. But I too have a little apologue to tell to you. Once on a time there was a woman whom circumstances compelled against her wishes to marry a rich old man. When he died, he left her all his wealth, but on one condition—that she should never marry again. Any one taking her for his wife must take her—for herself alone.'

Oscar rose and pushed back his chair. His face flushed; a great flame of love leaped suddenly into his eyes. Lady Dimsdale was bending over her flowers. Neither of them saw the black-robed figure that was standing motionless by the open window.

'Laura!' said Oscar in a voice that was scarcely raised above a whisper.

She turned her head and looked at him. Their eyes met. For a moment each seemed to be gazing into the other's heart. Then Oscar went a step nearer and held out both his hands. An instant later he had his arms round her and his lips were pressed to hers. 'My own at last, after all these weary years!' he murmured.

The figure in black had come a step or two nearer. She flung back her veil with a sudden passionate gesture.

'Oscar Boyd!' The words were spoken with a sort of slow, deliberate emphasis.

The lovers fell apart as though a thunderbolt had dropped between them. Oscar's face changed on the instant to a ghastly pallor. With one hand, he clutched the back of a chair; the other went up to his throat, as though there were something there which stopped his breathing. For the space of a few seconds the ticking of the clock on the chimney-piece was the only sound that broke the silence.

Then came the question: 'Who are you?' breathed rather than spoken.

In clear incisive tones came the answer: 'Your wife!'

The day was three hours older.

The news that Mr Boyd's wife, who was supposed to have been drowned several years before, had unexpectedly proved that she was still in existence, was not long before it reached the ears of everybody at Rosemount, from Captain Bowood himself to the boy in the stables. As soon as he had recovered in some degree from the first shock of surprise, Oscar had gone in search of Mrs Bowood; and having explained to her in as few words as possible what had happened, had asked her to grant him the use of one of her parlours for a few hours. Mrs Bowood, who was the soul of hospitality, would fain have gone on the instant and welcomed Mrs Boyd, as she welcomed all her guests at Rosemount, and it

may be with even more *empressement* than usual, considering the remarkable circumstances of the case. Mr Boyd, however, vetoed her proposition in a way which caused her to suspect that there must be something more under the surface than she was aware of; so, with ready tact, she forbore to question him further, and at once placed a sitting-room at his disposal.

In this room the husband and his newly found wife were shut up together. Mr Boyd looked five years older than he had looked a few hours previously. He was very pale. A certain hardness in the lines of his mouth, unnoticed before, now made itself plainly observable. His brows were contracted; all the gladness, all the softness had died out of his dark eyes as completely as if they had never had an existence there. He was sitting at a table, poring over some railway maps and time-tables. On a sofa, separated from him by half the length of the room, sat his wife. She was a tall, dark, shapely woman, who had left her thirtieth birthday behind her some years ago. She had a profusion of black hair, and very bright black eyes, with a certain cold, clear directness of gaze in them, which for some men seemed to have a sort of special charm. Certainly, they looked like eyes that could never melt with sympathy or be softened by tears. She had a long Grecian nose, and full red lips; but her chin was too heavy and rounded for the rest of her face. Her clear youthful complexion owed probably as much to art as it did to nature; but it was art so skilfully applied as sometimes to excite the envy of those of her own sex to whom such secrets were secrets no longer. In any case, most men conceded that she was still a very handsome woman, and it was not likely that she was unaware of the fact.

She sat for a little while tapping impatiently with one foot on the carpet, and glancing furtively at the impassive face bent over its books and maps, which seemed for the time to have forgotten that there was any such person as she in existence. At length she could keep silent no longer. 'You do not seem particularly delighted by the return of your long-lost wife, who was saved from shipwreck by a miracle. Many men would be beside themselves with joy; but you are a philosopher, and know how to hide your feelings. *Eh bien!* if you are not overjoyed to see me, I am overjoyed to see you; and I love you so very dearly, that I will never leave you again.' Only a slight foreign accent betrayed the fact that she was not an Englishwoman.

Oscar Boyd took no more notice of her than if she had been addressing herself to the empty air.

She rose and crossed the room to the fireplace, and glanced at herself in the glass. There was a dangerous light in her eyes. 'If he does not speak to me, I shall strike him!' she said to herself. Then aloud: 'I have travelled six thousand miles in search of you, and now that I have found you, you have not even one kiss to greet me with! What a heart of marble yours must be!'

Still the impassive figure at the table made no more sign than if it had been carved in stone.

There was a pretty Venetian glass ornament on the chimney-piece. Mrs Boyd took it up and dashed it savagely on the hearth, where it was

shattered to a hundred fragments. Then with white face and passion-charged eyes, she turned and faced her husband. 'Oscar Boyd, why don't you speak to your wife?'

'Because I have nothing to say to her.' He spoke as coldly and quietly as he might have spoken to the veriest stranger.

She controlled her passion with an effort. 'Nothing to say to me! You can at least tell me something of your plans. Are we going to remain here, or are we going away, or what are we going to do?'

He began deliberately to fold the map he had been studying. 'We shall start for London by the five o'clock train,' he said. 'At the terminus, we shall separate, to meet again to-morrow at my lawyer's office. It will not take long to draw up a deed of settlement, by which a certain portion of my income will for the future be paid over to you. After that, we shall say farewell, and I shall never see you again.'

She stared at him with bewildered eyes. 'Never see me again!' she gasped out. 'Me—your wife!'

'Estelle—you know the reasons which induced me to vow that I would never regard you as my wife again. Those reasons have the same force now that they had a dozen years ago. We meet, only to part again a few hours hence.'

She had regained some portion of her *sang-froid* by this time. A shrill mocking laugh burst from her lips. It was not a pleasant laugh to hear. 'During my husband's absence, I must try to console myself with my husband's money. You are a rich man, *caro mio*; you have made a large fortune abroad; and I shall demand to be treated as a rich man's wife.'

'You are mistaken,' he answered, without the least trace of emotion in his manner or voice. 'I am a very poor man. Nearly the whole of my fortune was lost by a bank failure a little while ago.'

His words seemed to strike her dumb.

'In three days I start for Chili,' continued Oscar. 'My old appointment has not been filled up; I shall apply to be reinstated.'

'And I have come six thousand miles for this!' muttered Estelle under her breath. She needed a minute or two to recover her equanimity—to decide what her next move should be.

Her husband was jotting down a few notes with a pencil. She turned and faced him suddenly. 'Oscar Boyd, I have a proposition to make to you,' she said. 'If you are as poor a man as you say you are—and I do not choose to doubt your word—I have no desire to be a drag on you for ever. I have come a long way in search of you, and it will be equally far to go back. Listen, then. Give me two thousand pounds—you can easily raise that amount among your fine friends—and I will solemnly promise to put six thousand miles of ocean between us, and never to seek you out or trouble you in any way again.'

For a moment he looked up and gazed steadily into her face. 'Impossible!' he said drily, and with that he resumed his notations.

'Why do you say that? The sum is not a large one. And think! You will get rid of me for ever. What happiness! There will be nothing

then to hinder you from marrying that woman whom I saw in your arms. Oh! I am not in the least jealous, although I love you so dearly, and although'—here she glanced at herself in the chimney-glass—'that woman is not half so good-looking as I am. No one in this house but she knows that I am your wife. You have only to swear to her that I am an impostor, and she will believe you—we women are such easy fools where we love!—and will marry you. *Que dites vous, cher Oscar?*'

'Impossible.'

'*Peste!* I have no patience with you. You will never have such an offer again. *Mais je comprends.* Although your words are so cruel, you love me too well to let me go. As for that woman whom I saw you kissing, I will think no more of her. You did not know I was so near, and I forgive you.' Here she turned to the glass again, gave the strings of her bonnet a little twist, and smoothed her left eyebrow. 'Make haste, then, my darling husband, and introduce your wife to your fine friends, as a gentleman ought to do. I will ring the bell.'

Mr Boyd rose and pushed back his chair. 'Pardon me—you will do nothing of the kind,' he said, more sternly than he had yet spoken. 'It is not my intention to introduce you to any one in this house. It would be useless. We start for London in a couple of hours. I have some final preparations to make, and will leave you for a few minutes. Meanwhile, I must request that you will not quit this room.'

She clapped her gloved hands together and laughed a shrill discordant laugh. 'And do you really think, Oscar Boyd, that I am the kind of woman to submit to all this? You ought to know me better—far better.' Then with one of those sudden changes of mood which were characteristic of her, she went on: 'And yet, perhaps—as I have heard some people say—a wife's first duty is submission. Perhaps her second is, never to leave her husband. *Eh bien!* You shall have my submission, but—I will never leave you. If you go to Chili, I will follow you there, as I have followed you here. I will follow you to the ends of the earth! Do you hear? I will haunt you wherever you go! I will dog your footsteps day and night! Everywhere I will proclaim myself as your wife!' She nodded her head at him meaningly three times, when she had finished her tirade.

Standing with one hand resting on the back of his chair, while the other toyed with his watch-guard, he listened to her attentively, but without any visible emotion. 'You will be good enough not to leave this room till my return,' he said; and without another word, he went out and shut the door behind him.

Her straight black eyebrows came together, and a volcanic gleam shot from her eyes as she gazed after him. 'Why did he not lock me in?' she said to herself with a sneer. She began to pace the room as a man might have paced it, with her hands behind her back and her fingers tightly interlocked. 'Will nothing move him? Is it for this I have crossed the ocean? Is it for this I have tracked him? His fortune gone! I never dreamt of that—and they told me he was so rich. What an unlucky wretch I am! I should like to stab him—or myself—or some one. If I could

but set fire to the house at midnight, and'—She was interrupted by the opening of the door and the entrance of Sir Frederick Pinkerton. At the sight of a man who was also a gentleman, her face changed in a moment.

(To be concluded next month.)

### LONDON BONDED WAREHOUSES.

THE thought occurred to the writer the other day, when seated at his desk, as an examining officer of Customs, in one of the extensive bonded vaults which are within sight of that famous historic pile the Tower, that a brief description of these warehouses—which possess in some respects features that are unique—might prove interesting to general readers. We do not know if any previous attempt has been made in this direction; if so, it has not come within the scope of the writer's observation during an experience in London as a Civil servant of twenty years.

In this brief sketch there are certain reflections that occur which may perhaps be worthy of some consideration. One of these is, that even in the most busy parts of the City there are extremely few persons—though they may have daily passed along the leading thoroughfares for years—who know anything about the interiors of the vast warehouses and immense repositories for merchandise of all sorts, which abound in the business area of London, east of Temple Bar, extending far down both banks of the Thames. We do not refer especially to the great docks, such as the London, St Katharine, East and West India, Royal Albert, Surrey Commercial, and other similar emporiums of commerce, which form so remarkable a feature of the Thames, and are only rivalled by the huge docks on the Mersey. Those establishments, it must be allowed, attract a large number of visitors, although these are chiefly strangers from the country; the strictly commercial classes of the City, unless intimately connected with the shipping interest, but rarely extending their explorations thitherward. Some favoured citizens and 'country cousins,' by the privilege of what is called technically a 'tasting order,' may, however, traverse miles of cellars, filled with the choicest vintages, and in the wine-vaults may behold the most curious fungoid forms, white as snow, pendent from the vaulted roofs. They may survey, as at the London Docks, thirty thousand casks of brandy in a single vault; or traverse the famous 'Spice' warehouse, redolent with the aromatic odours of the East; or if they have a penchant for Jamaica rum, by extending their visit to the West India Dock, they can see the largest collection of rum-casks to be found in any bonded warehouse on the habitable globe. But it is not to these colossal establishments that we wish now to refer, interesting and important as they may be, but rather to the less pretentious and smaller warehouses, forming a group styled officially 'Uptown Warehouses.'

No one passing along Crutched Friars—the very name suggests that strange blending of the past with modern commercial activity, which is observable in London as in other large centres of population—would from external signs surmise for a moment, that under his feet and around him there were acres of vaults containing tens

of thousands of casks of port, sherry, and various descriptions of spirit. Yet such is the fact; and as a matter of detail, it may be stated that the stock of port wine in one of these vaults comprises the finest brands imported into the metropolis. The firm of B—— is well known throughout the commercial world of London, and is believed to be upwards of a century old. The original founder, who sprang from a very humble stock, died worth, it is said, two million pounds sterling, amassed by the skilful and honourable conduct of a bonding business, which had grown from very modest conditions indeed, to rival the huge proportions of the docks themselves. In fact, the tendency of the last few years has been decidedly to withdraw the bonding trade from these formerly gigantic establishments, and to concentrate it in the Uptown Warehouses. The result of this has been to lower the shares of the Dock Companies to the minimum level compatible with commercial solvency; while, owing to the keen rivalry with the smaller and more progressive bonding warehouses elsewhere, the charges have been reduced to a point that would have surprised merchants of past days. One great reason for the modern change which we have noted, is unquestionably the superior accessibility of the Uptown Warehouses to the City proper, and their comparative nearness to the various railway termini. Time and distance, in these days of excessive speed, are prime factors, and must in the end assert themselves. Besides, it is evident to all thinking men that we have reached a crisis in the transport of merchandise, and that the railway is becoming daily more omnipotent.

Though we have hitherto referred only to the casks of vinous liquors, technically known as 'wet goods,' stored in the vaults, it must not be inferred that they constitute the sole description of merchandise contained within the walls of these warehouses. Tea, inclosed in chests, piled tier upon tier, fills a large space, and yields a very considerable amount of revenue to the Crown. Perhaps of all goods now comprised in the tariff as 'dutiable,' the collection of the tea duty, which is at present assessed at sixpence per pound, is the simplest and least expensive. In B——'s premises, where the stock is comparatively small, the annual yield of duty to the revenue is nearly two hundred thousand pounds. It is, however, far otherwise with the duty paid on 'wet goods,' wine, perhaps, excepted, the rates of which, governed by strength, are, for wines containing less than twenty-six degrees of alcoholic strength—being mainly of French production—at one shilling per gallon; and for those of a greater degree of strength, but below the limit of forty-two degrees—which is the usual standard of Portuguese and Spanish wines—at two shillings and sixpence per gallon. This difference in the assessment of duty on the basis of strength between the vintages of France and Portugal, has been for some years a sore point with the latter government. Various protests have been made against its retention, which it must be admitted seems to press somewhat hardly upon the trade of the Iberian peninsula with this country; but as yet, while we write, no satisfactory solution has been arrived at of what is a real *quæstio vexata*. The collection of the spirit duties involves very considerable nicety and



calculation—whisky perhaps excepted, which is officially known as British Plain Spirits, and the duty on which is assessed at ten shillings per gallon of proof strength. In the case of all other descriptions of spirits, however, the method is rendered more intricate, owing to a recent regulation which requires the determination of the degree of what is styled 'obscuration' by distillation, the duty being charged at a uniform rate of ten shillings and fourpence per proof gallon.

The laboratory tests are in the Customs establishment of a highly scientific character, demanding on the part of the operators considerable skill and knowledge of chemistry. The instruments used in the various processes—of which Sikes's hydrometer and Mr Keen's are best known—are of very ingenious construction, and require nice handling and steadiness of eye.

The gauging of casks, which is performed by a large staff of, generally speaking, skilful and highly meritorious officers, is quite a science in itself, and requires years of constant practice to make the operator thoroughly proficient. But in this, as in other arts, there are of course various degrees of excellence. In the Customs service—and the same thing will doubtless apply to the Excise—there are gaugers who stand head and shoulders above their fellows, and who appear to have the power by merely glancing at a cask, as if by intuition, to tell its 'content,' as its holding capacity is officially styled. Although it has been the usage in certain quarters to speak in contemptuous terms of the functions of this deserving class of public servants, and to apply to them the opprobrious epithet of 'dip-sticks,' we have no sympathy with such detraction, which is quite unmerited.

It would be impossible within the brief limits of this paper to describe minutely the various operations in bond which are daily going on at these stations. Such comprise Vatting, Blending, Mixing, Racking, Reducing, Fortifying, Bottling, Filtering, &c., and would in themselves suffice for a separate article.

Having given a very meagre outline of the multifarious duties and processes carried on at the various bonding vaults in London and elsewhere, we may perhaps fitly conclude with a brief description of certain antiquarian features of special interest, to be met with in Messrs B——'s premises. As previously remarked, the monastic character of one of the leading approaches is conveyed in the title of Crutched Friars. But it is evident from other and various remains that its site includes a most important portion of ancient *Londinium*. A considerable extent of the old Roman wall, upwards of a hundred feet, in an excellent state of preservation, 'the squared stones and bonding tiles' being marvellously well defined, forms the boundary of what is known as the 'South' Vault. On a higher level, styled the Vat Floor, in the medieval portion of the City wall, is to be seen a fine specimen of the Roman casement, which is said to be the only one now remaining in the City. According to the best antiquarian authorities, these remains form a part of the circumvallation of London begun in the reign of Constantine and completed by Theodosius. As is only natural, these relics are highly prized by the Antiquarian Society, which has in no

ordinary terms expressed its appreciation of the zealous care bestowed by the proprietors in preserving these unique and priceless treasures of the past.

### THE MONTH:

#### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

PROFESSOR JANSSEN, the well-known astronomer of Meudon Observatory, who has done more than any man living, perhaps, towards wedding the photographic camera with the telescope, has lately published some account of a marvellous picture which he obtained of 'the old moon in the new moon's arms.' At the time that the picture was taken, the moon was only three days old, and an uncovering of the lens for one minute only was sufficient to secure the image. This image is feeble, but is full of detail, plainly showing the general configuration of the lunar surface. Professor Janssen believes that this application of photography points to a means of obtaining more precise measurements of the light, and of studying the phenomena which are produced by the double reflection of the solar light between our earth and its satellite. To the uninitiated, in these days of marvellous instantaneous pictures, an exposure of one minute may seem rather a long period. But let us consider for a moment what a very small proportion of the sun's glory is reflected to us from the moon, even on the finest nights. Professor Sir W. Thomson gives some interesting information on this point. Comparing the full moon to a standard candle, he tells us that the light it affords is equal to that given by such a candle at a distance of seven feet and a half. As in the above-mentioned photograph the light dealt with came from a moon not full, but only three days old, it will be seen that Professor Janssen had a very small amount of illumination for his picture, and the only wonder is that he was able to obtain any result at all.

It will be remembered that in the autumn of 1882, a series of observations were commenced in the polar regions, which had been organised by an International Polar Committee. Fourteen expeditions from various countries took up positions in that inhospitable area, with the intention of carrying out observations for twelve months, from which it was hoped that valuable knowledge would be gained. This programme has been successfully carried out, ten of the expeditions having returned home, many of them laden with rich stores of observations. Three remain to continue their work for another year. As to the return of the remaining band of observers—belonging to the United States—there is as yet no definite information.

On Ailsa Craig, Firth of Clyde, there is being erected, by order of the Commissioners of Northern Lights, a mineral-oil gas-work, to supply gas for the lighthouse in 'course of construction there, as well as to feed the gas-engines which will be used to drive the fog-signalling apparatus. The works are being erected by the patentee of this gas-system, Mr James Keith, and will cost three thousand pounds. They will be capable of manufacturing two thousand cubic feet of oil-gas per hour, of fifty-candle illuminating standard. It has long been the opinion of many that the

electric light is not the best illuminant for light-house purposes, and this installation at Ailsa Craig, following one on the same principle at the Isle of Man not long ago, would seem to indicate that the authorities think so too.

North-east of Afghanistan there lies a piece of country called Kafiristan, which, until April last, had never been traversed by the foot of a European. In that month, however, Mr W. W. McNair, of the Indian medical service, crossed the British frontier, and travelled through the little-known region for two months. An interesting account of his wanderings formed the subject of a paper read by him at a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. The country is inhabited by three main tribes—Ramgals, Vaigals, and Bashgals, answering to the three chief valleys, and each having a distinctive dialect. The men are warlike and brave, but, like many other semi-barbarous peoples, leave the heavy work of agriculture to the women. The Mohammedans hem them in on all sides; but as the tribes are at peace among themselves, they are able to hold their own. Slavery exists to some extent. The people acknowledge one supreme being, Imbra, and worship at temples presided over by priests; but to neither priests nor idols is excessive reverence paid. Bows and arrows form their chief arms; and although a few matchlocks have found their way into the country from Cabul, no attempt has been made to imitate them. Wealth is reckoned by heads of cattle; the staple food is wheat; and the favourite drink pure grape-juice, not rendered intoxicating by fermentation or distillation.

Although there is every reason to believe that cruelty to animals is far less common than it was, still there are many men who are not so merciful to their beasts as they might be. Many of these offend from ignorance, and will leave poor creatures exposed to inclement weather under the belief that they will not suffer. Professor Shelton, of the Kansas State Agricultural College, has lately shown, by careful experiment, that it *pays* to be merciful in the matter of providing shelter for pigs; and we have no doubt that if his researches had been extended to other animals, a similar result would have been obtained. For this experiment, ten pigs, as nearly as possible alike with regard to breed, age, &c., were chosen, five being kept in a barn, and five in the open, but provided with straw to lie upon. These two families were fed twice a day with carefully weighed messes of Indian corn. In the sequel, it was found that each bushel of corn produced in the barn-fed pigs ten and three-tenths pounds of pork, whilst each bushel given to the outsiders formed only nine and seven-tenths. This result of course clearly shows that a large proportion of the food given went to keep the outdoor pigs warm, instead of adding to their flesh. If the bucolic mind will only grasp this fact, we feel sure that more attention will be given to the question of shelter for animals.

Professor Cohn, writing from Breslau to *Nature*, calls attention to the circumstance that just two hundred years ago there was made in the Netherlands a scientific discovery of the greatest importance. In the year 1683, Leeuwenhoek gave notice to our Royal Society that by the aid of his microscope he had detected in the white sub-

stance adhering to his teeth 'very little animals moving in a very lively fashion.' 'These,' says Professor Cohn, '*were the first bacteria which the human eye ever saw.*' The descriptions and drawings given by this first observer are so correct, that even in these days, when the Germ theory of disease has brought forward so many workers in the same field, armed with much improved appliances, the organisms drawn by the hand of Leeuwenhoek can be easily recognised and compared with their fellows of to-day. These drawings have indeed never been surpassed till within the last ten years, a fact which speaks volumes for their accuracy and value.

The buildings occupied by the International Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington are, in 1884, to be devoted to a no less important object, albeit it is not likely to be so popular with the masses. This Exhibition will deal with matters relating to Health and Education. It will include the food-resources of the world; the best means of cooking that food; the costumes of the world, and their bearing upon health; the sanitary construction of dwellings; and many other things that every one ought to know about, but which very few study. With the Prince of Wales as President, assisted by a Council including the names of Sir Cunliffe Owen and Mr Birkbeck, the success of the scheme ought to be assured.

In Cannon Street, London, an experimental section of roadway of a novel kind has lately been laid down. It is the invention of Mr H. F. Williams, an engineer of San Francisco, where the system has been most successfully employed for the past seven years. Indeed, the roads so prepared are said to be as good as when first laid down, allowing for a reasonable amount of wear and tear. The process is as follows. First of all is provided a good dry concrete foundation; upon this are laid blocks of wood, grain-end uppermost, measuring eight inches by four, with a thickness of an inch and a-half. Each block, before being placed in position, is dipped half-way into a boiling mixture of asphalt and Trinidad bitumen; this glues the blocks to the foundation and to one another, at the same time leaving a narrow space all round the upper half of each piece of wood. This space is afterwards filled in with boiling asphalt. Above all is spread a half-inch coating of asphalt mixed with coarse grit, the object of which is to prevent that dangerous slipperiness that is common to asphalt roadways in moist states of the atmosphere.

At Brooklyn, the sanitary authorities seem to have a very sensible method of dealing with milk-dealers in the matter of adulteration. They invited the dealers to meet in the Common Council Chamber, when it was explained to them by an expert how they could determine by various tests whether the milk purchased from the farms is of the required standard. At the conclusion of this conference, it was hinted that the licenses of such dealers as were thenceforward detected in selling adulterated milk would be peremptorily revoked.

At the end of December last, the first of four large silos on Lord Tollemache's estate in Cheshire was opened in the presence of a large number of farmers and scientific agriculturists. It had been filled with dry grass, chopped into inch-lengths by a chaff-cutter, and pressed down with a weight

equal to fifty-six pounds on the square foot. The appearance of the ensilage was that of dark-brown moss, having a pleasant aroma; but, as in other experiments of the kind, the top layer was mouldy and spoiled. Lord Tollemache stated that he found that animals did not seem to care for the fodder when first offered them, but that they afterwards ate it with evident relish. Several samples of ensilage were exhibited at the late Cattle-show in London, and it is noteworthy that almost without exception the pampered show-animals, when a handful was offered them by way of experiment, took the food greedily. On Mr C. Mackenzie's farm of Portmore, in Peeblesshire, a silo was opened in December, the contents of which—pressed down while in a moist condition—were found to be excellently suited for feeding purposes.

It is worthy of notice that the past year brought with it the fiftieth anniversary of the lucifer-match, which was first made in this kingdom by John Walker of Stockton-on-Tees in 1833. The same year, a factory was started at Vienna; and very soon works of a similar character sprang up all over the world. In 1847, a most important improvement was made in substituting the red amorphous phosphorus for the more common variety. This modification put an end to that terrible disease, phosphorus necrosis, which attacked the unfortunate matchmakers. The strong agitation which this disease gave rise to against the employment of phosphorus, naturally directed the attention of experimenters to other means of striking a light; and although phosphorus in its harmless amorphous form still holds its own, it is probable that its presence in lucifer-matches will some day be dispensed with. We need hardly remind our readers that the universal adoption of the electric light would greatly curtail the use of matches, for that form of illumination does not require an initial spark to set it aglow.

Some artillery officers in Switzerland have been putting their snow-clad mountain flanks to a curious experimental use, for they have been employing one of them as a gigantic target for their missiles. A space on this snow-covered ground measuring two hundred and thirty feet by ninety-eight feet—which would represent the area occupied by a battalion of infantry in double column—was carefully marked out, its centre being occupied by flags. At a distance of about a mile, the artillery opened fire upon this mapped-out space until they had expended three hundred shots. The ground was then examined; and the pits in the snow when counted showed that seventy-eight per cent. of the shots had entered the inclosure. Had a veritable battalion occupied the ground, there would have been few, if any survivors.

In another experiment, snow was employed as a means of defence against artillery. A wall sixteen and a half feet long, and five feet high, was built of snow having various thicknesses, but backed by half-inch wooden planking. This wall was divided into three sections, having a thickness respectively of four and a half feet, three feet, and twenty inches. Against the thickest section, twelve shots were fired from various distances; but in no case was penetration effected. In the three-foot section, shots pierced the snow as far

as the woodwork, where they were stopped. In the twenty-inch section, all the shots fired went completely through the wall. It would seem from these experiments that snow, when available, can be made a valuable means of defence. But, unfortunately, in the published account of the experiments, the calibre of the guns employed is not given; we should, however, assume them to be field-artillery of a very light type.

A new use for the ubiquitous dynamo-electric machine is reported from Saxony, and one which seems to fulfil a most useful purpose—namely, the ventilation of mines. At the Carola pits, Messrs Siemens and Halske, the German electricians, have inaugurated this new system. At the pit bank, a dynamo is stationed, which is coupled up by shafting with the engine. By means of copper conductors, this machine is connected with another dynamo, two thousand five hundred feet away in the depths of the mine. This latter is connected with a powerful centrifugal fan. The cost of working these combined machines is six shillings and threepence per day, which means threepence for every million cubic feet of air delivered.

A new employment for the electric light has been found in Bavaria, where a Committee has reported upon its use as a head-light for locomotive engines. The colour and form of signals can be distinguished by the engine-driver on a cloudy night at a distance of eight hundred feet. The light burns steadily, and is not affected by the motion of the engine; but a special form of arc-lamp is employed, the invention of H. Sedlacek of Vienna. The lamp is so constructed that it moves automatically when the engine traverses a curve, so as to light the track far in advance. The dynamo is placed just behind the funnel, and is easily connected with the moving parts of the machinery by suitable gearing.

The new patent law which came into operation on the first of January will without doubt give a great impetus to invention in this country, for many a man too poor to think of employing a patent agent, and paying down nearly ten pounds for a few months' protection, as he had to do under the old conditions, can easily afford the one pound which is now the sum fixed for the initial fee. Moreover, a would-be patentee can obtain all necessary forms at the nearest post-office, and can send in his specification through the same medium, without the intervention of the 'middle-man.' Of course the law cannot be perfect enough to please every one, and a few months' practice will probably discover many points in which it can be improved. One curious provision has put certain manufacturers in a quandary, for it rules that no article must bear the word 'patent' unless it is really the subject of a patent specification.

A powerful antiseptic and deodoriser can be made by mixing together carbolic acid and chloride of lime, which, when combined, contains sufficiently active properties to correct fermentation. A weak solution is used as a dressing in some gangrenous affections, as it does not cause irritation. The smell, if objected to, can be disguised by oil of lavender.

Fruit may be preserved in a fresh condition for many months by placing it in very fine sand sufficiently thick to cover it, after it has been

well washed and dried and then moistened with brandy. A wooden box is the best receptacle to use, and it should be kept well covered and in a warm place.

According to some French gardeners, vines and other fruit-trees infested with 'mealy-bug' should have their bark brushed over with oil in November when the leaves are all off, and again in the spring when vegetation commences. This mode of treatment is usually very successful when it is applied to young and vigorous trees.

At a recent meeting of the Edinburgh Field Naturalists' Club, a paper was communicated by Mr John Turnbull, Galashiels, locally known as a clever microscopist, in which he explained a new and simple method of obtaining beautiful impressions of the leaves of plants on paper. The materials necessary to take these impressions cost almost nothing. A piece of carbonised paper plays the principal part in the process; but it is of importance to have the carbonised paper fresh, and it should be kept in a damp place, for when the paper dries, the pictures that may be printed from it are not so effective. The leaf or plant to be copied is first of all carefully spread out over the carbonised paper on a table, or, better still, a blotting-pad. Next take a piece of thin tough paper and lay it on the leaf. Then, with the tips of the fingers, rub over the thin paper so as to get the plant thoroughly inked. This done, place the leaf on the paper on which the impression is to be taken. A smooth printing-paper gives the clearest copy. The thin paper is now laid on the plant as before, and the rubbing continued. Of course, care must be taken to keep the plant in position, for if it moves, the impression will be faulty. However, the matter is so very simple that anybody should succeed. Impressions taken in this way have all the delicacy of steel engravings and the faithfulness of photographs. His discovery is likely to come into favour for decorative purposes. The headings of letters on the margins of books might be very tastefully adorned with truly artistic representations of plants. The wood-engraver also will find it will serve his purpose as well as, if not better than, photography. Specimens that have been copied by Mr Turnbull's system, when examined with the microscope, are found to be perfect, even to the delicate hairs that are scarcely visible on the plant to the naked eye.

#### BOOK GOSSIP.

HISTORY is perhaps one of the most popular of modern studies. It is more definite in its results than Philosophy, and it widens the intellectual horizon more than does the pursuit of particular branches of Science, while it has less tendency than either of these to congeal into dogma. The methods of historians, also, have undergone a signal change within the last fifty years. The historical writers of last century, such as Robertson and Hume, were content to collate the productions of previous authors, to give a new reading here and a fresh deduction there, looking more to literary form than to the production of new facts. Such writers troubled themselves little about the People, but were intensely interested in the movements of

kings, and in the sinuosities of statecraft generally. Anything else was beneath 'the dignity of history.' But this 'dignity of history' has long since been pushed from its perch, and nobody now regards it. Carlyle, Freeman, Froude, Macaulay, Green, and Gardiner, have each and all followed the movements of events as they affected the people, and not alone as they affected kings and statesmen. The result has been that history is fuller of teaching than before, is infused with a truer and deeper interest, appeals in stronger terms to our sense of justice, and lays a firmer hold upon our sympathy. It has, in short, become more human.

Mr J. R. Seeley, Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, has just published a series of lectures under the title of *The Expansion of England* (London: Macmillan & Co.), which shows in a striking manner the progress which has been made in our methods of studying history and estimating its events. It has long, he says, been a favourite maxim of his, that history, while it should be scientific in its method, should pursue a practical object. 'That is, it should not merely gratify the reader's curiosity about the past, but modify his view of the present and his forecast of the future.' The first lecture is devoted to an able exposition of this theorem, into which, however, we cannot here follow the author. He then proceeds to a study of England in the eighteenth century, discusses its old colonial system, points out in detail the effect of the New World on the Old, reviews the history of our conquest of India, and the mutual influence of India and England, and ends by an estimate of the internal and external dangers which beset England as the mother of her colonies and the mistress of her numerous conquests. The lecturer now and again drives his theory to a false issue, and in general gives too great weight to logical sequence in historic transactions. History is not dominated by logic, but by events; and although we may see in these events, from our distant and external standpoint, a distinct chain of development and progress, the actors saw no more of the future of them than we do to-day of the events presently transpiring. Apart, however, from this tendency on the part of Professor Seeley, the lectures are full of wise maxims and suggestive thoughts, and cannot fail to interest and instruct the historical student.

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The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has added to its series called 'The People's Library' a most instructive little volume entitled *A Chapter of Science; or, What is the Law of Nature?* It consists of six lectures which were delivered to working-men by Mr J. Stuart, Professor of Mechanics, Cambridge. The object of the lecturer was to present an example of inductive reasoning, and to familiarise his hearers to some extent with the principles of scientific inquiry; and he has succeeded in his object in a remarkable degree. We do not know any book of the same extent which so fully places before the unscientific reader, or before the reader who has gathered many facts of science without apprehending their bearing upon each other, the principles which should guide him in the endeavour to estimate and arrange these facts

correctly. He reminds his hearers that what science itself has to teach us consists not so much in facts, as in those lessons and deductions which can be drawn from facts, and which can be justly apprehended only by a knowledge of such facts. 'Those,' he aptly says, 'whose knowledge of science has furnished them with only an encyclopædia of facts, are like men who try to warm themselves before coals which have not yet been lighted. Those who are furnished only with the deductions of science are like men who may have a lighted match, but have not the material to construct a fire. That match soon burns away uselessly.' We cannot conceive of any one reading this book, even with only an average degree of attention and only a trifling modicum of scientific knowledge, and not gleaning from it a clearer apprehension of the facts of science and the inductions to be made from these facts.

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A beautiful volume comes to us from the pen of an occasional contributor to this *Journal*, Dr Gordon Stables. It is entitled *Aileen Aroon* (London: S. W. Partridge & Co.), and consists of tales of faithful friends and favourites among the lower animals. The chief story of the book, and that which gives it its title, is concerning a noble Newfoundland dog called 'Aileen Aroon'; but interwoven with it are numerous stories of all kinds of domestic pets—dogs, monkeys, sheep, squirrels, birds of various kinds, and even that much-abused creature the donkey. Dr Stables, as our readers cannot fail to have observed, possesses a very happy style of narration; and his never-failing sympathy with animal-life gives to his several pictures a depth and truth of colouring such as one but rarely meets with in this department of anecdotal literature. A better present could not be put into the hands of a boy or girl who loves animals, than this handsome volume about *Aileen Aroon* and her many friends.

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*London Cries* is the title of one of those unique volumes, with beautiful and characteristic illustrations, which from time to time emanate from the publishing-house of Messrs Field and Tuer, London. The text of this volume is written by Mr Andrew W. Tuer, and gives an amusing account of the cries, many and various, which have been heard, or may still be heard, in the streets of London.—Another volume by the same publishers is *Chap-book Chaplets*, containing a number of ballads printed in a comically antique fashion, and illustrated by numerous grotesque imitations of old ballad-woodcuts. These are cleverly drawn by Mr Joseph Crawhall, and are all coloured by hand.—A third volume comes from the same source. It is a large folio, entitled *Bygone Beauties*, being a republication of ten portraits of ladies of rank and fashion, from paintings by John Hoppner, R.A., and engraved by Charles Wilkin.

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*Whitaker's Almanac* for 1884 exhibits all its former features of excellence as an annual, and any changes which have been made are in the direction of further improvement. Besides the usual information expected in almanacs, *Whitaker's* gives very full astronomical notes, from month

to month, as to the position of the planets in the heavens, and other details which must be of interest to many. Its Supplement of scientific and other general information contains much that is curious and worth knowing.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

## AMBULANCE SOCIETIES.

WE have this month, in the article 'An Order of Mercy' (p. 15), described the operations of the St John Ambulance Association, London, and are pleased to be able to notice that a similar organisation is being set on foot in the Scottish metropolis. The subject was recently brought before the public by Professor Chiene, of the Edinburgh University, in a lecture delivered under the auspices of the Edinburgh Health Society. The lecturer spoke of the importance of speedy aid to those who are hurt, and to those who are taken suddenly ill in our streets. At present, in such cases, he said, such persons came under the care of kindly bystanders or the police, none of whom have received any instruction whatever in what is now commonly known as 'first aid to the sick or wounded.' The person was placed either in a cab or on a police-stretcher, and the lecturer could imagine nothing worse adapted for the conveyance of a patient with a fractured limb than a cab. In the case of the police-stretcher, the only advantage it had was the recumbent posture of the patient; in every other particular it was a most inefficient means of conveyance. He asked if the time had not come when they should try and find some remedy. In London, the St John Ambulance Association had been in existence for seven years; in Glasgow, the St Andrew's Ambulance Association was now in full working order; and surely Edinburgh, with all its charitable organisations, with its important hospitals, with the largest medical school in Great Britain, should not be behind in this important matter. During the last three years an average of seven hundred and twenty cases of accident each year had been treated as in-patients in the Royal Infirmary; many other cases had been taken there, their wounds and injuries dressed, and afterwards sent to their own homes. Many cases of accident were conveyed directly to their own homes; many cases of sudden illness were conveyed either to the hospital or their own homes, and he did not think he was over-estimating it when he said that fifteen hundred cases occurred every year in Edinburgh which would benefit from a speedy and comfortable means of conveyance from the place of accident to the place of treatment. In the formation and working of such a society, he would give all the help he could. Mr Cunningham, the secretary of the Glasgow Association, had the cause at heart; and he was sure Mr Miller, one of the surgeons in the Edinburgh Infirmary, and Dr P. A. Young, both of whom had already given ambulance lectures to Volunteers, would give their hearty help. Many of the junior practitioners and senior students would, he was sure, assist as lecturers; and they would soon have in Edinburgh a ready band of certificated assistants, who would give efficient first aid to any one who was injured, and would assist the police in removing them to the hospital or their own homes.



We are glad to observe that as one result of Professor Chiene's appeal, a Committee of Employers in Edinburgh and Leith is being formed for the purpose of having employees instructed in the manner proposed, so that many of the latter may be able to give practical assistance in the event of accidents happening where they are employed.

#### THE LAST OF THE OLD WESTMINSTER HOUSES.

All who take any interest in the topographical antiquities of the ancient city of Westminster will learn—not perhaps without some feeling akin to regret—that the last of the old original houses of that old medieval city was taken down during the past summer to make room for more convenient and spacious premises. The house has been thought to be over five hundred years old, having been erected in or about the reign of Edward III. It belonged to the Messrs Dent, well-known provision-dealers, by whose predecessors the business was founded in the year 1750. The shop floor was three steps *below* the level of the pavement outside, and the ceiling of the shop was so low that a small man could touch it easily with his hand. The building contained several large and commodious rooms up-stairs, the first floor projecting, as usual in such houses, beyond the wall about a foot. The beams used throughout were heavy, massive, and very hard old English oak; and the roof was covered with old-fashioned red tiles. The house stood at the western corner of Tothill Street, where that street joins the Broadway. A few years ago, several such houses were to be seen on the north side of Tothill Street, but as nearly the whole of that side was taken by the new Aquarium, the quaint old houses were of course removed. Now that the old one above referred to is down, they are all gone, and nothing is left of old Westminster city but its grand and matchless Abbey; and long may its majestic beauty continue to adorn a spot celebrated for so many deeply historical memories.

#### THE RECENT MARVELLOUS SUNSETS.

The marvellous sunsets which have lately been common all over the world have led to a mass of correspondence and conjectures upon the part of scientific men. Perhaps the fullest and most interesting contribution to the literature of the subject is the long article contributed to the *Times* by Mr Norman Lockyer, who, with many others, is disposed to attribute the phenomena to the presence in the upper regions of the atmosphere of a vast quantity of volcanic dust, the outcome of the terrible eruption—one of the most terrible ever recorded—which took place at Krakatoa in August last. In corroboration of this hypothesis, another correspondent calls attention to the circumstance that similar phenomena were observed in 1783, and are recorded in White's *Selborne* as follows: 'The sun at noon looked as blank as a clouded moon, and shed a rose-coloured ferruginous light on the ground and floors of rooms, but was particularly lurid and blood-coloured at rising and setting. The country-people began to look with superstitious awe at the red lowering aspect of the sun; and indeed there was reason for the most enlightened person to be apprehensive; for

all the while Calabria and part of the isle of Sicily were torn and convulsed with earthquakes, and about that juncture a volcano sprang out of the sea on the coast of Norway.'

#### NIGHT.

O GENTLE Night! O thought-inspiring Night!

Humbly I bow before thy sovereign power;

Sadly I own thy all-unequalled might

To calm weak mortal in his darkest hour:

Spreading thy robe o'er all the mass of care,

Thou bidd'st the sorrowful no more despair.

When high in heaven thou bidd'st thy torches shine,

Casting on earth a holy, peaceful light,

My heart adores thee in thy calm divine,

Is soothed by thee, O hope-inspiring Night!

All anxious thoughts, all evil bodings fly;

My soul doth rest, since thou, O Night! art nigh.

When thou hast cast o'er all the sleeping land

Thy darkened robe, the symbol of thy state,

Alone beneath heaven's mightiness I stand,

Musing on life, eternity, and fate;

Mayhap with concentrated thought I try

To pierce the cloud of heaven's great mystery.

'Tis then sweet music in the air I hear,

Like rippling waters falling soft and low;

With soul enraptured do I list, yet fear—

'Tis not such music as we mortals know;

It wafts the soul from earthly things away,

Leaving behind the senseless frame of clay.

Friends, kindly faces crowd around me there,

Friends loved the better since they passed away,

Leaving a legacy of wild despair—

And now I see them as in full orb'd day,

The long-lamented once again descry,

Bask in each smile, gaze in each speaking eye.

O blest reunion, Night's almighty gift,

Lent for a time unto the thoughtful mind;

When memory can o'er the clouds uplift

The startled soul away from all mankind,

Throw wide eternity's majestic gate,

And grant a view of the immortal state.

And thou, O Night! who can'st these spirits raise,

Giv'st immortality to mortal eyes,

To thee I tune mine unadorned praise,

And chant thy glories to the list'ning skies:

Waft, O ye winds! the floating notes along;

Ye woods and mountains, echo back the song.

ROBERT A. NEILSON.

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## HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH! What a world of delight seemed concentrated in that name in the days of childhood, when donkey-riding was not yet too undignified an amusement, and a gallop 'cross country' through the bracken and furze struck terror into the heart of nurse or parent, and covered the rider with glory! Such feats of horsemanship now belong to the irrevocable past; but yet no part of the great 'province of houses' known as London brings such pleasant memories as the quaint old village on its northern outskirts and the wild breezy heath that bounds it. Even now, Hampstead is rather in London than of it, and keeps up customs that have died out elsewhere. There, on the fifth of November, a gallant procession takes its way through its steep winding streets, and the centuries mingle with as little regard to accuracy as they might do in a school-boy's dream the night before an examination in history. Gallant Crusaders in chain-mail, with the red cross embroidered on their flowing white mantles, jostle very nineteenth-century Guardsmen, who in their turn seem to feel no surprise at seeing Charles I. in velvet doublet and lace collar talking amicably to a motley, spangled harlequin. But were the inhabitants in this their yearly carnival to picture the history of their village and of the notable personages who have lived in it, they might make a pageant as long and varied as any that imagination can invent.

The manor of Hampstead was given by Edward the Confessor to the monks of Westminster; and subsequent monarchs conferred on them the neighbouring manors of Belsize and Hendon. It was at Hendon Manor-house that Cardinal Wolsey made his first halt when journeying from Richmond to York after his disgrace. At that time, however, Hampstead itself had no great claim to notice, its inhabitants being, we are told, chiefly washerwomen, whose services were in great demand among the inhabitants of London. That this peaceful if humble occupation could be

carried on, proves at least that the wolves which, according to Dame Juliana Berners's *Boke of St Albans*, abounded among the northern heights of London in the fifteenth century, had been exterminated by the end of the sixteenth. The wild-boar lingered longer; and so late as 1772, we hear of the hunting of a deer in Belsize Park. This, however, can scarcely be regarded as genuine sport, as it is advertised to take place among other amusements intended to allure visitors to Belsize House, which had been opened as a pleasure-house by an energetic individual of the name of Howell. He describes in his advertisement all the attractions of the place, and promises for the protection of visitors that 'twelve stout fellows completely armed will patrol between Belsize and London.'

Early in the eighteenth century chalybeate wells were discovered at Hampstead, and as they were recommended by several physicians, the hitherto quiet village became a fashionable and dissipated watering-place. Idle London flocked there: youths who were delighted to show their finery in a new place; girls who were young enough to delight in the prospect of dancing all night; gamblers of both sexes; wits and fops. They danced, lost their money at cards and dice, talked scandal of each other, and drank of the chalybeate well, which Sam Weller has characterised for all generations as 'water with a taste of warm flat-irons,' till Hampstead lost its novelty, and the company went elsewhere to go through the same programme.

Among the crowd of nonentities that frequent the Hampstead Wells there is one notable figure, that of Richard Steele. In 1712, Steele retired from London to a small house on Haverstock Hill, on the road to Hampstead. Here, doubtless, his friend and fellow-labourer Addison visited him; and the two would find in the humours and follies of the company at the Wells material for the next number of the *Tatler*, the publication of which had now been going on for three years. Let us picture the two friends passing together through the gay company—Steele, radiant, we may be sure,

in gay apparel, seizing at once on the humorous characteristics of the scene; while Addison would tone down his companion's exuberant fancy, and draw his own thoughtful moralisings from the follies he witnessed. On summer evenings they would walk on the Heath, and admire the view across the swelling green slopes to the town of Harrow, where one day was to be educated my Lord Byron, a young gentleman who would win greater fame as a poet than even Addison's acquaintance—a protégé to begin with, an enemy at last—the lame Catholic gentleman, Mr Alexander Pope.

The friendship between Steele and Addison must ever remain a puzzle. They had talent in common, Steele having the more original genius, Addison the more cultivated taste; but otherwise there seems no point of contact between the natures of graceless, impulsive, erring, loving Dick, and his cold, conscientious, methodical comrade. To our century, as to his own, Steele is 'Dicky'; the king made him Sir Richard, and on the strength of his title he took a fine house in Soho Square, and swaggered more than ever, and increased his expenses and his debts, but to all the world he was Dicky Steele still; whereas, had the honour of a baronetcy befallen Mr Secretary Addison, can we doubt that to all posterity he would have been known as 'Sir Joseph?' Yet these two men, unlike each other as they were, united to perform in an unobtrusive fashion a great work; they purified English literature, and did much to reform English manners. In a society which had learned to regard truth, honesty, and virtue as absurd, they showed, not the wickedness of vice—no one would have listened to that—but its folly. When the fops and gamblers found that they, as well as the honest men they sneered at, could be made the subject of satire, they began to doubt if their cherished amusements were such essential characteristics of 'men of spirit' as they had fancied. The gulf that lies between the comedies of Wycherley and those of Sheridan was first opened by the gentle railery of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. The later dramatist had no keener moral sense than the earlier, but he lived in an atmosphere which, though by no means pure, was healthier than that breathed by his predecessor; and in which it was necessary that virtue, however weak, should in the end defeat the vice that tried to trade upon its feebleness.

Of the clear-cut grace of style that distinguished the writing of the *Spectator* there is no need to speak; it still remains the model of English prose, while the tiny, whitish-brown sheet, the perusal of which used to add to the flavour of Belinda's morning chocolate, was the progenitor of the immense mass of periodical literature that surrounds us to-day. But if the two friends had done nothing more than give us—Steele the first sketch, Addison the finished portrait, of old-fashioned, kind, eccentric Sir Roger de Coverley, they would have deserved a high and loving place in our memory.

Thirty years later, the figure of another literary man was to be seen at Hampstead. Not so gorgeous as Dick, not so precise as Addison, is slovenly, tea-drinking, long-worded Samuel Johnson; but he is their legitimate successor, nevertheless. He, too, is a man of letters, living by

the produce of his pen, and appealing for support to the public, and not to the kindness or charity of private patrons. Indeed, he scorns such condescending patronage, as a certain stinging letter to Lord Chesterfield remains to testify. In 1748, Mrs Johnson, for the sake of the country air, took lodgings at Hampstead; and there her husband wrote his satire, *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. Johnson did not spend all his time at Hampstead, for he was obliged to return and drudge in smoky London in order to provide for her comfort. Boswell tells us that 'she indulged in country air and good living at an unsuitable expense; and she by no means treated her husband with that complacency which is the most engaging quality in a wife.' Yet Johnson loved faithfully and mourned sincerely the querulous, exacting woman, a quarter of a century older than himself, and cherished an undoubting belief in her beauty; while all save him perceived that if she had ever possessed any—which they doubted—it had long disappeared.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, Hampstead became the dwelling-place of two famous lawyers, both of them Scotch—Lords Erskine and Mansfield. Thomas Erskine, youngest son of the tenth Earl of Buchan, and 'a penniless lad with a lang pedigree,' began life as a midshipman; but disliking the service, he, after his father's death, invested the whole of his little patrimony in the purchase of an ensigncy in the 1st Foot. When, some years later, he felt his true vocation to be the bar, he was burdened with the responsibility of a wife and children; and it was only by the exercise of economy nearly approaching privation that he succeeded in maintaining himself during the three years' study that must elapse before he was called to the bar. Even when he received his qualification, it seemed that he was to fail through lack of opportunity to display his talents; but opportunity came at last, and his brilliant career led to the Lord Chancellorship of England, a peerage, and the Order of the Thistle. All the power of his oratory and of his ever-increasing influence was devoted to the promotion of freedom, civil and religious. He stood up boldly for the independence of juries against the bullying of judges; he advocated concessions to the Catholics; and carrying his love of mercy and justice beyond the human race, he brought into parliament a bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The measure failed; for popular feeling on the subject was then such as is expressed in the famous couplet—

Things is come to a pretty pass,  
When a man mayn't wollop his own jackass.

But before Erskine died, it had become law.

William Murray, Earl of Mansfield, was the eleventh of the fourteen children of Viscount Stormont, of the castle of Scone, in Perthshire. So poor was his lordship, that, as we are told by Mansfield's biographer, the only fare he could provide for those fourteen mouths—which though high-born, were every whit as hungry as if they had been peasants—was oatmeal porridge. The family was Jacobite in politics, so its fortunes were little likely to improve; but by the influence of Bishop Atterbury, who was at heart a Jacobite too, little Willie was admitted to Westminster School. He made good use of

his time there; and by listening to the debates in Westminster Hall he became enamoured of the law, and resolved to devote himself to it. Difficulties enough lay before him; but by the aid of an indomitable perseverance, a gentle manner, and a voice so musical that none could listen to it unmoved, he conquered them all. Throughout his legal career he was noted for strict integrity and justice. He advocated free trade and religious toleration, and used every effort in his power to decrease the waste of time and money in the business of law-courts; but his greatest title to honour is that he was the first to decide that no slave could remain a slave on English soil.

Early in this century, the year after Waterloo was fought, Hampstead was familiar with the forms of three men to whom life gave only scorn, insult, and disappointment, yet whose memory lingers about it and makes it hallowed ground. In 1816, Leigh Hunt lived at Hampstead in a part called the Vale of Health; and there Keats, who lodged in the village, and Shelley were his frequent visitors. Each of the three was more or less a martyr. For the crime of describing the Prince Regent—whose memory as George IV. is not highly honoured—as an 'Adonis of fifty,' Hunt was thrown into prison; while the political reviews and journals abused his graceful poems and scholarly essays as if they had been firebrands, to extinguish which every exertion must be made. They succeeded in torturing him, in reducing him to poverty and dependence, but they did not succeed in changing Leigh Hunt's convictions. He would not bow down to the Adonis of fifty.

Shelley was rather a visitor than a resident at Hampstead Heath; but Keats composed not a few of his poems here. The sorrows of his sorrowful life had not yet reached their climax in 1816. Already he was struggling with poverty, disease, and hopeless, passionate love; but he had not yet published those poems which were to rouse such wrath in the bosoms of a few critics, and such delight in thousands of readers. But at Hampstead most of them were written. Here he breathed life into the long dead myth of Endymion, surrounding it with such a wealth of description as seems scarcely possible to a youth of such limited experience. Can commonplace Hampstead Heath, the chosen resort of Bank-holiday excursionists, be the prototype of that Grecian valley where the goddess of night stooped to kiss Endymion! Here were written the sad story of *The Pot of Basil* and the legend of *The Eve of St Agnes*; here, in 1819, was composed that most exquisite *Ode to a Nightingale*, which, even were it his only production, might place Keats among our greater poets.

The memory loves to trace the footsteps of departed greatness; but even did no such recollections as these endear Hampstead Heath, it would still be precious as a spot where half-asphyxiated Londoners may inhale a fresh untainted breeze, and children may romp to their hearts' content. 'I like Hampstead Heath much better than Switzerland,' says a small boy in one of Du Maurier's sketches in *Punch*. 'But you haven't seen Switzerland,' objects his sister, a practical young lady a year or two older. 'O yes; I have seen it on the map,' is his reply.

And if he had really visited Switzerland, the little fellow would perhaps still have preferred the broken, sandy soil, the grass and ferns, of Hampstead Heath.

Du Maurier is the Heath's own artist. He lives on its borders, and most of the backgrounds of his out-of-door sketches are borrowed from its scenery. He may daily be seen there—till lately accompanied by his dog Chang, the great St Bernard whose portrait has so often appeared in the pages of *Punch*. But, alas! Chang is no more; he has fallen a victim to consumption and heart-disease, and Hampstead weeps for him. Seldom has any dog been so widely lamented. 'He is mourned by a large circle of friends,' said the *World*, 'and the family of which he was so long a member is inconsolable for his loss.'

## BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

## CHAPTER VII.—AN UNLOVED LIFE.

It was a little time before the father spoke again. But without being able to see his face, even without being able to hear him breathe, Philip felt that he was struggling with something in himself. Perhaps it was only a struggle to regain that composure of manner which he had temporarily lost. In this he succeeded. But was that all Mr Hadleigh was struggling with in those few moments of silence? At anyrate, when he spoke, his voice was steadier than before; more like its ordinary tone, but without its hardness.

'Before I proceed, may I ask what was the purport of the two letters you received?'

'The one was simply urging me on no account to fail to start in the *Hertford Castle* as arranged, and assuring me of such welcome as I might desire.'

'That was not much to write about. And the other?'

'The other inclosed a note which I am to deliver personally to a firm of solicitors in the City, and requesting that I should bring with me the packet they would intrust to my care.'

'Is that all?'

'That is all, sir.'

'One question more. Are you *very* anxious to make this journey, which may end in nothing? Is there no one here who could persuade you to give it up altogether?'

Philip was a good deal perplexed as to how he should answer this question. There was Some one who could have persuaded him to stay at home; but the sweet voice of that Some one was again whispering in his ear, 'It was your mother's wish that you should go;' and besides, there was the natural desire of youth to see strange countries and peoples.

'I thought, sir, that this question of my going out to Uncle Shield had been all settled long ago,' he replied awkwardly, for he knew that any reference to the command laid upon him by his mother always disturbed his father.

'That is not an answer to my questions.'

'Well, I consider it my duty to go.'

'And you wish to go?'

'I do—now. Even setting aside the prospects he holds out to me, I feel that I must go.'

The father made a mental note of the fact that his son gave no reply to the second question; but he did not press it farther at this moment. He seemed to draw breath, and then went on in a low voice: 'I think, Philip, you have not found me an exacting parent. Although I have never failed to point out to you the way in which it would please me most to see you walk, I have never insisted upon it. And I will own that on your part your conduct has been up to a certain point satisfactory.'

'Thank you, sir.'

'That certain point is your procrastination in the choice of your future career. You have shown that you do not care about business—and my own conviction is that you are unfitted for it—and you will not decide upon a profession. Although you have dabbled in medicine and law, you have not entered earnestly upon the study of either. I have been patient with this wavering state of mind which you have displayed ever since you left the university. I do not wish to force you into any occupation which you may dislike, and would, therefore, certainly fail in; for then you would console yourself by blaming me for being the cause of your failure.'

'Oh, no, no—do not think me so ungrateful.'

'But I did hope,' continued the father calmly, without heeding the interruption, 'that before you came to think of marriage, you would have settled with yourself upon some definite course of action in the future.'

'Your reproaches are just, sir,' answered Philip earnestly and with some agitation, 'and I deserve them. But this journey will decide what I am to be and do.'

'I did not mean to reproach you,' said the father, and again there was that distant note of sadness which sounded so strangely in his voice; 'but it seemed to me right to remind you of these things before telling you the rest. I reproach myself more than you.'

'I do not understand.'

'Listen. My young life was passed in a home which had been suddenly stricken down from wealth and ease to poverty. On every hand I heard the one explanation given for my father's haggard looks, my mother's wasting illness, for my poor sister's white face and constant drudgery with her needle, and for my own unsatisfied hunger; and that explanation was—the want of money. . . . I resolved that I should conquer this demon that was destroying us all—I resolved that I should have money.'

Here he paused, as if the memory of that time of misery proved too painful for him. Philip's sympathetic nature was drawn closer to his father at that moment than it had ever been before. He rose impulsively and grasped his arm. In the darkness the forms of the two men were indistinguishable to each other; but with that sympathetic touch each saw the other clearly in a new light.

'My poor father,' murmured Philip, clenching his teeth to keep down the sob that was in his throat.

There was silence; and at that moment a pale gleam of moonlight stole across the room. But it seemed only to darken the corner in which the two men stood.

By-and-by Mr Hadleigh gently removed his son's hand.

'Sit down again, Philip, or go over to the window so that I may see you.'

Philip walked quietly to a place opposite the window, and putting his hands behind him, rested them on the ledge of a bookcase, leaning back so that the light fell full upon his frank, handsome face, making it look very pale in his anxiety. He knew that his father was gazing earnestly at him, and as he could not see him, he was glad to hear his voice again, which in some measure took away the uncomfortable feeling produced by the singular position.

'You know that I gained my object,' Mr Hadleigh proceeded, with a mingling of bitterness and regret in his voice; 'but at what a cost! . . . All the lightness of heart which makes the lives of even the poorest children happy at times—all the warmth of hope and enthusiasm which brightens the humblest youth, were gone. It was not hope that led me on: it was determination. All emotion was dead within me: at twenty I was an old man; and in the hard grasping struggle with which I fought against the demon Poverty, and won the favour of the greater demon, Wealth—even love itself was sacrificed.'

He paused again; but this time Philip did not speak or move. There was something so pitiful as well as painful in this confession that he was dumb.

'They—father, mother, sister—all died before I had broken down the first barrier between me and fortune. I shed no tears: each death in poverty hardened me more and more. . . . It was—your mother who enabled me to break down the first barrier.'

'Ah, I am glad of that,' exclaimed the son with a burst of happy relief.

'Wait. I did not know what love was: I did not love her.' (Philip started, but remained silent.) 'She had money: I married her for it. She did not love me; but she had quarrelled with the man she did love, and accepted me in her mad chagrin. We understood each other, and I was content—she was not. From the day of her marriage to the day of her death, her life was one weary lamentation that in her moment of passion I had crossed her path—a life of self-scourging and regret for the man she loved. I saw it, and knew it; but I did not know what love was, and I could not pity it. I did know something of hate; and I believed she hated me. . . . Had she only cared for me a little, it might have been different,' he added in a lower voice, and as if speaking to himself.

'You wrong her, father, you wrong her,' said Philip in a husky, tremulous voice.

'It may be; but I did not know then, what I understand too well now. A pity, a pity—for it might have been so different! As it was, her brother turned from her too, and would not forgive her. He hated me—he hates me: because the lover she had deserted was his close friend; and whilst I prospered, his friend failed. In a few years the man had lost everything he possessed, and died—some say by his own hand: killed by me, as your mother seemed to believe, and as Austin Shield does believe. I had ruined his life, he said, and I was as much responsible



for his death, as if I had given him poison or shot him. These were the last words Shield ever spoke to me.

'It must have been in mere passion. He cannot believe that now, or he would not send for me.'

'I do not know. I went on my way, unheeding his words, and would have forgotten him, but for your mother's grief. I had no home-life; but I did my duty, as it seemed to me. The money which had been brought to me was repaid with compound interest: all that money could buy was at your mother's command: all that she could wish for her children was supplied to them, and you all seemed satisfied. But I was not with you—you were hushed and lifeless in my presence, and seemed only happy in my absence. Sitting in this room, I have heard your voices raised in gladness, and if I passed in amongst you, seeking for that strange something which the Demon Wealth with all his gold could not supply, it seemed as if the Demon sat upon my shoulder, frightening you and rendering you speechless. So I lived alone, although so near you, and my Familiar became kinder and kinder to me, until I wearied of him. I sought I did not know what, and could not find it.'

He stopped, breathing heavily, as if suppressing his emotion.

'Oh, if you had only spoken to us as you are speaking to me now, father!' cried Philip, so earnestly that it sounded like a reproach.

'It would have been better,' was the sad reply. 'I tell you these things that you may understand the proposal I am about to make to you. I now know what love is, and as too often happens, the knowledge comes too late. But it will help me in my effort to make two people happy. Can you guess who they are?'

'I am afraid you must inform me.'

'Yourself and Ma—Miss Heathcote. I propose that you should stay at home and marry as soon as may be agreeable to the lady. I shall settle upon you a sufficient fortune to enable you to live comfortably; but I shall expect you to enter some profession. Do you consent?'

Here was a proposal at which Philip's whole nature jumped gleefully. But that voice was in his ears, and he overcame the temptation.

'It was my mother's wish that I should go, if my uncle ever summoned me,' he said in a respectful but decisive voice, 'and I must go.'

'So be it,' rejoined the father, and there was a note of bitterness in his tone; 'I shall not again attempt to alter your plans.'

There was a peculiar emphasis on the 'I.'

#### CHAPTER VIII.—'WILL YOU SPEAK THAT WORD?'

Madge was singing as she dressed in her pretty little room, filled with the exhilarating breath of the early morning, which the wide open window admitted freely. This was no dainty lady's chamber full of costly nick-knacks. Everything in it was useful, and everything was so bright and simple, that glancing into it on a winter's day, one might have imagined that summer still lingered here.

As she stood at the chintz-draped toilet-table she could see the green glades apparently rising amidst the trees, one glade half in shadow, another

with its dewdrops glistening like diamonds in the morning sunshine. Beyond that on the high ground were yellow plains of ripe grain, relieved by black and gray patches, which she knew to be fields of beans and tares. Down below there, at the foot of the meadows, the calmly flowing river sent silver flashes through every space left by the willows and elms. Farther on, she saw the stumpy tower of the old village church struggling to raise its head through a mass of ivy. And to all this her window, with its surrounding network of rose-tree branches, formed a suitable frame.

It was not a blithe song she was singing, and yet the hope that was in her voice and in her eyes took away from it all thought of sadness. It was that now old-fashioned but once popular song of the *Soldier's Tear*, and she dwelt with sympathy on the lines, 'Upon the hill he turned, to take a last fond look.' She repeated them dreamily again and again, and then her face would brighten into smiles when the happier picture presented itself of the time when she should stand on the top of the hill, or at the more probable although more prosaic railway station, welcoming Philip home.

Ah, it was much better to think of that. And then, what was a year, or what were two years, to reckon in their young lives, when all the succeeding years would be theirs to pass together—always together—no matter what Aunt Hussy might say? Besides, there would be his letters! He would speak to her in them every day, and she would speak to him every day. Of course, the ridiculous postal arrangements would not permit them to receive the letters on the day they were written; but when they were delivered, they would contain a full record of their daily lives.

Up from the barnyard came the loud voice of one of the labourers, rising above the obstreperous squeaking of the pigs he was feeding, as he drawled out a verse of some rustic ballad—

Ow Mary Styles, Ow Mary Styles,  
It's 'long ov yow I'm dying,  
But if yow won't have me at last,  
Why, then, there's no use crying.

A delightful combination of sentiment and philosophy, thought Madge, smiling.

Then came the other sounds which intimated that another day's work of the farm had begun. The milk-cans rattled as they were whirled out of the dairy to the waiting carts; merry jests were passed between the men and maids; harness clattered and clanked as the horses were put into the carts or reaping-machine; and there was much horse-language mingling with the confusion of dialects as the harvest hands turned out to the fields. The melancholy 'moo' of the cows rose from the barn as, having been milked, they were driven out to the meadows; the cocks, although they had been crowing since daybreak, crowed with louder defiance than ever, now that their hens were cackling and clucking around them; and the ducks emitted their curious self-satisfied 'quack' as they waggled off to the pond.

All these sounds warned Madge that she was somewhat later than usual in getting downstairs.

She was a little startled when she discovered on the hall table a letter bearing the Ringsford Manor crest; for she knew at once it was not from Philip, and feared that some mishap might have befallen him. She knew it was not from him, because he never used this crest, although all the other members of the family did. It had been the outcome of Miss Hadleigh's vanity, to which the others took kindly, whilst Philip laughed at it.

She learned that the note had been delivered about half an hour ago by young Jerry Mogridge, who left a special message that the 'flunkey' who gave it to him said it was to be given to her the moment she came down. She was surprised to find that it was from Philip's father, and still more surprised by its contents.

MY DEAR MISS HEATHCOTE—The unusual hour at which this will be delivered will at once apprise you that the motive which prompts it is an important one. I cannot tell you how important it is in my eyes; and I hope and believe that you will not only appreciate the motive, but cordially sympathise with it.

Only a few hours ago I had to ask your assistance in a matter which entirely concerned myself; in the present instance I have to ask your assistance in a matter on which, I believe, your own happiness depends. You shall judge for yourself; and your answer will enable me to decide a question which has of late occupied my mind a great deal.

You have not hitherto heard me raise any objection to the journey Philip is about to make. To-day I decided that he ought not to go away. But after a long and painful conversation with him, I find that no words of mine can move him from his purpose.

Now, my dear Miss Heathcote, will you help me to hold him back from this useless enterprise?

I think you will—unless I am mistaken as to the nature of your feelings in regard to him.

My first and chief reason for desiring to keep him at home is my anxiety to see you and him happy—to see you two united, and him, under your influence, working earnestly in some profession.

I fear there is much danger that this desire of mine will never be realised, if he is permitted to spend a year with one who would delight in thwarting any wish of mine. You know his impulsive and impressionable nature. You are too young for experience to have taught you—and I earnestly trust it may never teach you—that absence, change of scene, and adverse counsels are not the most favourable conditions for keeping the most honest man steadfast.

Pray, do not misunderstand me. I do not doubt Philip. He is honest; but with such a nature as his, I think the trial of his honesty is too severe; and I object to it all the more because it is absolutely unnecessary. My proposal to him is that he should abandon this journey, that he should enter a profession at once, and that you should be married at as early a date as you may be inclined to fix. I need not say that you will be provided with ample means.

In the course of my life, few of the desires

springing from my affections have been gratified. I beg of you to gratify this one. Although he resolutely declines to forego his purpose for my sake, I feel assured that you have only to speak one word—'stay'—and he will forego it for yours.

Will you speak that word?

Believe me, your humble servant,

LLOYD HADLEIGH.

There was something so pathetic and yet so strange in this appeal of the father that she should keep his son near him, that Madge was pained as well as bewildered. Keep Philip at home!—marry him!—be happy!—help to steady his impulsive nature and influence him, in some good work! What else was there that she could desire more? How beautiful the visions were that these suggestions conjured up. Her face brightened as if a blaze of sunshine fell upon it . . . and then it suddenly darkened.

She, too, like Philip remembered the dead mother's wish, and hesitated. But the question presented itself: if his mother had been alive now and had understood all the circumstances, would she have insisted upon this wish—which seemed to cause the father so much anxiety—being carried out?

She read the letter again, and this time her cheeks flushed a little at the doubt of her implied in the words, 'unless I am mistaken as to the nature of your feelings.' The unpleasant sensation was only momentary. How could he—how even could Philip—realise her feelings? But she also became conscious of a certain vagueness in the reasons given for the anxiety expressed by Mr Hadleigh. Were she to grant the appeal, would it not be a proof of her want of faith in Philip? That idea was enough to make her answer 'no' at once.

And yet she hesitated. The poor old man was evidently very much in earnest. (She always thought of Mr Hadleigh as an old man, older than Uncle Dick, although he was twenty years younger than the latter.) To say 'no' would cause him much pain: to say 'yes' would afford him much happiness, and at the same time bring about the completion of her own.

There was a yelping of dogs, and above it the stentorian voice of her uncle shouting: 'Down, Dash, down—here, Rover, here—be quiet, Tip, you brute.'

The door opened, dogs rushed in and bounded round Madge in wild delight. They were followed by Uncle Dick, his fresh ruddy face beaming with the happiness of health and content.

'What are you dreaming about, Madge? Breakfast ready? We are as hungry as if we had been starving for a week. Thought I should have met you in the meadow as usual. What's the matter?'

'I am trying to solve a riddle, uncle.'

'What!?' he exclaimed with a burst of laughter, 'at this time in the morning. O ho! I see Master Philip was here too long yesterday.'

'Will you try it?'

'Don't be a fool. Call the Missus and let's have breakfast.'

'To please me, uncle,' she said, putting her hand on his arm.

'Well, what is it?'

'Suppose somebody asked you to do something that you wanted to do yourself, what would you say?'

'That's easily answered—yes, of course.'

'But, suppose there were reasons connected with other people on account of which you ought to say "no," what would you do?'

'Please myself.—Now, let's have our victuals, and confound your riddles, or I'll send for the doctor and the parson at once.'

There was not much help to Madge in this easy settlement of the difficulty. But she had a maxim which did help her: whenever you have a doubt as to which of two courses you should take, choose the one which is least agreeable to yourself. She decided to follow it in this instance, as she had done in many others of less importance.

### THE MUSE OF PARODY.

READER, are you of those who cannot tolerate their favourite authors or their favourite poems being parodied? A lady-friend of the writer's lately said, in regard to one of the best-known poems of a distinguished poet: 'I admired and liked it once; but I can hardly read it now, since I saw that dreadful parody of it that appeared in *Punch*.' If you are of this sensitive class, we fear this article is not for you. But we feel pretty sure of an audience; for we know that the large majority of readers can relish a clever parody without in the least losing their enjoyment in or respect for the thing parodied. And it is well that it is so; for parody in some shape and to some extent is early as the beginnings of literature itself; and if the fame of poets depended on their immunity from travesty, every poet that has ever won his bays, and whose reputation now rests secure and impregnable, would have been laughed out of court long since.

In speaking of modern English parody, one's thoughts turn first, almost inevitably, to the brothers Horace and James Smith, who, in *Rejected Addresses*, may be regarded as the first to practise parody in a systematised fashion, as a vehicle of fun and humour. The *Rejected Addresses* won high praise from Jeffrey, who pronounced the parody on Crabbe 'an exquisite and masterly imitation;' while the poet himself declared it to be 'admirably done.' We shall give a short extract from it, which we think hits off Crabbe's manner in a way that fully justifies Jeffrey's criticism:

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer  
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;  
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,  
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.  
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy  
Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ;  
In Holywell Street, St Paneras, he was bred  
(At number twenty-seven, it is said),  
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head.  
He would have bound him to some shop in town,  
But with a premium he could not come down.  
Pat was the urchin's name—a red-haired youth,  
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

In regard to the parody of Sir Walter Scott in *Rejected Addresses*, the poet himself said: 'I must have done it myself, though I forget on

what occasion.' Here are a few lines descriptive of the Drury Lane Theatre on fire:

At length the mist awhile was cleared,  
When lo! amid the wreck upreared,  
Gradual a moving head appeared,  
And Eagle firemen knew  
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,  
The foreman of their crew.  
Loud shouted all in signs of woe,  
'A Muggins to the rescue, ho!'  
And poured the hissing tide.

Thackeray was especially happy and especially funny in his Irish burlesques. *Larry O'Toole*, a parody of the rollicking Irish bacchanalian songs with which Charles Lever made us so familiar, admirably hits the medium between close imitation and high burlesque. There is a dash in it both of *Larry O'Hale* and the *Widow Malone*. We quote two of the three verses:

You've all heard of Larry O'Toole,  
Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole.  
He had but one eye  
To ogle ye by;  
Och, murther, but that was a jew'!  
A fool  
He made of the girls, this O'Toole.  
'Twas he was the boy didn't fail,  
That tuck down purtaties and mail;  
He never would shrink  
From any sthrong dthrink;  
Was it whisky or Drogheda ale,  
I'm bail  
This Larry would swallow a pail.

Moore's well-known lines—

I never nursed a young gazelle  
To glad me with its soft dark eye,  
But when it came to know me well,  
And love me, it was sure to die—

have been frequently parodied. Here is one version which, we think, is not very familiar:

I never had a piece of toast  
Particularly long and wide,  
But fell upon the sanded floor,  
And always on the buttered side.

The following is by Mr H. C. Pennel, author of *Puck on Pegasus*:

I never roved by Cynthia's beam,  
To gaze upon the starry sky,  
But some old stiff-backed beetle came,  
And charged into my pensive eye.

And oh! I never did the swell  
In Regent Street among the beaus,  
But smuts the most prodigious fell,  
And always settled on my nose!

In those two delightful volumes, *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-glass*, 'Lewis Carroll' gives us some capital travesties. Mr Southey's poem beginning "'You are old, Father William,'" the young man said,' is so familiar, that every reader will appreciate the point of the burlesque, without needing the original before him:

'You are old, Father William,' the young man said,  
'And your hair has become very white;  
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—  
Do you think at your age it is right?'

'In my youth,' Father William replied to his son,  
'I thought it might injure the brain;  
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,  
Why, I do it again and again.'

The old nursery song, "Will you walk into my parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly," the same writer has likewise burlesqued :

'Will you walk a little faster?' said a whiting to a snail;

'There's a porpoise close behind me, and he's treading on my tail.

See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!

They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?'

The late Mr J. R. Planché, whose innumerable fairy extravaganzas were so full of fun and humour, was also an expert in parody. We give the first verse of a burlesque by him of the once popular song, *When other Lips* :

When other lips and other eyes  
Their tales of love shall tell—  
Which means the usual sort of lies  
You've heard from every swell;  
When, bored with every sort of bosh,  
You'd give the world to see  
A friend whose love you know will wash,  
Oh, then remember me!

The funniest burlesque of Wordsworth's *We are Seven*, with which we are acquainted, is by Mr H. S. Leigh :

'I thought it would have sent me mad  
Last night about eleven.'  
Said I: 'What is it makes you bad?  
How many apples have you had?'  
She answered: 'Only seven.'

'And are you sure you took no more,  
My little maid?' quoth I.  
'Oh, please, sir, mother gave me four,  
But they were in a pie.'

'If that's the case,' I stammered out,  
'Of course you've had eleven.'  
The maiden answered with a pout:  
'I ain't had more nor seven.'

Here are four lines from a travesty of Tennyson's *May Queen*—

'You may lay me in my bed, mother—my head is  
throbbing sore;  
And mother, prithee, let the sheets be duly aired  
before;  
And if you'd do a kindness to your poor desponding  
child,  
Draw me a pot of beer, mother—and, mother, draw  
it mild.'

It is not necessary to name the original of the following. We quote two of the three verses which compose the whole :

He wore a brace of pistols, the night when first we  
met;  
His deep-lined brow was frowning beneath his wig of  
jet;  
His footsteps had the moodiness, his voice the hollow  
tone,  
Of a bandit chief, who feels remorse, and tears his  
hair alone.  
I saw him but at half-price, but methinks I see him  
now,  
In the tableau of the last act, with the blood upon  
his brow.

A private bandit's belt and boots, when next we met,  
he wore;  
His salary, he told me, was lower than before;

And standing at the O. P. wing, he strove, and not in  
vain,  
To borrow half a sovereign, which he never paid again.  
I saw it but a moment—and I wish I saw it now—  
As he buttoned up his pecket with a condescending  
bow.

Tennyson's well-known lyric, *Home they brought her warrior dead*, has been thus amusingly parodied by Mr Sawyer :

Home they brought her sailor son,  
Grown a man across the sea,  
Tall and broad, and black of beard,  
And hoarse of voice as man may be.

Hand to shake, and mouth to kiss,  
Both he offered ere he spoke;  
But she said: 'What man is this  
Comes to play a sorry joke?'

Then they praised him, called him 'smart,'  
'Tightest lad that ever stept;'  
But her son she did not know,  
And she neither smiled nor wept.

Ross, a nurse of ninety years,  
Set a pigeon-pie in sight;  
She saw him eat: 'Tis he, 'tis he!'  
She knew him—by his appetite.

The following clever parody of Wordsworth's *Lucy* is but little known. It was written by Hartley Coleridge, and reappeared some years ago in *Notes and Queries*. We shall quote the first verse of the original :

She dwelt among the untrodden ways,  
Beside the banks of Dove;  
A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love.

We give two of the three verses composing the parody :

He lived among the untrodden ways,  
To Rydal Mount that lead;  
A bard whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to read.

Unread his works—his *Milk-white Doe*  
With dust is dark and dim;  
It's still in Longman's shop; and oh!  
The difference to him!

From a parody of Tennyson's *Mariana*, which appeared in an Australian paper, we take the concluding verse. The burden of the original ballad, it will be remembered, runs :

She only said: 'My life is dreary;  
He cometh not,' she said;  
She said: 'I am weary, weary—  
I would that I were dead!'

They lifted him with kindly care:  
They took him by the heels and head;  
Across the floor, and up the stair,  
They bore him safely to his bed.  
They wrapped the blankets warm and tight,  
And round about his nose and chin  
They drew the sheets, and tucked them in,  
And whispered: 'Poor old boy—Good-night!'  
He murmured: 'Boys, oh, deary, deary,  
That punch was strong,' he said;  
He said: 'I am weary, weary—  
Thank heaven, I've got to bed!'

An American magazine published some years ago a series of burlesques of the old nursery rhymes, of which we give specimens :

Little Jack Horner,  
Of Latin no scorner,  
In the second declension did spy

How of nouns there are some  
Which, ending in *um*,  
Do not make their plural in *i*.

Jack and Jill  
Have studied Mill,  
And all that sage has taught too;  
Now both promote  
Jill's claim to vote,  
As every good girl ought to.

The case for the evolutionists is thus tersely put by an American poet, parodying *Sing a song of Sixpence*:

Sing a song of phosphates,  
Fibrine in a line,  
Four-and-twenty follicles  
In the van of time.  
When the phosphorescence  
Evolved brain,  
Superstition ended,  
Man began to reign.

Pope's familiar couplet—

Here shall the spring its earliest sweets bestow,  
Here the first roses of the year shall blow—

has been thus travestied by Miss Catherine Fanshawe, who accomplishes the step from the sublime to the ridiculous by the change of two words only:

Here shall the spring its earliest coughs bestow,  
Here the first noses of the year shall blow.

Among living parodists, few, if any, excel Mr C. S. Calverley, who seems to possess every qualification for success in this sort of work. The reader will at once recognise how happily he has caught Tennyson's method and manner in the following parody of *The Brook*, especially in the blank-verse portion. We quote two verses and the conclusion:

'I loiter down by thorp and town;  
For any job I'm willing;  
Take here and there a dusty brown,  
And here and there a shilling.

'I steal from th' parson's strawberry plats,  
I hide by the Squire's covers;  
I teach the sweet young housemaids what's  
The art of trapping lovers.'

Thus on he prattled like a babbling brook.  
But I: 'The sun hath slept behind the hill,  
And my Aunt Vivian dines at half-past six.'  
So in all love we parted; I to the Hall;  
They to the village. It was noised next noon  
That chickens had been missed at Syllabub Farm.

We had noted down several other examples of parody by different authors, which might have served further to illustrate our subject. Our selections have necessarily lost something of force and pertinence, from the fragmentary condition in which we have been obliged to present them; but the reader, if he be sufficiently interested in the matter, may easily go to the original sources.

It needs not to be pointed out that there are limits to parody, as to all other forms of light and sportive literature, whose main object is, after all, to divert and amuse. Good taste should guide the course of parody, in fact should never be absent from it. Let the parodist hit as hard as he pleases, but let him deal no foul blow, nor aim his strokes at aught that tradition and

the world's verdict have made sacred and to be revered. Parody may be as clever, laughable, and amusing as you can make it; but it should always be good-natured, fair, and gentlemanly.

## TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

### CHAPTER V.

AFTER his rebuff by Lady Dimsdale, the Baronet made up his mind to set off home as soon as possible. He was stung as he had rarely been stung in his life before, and was in no humour for the company of any one. But before he could get away, an almost incredible rumour reached his ears that Mr Boyd's long-lost wife had unexpectedly appeared at Rosemount. This was enough to induce Sir Frederick to change his plans, especially when backed up by the Captain's pressing invitation to stay for dinner, for who could tell what unexpected turn events might now take? So he sent his groom in the dogcart to fetch his dress clothes, and made up his mind to remain where he was till the following morning.

Sir Frederick had easily discovered, by questioning one of the servants, in which particular room Mr Boyd and his wife had located themselves. It was the room next the library. So into the library went Sir Frederick, on the pretext of having some letters to write, and there he sat with the door a little way open—waiting. A certain strange idea was fermenting in his brain, which he could not get rid of till he had satisfied himself whether it had any foundation in fact or otherwise. The moment he saw Boyd pass the library door, he knew that the opportunity for which he had been waiting had come.

Sir Frederick advanced a step or two, and looked round, as if in search of some one. 'Pardon my intrusion,' he said with a bow; 'but—Mr Boyd—is he not here?'

'Mr Boyd has left the room for a few minutes. He will be back presently.'

The Baronet gave a well-simulated start at the first sound of Mrs Boyd's voice. Then he seemed to regard her attentively for a moment or two, with his head a little on one side. 'Pardon me,' he said with a half-smile of inquiry, 'but have I not the honour of addressing Mrs Boyd?'

At this question she seemed to freeze suddenly. Her eyes traversed him from head to foot before she answered him; then in cold clear tones she said: 'I am the wife of Oscar Boyd.'

'I thought I could not be mistaken,' replied the Baronet, with his most insinuating smile.—'I am Sir Frederick Pinkerton. But it is so long since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, that in all probability you have quite forgotten me.'

There was something about him that had evidently aroused her suspicions. She was at a loss to know what ground to take with him. 'Yes—I cannot quite call you to mind,' she said hesitatingly, after a little pause. 'And yet? No. Tell me where I have seen you before.'

'At New Orleans.'

'Ha! I have not been at New Orleans for many years.'



'I met you on two or three occasions in society, a few months after your marriage.'

'Yes—I think I remember you now. But it is a long time ago, monsieur, and I was introduced to so many people about that time.'

'I entertain a very distinct recollection of you, madam.'

'I am indeed flattered, monsieur.' She smiled a little set smile, which came and went as if it were produced by clockwork. She was evidently far from being at her ease.

'Your unexpected appearance must have been a great surprise to Mr Boyd—a surprise and a pleasure in one. The return of a wife whom he believed to have been lost to him for ever several years ago! What a unique experience!'

'An experience, monsieur, which very few husbands, I am afraid, would care to have brought home to themselves. You have an English proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind." That is a very true proverb.'

'Fie, fie! Mrs Boyd. You must not be so severe on us poor men. We are not all alike. Take your own case as an instance. You come back, from the tomb as it were, after I know not how many years, and find your husband still faithful to your memory.—Ah no; you must not malign us all.'

Was he mocking her, or what, this smiling, smooth-faced man? She was becoming more vaguely uneasy every minute, she scarcely knew why.

'The sight of you this morning, Mrs Boyd,' resumed the Baronet, 'brings to my memory a certain little incident which I had all but forgotten. In those days, I was something of a traveller. About a year subsequently to my introduction to you, madam, I found myself in Mexico.'

Mrs Boyd could not repress a start, but she did not speak.

'While there, singular to say, I made the acquaintance of a certain relative of yours, who inquired most particularly concerning your welfare.'

Mrs Boyd's face might have been seen to pale even under its artificial colouring. She steadied her voice by an effort. 'Of a relation of mine, monsieur! May I ask his name?'

'Don Diego Riaz.' He pronounced the name slowly, looking fixedly at her the while.

'Ha!' She fell back a step, as if some one had aimed a blow at her, and then one hand went up quickly to her heart. Both hatred and fear shone out of the eyes with which she stared at him.

'By heavens! I have hit the mark,' said the Baronet to himself.

'Who can this man be? How much does he know?' was her unspoken thought.

'I am afraid you are ill, Mrs Boyd,' remarked the Baronet.

'A spasm; a mere nothing,' she answered.—'To return to what you were saying. I have neither seen nor heard anything of Don Diego Riaz for many years, and I hope neither to see nor hear anything of him in time to come. There was no love lost between him and me.'

'His was a singular character, and strange tales were told of him. For instance, it was whispered that on one occasion when a certain member of his family left home without his knowledge or consent, he—'

'Spare me the recital, I pray of you. The

mere mention of that man's name is hateful to me! utterly hateful!' Her voice was charged with passion, her black eyes seemed to strike fire. She walked across to the window and then came back again.

Sir Frederick felt that he had pursued the topic as far as it was safe to do so. 'Tis she, I can no longer doubt,' he murmured to himself. 'I have not forgotten what I was told in Mexico.'

'How much or how little does this man know?' Estelle kept asking herself. She was seriously uneasy.

'Do you purpose making a long stay in England, Mrs Boyd?' asked the Baronet in his most matter-of-fact tone.

'I think, not, Sir Frederick. My husband talks about sailing for South America in a few days. He has lost nearly the whole of his fortune. *N'est ce pas?*'

'I believe so. I was prodigiously sorry to hear of it.—Do you accompany your husband abroad, Mrs Boyd?'

'Monsieur! Is it not a wife's duty to accompany her husband anywhere and everywhere? And consider for how many years Oscar and I have been separated! He would not leave me behind him for the world.'

'Yours must be a romantic story, Mrs Boyd. I hope we shall have the pleasure of hearing from your lips some particulars of your marvellous escape.'

At this moment Mrs Bowood entered the room. She could contain herself no longer. What was Mr Boyd about; that he did not at once introduce his wife to herself and the Captain? Then she was dying to apologise for her mistake of the morning; besides which, her sense of hospitality was outraged by the fact that Mrs Boyd had been all this time in the house without having been shown to her rooms or asked to partake of refreshments of any kind. Such a state of affairs must be put an end to forthwith.

Mrs Bowood came forward with her most genial smile. 'I am come to apologise for my absurd mistake of this morning, though it was partly your own fault, my dear Mrs Boyd.' She had hold of both Estelle's hands by this time. 'How do you do? How do you do? Allow me to welcome you to Rosemount.—Ah, Sir Frederick, you here?' This was said with some surprise.

'I had the honour of making Mrs Boyd's acquaintance several years ago.'

'Wonders will never cease.' Then turning to Estelle, she went on: 'Only to think that I mistook you for a French governess! But you ought to have let me know at first who you were, and then matters would have been set right at once.'

'I wanted to surprise my husband,' answered Estelle, with downcast eyes. 'I wanted to see whether he would know me again, after so long a time.'

'As if he could help knowing you and he your husband! I can imagine how overjoyed he must have been to see you again.'

'Oher Oscar! He was distracted with joy. He could scarcely speak to me at first for emotion.'

Sir Frederick smiled cynically, but did not speak.

'No chance for Laura now,' said Mrs Bowood to herself. 'How fortunate this woman did not come a day later.'

Mrs Bowood had left the room-door wide open, and at this juncture her eye caught sight of Lady Dimsdale, who was passing along the corridor on her way to the side-door that opened into the grounds. 'Laura, Laura! come here,' she called. 'I want to introduce you to Mrs Boyd.'

'The woman he kissed!' muttered Estelle between her teeth.

'Checkmate for my Lady Disdain,' remarked Sir Frederick to himself with a shrug.

Lady Dimsdale hearing herself called by name turned back, and entered the room. She looked a little paler than ordinary, but was perfectly composed. Going straight up to Estelle, she held out her hand. 'Mrs Boyd and I have met already,' she said in her most matter-of-fact tone.

'Ah, oui,' answered Estelle with a shrug, as she took the proffered hand for a moment and then let it drop.

'Met before!' exclaimed Mrs Bowood in amazement.

'A couple of hours ago,' said Lady Dimsdale.

'For one minute only,' explained Estelle.

'Then I must introduce you.—This is Lady Dimsdale, one of my dearest friends.—Laura—Mrs Boyd.'

'I am enchanted to make the acquaintance of Lady Dimsdale.'

'Tis a pity Lady D. cannot return the compliment,' muttered Sir Frederick to himself.

Mrs Bowood turned to him. 'By-the-bye, Sir Frederick, have you seen the Captain since luncheon?' With that the two crossed over to the window and began to talk together.

'Mrs Boyd, I feel that some explanation is due to you,' said Lady Dimsdale in a low voice to the other.

'I have not asked for any explanation, Lady Dimsdale.'

'I repeat that one is due to you.'

'As you please,' answered the other, with a little lifting of her shoulders; and with that she sat down and yawned unmistakably behind her handkerchief.

'Mr Boyd and I were acquainted many years ago, before he went abroad,' began Lady Dimsdale. 'He was a frequent visitor at my father's vicarage. After he went away, I never saw him again till yesterday. This morning, fully believing that you had been dead for many years, he asked me to become his wife.'

'You did not say No,' sneered Estelle.

'At that moment you entered the room.'

'It was very bad taste on my part, I confess. Had I known how you were engaged, I would have waited five minutes longer.'

'With all my heart, I wish that you had come an hour sooner!'

'I told you that I did not require any explanation. Now that you have chosen to press one on me, what is the value of it? *Absolument rien!* The world is wide, and one kiss more or less is of little consequence.' She rose, and crossed to the table and opened a book of photographs.

'And that woman is Oscar Boyd's wife!' said Lady Dimsdale to herself as she looked after her. Her heart was very, very bitter.

Mrs Bowood turned as Estelle crossed to the table. 'I am afraid you will think us all very inhospitable, Mrs Boyd,' she said; 'but it is your husband's fault that you did not come in to luncheon. However, a tray will be ready for you in a few minutes. By-the-bye, has any one shown you your rooms?'

'My rooms, madame! We—that is, my husband and I—are going to London by the next train. At least, that is what Oscar says.'

'Going away by the next train! Mr Boyd had promised to stay a week, and why need he go away because you have arrived?'

'I only know, madame, that he told me he was going away.'

'That will never do. I must talk to him; and Captain Bowood must talk to him; and you, Lady Dimsdale, and you, Sir Frederick, must add your persuasions to ours to induce Mr Boyd not to run away from us in this sudden fashion. Next week we have two picnics and an archery meeting—and Mrs Boyd has been so long away from England!'

'I am sure Mr Boyd can't be hard-hearted enough to resist all our entreaties,' said the Baronet. 'The influence of Lady Dimsdale alone might—'

'You rate my influence too highly, Sir Frederick,' interrupted Laura hastily, while a warm flush mounted to her cheek. 'In a matter like this, Mr Boyd probably knows his own business better than any one.'

The Baronet, in nowise disconcerted, turned to Estelle: 'To run away from us so soon would be cruel indeed.' Then to Mrs Bowood: 'I am sure we are all anxious for the pleasure of Mrs Boyd's further acquaintance. We want to know her better—we want to hear the story of her adventures, of her wonderful escape from shipwreck.'

'A dangerous man this—I hate him!' muttered Estelle between her teeth.

'Yes—of course—the story of the shipwreck,' cried impulsive Mrs Bowood. 'I had forgotten that for the moment. We are all dying to hear it.'

Estelle's eyes were on Lady Dimsdale. 'The woman he kissed says nothing,' was her unspoken comment. Then turning to Mrs Bowood, she said: 'The shipwreck? O yes, I will tell you all about the shipwreck—but not to-day. I am a little tired.'

'I am sure you must be, and hungry too. We have all been very remiss,' replied the mistress of Rosemount. Then putting her arm into that of Estelle, she added: 'But your tray will be ready by this time, and Mr Boyd must join you when he comes down. Meanwhile, I want to introduce you to Captain Bowood.—Laura, dear, you are coming?'

'I will join you in a few minutes,' was Lady Dimsdale's reply. She wanted to be alone.

Mrs Bowood and Estelle quitted the room together. Sir Frederick lingered behind for a moment.

'What a happy man our friend Boyd must be to-day.—Don't you think so, dear Lady Dimsdale?' he said with a smirk.

'Very happy, Sir Frederick,' answered Laura, looking him steadily in the eyes. 'Who can doubt it?'

'Lucky dog! lucky dog!' ejaculated the Baronet as he followed the other ladies from the room.

Lady Dimsdale sank into an easy-chair. 'His wife! His wife!' How the words kept ringing in her brain. 'Thank heaven she came at the moment she did, and not five minutes later! And yet if she had come an hour sooner, that would have been better still. Would it? I don't know. I cannot tell. His words were so sweet to me! Did I answer him? No. He looked into my eyes and read his answer there. And now I must never see him or think of him more! Oh, my darling—the love of my girlhood—the only love of my life—it is hard to bear, hard to bear!' She felt as if her heart were surcharged with tears; they glistened in her eyes.

At this moment Oscar Boyd entered the room. He gave a little start when he saw who was in it. He had not expected to find her there. From the head of the staircase, just as he was on the point of coming down, he had seen his wife and Mrs Bowood enter the dining-room, and he guessed what had happened during his absence. The hard set look on his pale face softened inexpressibly as his eyes rested on Lady Dimsdale. 'Laura!' he said, pausing for an instant with the handle of the door in his hand.

She neither looked up nor answered him; for a moment or two she was afraid to trust either her eyes or her voice.

He shut the door, and went forward and took one of her hands. 'Laura!' he said again, and there was a world of tenderness in the way he pronounced that one little word.

Then she looked up, and he saw the tears shining in her eyes. 'Oscar!—I may call you so for the last time—we ought to have parted without another word.'

'I could not have gone away without seeing you again, if only for a few minutes.'

'You are going away?'

'By the next train.'

'It is better so.'

'Laura! when I spoke to you this morning, it was in the full belief that I was a free man—that no tie existed on earth to debar me from saying the words I said then.'

'I know it—I know it.'

'The woman—my wife—whom I had every reason to believe had died long ago, will accompany me when I leave this place. But to-morrow she and I will part for ever. Her future will be duly cared for, and after that I shall never see her again. Laura! you and I may never meet again after to-day. Think of me sometimes when I am far away.'

'Always—always.'

'O heavens, when I think how happy we might have been! And now!' Strong man though he was, it was all he could do to keep himself from breaking down. He was possessed by an almost irresistible impulse to fling his arms round her and press her passionately to his heart.

Love's fine instinct told Laura something of what was passing in his breast. She stood up and laid one hand softly on his arm. 'You had better go now,' she said very gently. 'No more words are needed between you and me. We know what we know, and no one can deprive us of that knowledge.'

He felt the wisdom of her words. To delay that which was inevitable was merely to prolong her misery and his own. Besides, his wife might enter the room at any moment. And yet—and yet it was so hard to have his treasure torn from him at the very moment he had made it his own!

Laura had a rose in the bosom of her dress. She took it out and fixed it in his button-hole. 'Now go. Not another word,' she whispered.

'I shall write to you once before I sail,' he said.

'No—no; better not.'

He did not dispute the point, but took each of her hands in one of his. For the space of a few seconds they stood heart to heart, as it were, gazing into each other's eyes. Then Oscar lifted first one hand and then the other, and pressed them to his lips with a sort of reverent passionate tenderness. 'Farewell, my darling, farewell!'

The words struck a chill to her heart. They were the last anguished cry of love and happiness lost for ever.

#### GLIMPSES OF THE SCOT ABROAD.

A FEW years ago, I was what is called a 'globe-trotter,' by which title, as the reader knows, is meant that distinctively modern personage—the world-tourist. He is the creation of the steam-boat and the rail, and of all the Ariel-like capabilities due to recent discoveries and improvements in locomotion by land and sea. The term globe-trotter is suggestive. One conjures up a traveller, knapsack on back, poking his nose into the Himalayas, sauntering across Sahara, brushing past the Pyramids, leaving his card at Calcutta, scampering over the American prairie, lunching at Rome, and dropping in to see the Seven Churches of Asia. The voyager of to-day can buttonhole Old Father Time, and be on familiar terms with his primal relative Space. It was thus that in the course of two or three years I was fortunate enough to visit most of the embryo kingdoms which make up our colonial empire, as well as Britain's great dependency in the East. As need scarcely be said, I boasted a note-book, for what traveller of this era is without one, wherewith on his return to publish Passages, Reminiscences, Fly-leaves, or Jottings of his unique wanderings? From the memoranda made during this tour round the world, I have compiled several incidents connected with the Scot abroad. These pretend to be nothing more than ripples on the current of colonial life, giving slight hints as to moods and bearing of the Scot abroad, in the varying scenes of his exile.

It is a truism to say that Scotsmen are to be found in every corner of the habitable globe. As I once heard a Melbourne Englishman remark: 'If there were no Scotchmen, what would the world do for bank-managers?' They have been noted as enterprising emigrants, and, in a large number of cases, successful colonists. I met with few instances of Scotchmen complaining in respect of their material welfare. One man in Queensland had a somewhat unique grievance, which, however, he set forth with a twinkle in the eye: 'There's the government spendin' pounds upon pounds in bringin' oot folk to this country, while here's me wi' fifteen bairns, maistly a' born here, an' I've never got a penny for ony o' them!'

Otago is perhaps the most Scottish of any portion of the colonial empire, though Ontario runs it very close. Dunedin is almost undiluted in its Scottish nationality, and is a city of considerable stir. Sabbatarian questions, as well as the question of instrumental music in the church, are warmly discussed in Otago. At a certain gathering of Presbyterian clergymen, one of them urged that organs should be introduced in order to draw more young people to the church; upon which an old minister remarked that this was acting on the principle of 'O whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad!' The Scot abroad has a great love for the institutions of his native country, and endeavours to transplant as many of them as circumstances will allow. Even the winter weather of Scotland induces kindly recollections in the breasts of old settlers. I remember, after a phenomenal fall of snow in Dunedin, the like of which had not been seen for twenty years, an elder of the kirk exclaiming, as he rubbed his hands: 'Sic glorious snaw-ba' fechts we had—it mindit me o' langsyne! Man, I was sorry when the thaw cam' on.' Caledonian Societies flourish all over New Zealand as much as does the thistle itself. On the Thames gold-field, in the province of Auckland, there was a corps of Highland Volunteers. Whenever they marched through the town, they were invariably followed by numbers of Maories, who tied blankets round their waists, like kilts, and no doubt imagined themselves sufficiently Celtic.

The national dishes are much in vogue in New Zealand. An English lady in Wellington, the capital of that colony, on one occasion detailed how she had tried to make a haggis in order to please her husband, who hailed from north of the Tweed. With the help of a cookery-book, the numerous ingredients were collected and prepared, and at last inserted in a big pot. Alas! the haggis would not sink, despite renewed efforts. The lady, in despair, called in an experienced neighbour, who pierced the haggis with a fork, and successfully 'scuttled' it. I am sorry to add that after all the wife's trouble and anxiety, the dish proved a total failure. It is to be hoped that her husband was not so difficult to please as the well-to-do tradesman in Auckland, who grumbled sorely as to New Zealand 'not being fit for a Scotsman to live in.' 'How's that?' 'Weel, the fact is I—I—canna get my parritch made to please me!' Talking of porridge, the dish was a favourite in the Christchurch Hotel, province of Canterbury, where it was cooked by a Frenchman who now and again actually spoke broken Scotch with a Parisian accent; while at Wanganui, in the North Island, the 'parritch' was prepared by a Chinese cook.

To say that Scotsmen abroad are still fond of their national music is simply to say that they do not cease to be Scotsmen. If anything, the fondness becomes intensified. I once heard an enthusiast in South Africa observe: '*My Ain Fireside—Ye Banks and Braes—The Land o' the Leal*—eh! a body could be fit to gang to heaven hearing thae sangs sung!' At a mission-school connected with the Scotch Church in Cape Town I once listened to *Wae! may the Boatie row*, sung as a duet by a Dutch girl and a Malay, a result attained by the enthusiasm of the Scottish schoolmaster. It seemed to me as incongruous as

hearing the Old Hundred in the 'Scots Kirk' of Calcutta, unwittingly accompanied by the tom-toms of a Hindu festival transpiring in the street. Now that I have taken the reader so far as India, let me note also that in the Church of Scotland College at Calcutta I saw an advanced class of Bengali youths reading Scott's *Lady of the Lake* and making marginal notes. Returning to Australia, a pleasant memory is that of an afternoon spent in a school at Sandhurst, the aforetime 'Bendigo.' Here, after the ordinary class-duties had been performed, the scholars were initiated into the mysteries of Highland reels and strathspeys, under the tutorship of an Aberdonian dame, the Aberdonian schoolmaster accompanying on the fiddle. I recollect, too, how an Irish grocer in Adelaide, South Australia, was moved to stand outside his door in the bright moonlight evenings and play *Monymusk* on a tin whistle. A vision of Canada now rises before me, with its host of local bards, each with his wallet of poems on his back, trudging from village to village—the troubadours of the backwoods. Their warblings were not of the snow-laden forest, the subdued glory of the Indian summer, the autumn-gilded maple, or the swift, miraculous dawn of the Columbian spring. Their strains were those of exile; strains of Scotia, of 'hame,' of rippling burnies, of the purple heather, of the thousand-and-one historic and sympathetic memories of the dear old land. But hark! what sounds do we hear echoing from a Sabbath school in Sacramento, California? Scottish tunes, but linked to religious words, the children singing a hymn of the church militant to the melody of *Scots wha hae*; while *Ye Banks and Braes* served as the tender medium for stanzas of a more devotional character.

The farmer is a notable figure in one's Canadian remembrances, the agricultural class comprising about half the population. In Ontario you will find many old Scotch settlers, and much could be written upon their present and past experiences. The times are considerably altered from the days when the rough pioneering work had to be done. I once met two aged farmers, one of whom had seen eighty-three winters, who had emigrated to Canada together about forty years ago, and might have been taken for typical old settlers. In telling their primitive toils and privations, their weather-beaten faces were lit up with an animation that was almost joyous in its character. One related, as if it were some rare humour, that his first log-hut in the backwoods was at many places open to the heavens, and that frequently he had to dust the snow off his blankets before he went to bed. The wintry theme suggests the story of a Scottish Canadian who, on a voyage to the mother-country, was one day found sleeping on deck, when the captain roused him with a natural caution against sunstroke. 'Sunstroke!' scornfully replied the awakened one. 'It wad tak' a' the sun atween here an' Greenock to thaw the Canada frost oot o' my head.'

In Salt Lake City there are not a few Scottish Mormons. I chanced to have a brief conversation there with a middle-aged Scotchwoman, who was a follower of Brigham Young, and who did not hesitate to magnify the virtues of polygamy. It turned out, however, that her zeal was largely of a theoretical nature, as the good lady did not seem

to believe in the system so far as it might entail any discomfort upon herself. At Omaha I was acquainted with a Highlander who in the first days of Mormonism became converted to polygamy, but who ultimately abjured the faith. Many a time and oft, in Celtic daring, had he stood on the banks of the Missouri River, lifting up his voice in the wilderness like the Baptist of old, denouncing Mormonism to the bands of converts as they passed over the stream to the ostensible Land of Canaan. His life was in daily peril, but he escaped scathless from his self-imposed mission. In San Francisco I saw Elder Stenhouse, who had been until lately a chief among the Utah Saints. He and his wife, both Scotch people, had dedicated themselves honestly to the new faith, but finding out its hollowness, they shook off the dust of the desert—there is plenty of it—from their shoes, and took farewell of Salt Lake.

In travelling about from place to place you make acquaintance with a most interesting type of character—that of the veteran Scotchman. In Christchurch, New Zealand, I met a Waterloo veteran, eighty-four years of age, yet with erect, military carriage. With vivacious garrulity he told that he was born in Fife; that he had lodged at the house of Mrs Grant of Laggan; that he knew 'Jamie Hogg' and Nathaniel Gow; that he had been all through the Peninsular War, had fought at Waterloo, and had been on half-pay since 1817. A companion-figure was that of the venerable Highlander of King William's Town, Cape Colony—a genial-hearted man, of stern brow and with war-worn features—whose talk was a strange blending of pleasant Scottish reminiscence and weird stories of Kafir campaigns in which he had taken part. Again, while sailing up the Suez Canal, on the voyage home from India, one of my fellow-passengers was an old Scotsman who had fought at Waterloo, and was then engaged making a tour of the world. As he said, with pleasant pathos: 'I want to see all that's to be seen before I'm happit up in the mools'—a phrase that can only be inadequately rendered in English as 'lying snug beneath the sod.' He left the steamer at Port Said, as he was bound on an excursion to the Holy Land, and as the quarter-master offered to carry his portmanteau, the old fellow elbowed him aside, exclaiming: 'Pooh, pooh; I'm a young man yet!' Last and not least notable of this class was an old and well-preserved gentleman I met at Wellington, New Zealand. He was an Edinburgh man, and had been educated at the university there. He had been acquainted with friends of Burns, had known the poet's 'Chloris' and 'Clarinda,' and in speaking of the Potterrow always seemed to regard it as still a fashionable street. To gossip with him was like shaking hands with the past.

In going round the world, one is sure to find relatives and souvenirs of famous men and women. At Hobart-Town, Tasmania, there resided, when I visited the town, the granddaughter of Neil Gow and daughter of Nathaniel Gow, the composer of *Caller Herrin*. In the Waikato district of the North Island of New Zealand, about a hundred miles from the city of Auckland, lives, I still trust, old Mrs Nicol, mother of the late Robert Nicol, the celebrated Perthshire

poet. During a stormy passage in a small steamer on the New Zealand coast, I had some interesting chats with an Irish gentleman who had met and talked with Sir Walter Scott in a chapel in Italy, during the closing scenes of that busy life. I may add also that at Listowel, in Ontario, I was privileged to meet the brother of Dr Livingstone, and was much struck with the facial resemblance between him and the great traveller. In the University of Dunedin the visitor can see, in a gilt frame, a lock of Burns's hair, labelled 'A genuine relic of the Poet, and modicum of a larger lock owned by Jean Armour.' A certain country hotel in Tasmania lives in my memory from its having distributed through its rooms an extraordinary number of pictures of John Knox, the religious character of the house being increased by the fact that one of the apartments was used as the 'study' of the Presbyterian clergyman of the village. The name of John Knox, by association, recalls to my mind the incident of the eccentric Scot of Kaffraria, South Africa, who had a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots hung in his bedroom, and who, every morning on rising, stretched his hands towards it, crying: 'O my poor murdered queen!'

The visitor fresh from home is certain of meeting with a kind welcome from his countrymen abroad. The welcome need not be on personal grounds. An Edinburgh man in Canada once shook my hand warmly, saying: 'I dinna ken ye; I never met ye before; but I just want to see a man that's seen Arthur Seat since I saw it.' The love of home sometimes reaches an intense pitch, as in the case of the Scotsman at Fort Beaufort, in Cape Colony, who ejaculated: 'I'd rather gang hame and be hanged, than dee here a natural death!' Again, an old man in New Zealand remarked: 'I doot I'll no get hame to Scotland again; but if onybody said: "Ye shall not go," I'd be off the morn's mornin'!' With which forcible yet touching deliverance let these glimpses conclude.

I am afraid that during our brief bird's-eye view of colonial life, the reader has been dragged hither and thither in a somewhat erratic course. The irregularity, however, has been more apparent than real. Whether amid Canadian snows, New Zealand mountains, Australian bush, or South African *veldt*, you meet with the same shrewd, persevering Scotsman, steadily moving in his colonial orbit, and moving none the less regularly because of the tender gravitation of his heart towards the central sphere of patriotic affection—dear though distant Scotland.

#### IS SMOKING INJURIOUS TO HEALTH?

ALTHOUGH the above important question is so frequently asked, more especially of medical men, yet their replies are as a general rule either of a vague or dogmatic nature that is anything but satisfactory. There has been unlimited discussion respecting the injurious effects of smoking, ever since the first introduction of tobacco, and a great deal of nonsense has unfortunately been urged by enthusiasts on both sides. Some have praised tobacco far beyond its merits; while others have so enlarged upon its injurious and poisonous qualities as to make one wonder that anybody who smokes should be left alive at all.



Hitherto, however, no satisfactory solution of the problem appears to have been arrived at. Our object in this paper will be to deal as concisely as possible with the subject upon its merits.

In the first place, we may inform our readers that smoking is and is not injurious. This apparently contradictory assertion admits, however, of the following explanation. In New England, it has been with truth alleged that the thirst induced by smoking is an active incentive to alcoholic excess and its attendant evils. Now, on the other hand, amongst Asiatic nations the reverse holds good. Mr Lane—translator of the *Arabian Nights*—when in the East, noticed that smoking appeared to possess a soothing effect, attended with slight exhilaration, and that it supplied the place of alcoholic beverages. Mr Layard, whose knowledge of eastern nations is most extensive, was also of the same opinion. Mr Crawford, again, an authority of high repute as regards Asiatic habits, believes the use of tobacco has contributed to the sobriety both of Asiatic and European nations. Here we have two entirely contradictory results, as, in North America smoking produces dissipation; whilst in the East it not only restrains, but takes its place. It is therefore to climate, temperament, and bodily constitution acting and reacting upon each other, that we may trace so opposite an effect.

The chemical constituents of tobacco are three, the due consideration of which is highly important. They are: (1) A volatile oil; (2) a volatile alkali; (3) an empyreumatic oil. The volatile oil, although in minute quantities, has a most powerful action on the physical system, even in the smallest dose; and when taken internally, gives rise to nausea with giddiness. The volatile alkali is *nicotine*, possessing narcotic and very poisonous qualities; so much so indeed, that a single drop of it is sufficient to kill a dog. The proportion of this substance in the dry tobacco-leaf varies from two to eight per cent, according to Professor Johnston, who states that 'in smoking a quarter of an ounce of tobacco, two grains or more of one of the most subtle poisons known may be drawn into the smoker's mouth;' the reason why he is not poisoned being because this deadly juice is not concentrated. Empyreumatic oil (from Gr. *empyreuo*, I kindle), the third active ingredient of tobacco, is so called to express the burned smell and acrid taste which result from the combustion of the tobacco during smoking. This oil closely resembles in its action that which is produced from poisonous foxglove leaf (*Digitalis purpurea*). A drop of empyreumatic oil when applied to the tongue of a cat has produced convulsions and death in a few minutes. Reptiles are destroyed by it as through an electric shock. It must be borne in mind that these three chemical ingredients are united when smoking, and produce to a greater or less degree their respective effects. A cigar when smoked to the end effectually discharges into the smoker's mouth everything produced by its combustion. When saliva is retained in the mouth, the effects of tobacco in one sense become more markedly developed on the nervous system. On the other hand, when constant expectoration takes place, digestion becomes impaired, from the diminution of saliva, which plays an important part in this function. We have heard medical men, who were themselves smokers, aver that

the former is the least of the two evils; which we hope is the case, as the habit of constant expectoration in which many smokers indulge, is certainly one of the most unpleasant concomitants of the pipe or cigar.

In a purely physiological sense, smoking acts as follows: (1) The heart's action becomes lowered; (2) the elimination of carbonic acid is diminished, thus interfering with the respiratory power; (3) the waste of the body is checked, and digestion to a certain extent impeded. Excessive smoking disorders digestion, and, where the heart is weak, often induces disease of that organ. It is by no means uncommon to find habitual smokers troubled with dyspepsia. Dr Leared considers excessive smoking decidedly productive of indigestion. Dr Pereira, who was a high authority on such matters, when alluding to habitual smokers in his celebrated *Materia Medica*, observes: 'The practice, when moderately indulged in, provokes thirst, increases the secretion of saliva, and produces that remarkably soothing and tranquillising effect upon the mind which has caused it to be so much admired and adopted by all classes of society, and by all nations civilised and barbarous.' Later on, the same eminent authority states that 'when indulged in to excess, and especially by those unaccustomed to its use, smoking causes nausea, trembling, and in some cases paralysis and death.' Instances are recorded of persons killing themselves by smoking seventeen or eighteen pipes at a sitting!

In his luminous *Treatise on Poisons*, Dr Christison states that 'no well-ascertained ill effects have been shown to result from the habitual practice of smoking.' On the other hand, Dr Prout, a late distinguished physician and chemist, was of a different opinion. He observes: 'Tobacco disorders the assimilating functions in general, but particularly, I believe, the assimilation of saccharine principle. It is the weak and those predisposed to disease who fall victims to its poisonous operation, whilst the strong and healthy suffer comparatively little therefrom.' So even this learned physician's opinion is to a certain extent thus modified.

The researches of Dr Richardson, F.R.S., are of immense value with regard to the action of tobacco upon the health. He is of opinion that there are no grounds for believing that smoking—of course, we infer, when indulged in with moderation—can produce organic change. Functional disturbances of the heart, brain, and vision, he tells us, may be traced to its excessive use. It is universally, however, admitted that tobacco, like alcohol—in minute doses—arrests oxidation of living tissues, thus checking their disintegration. Dr Richardson, for this reason, justly considers smoking highly injurious to the young, causing impairment of growth.

In the course of an important discussion which took place between Sir Ranald Martin, Mr Solly, Dr Ranking, and other scientific physicians, the following important results were arrived at respecting smoking: (1) That the habit is only prejudicial when carried to excess; (2) that tobacco is innocuous as compared with alcohol, and in no case worse than tea, and by the side of high living, contrasts most favourably. Whether smoking is or is not injurious to health depends principally upon the

following conditions: (1) The kind of tobacco smoked; (2) the manner in which it is consumed; (3) the amount of tobacco smoked; and lastly, when it is indulged in. The great object is to obtain a tobacco which possesses the smallest percentage of nicotine. It was formerly believed that the best varieties of Havana and Turkish tobacco were the most innocuous. According, however, to the recent exhaustive researches of Dr George Harley, F.R.S., it appears that the more delicate the aroma of tobacco, the more poisonous it becomes. Dr Harley is also of opinion that 'Caporal' tobacco contains *least nicotine*, and is consequently to be preferred by those desirous of health. Pipes made of clay, and meerschams—not foul—are, Dr Richardson considers, in a hygienic point of view, superior to cigars and cigarettes. Neither cigars nor cigarettes should ever be smoked near the end, as the nicotine then is discharged into the mouth in larger proportions. M. Melsens, a very distinguished chemist, is of opinion that a plug of cotton-wool saturated with a solution of strong citric or tannic acid should be inserted in the stem of the pipe, cigar, or cigarette holder. By this precaution, the smoke is effectually filtered, ere reaching the mouth, as the nicotine would then be seized by and combined with the acid. Those who object to this plan on account of its trouble, might with advantage place a small piece of plain cotton-wool in the stem of their pipe as a filtering agent. This should on each occasion be removed and replaced by a fresh one. A more convenient, and probably not less effective plug, is a bit of paper crumpled into a soft ball and placed in the bottom of the pipe. It acts as an absorbent of the objectionable juices which might otherwise find their way into the mouth, and can be changed, if the smoker chooses, every time he fills his pipe.

From a review of the scientific testimony and physiological facts bearing upon this subject, we may safely arrive at the following conclusions: (1) That smoking in excess is decidedly an injurious habit, frequently causing dyspepsia, and functional diseases of the heart, brain, and nervous system. (2) That smoking, even when in moderation, is pernicious in early life, also to certain constitutions, and in particular conditions of the body. (3) That in adult life and in ordinary health, no well-ascertained ill effects have been demonstrated as owing their causation to moderate smoking. (4) That the moderate use of tobacco is not only in many cases a harmless luxury, but occasionally, from its soothing and tranquillising influence, a useful adjunct. Smoking, even in the strictest moderation, with some persons of peculiar idiosyncrasies, acts as a poison, and should therefore be avoided, when feelings of discomfort are entailed by its use.

It is impossible to lay down any rule as to the amount of tobacco which may be consumed without a deleterious effect upon the health. What would be moderation to one is often excess to another, according to temperament, habit, and individual peculiarities. Each person ought to be able to judge for himself as to what is moderation. The best time for smoking is undoubtedly after a meal; and the most injurious, on an empty stomach.

In drawing this paper to a close, we cannot do better than by appending the following extract,

taken from Mr Dawson's valuable little work on longevity. On page sixty-nine of *How to Prolong Life*, when speaking of smoking, Mr Dawson observes: 'All things taken into account, it is evident that tobacco in excess is certainly prejudicial to good health; in moderation, however, it may be indulged in with comparative impunity; but under any circumstances, it should be known that a man in health is much better without it. How much more so in the case of those who are weakly! Lastly, I desire to impress upon all smokers that moderation in this habit is of no small moment, the ill effects being proportioned to indulgence.'

#### TO A CHILD.

KATHLEEN of the glad blue eyes,  
Elf-locks dark and curling—  
Kathleen of the laughing voice,  
Like a wild stream whirling:  
When I gaze into those eyes,  
Deep I read the story  
Of a long-lost Paradise  
And the young world's glory.

Many a tale of fairyland  
Have we dreamed together,  
By the hearth in shadow-time,  
Out on wind-swept heather.  
Tired, I told of prince and fay,  
Court and castle hoary;  
Give me, sweet, my turn to-day—  
I, too, crave a story.

Blue eyes telling tales to mine  
Darkly raise their fringes:  
Earth had doors to heaven once,  
Wide on golden hinges.  
From beyond, the timeless light  
Banished time and sorrow;  
Child-world had no yesterday,  
Heaven was to-morrow.

Nought was there of languid bloom,  
Frail and fevered splendour,  
Kisses like the daisies thronged,  
Love made greensward tender;  
Truth was sunny as the sky,  
Branching care spread o'er us,  
All that warbled ecstasy  
Made the garden's chorus.

O thou Eden of the past—  
If I could but find thee,  
All I have, for thee, I'd cast,  
Worthless, vain, behind me—  
When the heaven-gates stood wide,  
And all the air was ringing  
With mingled voices of our home  
And sound of angels singing!

Am I sad? How startled shine  
Those blue eyes in wonder!  
Child, whose heart beats close to mine,  
Far are we asunder.  
Yet, if I would follow thee,  
Oft I marvel whether  
Thou couldst lead me in, to see  
Eden-land together.

M. E. ATTERIDGE.

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## CIRCULATING-LIBRARY CRITICS.

It appears to be a mania with some people to criticise everything which comes in their way, no matter whether it be the last new bonnet of Mrs Smith, the pug dog possessed by Mr Jones, or the last new novel by Mr Brown; and as a true specimen of the ready-made critic, we might cite those interesting individuals who, having more time upon their hands than they can comfortably get rid of, endeavour to dispose of some of the surplus stock by subscribing to a circulating library, and diligently 'cutting-up' and otherwise abusing every author they read. Novels, of course, are the principal dish of these readers; and it must candidly be admitted that some of the notes pencilled in the margins are not altogether uncalled for; though some of them are decidedly personal, not to say unpleasant; while others, on the contrary, only raise a smile, and if particularly ridiculous, are underlined by some sarcastic reader, in order to call more attention to the blunder, which has probably been committed by some indolent and not very well-informed critic.

But taken as a whole, this criticism, although in some cases severe, is but the echo of public opinion, and as such, is entitled to consideration, no matter how humble the source may appear from which it springs; and we know of nothing more enjoyable than a well-read book, which has been some ten or twelve months in circulation. And such a book would without doubt prove of great service to its author, could he by any means get hold of a copy; for he would then have the opportunity of judging for himself how his work was appreciated by the public; and although some of the remarks would doubtless cause him annoyance, he should remember that they are the candid opinion of the readers through whose hands the work has passed. And if he has good sense and a desire to please the public, he would avail himself of those critical remarks which seemed to be just, and alter the text in any future editions. It is an author's place to

write his work to the best of his ability, and that of his readers to criticise it after it has appeared in print. Whether the book be good or bad, the author may be sure that he will have a faithful and industrious army of critics in the shape of subscribers to circulating libraries, who will diligently search out all its little defects, and display them in the margin for the edification of the next reader, who in turn will try his best to discover something which the other has passed over, and triumphantly display it in a similar manner. Although 'the stone that is rolling' is said to gather no moss, it is a far different thing with a novel; for the faster it passes from hand to hand, the more and more abundant becomes its crop; and at a seaside watering-place, the writer has seen blank sheets of letter-paper inserted between some of the leaves, because the margins were already too crowded, to admit of some reader adding his mite to the evidence there accumulated!

This is why we suppose it might be advantageous to an author to get hold of a copy of his work which has been through a like ordeal; and let him remember at the same time that his book has probably travelled through the hands of some people who are intimately acquainted with certain subjects upon which it treats, and whose opinion is not to be lightly passed over. As some of the novelists of the present day seem to think the law a machine which they can work upon as they choose, without the slightest regard to facts, it might be recommended to them either to study the subject seriously, or submit any notes which may appear upon this subject in the margins of their works, to an experienced lawyer; and in nine cases out of ten, the author will find that the readers' notes are correct. This may be taken as a proof that people, although they may pass rough criticism upon the characters, situation, and general plot of a novel, are not so eager to criticise points which touch upon the law, physics, &c., unless they thoroughly understand the subject. As an instance of this, we have heard of a doctor who would never read

a new novel by a certain author, because in a former work this gentleman had murdered a man in a manner which my friend described as being 'utterly ridiculous;' for the poison administered, and of which the character in the novel died, would not in reality 'have killed a cat.'

These remarks may serve to show that the public, although they may accept a taking title, a pretty cover, and a pound or so of toned paper, as a novel, will also exercise their right of picking its contents to pieces as soon as possible. To show with what diligence some of them do so, we quote the following: 'The red rose actually *died* the captain's cheeks.' The word in italics is underlined in the book, and altered in the margin to *died*. This, of course, is merely a printer's error; but it serves to show how the circulating-library critic delights in 'cutting-up' the work of other people's brains, and exposing to the best advantage any little defect he may discover. Then, again, in the same work, in describing the scene of a shipwreck, the author makes use of the following words: 'Quantities of chips, and pieces of wood, and bits of *iron*, were *floating about*.' The words in italics are underlined in pencil by some incredulous reader, who could not quite appreciate the joke, and took this method of calling the next reader's attention to it. The words might have been a mere slip of the pen; but, as they stand underlined in the book, it is impossible to overlook them now.

A little farther on in the same work, an unmarried gentleman is supposed to have made his will, bequeathing all his property to friends settled in the colonies; and his relatives at his decease are disputing the same, when this paragraph occurs, and is supposed to be uttered by a *lawyer*: 'But had he lived to marry Lady A—, he would surely have cancelled this will!' Probably had the gentleman lived, he would have done so; but our pencil-critic shows that such an act would have been altogether unnecessary, by writing against the paragraph: 'The act of marrying would have rendered it null.' This is strictly and legally correct; and as the words are supposed to be spoken by a lawyer, it shows that the opinion of these gentlemen is not always to be implicitly relied upon, especially when they air them in a novel.

To turn now to the criticising of situations, we find our amateur critic is quite as hard upon them as he is upon the characters, and will not allow a novelist to make use of situations which it is scarcely probable would happen in real life. A noble lord is forced through some miraculous circumstances which would rival the adventures narrated in the *Arabian Nights*, to associate with poachers, who are well known to the police; and after some time has elapsed, he at length regains the property, which has wrongfully been kept from him by his uncle; and to celebrate this happy event, he gives what is styled in the novel a 'levée,' and invites thereto

the whole country-side, *including the poachers*, and also the police of the town. Our critic could not quite appreciate the novelty of this situation, and therefore pencils in the margin: 'Is it likely the poachers would have ventured there?' After studying the facts of the case, and reducing the subject to practical life, which is evidently the meaning of our critic, and also bearing in mind that the police and poachers were in the same room, and that several of the latter were 'wanted' for various offences, we may take that bit of criticism as sound.

If our voluntary critics will read novels, they must expect novel things; but as far as our observation goes, this is the very thing they criticise most. They will not allow a young and delicate lady to elope with a handsome Captain on a stormy night with nothing to protect her from the weather but a flimsy ball-dress, under any consideration whatever; but feelingly suggest in the margin that the gentleman should either offer her his ulster or procure an umbrella; a piece of advice for which I am sure the young lady's parents would devoutly thank them, if they only had the pleasure of their acquaintance.

We might easily add to these examples; but the above is sufficient to show that the novelist who sits down to write a work of fiction merely for the sake of airing an opinion, or to please a certain person, neither caring in what language he expresses himself nor how absurd the book may be, may be sure of a warm reception when his work falls into the hands of the circulating-library critics.

## BY MEAD AND STREAM.

### CHAPTER IX.—SLANDER'S SHAFT.

THEY were still at breakfast when the postman arrived, and Madge was surprised to find amongst the letters two from the Manor. Both were addressed in Miss Hadleigh's large angular writing: one was for her uncle, the other for herself.

As Madge had long conducted her uncle's correspondence, she attended to his letters first; but remembering that still unexplained quarrel, misunderstanding, or whatever it was, between him and Mr Hadleigh, she discreetly kept the letter from Ringsford back till she had disposed of the others. These were all on business, and of a most satisfactory nature: good prices for grain, good prices for sheep and cattle, and reports of a deficient harvest in America, whilst that of Willowmere was excellent. Uncle Dick was in capital humour, and disposed to be on good terms with everybody. It is wonderful how prosperous all the world looks when our own affairs are thriving; and how merciful we can be in our judgment as to the cause of our neighbour's failure.

Then Madge—sly Madge—opened the Ringsford letter, and read a formal invitation to dinner at the Manor a fortnight hence, on the eve of Mr Philip Hadleigh's departure.

'You will go, of course, uncle?' said Madge, looking up with a coaxing smile.—'And you will break through your rule of not going to parties

for once, aunt? You know we may not see Philip for a long, long time.'

Aunt Hussy smiled, and looked inquiringly at her husband. Dick Crawshay was not a man to bear malice; but it was evident that he did not relish this invitation. He was not frowning, but his face was not quite so cheerful as it had been a moment before.

'I don't know,' he said, rising. 'I hate these sort of things at Ringsford. They've always a lot of people that don't know anything' (about farming and cattle, he meant); 'and when I'm there, I always feel as uncomfortable as a bull in a china-shop that didn't want to break the crockery. Certain, I have spoken to some young fools that knew all about betting lists; but not one that knew the points of a horse—except Wrentham. They only want me there because they want you, Madge; and if it wasn't for you, I'd say no straight off.'

'But you mustn't do that, uncle; at least wait till we see what is in my letter.'

'You can tell me about it when I come in. That new reaping-machine ain't doing what I expected of it, and I want to give it a fair trial under my own eyes.'

With that he went out, preceded by the dogs; for they had made for the door the moment their master rose to his feet, and as it opened, almost tumbled over each other in their haste to be first afield.

'I hope he will go,' said Madge thoughtfully; adding, after a pause: 'We must try to persuade him, aunt.'

'Why are you so anxious about this, child? I never knew you to be very eager to go to Ringsford yourself.'

'Because I am about to disappoint Mr Hadleigh in a matter which he considers of great importance.'

Then she read the strange letter she had received from him, and Dame Crawshay was surprised almost as much as Madge herself by the earnestness of the appeal it contained. She was silent for several minutes, evidently occupied by some serious reflections. At length:

'Thou knowest how I love the lad; but that does not blind me to his faults—nay, it need not startle thee to hear me say he has faults: we all have our share of them. Perhaps it is lucky for thee that what seems to me Philip's worst fault is that he has the impulsive way his father speaks about.'

'But all his impulses are good-natured ones.'

'I do not doubt it; but that makes it the more needful he should have some experience of the world's ways before tying himself and you down to a hard-and-fast line. Nothing but experience will ever teach us that the hard-and-fast line of life is the easiest in the end. There's a heap of truth in what Mr Hadleigh says about Philip, though he doesn't seem to me to have found the surest way of keeping him right.'

'What would you advise, then?' was the eager question.

'Thou must settle this matter for thyself, Madge; but I will tell thee that there is one thing Mr Hadleigh is quite wrong about.'

'What is that?'

'In saying that Mr Shield would try to keep Philip from you.'

The emphasis on the last word and the curious, half-sad, half-pleased smile which accompanied it, caused Madge to ask wonderingly:

'Did you know Mr Shield?'

'Ay, long ago, before he went abroad.'

'Have you never seen him since?'

'Once—only once, and that was a sad time, although we were not five minutes together. He heard only a bit of the truth: he would not stay to hear it all, and I daresay he has had many a sorry hour for it since.'

She ceased, and leaning back on her chair, lapsed into a dream of sorrowful memories. Madge did not like to disturb her, for she was suddenly amazed by the suspicion that once upon a time Austin Shield had been Aunt Hussy's lover.

But the active dame was not given to wool-gathering, and looking up quickly, she caught the expression of her niece, and guessed its meaning.

'Nay, thou art mistaken,' she said, shaking her head, and that curious smile again appeared on her face; 'there has only been one man that was ever more than another to me, and that's thy uncle. . . . But I'll tell thee a secret, child; it can do no harm. Hast forgotten what I was telling thee and Philip in the garden yesterday?'

'About the two lovers? O no.'

'Well, the man was Mr Austin Shield, and the girl was thy mother.'

'My mother!' was the ejaculation of the astounded Madge.

'Yes. It was a silly business on her part, poor soul; but she was cruelly deceived. She had been told lies about him; and there were so many things which made them look like truth, that she believed them.'

'What could she have been told that could make her forget him?'

'She never did forget him—she never could forget him; and she told the man she married so. What she was told was, that Austin had forgotten her, and taken somebody else to wife. At the same time no letters came from him. She waited for months, watching every post; but there was never a sign from him. She fretted and fretted; and father fretted to see her getting so bad on account of a man who was not worth thinking about. He had broken his word, and that was enough to make father turn his back on him for ever.'

'But how did my mother come to—to marry so soon?'

'She was kind of persuaded into it by father, and by her wish to please him. He was a kind good man; but he was strict in his notions of things. He considered that it was sinful of her to be thinking of a man who had done her such wrong. Then Mr Heathcote was a great friend of father's—he was a deacon in our chapel—and he asked sister to be his wife. He was quiet and well-to-do then; and father was on his side, though he was twenty years older than your mother. Father thought that his age would make him the better guide for one who was so weak as to keep on mourning for a base man. He was never done speaking about the happy home that was offered her, and in every prayer asked the Lord to turn her heart into the right path.'



At last she consented : but she told Mr Heathcote everything ; and he said he was content, and that he would try his best to make her content too, by-and-by. Father was glad—and that did cheer poor sister a bit, for she was fond of father. So she married.'

'And then?'

Only the subdued voice, the wide, startled eyes, indicated the agitation of the daughter, who was listening to this piteous story of a mother's suffering.

'And then there came a letter from Austin Shield, and he came himself almost as soon as the letter. He had been "up country," as he called it, for more than a year, and he had been lucky beyond all his expectations. But there were no posts in the wild places he had been staying at. He had written to warn us not to expect to hear of him for many months ; but the vessel that was carrying that message home to us—eh, deary, what sorrow it would have saved us—was wrecked in a fog on some big rock near the Scilly Isles ; and although a-many of the mail-bags were fished up out of the sea, the one with sister's letter in it was never found.'

'What did my poor mother do?'

'She sat and shivered and moaned ; but she could not speak. I saw him when he came, and told him that he must not see her any more, for she was married. I wasn't able to tell him how it happened, for the sight of his face feared me so. It was like white stone, and his eyes were black. Before I could get my tongue again, he gave me a look that I can never forget, and walked away. . . . I found out where he was, some time afterwards, and wrote telling him all about it. He answered me, saying : "Thank you. I understand. God bless you all." We never had another word direct from him ; but we often heard about him ; and some time after your mother went to rest, we learned that he had really got married ; and the news pleased me vastly, for it helped me to think that maybe he was comfortable and resigned at last. I hope he is ; but he has no family, and his sending for Philip looks as if he wants somebody to console him.'

'But who was it spread the lies about him at the first?'

'Ah, that we never knew. It was cleverly done ; the story was in everybody's mouth ; but nobody could tell where it had come from.'

The feelings of Madge as she listened to her aunt were of a complicated nature : there was the painful sympathy evoked by the knowledge that it was her own mother who had been so wickedly deceived ; then it seemed as if the events related had happened to some one else ; and again there was a mysterious sense of awe as she recognised how closely the past and the present were linked together. Philip was the near relation of the man her mother had loved, and was to be parted from her on his account for an indefinite period.

Who could tell what Fate might lie in this coincidence?

She pitied the lovers ; and her indignation rose to passion at thought of the slanderers who had caused them so much misery. Then came confused thoughts about her father : he, too, must

have loved as well as Mr Shield ; and he had been generous.

Gentle hands were laid upon her bowed head, and looking up, she met the tender eyes of Aunt Hussy..

'I have troubled you, child ; but I have told you this so that you may understand why I cannot counsel you to bid Philip stay or go.'

A soft light beamed on Madge's face ; a sweet thought filled her heart. She would bid Philip go to help and comfort the man her mother had loved.

#### CHAPTER X.—LIGHT AND SHADOW.

As soon as she found that Madge was calm and ready to proceed with the duties of the day, Aunt Hussy bustled out to look after the maidens in the dairy and the kitchen. The other affairs of the house were attended to by Madge assisted by Jenny Wodrow, an active girl, who had wisely given up straw-plaiting at Luton for domestic service at Willowmere.

When clearing the breakfast-table, Madge found Miss Hadleigh's letter, which she had forgotten in the new interests and speculations excited by her aunt's communication.

Miss Hadleigh was one of those young ladies who fancy that in personal intercourse with others dignity is best represented by the assumption of a languid air of indifference to everything, whilst they compensate themselves for this effort by 'gushing' over pages of note-paper. Of course she began with 'My dearest Madge : ' everybody was her 'dearest ; ' and how she found a superlative sufficient to mark the degree of her regard for her betrothed is a problem in the gymnastics of language.

'You know all about dearest Phil going to leave us in about a fortnight or three weeks, and goodness only knows when he may come home again. Well, we are going to have a *little* dinner-party all to his honour and glory, as you would see by the card I have addressed to your uncle. Mind, it is a *little* and very select party. There will be nobody present except the most intimate and most esteemed friends of the Family.' (Family written with a very large capital F.)

'Now the party cannot be *complete* without you and your dear uncle and aunt ; and I write this *special* supplement to the card to implore you to keep yourselves free for Tuesday the 28th, and to tell you that we will take *no* excuse from any of you. Carrie and Bertha want to have some friends in after dinner, so that they might get up a dance. Of course, in my position I do not care for these things now ; but to please the girls, it might be arranged. Would *you* like it?—because, if you did, that would settle the matter at once. We have not told Phil yet, because he always makes fun of *everything* we do to try and amuse him. Papa has been consulted, and as usual leaves it *all* to us.—Please do write soon, darling, and believe me ever yours most affectionately,

BEATRICE HADLEIGH.'

'P.S.—If you don't mind, dear, I wish you *would* tell me what colour you are to wear, so that I might have something to harmonise with

it. We might have a symphony all to ourselves, as the aesthetes call it.'

From this it appeared that Philip's sisters were not aware of their father's desire to keep him at home. There would be no difficulty in replying to Miss Hadleigh—even to the extent of revealing the colour of her dress—when Uncle Dick had consented to go.

When the immediate household cares were despatched, Madge sat down at her desk to write to Mr Hadleigh. She was quite clear about what she had to say; but she paused, seeking the gentlest way of saying it.

'DEAR MR HADLEIGH,' she began at last, 'Your letter puts a great temptation in my way; and I should be glad to avoid doing anything to displease you. But your son has given me a reason for his going, which leaves him no alternative but to go, and me no alternative but to pray that he may return safely and well.'

When she had signed and sealed up this brief epistle, a mountain seemed to roll off her shoulders; her head became clear again: she *knew* that what Philip and her mother would have wished had been done. A special messenger was sent off with it to Ringsford; for although the distance between the two places was only about three miles, the letter would not have been delivered until next day, had it gone by the ordinary post.

Mr Hadleigh read these few lines without any sign of disappointment. He read them more than once, and found in them something so quietly decisive, that he would have considered it an easier task to conquer Philip in his most obstinate mood, than to move this girl one hair's-breadth from her resolve.

He refolded the paper carefully and placed it in his pocket. Then he rang the bell.

'Bid Toomey be ready to drive me over to catch the ten o'clock train,' he said quietly to the servant who answered his summons.

'A pity, a pity,' he repeated to himself. 'Fools both—they will not accept happiness when it is offered them. A pity, a pity. . . . They will have their way.'

The carriage conveyed him to Dunthorpe Station in good time for the train; and the train being a 'fast,' landed him at Liverpool Street Station before eleven o'clock.

He walked slowly along Broad Street, a singular contrast to the hurry and bustle of the other passengers. He was not going in the direction of his own offices; and he did not look as if he were going on any particular business anywhere. He had the air of a man who was taking an enforced constitutional, and who by mistake had wandered into the city instead of into the park.

He turned into Cornhill, and then into Golden Alley, which must have obtained its name when gold was only known in quartz; for it was a dull, gloomy-looking place, with dust-stained windows and metal plates up the sides of the doorways, so begrimed that it required an effort of the sight to decipher the names on them. But it was quiet and eminently respectable. Standing in Golden Alley, one had the sense of being in the midst of steady-going, long-established firms, who had no need of outward show to attract customers.

Mr Hadleigh halted for a moment at one of the doors, and looked at a leaden-like plate, bearing the simple inscription, GRIBBLE & Co. He ascended one flight of stairs, and entered an office in which two clerks were busy at their desks, whilst a youth at another desk near the door was addressing envelopes with the eager rapidity of one who is paid so much per thousand.

No one paid any attention to the opening of the door.

'Is Mr Wrentham in?' inquired Mr Hadleigh.

At the sound of his voice, one of the clerks advanced obsequiously.

'Yes, sir. He is engaged at present; but I will send in your name.'

He knew who the visitor was; and after rapidly writing the name on a slip of paper, took it into an inner room. Mr Hadleigh glanced over some bills which were lying on the counter announcing the dates of sailing of a number of A1 clippers and first-class screw-steamers to all parts of the world.

The clerk reappeared, and with a polite, 'Will you walk in, sir?' held the door of the inner room open till Mr Hadleigh passed in, and then closed it.

Mr Wrentham rose from his table, holding out his hand. 'Glad to see you here, Mr Hadleigh—very glad. I hope it is business that brings you?'

'Yes—important business,' was the answer.

## CURIOUS ANTIPATHIES IN ANIMALS.

### I. HORSES.

Mr late father-in-law, a physician in extensive practice, once possessed a horse named Jack, which was celebrated for his many peculiarities and his great sagacity. One of his antipathies was a decided hatred to one particular melody, the well-known Irish air, *Drops of Brandy*. If any one began to whistle or hum this air, Jack would instantly show fight by laying his ears back, grinding his teeth, biting and kicking, but always recovering his good temper when the music ceased. No other melody or music of any kind ever affected him; you might whistle or sing as long as you liked, provided you did not attempt the objectionable Irish air. One of the doctor's nephews and Jack were great friends. The lad could do almost anything with him; but if he presumed to whistle the objectionable melody of *Erin*, Jack would show his displeasure by instantly pulling off the lad's cap and biting it savagely, but never attempting the smallest personal injury to the boy himself, and always exhibiting his love when the sounds ceased; thus saying, as plainly as a horse could say: 'We are great friends, and I love you very much; but pray, don't make that odious noise, to which I entertain a very strong objection.'

Jack had another and very peculiar antipathy—he never would permit anything bulky to be carried by his rider. This came out for the first time one day when the doctor was going on a visit, and having to sleep at his friend's, intended

to take a small handbag with him. On the groom handing this up to the doctor, after he was mounted, Jack—who had been an attentive observer of the whole proceeding by craning his head round—at once exhibited his strong displeasure by rearing, kicking, buck-jumping, and jibing—so utterly unlike his usual steady-going ways, that the doctor at once divined the cause, and threw the bag down, when Jack became perfectly quiet and docile; but instantly, however, re-enacting the same scene, when the groom once more offered the bag to the doctor. The experiment was repeated several times, and always with the same singular result; and at length the attempt was given up, when Jack trotted off on his journey, showing the best of tempers throughout. Why he should have exhibited this extraordinary dislike to carrying a small handbag, which was neither large in size nor heavy in weight, it is impossible even to guess.

On another occasion the groom, wishing to bring home with him a small sack containing some household requisite, thought to lay it across the front of his saddle; but Jack was too quick and too sharp for him. Instantly rearing, and then kicking violently, he threw the groom off on one side and the objectionable burden on the other. After this, no further attempts were made to ruffle the customary serenity of Jack's rather peculiar temper.

The same gentleman also possessed a beautiful bay mare called Jenny, remarkable for her sweet temper and pretty loving ways. She was a great favourite with the doctor's daughters, and would 'shake hands' when asked, and kiss them in the most engaging manner, with a sort of nibbling motion of her black lips up and down the face. She would follow any one she liked about the fields, answer to her name like a dog, and would always salute any of her favourites on seeing them with that pretty low 'hummering' sound so common with pet horses, but never heard from those subject to ill-treatment. But, with all these graces, the pretty and interesting Jenny had several peculiar antipathies, in one of which she too somewhat resembled a dog Wag (to be noticed in a future article), and that was a marked dislike to the singing voice of one particular person, a lady, a relative of the doctor's. This lady often went to the stable to feed Jenny with lettuces or apples, and they were always the best of friends; but so sure as she began to sing anything, Jenny instantly forgot her good manners, lost all propriety, and exhibited the usual signs of strong equine displeasure, although she never took the smallest notice of the singing or whistling of any other person, treating it apparently with indifference. One day, as the doctor was driving this lady out, he suggested, by way of experiment, that she should begin to sing. In a moment, Jenny's ears were down flat, and a great kick was delivered with hearty goodwill on to the front of the carriage; and more would doubtless have followed, had

not the lady prudently stopped short in her vocal efforts; when Jenny was herself again, and resumed her usual good behaviour.

Another and very remarkable peculiarity of Jenny's was her unaccountable antipathy to the doctor's wife. If that lady approached her, she would grind her teeth savagely, and try to bite her in the most spiteful manner. What is perhaps even more singular, she would never, if possible, let the lady get into the carriage, if she knew it. Jenny would turn her head, and keep a lookout behind her, in the drollest manner possible; and the moment she caught sight of the lady approaching the carriage for the purpose of getting in, Jenny would immediately commence her troublesome tantrums of biting and kicking. So strongly did she object to drawing her mistress, that more than once she damaged the carriage with her powerful heels, so that the doctor was obliged to request his wife to approach the carriage from behind, whilst a groom held Jenny's head, to prevent her looking round. Even this was not always sufficient; for if the lady talked or laughed, Jenny would actually recognise her voice, and the usual 'scene' would be forthwith enacted. Now, the most singular part of this story is, that this lady was, like all her family, a genuine lover of all animals, especially horses. She was very fond of Jenny, and had tried in every way to make friends with her, and therefore her dislike to her mistress was all the more unaccountable, as there was not a shadow of cause for it. We can all understand dislike on the part of any animal where there has been any sort of ill-usage; but it is wholly inexplicable when nothing but love and kindness has been invariably practised towards that animal.

Jenny I am afraid was a great pet, and like all pets, was full of fads and fancies. One of these was certainly peculiar. Not far from the doctor's residence there was a particular gate opening into a field. As soon as Jenny came near this gate, she would commence her tantrums, rearing, kicking, plunging, jibing, and altogether declining to pass it; and it was not until after the exercise of a great amount of patience and perseverance, by repeatedly leading her—after much opposition—up to the gate and making her see it and smell it—thereby proving to her that it would do her no harm—that at length she was brought to pass it quietly and without notice. What could have occasioned this strange antipathy to one particular gate, it is impossible to guess, for, until she came into the doctor's possession, she had never been in that part of the county, and therefore could have had no unpleasant recollections of this gate in any way. It is, however, possible that the gate in question might have strongly resembled some other gate elsewhere with which were associated disagreeable memories; for I well remember that, some years ago, I often rode a fine young mare which had only recently come from Newmarket, where she had been trained. At first, she could never be induced to go down Rotten Row without a great deal of shying, jibing, and rearing, and other signs of resistance and displeasure. And this was subsequently explained by the fact, that the place where she was trained and exercised at Newmarket was a long road with a range of posts and rails, closely resembling Rotten Row; and

doubtless the mare was under the impression that this was either the same place, or that she was about to be subjected to the same severe training which she had undergone at Newmarket; hence her determined opposition.

One more trait of Jenny's odd antipathies must be mentioned before I conclude, and that was her fixed aversion to men of the working peasant class. She would never let such a man hold her by the bridle, or even approach her, without trying to bite him, and jerking her head away with every sign of anger and aversion whilst he stood near. But she never exhibited any feelings of dislike to well-dressed, clean, comfortable-looking persons, who might have done almost anything with her, and with whom she would 'shake hands,' or kiss in the gentlest possible manner. Of a truth, Jenny was certainly unique in her odd fancies and peculiar behaviour in every way; a singular mixture of good and evil—a spiteful, vindictive temper on the one hand, combined with the utmost affection and docility on the other.

## TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

### A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER VI.

FIVE minutes later, Miss Brandon burst into the room in her usual impulsive fashion. Lady Dimsdale was standing at one of the windows. It was quite enough for Elsie to find there was some one to talk to—more especially when that some one was Lady Dimsdale, whom she looked upon as the most charming woman in the world. At once she began to rattle on after her usual fashion. 'Thank goodness, those hateful exercises are over for to-day. Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. Arma virumque cano. How I do detest Latin! My grandmother didn't know a word of it, and she was the most delightful old lady I ever knew. Besides, where's the use of it? When Charley and I are married, I can't talk to him in Latin—nor even to the butcher's boy, nor the fishmonger. Perhaps, if I were to speak to my poodle in dog-Latin, he might understand me.' Then, with a sudden change of manner, she said: 'Dear Lady Dimsdale, what is the matter?' for Laura had turned, and the traces of tears were still visible around her eyes. 'Why, I do believe you have been'—

'Yes, crying—that's the only word for it,' answered Laura with a smile.

'Do tell me what it is. Nothing serious?'

'Nothing more serious than the last chapter of a foolish love-story.' She had taken up a book instinctively.

'I'm awfully glad it's nothing worse. Love-stories that make one cry are delicious. I always feel better after a good cry.' Her sharp eyes were glancing over the title of the book in Lady Dimsdale's hand. "'Buchan's Domestic Medicine,'" she read out aloud. 'Dear Lady Dimsdale, surely this is not the book that'— She was suddenly silent. The room had a bow-window, the casement of which stood wide open this sunny morning. Elsie had heard voices on the terrace outside. 'That's dear old nunky's voice,' she said. 'And—yes—no—I do believe it is though!' She crossed to the window and peeped out from behind the curtains.

Stumping slowly along the terrace, assisted by his thick Malacca, came Captain Bowood. By his side marched a dark-bearded military-looking inspector of police, dressed in the regulation blue braided frock-coat and peaked cap. They were engaged in earnest conversation.

'An inspector of police! What can be the matter? I do believe they are coming here.' So spoke Elsie; but when she looked round, expecting a response, she found herself alone. Lady Dimsdale had slipped out of the room.

The voices came nearer. Elsie seated herself at the table, opened a book, ruffled her hair, and pretended to be poring over her lessons.

The door opened, and Captain Bowood, followed by the inspector, entered the room. 'Pheugh! Enough to frizzle a nigger,' ejaculated the former, as he mopped his forehead with his yellow bandana handkerchief. Then perceiving Elsie, he said, as he pinched one of her ears, 'Ha, Poppet, you here?'

'Yes, nunky; and dreadfully puzzled I am. I want to find out in what year the Great Pyramid was built. Do, please, tell me.'

'Ha, ha!—Listen to that, Mr Inspector.—If you had asked me the distance from here to New York, now. Great Pyramid, eh?'

The inspector, pencil and notebook in hand, was examining the fastenings of the window. 'Very insecure, Captain Bowood,' he said; 'very insecure indeed. A burglar would make short work of them.'

Miss Brandon was eying him furtively. There was a puzzled look on her face. 'I could almost swear it was Charley's voice; and yet'—

'Come, come; you'll frighten us out of our wits, if you talk like that,' answered the Captain.

'Many burglaries in this neighbourhood of late,' remarked the inspector sententiously.

'Just so, just so.' This was said a little uneasily.

'Best to warn you in time, sir.'

'O Charley, you naughty, naughty boy!' remarked Miss Brandon under her breath. 'Even I did not know him at first.'

'But if Mr Burglar chooses to pay us a visit, who's to hinder him?' asked the Captain.

The inspector shrugged his shoulders and smiled an inscrutable smile.

'You don't mean to say that they intend to pay us a visit to-night? Come now.'

'Every reason to believe so, Captain.'

'But, confound it! how do you know all this?'

'Secret information. Know many things. Mrs Bowood keeps her jewel-case in top left-hand drawer in her dressing-room. Know that.'

'Bless my heart! How did you find that out?'

'Secret information. Gold chronometer with inscription on it hidden away at the bottom of your writing-desk. Know that.'

'How the'—

'Secret information.'

'O Charley, Charley, you artful darling!'—this *sotto voce* from Miss Brandon.

The Captain looked bewildered, as well he might. 'This is really most wonderful,' he said.

'But about those rascals who, you say, are going to visit us to-night?'

'Give 'em a warm reception, Captain. Leave that to me.'

'Yes, yes. Warm reception. Good. Have some of your men in hiding, eh, Mr Inspector?'

'Half a dozen of 'em, Captain.'

'Just so, just so. And I'll be in hiding too. I've a horse-pistol up-stairs nearly as long as my arm.'

'Shan't need that, sir.'

'No good having a horse-pistol if one doesn't make use of it now and then.'

'Half-a-dozen men—three inside the house, and three out,' remarked the inspector as he wrote down the particulars in his book.

'And I'll make the seventh—don't forget that!' cried the Captain, looking as fierce as some buccaneer of bygone days. 'If there's one among the burglars more savage than the rest, leave him for me to tackle.'

'My poor, dear nunky, if you only knew!' murmured Elsie under her breath.

'Perhaps I had better lend you a pair of these, Captain; they might prove useful in a scuffle,' remarked the inspector as he produced a pair of handcuffs from the tail-pocket of his coat. 'The simplest bracelets in the world. The easiest to get on, and the most difficult to get off—till you know how. Allow me. This is how it's done. What could be more simple?'

Nothing apparently could be more simple, seeing that, before Captain Bowood knew what had happened, he found himself securely handcuffed.

'Ha, ha—just so. Queer sensation—very,' he exclaimed, turning redder in the face than usual. 'But I don't care how soon you take them off, Mr Inspector.'

'No hurry, Captain, no hurry.'

'Confound you! what do you mean by no hurry? What?—But here the Captain came to a sudden stop.

The inspector's black wig and whiskers had vanished, and the laughingly impudent features of his peccant nephew were revealed to his astonished gaze.

'Good-afternoon, my dear uncle. This is the second time to-day that I have had the pleasure of seeing you.' Then he called: 'Elsie, dear!'

'Here I am, Charley,' came in immediate response.

'Come and kiss me.'

'Yes, Charley.' And with that Miss Brandon rose from her chair, and with a slightly heightened colour and the demurest air possible, came down the room and allowed her lover to lightly touch her lips with his. It was a pretty picture.

'What—what! Why—why,' spluttered the Captain. For a little while words seemed to desert him.

'My dear uncle, pray, *pray*, do not allow yourself to get quite so red in the face; at your time of life you really alarm me.'

'You—you vile young jackanapes! You—you cockatrice!—And you, miss, you shall smart for this. I'll—I'll—Oh!'

'Patience, good uncle; prithee, patience.'

'Patience! O for a good horsewhip!'

'When I called upon you this morning, sir,' resumed Charles the imperturbable, 'I left unsaid the most important part of that which I had come to say; it therefore became needful that I should see you again.'

'O for a horsewhip! Are you going to take these things off me, or are you not?'

'The object of my second visit, sir, is to inform you that Miss Brandon and I are engaged to be married, and to beg of you to give us your consent and blessing, and make two simple young creatures happy.'

'Handcuffed like a common poacher on his way to jail! Oh, when once I get free!'

'We have made up our minds to get married; haven't we, Elsie?'

'We have—or else to die together,' replied Miss Brandon, as she struck a little tragic attitude.

'Think over what I have said, my dear uncle and accord us your consent.'

'Or our deaths will lie at your door.'

'Every night as the clock struck twelve, you would see us by your side.'

'You would never more enjoy your rum-and-water and your pipe.'

'I should tickle your ear with a ghostly feather, and wake you in the middle of your first sleep.'

'I shall go crazy—crazy!' spluttered the Captain. He would have stamped his foot, only he was afraid of the gout.

'Not quite, sir, I hope,' replied young Summers, with a sudden change of manner; and next moment, and without any action of his own in the matter, the Captain found himself a free man. The first thing he did was to make a sudden grasp at his cane; but Elsie was too quick for him, or it might have fared ill with her sweetheart.

Master Charley laughed. 'I am sorry, my dear uncle, to have to leave you now; but time is pressing. You will not forget what I have said, I feel sure. I shall look for your answer to my request in the course of three or four days; or would you prefer, sir, that I should wait upon you for it in person?'

'If you ever dare to set foot inside my door again, I'll—I'll spiflicate you—yes, sir, spiflicate you!'

'To what a terrible fate you doom me, good my lord!—Come, Elsie, you may as well walk with me through the shrubbery.'

Miss Brandon going up suddenly to Captain Bowood, flung her arms round his neck and kissed him impulsively. 'You dear, crusty, cantankerous, kind-hearted old thing, I can't help loving you!' she cried.

'Go along, you baggage. As bad as he is—every bit. Go along.'

'*Au revoir*, uncle,' said Mr Summers with his most courtly stage bow. 'We shall meet again—at Philippi.'

A moment later, Captain Bowood found himself alone. 'There's impudence!' he exclaimed. 'It's worse than that; it's cheek—downright cheek. Never bamboozled like it before. Handcuffed! What an old nincompoop I must have looked! Good thing Sir Frederick or any of the others didn't see me. I should never have heard the last of it.' With that, the last trace of ill-humour vanished, and he burst into a hearty, sailor-like guffaw. 'Just the sort of trick I should have gloried in when I was a young spark!' He rose from his chair, took his cane in his hand, and limped as far as the window, his gout being rather troublesome this afternoon. 'So, so. There they go, arm in arm. Who would have thought of Don Carlos falling in love with Miss Saucebox?'



But I don't know that he could do better. She's a good girl—a little flighty just now; but that will cure itself by-and-by—and she will have a nice little property when she comes of age. Must pretend to set my face against it, though, and that will be sure to make them fonder of one another. Ha, ha! we old sea-dogs know a thing or two.' And with that the Captain winked confidentially to himself two or three times and went about his business.

When Sir Frederick Pinkerton followed Mrs Bowwood and Mrs Boyd out of the room where the interview had taken place, and left Lady Dimsdale sitting there alone, he quitted the house at once, and sauntered in his usual gingerly fashion through the flower-garden to an unfrequented part of the grounds known as the Holly Walk, where there was not much likelihood of his being interrupted. Like Lady Dimsdale, he wanted to be alone. Just then, he had much to occupy his thoughts. To and fro he paced the walk slowly and musingly, his hands behind his back, his eyes bent on the ground.

'What tempts me to do this thing?' he asked himself, not once, but several times. 'That I dislike the man is quite certain; why, then, take upon myself to interfere between this woman and him? Certainly I have nothing to thank Oscar Boyd for; why, then, mix myself up in a matter that concerns me no more than it concerns the man in the moon? If he had not appeared on the scene just when he did, I might perhaps have won Lady Dimsdale for my wife. But now? Too late—too late! Even when he and this woman shall have gone their way, he will live in my lady's memory, never probably to be forgotten. He is her hero of romance. That he made love to her in years gone by, when they were young together, there is little doubt; that he made love to her again this morning, and met with no such rebuff as I did, seems equally clear; and though she knows now that he can never become her husband, yet she on her side will never forget him. In what way, then, am I called upon to interfere in his affairs? Should I not be a fool for my pains? And yet to let that woman claim him as her own, when a word from me would—No! *Noblesse oblige*. What should I think of myself in years to come, if I were to permit this man's life to be blasted by so cruel a fraud? The thought would hardly be a pleasant one on one's deathbed.' He shrugged his shoulders, and went on slowly pacing the Holly Walk. At length he raised his head and said half aloud: 'I will do it, and at once; but it shall be on my own conditions, Lady Dimsdale—on my own conditions.'

There was a gardener at work some distance away. He called the man to him, and sent him with a message to the house. Ten minutes later, Lady Dimsdale entered the Holly Walk.

Sir Frederick approached her with one of his most elaborate bows.

'You wish to see me, Sir Frederick?' she said inquiringly, but a little doubtfully. She hoped that he was not about to re-open the subject that had been discussed between them earlier in the day.

'I have taken the liberty of asking you to favour me with your company for a few minutes

—here, where we shall be safe from interruption. The matter I am desirous of consulting you upon admits of no delay.'

She bowed, but said nothing. His words reassured her on one point, while filling her with a vague uneasiness. The sunshade she held over her head was lined with pink; it served its purpose in preventing the Baronet from detecting how pale and wan was the face under it.

They began to pace the walk slowly side by side.

'Equally with others, Lady Dimsdale, you are aware that, by a strange turn of fortune, Mr Boyd's wife, whom he believed to have been dead for several years, has this morning reappeared?'

'You were in the parlour, Sir Frederick, when I was introduced to Mrs Boyd only half an hour ago.' She answered him coldly and composedly enough; but he could not tell how her heart was beating.

'Strangely enough, I happened to be in New Orleans about the time of Mr Boyd's marriage, and I know more about the facts of that unhappy affair than he has probably told to any one in England. It is enough to say that the reappearance of this woman is the greatest misfortune that could have happened to him. Oscar Boyd was a miserable man before he parted from her—he will be ten times more miserable in years to come.'

'You have not asked me to meet you here, Sir Frederick, in order to tell me this?'

'This, and something more, Lady Dimsdale. Listen!' He laid one finger lightly on the sleeve of his companion's dress, as if to emphasise her attention. 'I happen to be acquainted with a certain secret—it matters not how it came into my possession—the telling of which—and it could be told in half-a-dozen words—would relieve Mr Boyd of this woman at once and for ever, would make a free man of him, as free to marry as in those old days when he used to haunt that vicarage garden which I too remember so well!'

Lady Dimsdale stopped in her walk and stared at him with wide-open eyes. 'You—possess—a secret that could do all this!'

'I have stated no more than the simple truth.'

'Then Mr Boyd is not this woman's husband?'

The question burst from her lips swiftly, impetuously. Next moment her eyes fell and a tell-tale blush suffused her cheeks. But here again the pink-lined sunshade came to her rescue.

'Mr Boyd is the husband of no other woman,' answered the Baronet drily.

'With what object have you made me the recipient of this confidence, Sir Frederick?'

'That I will presently explain. You are probably aware that Mr Boyd leaves for London by the next train?'

Lady Dimsdale bowed.

'So that if my information is to be made available at all, no time must be lost.'

'I still fail to see why— But that does not matter. As you say, there is no time to lose. You will send for Mr Boyd at once, Sir Frederick. You are a generous-minded man, and you will not fail to reveal to him a secret which so nearly affects the happiness of his life.' She spoke to him appealingly, almost imploringly.

He smiled a coldly disagreeable smile. 'Pardon me, Lady Dimsdale, but generosity is one of

those virtues which I have never greatly cared to cultivate. Had I endeavoured to do so, the soil would probably have proved barren, and the results not worth the trouble. In any case, I have never tried. I am a man of the world, that, and nothing more.'

'But this secret, Sir Frederick—as between man and man, as between one gentleman and another—you will not keep it to yourself? You will not. No! I cannot believe that of you.'

He lifted his hat for a moment. 'Lady Dimsdale flatters me.' Then he glanced at his watch. 'Later even than I thought. This question must be decided at once, or not at all. Lady Dimsdale, I am willing to reveal my secret to Mr Boyd on one condition—and on one only.'

For a moment she hesitated, being still utterly at a loss to imagine why the Baronet had taken her so strangely into his confidence. Then she said: 'May I ask what the condition in question is, Sir Frederick?'

'It was to tell it to you that I asked you to favour me with your presence here. Lady Dimsdale, my one condition is this: That when this man—this Mr Oscar Boyd—shall be free to marry again, as he certainly will be when my secret becomes known to him—you shall never consent to become his wife, and that you shall never reveal to him the reason why you decline to do so.'

'Oh! This to me! Sir Frederick Pinkerton, you have no right to assume— Nothing, nothing can justify this language!'

He thought he had never seen her look so beautiful as she looked at that moment, with flashing eyes, heaving bosom, and burning cheeks.

He bowed and spread out his hands deprecatingly. 'Pardon me, but I have assumed nothing—nothing whatever. I have specified a certain condition as the price of my secret. Call that condition a whim—the whim of an eccentric elderly gentleman, who, having no wife to keep him within the narrow grooves of common-sense, originates many strange ideas at times. Call it by what name you will, Lady Dimsdale, it still remains what it was. To apply a big word to a very small affair—you have heard my ultimatum.' He glanced at his watch again. 'I shall be in the library for the next quarter of an hour. One word from you—Yes or No—and I shall know how to act. On that one word hangs the future of your friend, Mr Oscar Boyd.' He saluted her with one of his most ceremonious bows, and then turned and walked slowly away.

There was a garden-seat close by, and to this Lady Dimsdale made her way. She was torn by conflicting emotions. Indignation, grief, wonder, curiosity, each and all held possession of her. 'Was ever a woman forced into such a cruel position before?' she asked herself. 'What can this secret be? Is that woman not his wife? Yet Oscar recognised her as such the moment he set eyes on her. Can it be possible that she had a husband living when he married her, and that Sir Frederick is aware of the fact? It is all a mystery. Oh, how cruel, how cruel of Sir Frederick to force me into this position! What right has he to assume that even if Oscar were free to-morrow, he would— And yet— Oh, it is hard—hard! Why has this task been laid

upon me? He will be free, and yet he must never know by what means. But whose happiness ought I to think of first—his or my own? His—a thousand times his! There is but one answer possible, and Sir Frederick knows it. He understands a woman's heart. I must decide at once—now. There is not a moment to lose. But one answer.' Her eyes were dry, although her heart was full of anguish. Tears would find their way later on.

She quitted her seat, and near the end of the walk she found the same gardener that the Baronet had made use of. She beckoned the man to her, and as she slipped a coin into his hand, said to him: 'Go to Sir Frederick Pinkerton, whom you will find in the library, and say to him that Lady Dimsdale's answer is "Yes."'

The man scratched his head and stared at her open-mouthed; so, for safety's sake, she gave him the message a second time. Then he seemed to comprehend, and touching his cap, set off at a rapid pace in the direction of the house.

Lady Dimsdale took the same way slowly, immersed in bitter thoughts. 'Farewell, Oscar, farewell!' her heart kept repeating to itself. 'Not even when you are free, must you ever learn the truth.'

Meanwhile, Mrs Boyd, after lunching heartily with kind, chatty Mrs Bowood to keep her company, and after arranging her toilet, had gone back to the room in which her husband had left her, and from which he had forbidden her to stir till his return. She was somewhat surprised not to find him there, but quite content to wait till he should think it well to appear. There was a comfortable-looking couch in the room; and after a hearty luncheon on a warm day, forty winks seem to follow as a natural corollary; at least that was Estelle's view of the present state of affairs. But before settling down among the soft cushions of the couch, she went up to the glass over the chimney-piece, and taking a tiny box from her pocket, opened it, and, with the swan's-down puff which she found therein, just dashed her cheeks with the faintest possible *soupeon* of Circassian Bloom, and then half rubbed it off with her handkerchief.

'A couple of glasses of champagne would have saved me the need of doing this; but your cold thin claret has neither soul nor fire in it,' she remarked to herself. 'How comfortable these English country-houses are. I should like to stay here for a month. Only the people are so very good and, oh! so very stupid, that I know I should tire of them in a day or two, and say or do something that would make them fling up their hands in horror.' She yawned, gave a last glance at herself, and then went and sat down on the couch. As she was re-arranging the pillows, she found a handkerchief under one of them. She pounced on it in a moment. In one corner was a monogram. She read the letters, 'L. D.,' aloud. 'My Lady Dimsdale's, without a doubt,' she said. 'Damp, too. She has been crying for the loss of her darling Oscar.' She dropped the handkerchief with a sneer and set her foot on it. 'How sweet it is to have one's rival under one's feet—sweeter still, when you know that she loves him and you don't! Lady Dimsdale will hardly care to let Monsieur Oscar

kiss her again. He is going away on a long journey with his wife—with his wife, ha, ha! Fools! If they only knew!' The echo of her harsh, unwomanly laugh had scarcely died away, when the door opened, and the man of whom she had been speaking stood before her.

After bidding farewell to Lady Dimsdale, Mr Boyd had plunged at once into a lonely part of the grounds, where he would be able to recover himself in some measure, unseen by any one. Of a truth, he was very wretched. It seemed almost impossible to believe that one short hour—nay, even far less than that—should have sufficed to plunge him from the heights of felicity into the lowest depths of misery. Yet, so it was; and thus, alas, it is but too often in this world of unstable things. But the necessity for action was imminent upon him; there would be time enough hereafter for thinking and suffering. A few minutes sufficed to enable him to lock down his feelings beyond the guess or ken of others, and then he went in search of Captain Bowood. He found his host and Mrs Bowood together. The latter was telling her husband all about her recent interview with Mrs Boyd. The mistress of Rosemount had never had a bird of such strange plumage under her roof before, and had rarely been so puzzled as she was to-day. That this woman was a lady, Mrs Bowood's instincts declined to let her believe; but the fact that she was Mr Boyd's wife seemed to prove that she must be something better than an adventuress. The one certain fact was, that she was a guest at Rosemount, and as such must be made welcome.

When Mr Boyd entered the room, Mrs Bowood was at once struck by the change in his appearance. She felt instinctively that some great calamity had overtaken this man, and her motherly heart was touched. Accordingly, when Mr Boyd intimated to her and the Captain that it was imperatively necessary that he and his wife should start for London by the five o'clock train, she gave expression to her regret that such a necessity should have arisen, but otherwise offered no opposition to the proposed step, as, under ordinary circumstances, she would have been sure to do. In matters such as these, the Captain always followed his wife's lead. Five minutes later, Oscar Boyd went in search of his wife.

#### IN ST PETER'S.

To have spent a winter in Rome is so common an experience for English people, that it seems as if there were nothing new to be said about it, nothing out of the ordinary routine to be done during its course. We all know we must lodge in or near the Piazza di Spagna; must make the round of the studios; drive on the Pincio; go to the Trinità to hear the nuns sing; have an audience of the Holy Father; drink the Trevi water; muse in the Colosseum; wander with delighted bewilderment through the sculpture-galleries of the Vatican; explore the ruins on the Palatine; get tickets for the *Cercola Artistica*; attend Sunday vespers at St Peter's; and tire ourselves to death amongst the three hundred and odd churches, each one with some special attraction, which forbids us to slight it. These

things are amongst the unwritten laws of travel; English, Americans, and Germans are impelled alike by a curious instinct of duty to carry them out to the letter. In so doing, they jostle one another perpetually, see over and over again the same faces, hear the same remarks, and alas! find only the same ideas. But notwithstanding this, there are yet undiscovered corners in the old city, and many quaint ceremonies are unknown to or overlooked by the *forestieri*. An account of some of these latter may perhaps be found interesting.

A few winters ago, we learned, through the politeness of a cardinal's secretary, that certain services well worth attending would take place in St Peter's, commencing at about half-past seven on the mornings of the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in Holy-week. These were the consecration of the chrism used in baptism and the oil for extreme unction, the commemoration of the death and passion of our Lord, and the kindling of the fire for lighting the lamps extinguished on Holy-Thursday. As no public notice is given of the hours of these ceremonies, we were glad of the information.

The 'functions' formerly conducted in the Sistine Chapel were transferred some years ago to the *Capello Papale*, which is in St Peter's, the third chapel on the left-hand side of the nave. It is extremely small and inconvenient, being almost entirely taken up with stalls for the cardinals, bishops, canons, and vicars lay and choral. The pope's own choir always sing here, but are assembled in full strength only on festivals; then, however, their exquisite unaccompanied singing is well worth hearing, and in the year of which we speak, the soprani and alti were specially good. On Holy-Thursday there is scarcely any cessation of worship in the great church all day; and at 7.30 A.M. we are barely in time to watch the assembling of the functionaries who are to assist at the ceremony of the consecration of the oil. The chrism used in baptism is composed of balsam and oil; and this and the oil for holy unction are considered extremely precious; bishops and other dignitaries journey long distances to procure it, and convey it to their respective dioceses and benefices. Their appearance adds not a little to the effect of the usual assemblage of canons of St Peter's, for their vestments are much more varied in colour; the canons wearing always violet silk robes, and gray or white fur capes when not officiating; and their soft hue makes an excellent background for the brilliant scarlet trains of the cardinals, two of whom are lighting up the corner stalls with their crimson magnificence.

A number of seats take up the space in the middle of the chapel, and are arranged in a square, having a table in the centre. The choir presently commence singing a Latin hymn, and a glittering procession of canons and heads of orders enters; they take their places in the square; the chalices with the oil and the balsam of the chrism are placed on the table, and the officiating cardinal begins the ceremony. He is an exceedingly handsome man, very tall, with clearly cut features, and walks in a magnificent fashion; his great white silk cope, stiff with its embroidery of gold,

silver, and precious stones, seems no encumbrance to him, and he looks a fitting president for this august meeting. The cardinal blesses the first of the chalices presented to him, saying the words of benediction in clear distinct tones, the singing meanwhile continuing softly while he lays his hands on all the cups placed before him. Then the choir cease, and each cardinal, bishop, priest, and canon kneels in turn before the table, saying three times, 'Ave sancta chrisma.' The sounds of the different voices in which the words are said, as their various old, young, short, tall, fat, or thin owners pronounce them, have a somewhat odd effect, and it is a relief when the lovely singing is resumed, while the cardinal's clear tones pronounce blessings on the oil for extreme unction. After this, the same ceremony is repeated, except that the words three times said are, 'Ave sanctum oleum.' As there are at least one hundred and thirty persons to perform this act of devotion, the service becomes a little tedious; and if it were not for the novelty, the exquisite singing, and the wonderful effects of light and colour in the glowing morning atmosphere, we should not have been surprised at the absence of our compatriots; but there is a sense of freshness and strangeness in the service which makes us wonder the chapel is not crowded. The small congregation consists of flower-sellers, women in black veils—who always belong to the middle classes—beggars, and shopkeepers from the long street leading to St Peter's. The magnificent gathering of officiating priests makes the smallness of the attendance more noticeable.

After the consecration service, a mass is celebrated, and during the *Gloria in excelsis*, the bells are rung for the last time till Saturday.

No mass is sung on Good-Friday; therefore, two hosts are consecrated on Holy-Thursday, one of which is placed in a magnificent jewelled pyx, and carried in procession to a niche beneath an altar in a side-chapel; the beautiful hymn, *Pange lingua*, being sung the while. The niche is called a 'sepulchre,' and is covered with gold and silver ornaments, and glitters with candles. All coverings are removed from the altars, and all lights put out on this day, the next ceremony to the mass being that of stripping and washing the high-altar. The bare marble of the great table is exposed, and those who have taken part in the earlier 'functions,' walk in procession, and stand in a circle round it; acolytes carrying purple glass bottles pour on it something that smells like vinegar; and each dignitary, being provided with a tiny brush made of curled shavings, goes in turn to sweep the surface, places his brush on a tray, takes a sponge, with which he rubs the marble, and finally replaces that by a napkin, with which it is dried. By this time the morning is well on; the worshippers and onlookers in the great church are many; but there is no crowding or pushing. As the space is so vast, that all who wish can see, a few of the functionaries who keep order are quite enough to make things go easily.

At all these services, we are much impressed by the extreme ease with which everything is conducted. There is a 'master of ceremonies,' and he, one fancies, must have held rehearsals; for from the officiating cardinal to the smallest acolyte, no one ever moves at the wrong time, or steps into the wrong place; yet the marching

and counter-marching, the handing, giving, placing, taking, involved in such an elaborate ceremonial must require nice and careful arrangement and extreme foresight. The dresses of the priests who assist at these functions are violet cassocks, and very short surplices edged with lace, plaited into folds of minute patterns, involving laundry-work of no mean description. Other priests, and all bishops and monsignors, wear the same coloured cassocks, but with the addition of red pipings on cuffs and collars and fronts.

The function of the 'washing of the altar' being ended, there is a pause; and one cannot but imagine that the cardinal retires to the great sacristy with a feeling of relief that the pageant is over for the time. The procession winds away to the left, and disappears through the gray marble doors of the sacristy; and we go home to lunch, feeling as if we had been spending a morning with our ancestors of three centuries back. The doings of the last four or five hours do not seem to agree with the appearance of the Via Babuino as our old coachman rattles us up to the door of our lodgings.

In the afternoon, we are again in St Peter's; this time, to find it almost crowded. At three, the 'holy relics' are exposed. These are—the handkerchief given by St Veronica to the Saviour as He passed on His way to the cross, and on which there is said to be the impression of His face; the lance with which His side was pierced; the head of St Andrew; and a portion of the true cross. They are presented to the public gaze from a balcony at an immense height, on one of the four great buttresses which support the dome. There is a rattle of small drums, and priests with white vestments appear on the balcony, holding up certain magnificent jewelled caskets of different shapes, amidst the dazzling settings of which it is quite impossible to recognise any object in particular. The kneeling throng, the vast dim church, the clouds of incense, the roll of drums, the sudden appearance of the glittering figures on the balcony, their disappearance, followed by the noise of the crowds as they quickly move and talk, after the dead silence during the exposure of the objects of veneration, combine to make this a most striking and impressive scene. Then, in the Capello Papale, follows the service of the Tenebre, as it is called, with the singing of the Lamentations and the Miserere. The quietness of the now densely packed crowd, the soft music, and the glimmer of the few lights left in the dim chapel, strike one with a novel effect, after the somewhat careless and florid services usually conducted here.

Emerging thence, the vast space of the cathedral looks larger than ever in the twilight, and the brilliant line of lights round the shrine of St Peter seem to glitter with double lustre; these, however, with all others, are soon extinguished, and the great basilica remains in darkness with covered crucifixes and stripped altars till Saturday morning. The 'crowd' as it seemed within the small chapel, appears nothing outside, and one by one the listeners disappear through the heavy leathern curtain that screens the door, finding by contrast the great piazza a scene of brilliant light, but quiet with what seems a strange stillness in the midst of a crowded city.

On Good-Friday morning we are again in the Pope's Chapel at half-past seven, and are in time to see the canons take their places in the stalls. Three priests, habited only in black cassock, and close surplice with no lace edging, advance to the altar and begin the service. The first part of this consists simply of a reading in Latin of the whole of the chapters from the gospel of St John which relate to the passion. The priests take different parts: one reads most beautifully the narrative; another speaks the words uttered by our Saviour; the third, those used by Pilate; and the choir repeat the words of the populace. It is startling in its simplicity, but wonderfully dramatic; the dignified remonstrances of Pilate, and the clear elocution of the reader of the history, making up an impressive service, not the least part of its strangeness consisting in the fact of there being no congregation; not a dozen persons besides the priests and canons are present in the chapel. This ended, the officiating bishop, who is clothed in purple vestments embroidered with gold, kneels in prayer before the altar, while the priests prostrate themselves. The bishop then rises; and the choir chant softly in a minor key while he takes the crucifix from the altar, uncovers it, and holds it up to the people. In the afternoon, the relics are exposed, Lamentations and Miserere sung after Tenebræ, as on the preceding days; but the church is dark, bare, and silent.

The gloom of Friday is forgotten in the brilliant sunshine of Saturday morning, and we feel inspired with the freshness and life of a new day, as we once more gain the great steps leading to the basilica, watch the rainbow on the fountains, and the dancing lights in the waters of the large basins in the piazza. The obelisk in the centre is tipped with red gold, and the clear blue sky makes the figures on the *loggia* and colonnades stand out with lifelike distinctness. This morning we are called to join in an unquestionable, festival, the early ceremonial of rekindling the lights being one of the most cheerful 'functions' in which it is possible to participate.

This service commences outside the cathedral; and ascending the steps to the *loggia* or porch, we find it already occupied by an imposing array of priests and bishops. The handsome cardinal again officiates; he is seated with his back to the piazza, just within the pillars of the porch, and facing the brazen centre-doors of the church. In front of him is an enormous brasier, in which burns a bright fire of coals, branches, and leaves, which has been lighted by a spark struck from a flint outside the church. He wears magnificent purple and gold vestments; his finely embroidered cope and jewelled mitre glitter in the sun. Around him are acolytes, some of whom tend the fire, while others carry censers; priests, canons, and bishops all gorgeously appared, and performing their parts in the service with the usual precision and alacrity. Two priests stand with their backs to the great bronze doors; one bearing a massive gold cross, the other holding a bamboo with a transverse bar on the top, and on this are three candles. After some chanting, the cardinal rises; and an acolyte fills a censer with live coals from the brasier, and brings it for benediction; another presents five

large cones of incense covered with gold; these are also blessed and sprinkled with holy-water; then incense is put on the hot ashes in the censer; and as the smoke ascends, the great bronze doors, so rarely unclosed, are thrown open, and the procession enters the cathedral. The effect is strangely beautiful. The lovely early morning light and sunshine, the great building empty of living thing, the gorgeous procession throwing a line of brilliant colour into the dim soft mist of the nave, the choir chanting as the priests walk, their voices echoing in the great space—all form a combination which must touch the least impressionable spectator, and which cannot but be photographed on the memory to its smallest detail. At the door, there is a pause while one of the candles on the bamboo is lighted; a second flame is kindled in the nave, and the third at the altar in the choir chapel. Thence, light is immediately sent to the other churches in Rome, where also darkness has reigned since Thursday afternoon.

A venerable canon now ascends a platform, and from a very high desk reads some chapters, recites prayers, and then lights the great Easter candle which stands beside him. This is a huge pillar of wax, decorated with beautifully painted wreaths of flowers, and is placed in a magnificent silver candlestick. He takes the five cones of incense which the cardinal had blessed in the porch, and fixes them on the candle in the form of a cross. During his reading, the candles and lamps all over the church are relighted, and when it is over, all who formed the procession, bearing bouquets of lovely flowers, and small brushes like those used on Holy-Thursday, march to the baptistery, where the cardinal blesses the font, pours on the water in the huge basin chrism and oil, and sprinkles water to the four points of the compass—typifying the quarters of the globe.

On the return of the procession to the choir chapel, the cardinal and others prostrate themselves before the altar while some beautiful litanies are chanted. Then follows a pause, during which the priests retire to the sacristy to take off their embroidered vestments. They return wearing only surplices edged with handsome lace over their cassocks. The cardinal has a plain cope of white silk and gold.

After this, is the mass; and at the *Gloria* the bells ring out a grand peal, all pictures are uncovered, and the organ is played for the first time during many days. The great church resumes its wonted cheerful aspect, and light and colour hold again their places.

The afternoon ceremonies consist only of a procession of the cardinal to worship at special altars, the display of the holy relics, and the singing of a fine *Alleluia* and psalm, instead of the usual vespers.

Some pause is needed, one feels, before the cathedral is filled by the crowds who attend the Easter-Sunday mass; for no greater contrast can be imagined than that between the scenes of the quiet morning functions, with the numerous priests and few people, the stillness and peace of the hours we have been describing, and those enacted by the thronging crowds of foreign sight-seers at the great festivals, who, pushing, gesticulating, standing on tiptoe, and asking irrelevant questions in audible voices, seem to look on these



sacred services as spectacles devised for their gratification, rather than as expressions of the worship of a large section of their fellow-creatures; thus exemplifying the rapidity with which ignorance becomes irreverence.

#### AMONG THE ADVERTISERS AGAIN.

CAN it ever be said that there is nothing in the papers, when advertisers are always to the fore, providing matter for admiration, wonder, amusement, or speculation? One day a gentleman announces the loss of his heart between the stalls and boxes of the Haymarket Theatre; the next, we have 'R. N.' telling 'Dearest E.'—'If you have the slightest inclination to become first-mate on board the screw-steamer, say so, and I will ask papa;' and by-and-by we are trying to guess how the necessity arose for the following: 'St James's Theatre, Friday.—The Gentleman to whom a Lady offered her hand, apologises for not being able to take it.'

Does any one want two thousand pounds? That nice little sum is to be obtained by merely introducing a certain New-Yorker to 'the Pontess;' or if he or she be dead, to his or her heirs. 'There is a doubt whether the cognomen was, or is, borne by a woman, a man, or a child; if by the last, it must have been born prior to the spring of 1873.' If the Pontess-seeker fails in his quest from not knowing exactly what it is that he wants, an advertiser in the *Times* is likely to have the same fortune from knowing, and letting those interested know, exactly what it is that he does not want. Needing the services of a married pair as coachman and cook, this outspoken gentleman stipulates that the latter must not grumble at her mistress being her own housekeeper; nor expect fat joints to be ordered to swell her perquisites; nor be imbued with the idea that because plenty may be around, she is bound to swell the tradesmen's bills by as much waste as possible. 'No couple need apply that expect the work to be put out, are fond of change, or who dictate to their employers how much company may be kept.'

When two of a trade fall out, they are apt to disclose secrets which it were wiser to keep to themselves. Disgusted by the success of a rival whose advertising boards bore the representation of a venerable man sitting cross-legged at his work, a San Francisco tailor advertised: 'Don't be humbugged by hoary-headed patriarchs who picture themselves cross-legged, and advertise pants made to order, three, four, and five dollars a pair. Do you know how it's done? When you go into one of these stores that cover up their shop-windows with sample lengths of cassimere, marked "Pants to order, three dollars fifty cents and four dollars;" after you have made a selection of the piece of cloth you want your pants made from, the pompous individual who is chief engineer of the big tailor shears, lays them softly on the smoothest part of his cutting-table, unrolls his tape-line, and proceeds to measure his victim all over the body. The several measurements are, all carefully entered in a book by the other humbug. The customer is then told that his pants will be finished in about twenty-four or thirty-six hours; all depends upon how long it takes to shrink the cloth. That's the end of the first act. Part

second.—The customer no sooner leaves the store than the merchant-tailor calls his shopboy Jim, and sends him around to some wholesale jobber, and says: "Get me a pair of pants, pattern thirty-six," which is the shoddy imitation of the piece of cassimere that your pants are to be made of. "Get thirty-four round the waist, and thirty-three in the leg." They are pulled out of a pile of a hundred pairs just like them, made by Chinese cheap labour. All the carefully made measurements and other claptrap are the bait on the hook. That's the way it's done.'

Traders sometimes give themselves away, as Americans say, innocently enough, a Paris grocer advertising Madeira at two francs, Old Madeira at three francs, and genuine Madeira at ten francs, a bottle. A Bordeaux wine-merchant, after stating the price per cask and bottle of 'the most varied and superior growths of Bordeaux and Burgundy,' concludes by announcing that he has also a stock of natural wine to be sold by private treaty. A sacrificing draper funnily tempts ladies to rid him of three hundred baptiste robes by averring 'they will not last over two days;' and the proprietor of somebody's Methuselah Pills can give them no higher praise than, 'Thousands have taken them, and are living still.'

When continental advertisers, bent upon lightening British purses, rashly adventure to attack Englishmen in their own tongue, the result is often disastrously comical. The proprietor of a 'milk-cure' establishment in Aix-la-Chapelle, 'founded before twenty years of orders from the magistrat,' boasts that his quality of 'Suisse and his experiences causes him to deliver a milk pure and nutritive, obtained by sounds cow's and by a natural forage.' One Parisian hosier informs his hoped-for patrons he possesses patent machinery for cutting 'sirths'—Franco-English, we presume, for shirts. Another proclaims his resolve to sell his wares dirty cheap; and a dealer in butter, eggs, and cheeses, whose 'produces' arrive every day 'from the farms of the establishment without intermedial,' requests would-be customers to send orders by unpaid letters, as 'the house does not recognise any traveller.' A Hamburg firm notifies that their 'universal binocle of field is also preferable for the use in the field, like in the theatre, and had to the last degree of perfection concerning to rigourousness and pureness of the glass;' while they are ready to supply all comers with 'A Glass of Field for the Marine, 52ctm objectiv opening in extra shout lac-leather étui and strap, at sh 35s 6d.' This is a specimen of their 'English young man's' powers of composition that would justify the enterprising opticians in imitating the Frenchman whose shop-window was graced with a placard, bearing the strange device, 'English spoken here a few.'

An Italian, speaking French well and a little English, with whom 'wage is no object,' advertising in a London paper for an engagement as an indoor servant, puts down his height as 'fifty-seven feet seven.' But he manages his little English to better purpose than his countryman of Milan, who offers the bestest comforts to travellers, at his hotel, which he describes as 'situated in the centre of an immense park, with most magnificent views of the Alp chain, and an English church

residing in the hotel'—the latter being furthermore provided with 'baths of mineral waters in elegant private cabins and shower rooms, and two basins for bathin'; one for gentlemen, the other for ladies;' while it contains a hundred and fifty rooms, 'all exposed to the south-west dining-groom.'

Such an exposure might well cause the Milanese host's visitors to become 'persons dependent upon the headache, or who have copious perspirations,' whom a M. Lejeune invites 'to come and visit without buying his new fabrication,' with the chance of meeting 'the hat-makers, who endeavour by caoutchouc, gummed linen and others, to prevent hats from becoming dirt;' eager to hear the inventor of the new fabrication demonstrate 'how much all those preparations are injurious, and excite, on contrary, to perspiration.' Equally anxious to attract British custom is a doctor-dentist who, 'after many years consecrated to serious experiences, has perfected the laying of artificial teeth by wholly new proceedings. He makes himself most difficultly works; it is the best guaranty, and, thanks to his peculiar proceeding, his work joins to elegance, solidity, and duration.' Considering all things, our doctor-dentist's derangement of sentences is quite as commendable as that of the Belfast gentleman desirous of letting 'the House at present occupied, and since erected by J. H—, Esq.:' who might pair off with the worthy responsible for—'To be sold, *six* cows—No. 1, a beautiful cow, calved eight days, with splendid calf at foot, a good milker; No. 2, a cow to calve in about fourteen days, and great promise. The *other two* cows are calved about twenty-one days, and *will speak for themselves.*'

By a fortuitous concurrence of antagonistic lines, the *Times* one morning gave mothers the startling information that

JOSEPH GILLOT'S STEEL PENS  
THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS  
IS PREPARED SOLELY BY  
SAVORY AND MOORE

—a hint as likely to be taken as that of a public benefactor who announced in the *Standard*: 'Incredible as it may seem, I have ground to hope that half a glass of cold water, taken immediately after every meal, will be found to be the divinely appointed antidote for every kind of medicine.'

Another benevolent individual kindly tells us how to make coffee:

Placed in the parted straining-top let stand  
The moistened coffee, till the grain expand,  
Before the fire; then boiling water pour,  
And quaff the nectar of the Indian shore.

But he is not quite so generous as he seems, since he is careful to inform us he is in possession of an equally excellent recipe for bringing out the flavour of tea, which he will forward for five shillings-worth of stamps. Urged by an equally uncontrollable desire to serve his fellow-creatures, a 'magister in palmystery and conditionalist' offers, with the aid of guardian spirits, to obtain for any one a glimpse at the past and present; and, on certain conditions, of the future; but with less wisdom than a magister of palmystery

should display, he winds up with the prosaic notification, 'Boots and shoes made to order.'

The wants of the majority of advertisers are intelligible enough; but it needs some special knowledge to understand what may be meant by the good people who hanker for a portable mechanic, an efficient handwriter, a peerless feeder, a first-class ventilator on human hair-nets, a practical cutter by measure on ladies' waists, a youth used to wriggling, and a boy to kick Gordon. Nor is the position required by a respectable young lady as 'figure in a large establishment,' altogether clear to our mind; and we may be doing injustice to the newspaper proprietor requiring 'a sporting compositor,' by inferring he wants a man clever alike at 'tips' and types.

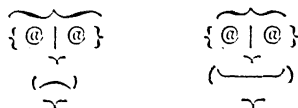
It does not say much for American theatrical 'combinations,' that the managers of one of them ostentatiously proclaim: 'We pay our salaries regularly every Tuesday; by so doing, we avoid lawsuits, are not compelled to constantly change our people, and always carry our watches in our pockets.' Neither would America appear to be quite such a land of liberty as it is supposed to be, since a gentleman advertises his want of a furnished room where he can have perfect independence; while we have native testimony to our cousins' curiosity in a quiet young lady desiring a handsome furnished apartment 'with non-inquisitive parties;' and a married couple seeking three or four furnished rooms 'for very light housekeeping, where people are not inquisitive.' Can it be the same pair who want a competent Protestant girl 'to take entire charge of a bottled baby?' If so, their anxiety to abide with non-curious folk is easily comprehended.

Very whimsical desires find expression in the advertising columns of the day. A lady of companionable habits, wishing to meet with a lady or gentleman requiring a companion, would prefer to act as such to 'one who, from circumstances, is compelled to lead a retired life.' A stylish and elegant widow, a good singer and musician, possessing energy, business knowledge, and means of her own, ready, 'for the sake of a social home,' to undertake the supervision of a widower's establishment, thinks it well to add, goodness knows why, 'a Radical preferred.' Somebody in search of a middle-aged man willing to travel, stipulates for a misanthrope with bitter experience of the wickedness of mankind; displaying as pleasant a taste as the proprietor of a wonderful discovery for relieving pain and curing disease without medicine, who wants a partner in the shape of a consumptive or asthmatical gentleman.

Your jocular man, lacking an outlet for his wit, will often pay for the privilege of airing his humour in public. Here are a few examples. 'Wanted, a good Liberal candidate for the Kilmarnock Burghs. Several inferior ones given in exchange.'—'Wanted a Thin Man who has been used to collecting debts, to crawl through key-holes and find debtors who are never at home. Salary, nothing the first year; to be doubled each year afterwards.'—'Wanted, Twelve-foot planks at the corners of all the streets in Melbourne, until the Corporation can find some other means of crossing the metropolitan creeks. The planks and the Corporation may be tied up to the lamp-posts in the dry weather.'—'Wanted, a Cultured

Gentleman used to milking goats; a University man preferred.'—'Correspondence is solicited from Bearded Ladies, Circassians, and other female curiosities, who, in return for a true heart and devoted husband, would travel during the summer months, and allow him to take the money at the door.'—'Wanted, a Coachman, the ugliest in the city; he must not, however, have a moustache nor red hair, as those are very taking qualities in certain households at present. As he will not be required to take care of his employer's daughter, and is simply engaged to see to the horses, he will only be allowed twenty dollars per month.'

A great deal might be said about pictorial advertisements, if the impossibility of reproducing them did not stand in the way. As it is, we must content ourselves with showing how an advertisement can be illustrated without the help of draughtsman or engraver. By arranging ordinary printers' types thus :



an ingenious advertising agent presents the public with portraits of the man who does not and the man who does advertise, and says: 'Try it, and see how you will look yourself.'

#### A STRANGE INSTITUTION.

Amongst the oral traditions of the past in Cambridge, there is handed down to the modern undergraduate an account of a secret Society which was established in the university at a remote period of time, and which was called the Lie Society. At the weekly meetings of the members, an ingenious falsehood was fabricated, which frequently referred to some person locally known, and which was probably not altogether free from scandal. It was the duty of all the members to propagate this invented story as much as possible by relating it to every one they met. Each member had to make a note of the altered form in which the lie thus circulated came round to him individually, and these were read out at the next meeting with all the copious additions and changes the story had received passing from one to the other, often to such an extent as to leave but little of the original fabric left. After a time the Society began to languish, and soon after disappeared altogether.

In the dim past, and before the present stringent regulations were made as to examinations in the Senate House, another secret Society was organised, called the Beavers, which was for the purpose of enabling members, when being examined, to help each other by a system of signals. With this view, one of the members of the Beavers was told off by lot to perform various duties assigned to him, such as engaging the attention of the examiners, and giving information as to the papers by preconcerted signs. This Society soon collapsed. To one of its members is credited the ingenious watch-faced Euclid, and the edition of Little-go-classics on sleeve-links.

#### MY HOME IN ANNANDALE REVISITED.

I LEAVE with joy the smoky town,  
As pining captive quits his cell,  
O'er shining sea and purple fell,  
Again to see the sun go down :

As once behind great Penmanmawr,  
A ball of fire, o'er Conway Bay  
He silent hung, then sank away,  
And beauteous shone the evening star.

My village home at length I reach,  
And stand beside my father's door;  
His feet are on its step no more:  
From texts like this, Time loves to preach.

Daylight is dying in the west;  
The leaden night-clouds blot the sky;  
Across the fields, the pewit's cry  
Only makes deeper nature's rest.

The water-wheel stands at the mill,  
The fisher leaves the sandy shore,  
By garden gate and unlatched door  
Lassies and lads are meeting still.

Beside me stand the kirk and manse,  
On this green knoll among the trees;  
The summer burn still croons to these;  
But where are those who loved me once?

Only a sound of breaking waves,  
All through the night, comes from the sea:  
But those who kindly thought of me,  
Are sleeping in these quiet graves.

No sounds of earth can wake the dead!  
I vainly yearn for what hath been:  
The faces I in youth have seen,  
With the lost years away have fled.

The faintest breath that stirs the air  
Will take the dead leaf from the tree;  
Thus, one by one, have gone from me  
Those who my young companions were.

A stranger in my native place,  
Wearing the silver mask of years,  
None meet me now with smiles or tears,  
Or in the man the boy can trace.

My trees cut down, have left the place  
Vacant and silent where they grew:  
From fields and farms, that once I knew,  
I miss each well-remembered face.

This price, returning, I must pay,  
With wandering foot who loved to roam:  
Thrice happy he who finds a home  
And constant friends, when far away.

As relics from a holy shrine,  
Dear names are treasured in my heart;  
Death only for an hour can part;  
And all I loved, will yet be mine.

With blinding tears, I turn away.  
Young hearts round this new life can twine;  
But from my path has passed for aye  
The light and love of auld langsyne.

KIRTLE.

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## HOW LIFE-OFFICES PAY THEIR DEATH-CLAIMS.

THE difficulty and delay in obtaining payment of the sum assured, when death occurred, was at one time urged as an objection against the system of life-assurance; but of late years the percentage of cases in which this objection could hold good has been reduced to a mere fraction, and offices now vie with each other in facilitating prompt and satisfactory settlement. This and other material improvements in the practice of life-assurance which have been recently introduced, have tended to obviate many popular objections, and greatly to increase the number of the assured. While it is sadly true that there are thousands of homes in our country without adequate protection against the suffering and distress which the death of the bread-winner would entail, it is gratifying to find that by means of existing policies a provision has been made to the extent of four hundred and thirty-five millions sterling, for the maintenance and comfort of the widows and orphans of the future, and this amount does not include what is known as industrial business. It is difficult to realise without a strong effort of the imagination what a vast alleviation of the sum of human misery is shadowed forth in the fact just stated. The humble cottage of the artisan, and the stately hall rich with heraldic emblazonry, are alike destined to draw comfort and solace from this beneficent treasury.

We do not propose to give the history of life-assurance, or, at this time of day, to demonstrate the great advantages of the system, but to give some information which may be useful and interesting to the vast brotherhood of persons who have already availed themselves, or who intend to avail themselves, of its benefits. Notwithstanding the vigorous efforts put forth by more than a hundred competing offices to give their terms publicity, there are still men to be found who have very crude ideas of what life-assurance is and does. One man in all seriousness proposed to join one of our Scottish offices, thinking he could draw

half the sum at once, and the other half later on; quaintly remarking: 'What use is the money to me after I am dead?' Another proposer for a policy suggested that in lieu of his annual premiums being paid as they fell due, the office should allow them to remain unpaid, and at his death deduct the sum of the unpaid premiums as a debt from the policy! Life-offices, like men, must, in order to live, find the means of living; and we are afraid that, under present conditions, no means of escape can be afforded to the public from satisfying the necessity under which all assurance offices exist—namely, that of requiring the payment of premiums, and these payments to be made punctually as they fall due.

There was a time when non-payment of the premium on the due date meant forfeiture of all benefit and all past payments; but now these hard conditions have been almost entirely abolished; while certain offices have adopted a plan by which a policy is kept in force automatically, by applying to the payment of premiums the value that would be given on surrender of the policy, so long as the value is sufficient for the purpose. There are many other points in connection with which needless restrictions have been relaxed; but there are certain well-considered regulations which must be rigidly adhered to by every well-managed office. The medical and legal faculties are essential allies of the offices, both at the commencement of the contract and at the close of it. The doctor must examine a proposer, and report on his family and personal history, before he can be admitted to benefit; and when death takes place, the doctor must certify the fact and report the cause. Again, the lawyer may prove a most successful agent for the Company in inducing men to join by advocating the benefits of life-assurance, and has an opportunity, when preparing marriage settlements or making wills, of suggesting a policy of assurance as an excellent subject for settlement or bequest.

During the last few years, the interval between death and the payment of claims has been greatly shortened; and most of the enterprising new

offices have made it a point to offer settlement of the claims arising from death with the least possible delay. This is as it should be; and many of the older and more conservative offices have seen it to be to their advantage to abandon the three or six months' interval which usually had to elapse before payment of the sum assured was made. When we consider what prompt settlement in many cases implies, this acceleration of payment is a movement which will be much appreciated, and, like every other policy of the kind, will eventually benefit those offices adopting it. It is plain that when the assurance money is the chief resource of the bereaved family, early payment by the office is of immense advantage, enabling immediate steps to be taken in some measure to supply the place of the bread-winner; and even in cases where there is other property left, the early—almost immediate—possession of ready-money must be a great boon, often enabling other effects to be disposed of at leisure, and without the loss which frequently attends a forced realisation. We observe, therefore, with satisfaction that a large number of offices now pay the sums assured either on proof of death and title, or, what is practically the same, in a month after proof of death. Not one of the seventeen Scottish offices, for instance, now retains the old style of paying six months after death. Two of the Scottish offices pay on proof of death and title; four, one month after proof of death; two, three months after date of death; and nine, three months after proof of death. Many of the English offices also have within the last few years agreed to pay their claims sooner than heretofore. This acceleration of the payment of claims has long been a desired reform, and will no doubt result in an increased flow of business to those offices which have adopted it.

In order that full advantage may be taken of this concession, co-operation on the part of the assured is needed. For instance, there is one form of 'self-help' which could be practised by all—namely, the production of evidence of age. When proof has not been produced to the office and admitted, there is often delay caused in getting payment. In many cases, there is among the nearest friends an astonishing absence of knowledge as to the place and date of birth of their relatives, and therefore the proper person to clear up such matters is the assured himself. If born in England after July 1, 1837, an extract from the general Registry at Somerset House, London, can be got for a small fee. At Somerset House, there are also preserved the non-parochial registers of baptisms or births kept by various bodies and congregations of Nonconformists prior to the general system of registration which commenced at the above-mentioned date. In Ireland, registration commenced only in 1863. In Scotland, the registers—with the exception of those for the period from January 1, 1820 to January 1, 1855, which are in the possession of the local registrars—are preserved at the Register House in Edinburgh, and an extract can be got on application; or the assurance office can, if requested, take an extract from the register there on payment of one shilling. Seeing that, as a rule, the correct date of birth can easily be certified, every policy-holder should do so without undue delay, and have a marking made by the

office on his policy that 'Age is admitted.' A mistake of a year or two is easily made, and although the deficiency in annual premium may be small, the operation of compound interest, which is so essential a part of the system of life-assurance, causes the accumulation of these little sums to assume sometimes a startling appearance, when it comes to be deducted at settlement from the sum assured; and it is unpleasant for all concerned that such deduction should have to be inflicted. There is not now the fear which is said to have existed in Henry VIII's time, that a government register of births might be used for the purpose of a poll-tax; and as the operation of our registration system goes on, the difficulty in getting proof of age will be reduced to a minimum. When no official proof of age can be produced, offices, as a rule, co-operate with those interested, and admit the age when they have been satisfied that reasonable endeavour has been made to establish the correct date of birth. In all cases, it is evident how desirable it is that the assured should themselves see to this.

When death has occurred—that is, when, technically speaking, the policy has become a claim—intimation should be given to the office at once, which will issue two simple and easily understood forms, one to be filled up and signed by the doctor who attended the deceased in his last illness; and the other by a friend who has known the deceased for some time, and who can certify to his identity. It is, of course, impossible to produce such certificates in cases where men whose lives were assured are drowned or otherwise lost; but after reasonable delay, the offices admit and pay such claims on the best circumstantial proof of death that can be obtained. In ordinary cases, the medical certificate not only vouches for the facts, that such and such a person died at such and such a place on a certain date, but it also states the cause of death, which is of value to the offices, as enabling them to elicit certain facts necessary for future statistical inquiries.

The party who fills up the certificate of identity must be a person of respectability, to whom the deceased was well known, and who is capable of certifying that the deceased is the same person whose life was assured under the policy of assurance which is being claimed upon. It often happens that the assured has changed both his occupation and address since he assured, and of course the office must be certain that they have the right man before paying any claim. Some offices are more particular than others, and require, in addition to the above two certificates, a copy of the entry of death in the register, certified by the registrar for the district.

The forms should be returned as early as possible to the office, so as to be submitted to the directors at their first weekly meeting. The claim is then admitted, and the office intimates on what day payment will be made, provided the title of the party who is to receive the money is in order and produced to the office.

It is not going wholly outside of our present purpose to repeat the oft-given advice, that every one possessed of a policy or other bequeathable property should make a will. In the amusing episode in the *Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, when the will of the landlady of the



*Marquis of Granby* has been discovered in 'the little black teapot on the top shelf of the bar closet,' the elder Weller, who was named sole executor, says to his son: 'I s'pose, Samivel, as it's all right and satisfactory to you and me, as is the only parties interested, ye may as vell put this bit o' paper [the will] in the fire.' Knowledge is now too generally diffused to endanger the safe custody of so important a document; but the public require to be reminded of the necessity of preserving all deeds (if any) by which policies have been assigned and re-assigned, as these will be called for by the office, before any payment is made. Between the dates of admission of claim and time of payment, some form of title must be produced, with the view of enabling the Company to prepare the form of discharge to be signed by the persons entitled to receive the money. The discharges are adjusted by the Companies free of expense to claimants, except in the case of insufficient or complicated titles, where special legal assistance is necessary.\*

No more popular argument in favour of life-assurance could be given than the manner in which our Companies discharge their obligations. Every year, more than ten million pounds sterling are dispensed throughout the land from these beneficent institutions to sorrowing widows in their time of need, and to helpless children bereaved of a father's care, whose love thus found a way to provide for them when he was called away.

## BY MEAD AND STREAM.

### CHAPTER XI.—'STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.'

THAT was the best news Martin Wrentham had heard for a long time. Gribble & Co. were commission agents, and undertook any kind of business which promised a profit. Shipping, stocks, landed estates and house property; cargoes of wine, of tea, and of wool, were all equally welcome to the best attention of Gribble & Co. Mr Wrentham was the sole partner and representative of this impartial firm. There never had been a Gribble or a Co.; but there was a highly respectable and old established firm known as Gribble, Hastings, & Co., who had nothing to do with the house in Golden Alley. There were, however, people in the colonies and on the continent who made mistakes, and entered into business relations with Mr Wrentham under the impression that they were dealing with the firm whose designation was so nearly the same as the one under which he traded.

The mistake was of course discovered by some, and rectified as soon as possible; but still there were others who continued to blunder, and Wrentham appeared to prosper. There were envious City men who said that he made more out of the betting ring than out of his professed business; and he certainly was well known in sporting circles. He frequently had the 'straight

tip' for the Derby, the Oaks, Ascot, the Leger, and other important racing events year. This information he was good-naturedly ready to impart to his friends, claiming what he called a 'comfortable' percentage of winnings, whilst he had no share in the losses.

It had long been his ambition to open account with the great house of Hadleigh. With this object in view, he had taken pains to ingratiate himself with Mr Hadleigh, and succeeded so far that he became an occasional guest at the Manor: but no business of it. He had courted the society of Mr Hadleigh, flattered him, spent time and money in amusing him, endured his cynical jokes, had even given him 'straight tips' without success: still no business came of it.

But he did not give up hope. He was patient, and good-humoured, and his perseverance was rewarded. See, here is the partner of the firm come to him at last with an announcement that his visit was on 'imprudent business.'

'Upon my word, Mr Hadleigh, you give me such an agreeable surprise, that I can only say we shall have pleasure in doing the utmost in our power to serve you satisfactorily.'

Wrentham was always frank, always easy-going, and say the thing which he supposed would please his listener most. If he was pleased, he said so; if displeased, he showed it, although he did not always say so. But then he was seldom displeased; for he had the happy knack of turning the most offensive words or acts into a joke or ridicule, so that he never quarrelled with anybody—not even with the tax-collector.

'I may tell you at once,' said Mr Wrentham, 'that the business is a private one at present, and has nothing to do with the firm.'

'I shall have the more pleasure in attending to it as a friend,' was the cordial reply.

'Thank you; but I give you credit for as much of me to be aware that I shall not take advantage of your generosity. You have the saying—there is no friendship in business.'

'Happily, there are many exceptions to this rule,' said Wrentham cheerfully.

'This is not to be one of them. You regard the transaction as one coming to me, the ordinary course of business, but to be with me as a strictly confidential matter. You are to have nothing to do with it.'

There was something in his manner, calm and quiet as it was, which attracted Wrentham's attention, puzzled him, and modified the alarm with which he had begun the interview.

'If you will explain, Mr Hadleigh, you find me willing to do whatever you require is possible.'

Mr Hadleigh looked steadily in the square face, and the latter leaned back on his chair to afford a better light for the inspection. He endured the gaze with the placid smile which was prepared for the closest scrutiny of his character and motives. Apparently Mr Hadleigh, speaking with much deliberation, proceeded:

'I want in the first place a little information. You have been for some time doing business with Mr Austin Shield?'

\* We may here refer to the provision of the Acts passed to facilitate the administration of estates under three hundred pounds. Information as to the simple and inexpensive mode of procedure in such cases can be obtained by application to the sheriff-clerks in Scotland, or to the Inland Revenue authorities in England.

The placid smile faded from the countenance of Gribble & Co., and the plural pronoun came into use again.

'That is correct. He has intrusted us with various small commissions; but they are mere trifles, I believe, compared with those he has given to others. Indeed, I do not think he has treated us quite so liberally as he ought to have done.'

There was no irritation in the last remark: it simply implied that Mr Shield had not acted wisely. Mr Hadleigh did not appear to have observed it.

'You are aware of his relationship to my children?'

'Yes; and that your son, Philip, is going out to him. Lucky for your son, I should say.'

'I do not wish him to go.'

'Wh—at!' The exclamation was long drawn out, and its modulations were suggestive of a rapid series of speculations, in which curiosity and doubt were more predominant than surprise.

'I do not wish him to go,' repeated Mr Hadleigh, each word passing his lips like the measured stroke of a funeral bell.

'You take my breath away. Such a chance—such prospects! Shield is reported to be enormously wealthy, and he has no direct heirs. . . . Pardon me, Mr Hadleigh, but I must say that you would be doing the young man a serious injury if you interfered with his uncle's wishes.'

In sickness and in sorrow there are people who feel called upon to offer you their sympathy; but there is too often a conventional ring in the expression of it which there is no mistaking, and even bare politeness in the acknowledgment of it becomes irksome. It was in this conventional way that Wrentham uttered his virtuous warning to the parent who was opposing his son's best interests.

The parent understood, and smiled.

'Strange as it may seem to you, Mr Wrentham, my desire is that not one of my children should be mentioned in that man's will.'

'Extraordinary! But you were always peculiar in your views of things. To be sure, your views generally turned out to be the right ones. Everybody in the City is aware of that. But I do not see yet how my services can be of any use to you in this matter.'

'The service I require will not be difficult to render. You have been for some years in correspondence with Mr Shield, and you know more about his affairs than any one in London except his solicitors. I want you to tell me all that you have learned regarding his intentions concerning Philip.'

'That is easily done. I have learned absolutely nothing.'

Wrentham was quite cheerful again as he gave this reply.

Mr Hadleigh was disappointed: he was silent and thoughtful for a few moments. Then: 'I begin to see his purpose.'

'I should be glad if you would enlighten me,' said Wrentham eagerly: 'it might be useful to me.'

'I am quite sure it will be. But first you must give me a full explanation of his affairs, so far as you are acquainted with them, and the

nature of this business which has brought him such sudden wealth, and which he is at so much pains to keep secret.'

Wrentham's cheerfulness disappeared, and he rose uneasily.

'I am sorry, Mr Hadleigh, that you should ask me for information which I am not at liberty to give.'

'You mean that his business is of so much value that you cannot risk the loss of it?'

'Of course—of course, his business is of some importance to us, although, as I have already mentioned, he has not treated us quite so liberally as we think he ought to have done. Besides, we have only a small part of his patronage.'

'All the same you would not like to lose it?'

'Well, not unless something better offered itself,' replied Wrentham, recovering a degree of his jaunty manner, as he recollected that he was speaking to the head of a great firm whose influence might bring him thousands a year. It would never do to display to such a man either too much weakness or too much indifference.

'But if that something better did not present itself, you would be sorry to lose the connection. I suppose it is necessary to tell you what my surmise is as to his intentions. He intends to establish Philip as his sole representative in England, and everything will be taken out of your hands. I may be able to help you, if you will give me the information which will put it in my power to do so.'

Wrentham walked to the window, stared at the blank wall opposite, and frowned at it.

Mr Hadleigh smiled at his evident alarm, and attempted to relieve it.

'You need not be afraid to trust me; I am not inviting you to enter into a conspiracy against Mr Shield. I have no evil design in my inquiries.'

'I am sure of that,' responded Wrentham, wheeling round. Every sign of alarm had vanished from his visage. 'But of what use could the information be to you? Giving it might do me a great deal of harm, whilst it could not serve you.'

'Of that you cannot judge. But we need not discuss the point further at present. Take time and consider. Meanwhile, you can have no objection to do this for me—telegraph to him that you learn from me that Philip goes out to him against my will.'

'It shall be done immediately, and I will bring you the answer myself.'

There was a tap at the door, and the clerk entered with a slip of paper which he handed to his master.

'All right, Perkins. Shall be disengaged in a few minutes.'

As the clerk closed the door behind him, Wrentham handed the paper to his visitor, who read on it, 'Mr Philip Hadleigh,' and instantly rose to go.

'Perhaps—you will excuse me—but perhaps it would be as well if you did not meet each other here at present. Here is my private door.'

'I expect to see you this evening with the answer to the telegram,' said Mr Hadleigh quietly as he went out.

'You shall see me whether the answer has arrived or not.'

When he had closed the door, Wrentham stood still, unconscious, apparently, that he was resting on the handle, although it seemed as if he were half-inclined to call Mr Hadleigh back. His expression had changed to a frown at some invisible object on the floor, and his head was slightly bowed. This was his thought:

'Have I lost a chance, or opened the way to one? . . . Eminently unsatisfactory, if I have not. He must have some game on. . . . No designs! As if he could gammon me into the notion that he was the sort of man to bother himself about other people's affairs without good reason for it. A hundred to one on *that* event. But if Shield does mean to take everything out of my hands'—

He frowned still more darkly at the invisible object on the floor, and the speculation ended in a chaos of disagreeable reflections. With a quick jerk of the head he roused himself.

'We'll see,' he muttered as he advanced to the table and touched a hand-bell twice.

The habitual smile had returned to his face when Philip entered the room.

'I shall not keep you many minutes to-day, Mr Wrentham. But I suppose you will have to give me an hour or so on the earliest date you can appoint.'

'It will be a pleasure to me whatever it may be to you. I suppose it is business. I shall make it as easy for you as I can. What is it?'

'I have just got this from Hawkins and Jackson, which, they tell me, my uncle inclosed to them with instructions that they were to see that I gave personal attention to the matter.'

Wrentham read the note, placed it in a clip bearing the word 'Immediate' in large capitals, and looked up again.

'Your uncle might have sent this to me direct—I should have liked it better; but he has a curious way of doing things. You are to have a full statement of my accounts with him, and it is to be duly audited by a professional accountant. This looks as if he intended to close the account altogether.'

'I hope not.'

'Well, the statement will be ready for you on Wednesday next week, and you shall have every assistance and explanation you may require from me.'

'Thank you. At what hour shall I call?'

'Ten o'clock. I expect you will have a long day of it.'

'We cannot help that, I suppose, and I need not take up more of your time at present.'

'Are you in a hurry? Because I am going out to have some luncheon, and you might join me.'

The invitation was given so cordially, that Philip could not decline, and they went out by the private door together. At the mouth of the alley they were passed by a smart little man with thin clean-shaved face, wearing a soft felt hat, a loose black frock-coat, and gray tweed trousers. He carried in his hand a folding trestle and a well-filled green bag, and under his arm was a small circular table top covered with green baize.

He lifted his hat to Philip, who acknowledged the salute with a pleasant nod. Wrentham's

attention was attracted by something in another direction, and the little man went swiftly on his way.

'That's the juggler Bob Tuppit,' said Philip to his companion. 'Haven't you seen him down our way? I suppose he has just had a successful performance in some quiet court, he looks so cheery. Clever fellow; works ten and twelve hours a day, and tells me he makes a decent income out of it.'

'Is he an acquaintance of yours?' inquired Wrentham, somewhat drily.

'I have had several chats with him, and found him a most interesting and intelligent fellow.'

'Has he told you anything about his family?'

'Nothing more than that he is married; has a troop of children, and a comfortable home.'

'Ah, that is not like the ordinary tramp. But I wouldn't cultivate his acquaintance, if I were you. No doubt he told you all about his birth and parentage, and got a sovereign out of you on the strength of being a poor orphan.'

'He told me that he had been born and brought up in London; but he has travelled over the whole country in his professional capacity. He speaks of his juggling as a "profession." He is an orphan, as you guessed; but he has a brother somewhere.'

'And what might his profession be?' said Wrentham with a quick side-glance at Philip.

'I don't know. Tuppit is shy of talking about him; and from his sorrowful way of mentioning the fact that he had a brother, I came to the conclusion that the fellow was in prison, or something of that sort. So I did not put any disagreeable questions.'

They had entered the dining-room of the Gog and Magog Club by this time; and amidst the clatter of plates and knives and forks, and the loud hum of voices, Wrentham pointed to the bill of fare, which was hung up beside the clerk's desk, and said hastily: 'What are you to have?'

Mr Hadleigh had been much more disappointed by the result of his interview with Wrentham than he had allowed to appear. He had gone to him with the vague hope that he might learn something about Austin Shield, which should give him an excuse for making another appeal to Madge. He had learned nothing. There was, however, a probability that when his objection was made known to Shield, the latter would himself withdraw the invitation he had sent to Philip.

In the evening, Wrentham presented himself at the Manor. No answer to the telegram had yet arrived: the conversation in the library occupied an hour notwithstanding. Shortly after noon on the following day, Wrentham brought the expected answer to Mr Hadleigh, who was waiting for it in his private room in the office of his firm.

'My sister's son must decide for himself.'

'It is like the man,' muttered Mr Hadleigh, as he tore up the paper. 'Now, you can make your choice—his business or mine.'

'I shall give you an answer in half an hour.'

Wrentham returned to his office, and entered it by the private door. He took a half-crown from his pocket and balanced it on his forefinger and

thumb. He gazed at it steadily for a moment, then tossed it up.

'Heads for Hadleigh—tails for Shield and sudden death. . . Heads it is, and Hadleigh's my man.'

He picked up the coin, seated himself at his writing-table, and proceeded to communicate his decision to Mr Hadleigh with as much gravity as if he had arrived at it after serious deliberation.

## FAMILIAR SKETCHES OF ENGLISH LAW.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

It is not necessary for the writer of these sketches to declare which branch of the legal profession he belongs to, but it appears desirable to explain the purpose for which they are written. The laws of our land are so numerous and complicated, and derived from so many sources, that it is impossible for any human mind to make itself thoroughly acquainted with all their multifarious details, however familiar the general principles of the law may have become. And yet every one of the Queen's subjects is responsible for any breach of the law which he or she may commit. The reason of this is obvious: a law which might be broken with impunity on the excuse that the law-breaker was ignorant of its existence, would be an absurdity. If laws are to be of any use, they must be universally binding, on the learned and unlearned, within the sphere of their operation. In the course of a long, extensive, and varied professional experience, we have often been astonished to find profound ignorance of legal principles and responsibilities in unexpected quarters; and it has occurred to us that a few familiar articles on the laws which affect the different relationships of social life might be both interesting and useful. Many of the principles which affect persons in the characters of husband and wife, parent and child, master and servant, and so forth, are easily understood, if explained in simple language and free from technicalities.

In so doing, we have no intention to interfere with the proper province of the solicitor or the barrister. The law has in many respects been much simplified during the present century; but still the proverb remains true, 'He who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client.' In buying a house, the title must be investigated by one who has acquired an accurate knowledge of the law of real property, or a fatal flaw in the title may deprive the purchaser of that for which he has paid. Home-made wills, unless of the very simplest description, lead in many cases to costly and vexatious litigation after the death of the testator. And in actions and other legal proceedings, where the rights of the parties depend upon the application of established legal principles to new combinations of facts which are themselves doubtful and capable of being considered from opposite points of view, the necessity for professional assistance is too obvious to require comment.

### I. MARRIAGES; SETTLEMENTS; AND BREACHES OF PROMISE TO MARRY.

The contract of marriage lies at the foundation of our social system; and therefore we select it and other matters incidentally relating thereto

for explanation and comment in the first instance, reserving for a future paper the law of *Scotch* marriages, as apart from that which now holds good south of the Border; but noting in the meantime, that prior to 25th March 1754, when Lord Hardwick's Act came into operation, the theory of the law in both countries was, that the consent of a free and capable man and woman to become husband and wife constituted marriage, if proved by credible evidence. But in England, a marriage by mere words of consent did not confer all the rights consequent on a marriage duly solemnised. Since 1754, the English law has required definite technicalities of evidence, which, however, have been much restricted in their scope for injustice.

In considering the first part of our subject, 'Who may marry,' it will be most convenient to deal with the question negatively; and when we have seen who must not marry, it must be understood that persons not coming within any of the categories specified are at liberty to enter into the legal contract of matrimony.

Foremost among the disabilities is insufficient age. In this respect the law is extremely indulgent, fixing the age for a male at fourteen, and for a female at twelve years. But there is a qualified disability beyond those ages: a person who has not been previously married, and is under the age of twenty-one years—technically called an infant or minor—is not allowed to marry without the consent of his or her parent or guardian. The consent of the father is required if living; after his death, the consent of the guardian appointed by his will, or otherwise lawfully appointed; or if none, then of the mother if still a widow. If the mother be married, then a guardian may be appointed by the High Court of Justice. When the minor is a Ward of Court, any person marrying him or her without the consent of the Court—which will only be granted on a proper settlement being made—may be imprisoned for contempt, and will only be released, after longer or shorter detention at the discretion of the Court, on condition of paying all costs, and settling the whole of the ward's property as the Court may direct, the offender being usually excluded from any benefit therefrom. A lady of full age was recently sent to prison for marrying an infant Ward of Court without consent; and there have been numerous instances of gentlemen being punished in the same way. Nullity of the marriage is not now the result of this disability; but the man who procures a license by affirming that he is of full age when he is not, or that the necessary consent has been obtained when it has not, may be punished both civilly and criminally.

Another disability is want of sanity. It is not to be understood that weak-minded people must not marry; they can, and do in considerable numbers. But if a person who is a lunatic go through the form of marriage, except during a lucid interval, the marriage is void. This objection to the validity of a marriage does not often occur; but sometimes the question whether a man was lunatic or of sound mind when married is difficult to determine, but most likely to be settled in favour of his sanity, unless there was manifestly some fraudulent or sordid motive for the marriage.

Nearness of relationship, either by birth or marriage, is another disability. First-cousins and all persons more distantly related, may lawfully intermarry. But ancestors and descendants in the direct line are prohibited; as are also brothers and sisters, uncles and nieces, aunts and nephews. We will not here enter into any controversy as to the expediency of the law which prohibits the marriage of a widower with the sister or niece of his deceased wife. Before 1835, a marriage between persons whose relationship was within the prohibited degrees was not necessarily void, but voidable only during the joint lives of the parties thereto; so that if the marriage were not set aside during the lives of both parties, on the death of either of them it was treated as having been a valid marriage, and the children born thereof were legitimate to all intents and purposes. But in that year an Act of Parliament was passed declaring such marriages void in future.

The last existing disability which we shall notice is that of being married already. A married person cannot legally marry again until the first marriage is dissolved, either by death or by a judicial decree. On this subject much misapprehension exists. Many persons believe that a wife who has been deserted by her husband for seven years or upwards, without hearing from him, or knowing whether he is alive or dead, may marry again; but this is a mistake. Such a marriage would be void if the former husband should be proved to have been alive at the time it was celebrated. Probably the delusion had its origin in the fact, that in those circumstances the woman could not be convicted of bigamy. For that purpose alone, the presumption of the husband's death after seven years of absence without any information as to his continued existence, would be recognised by the law, and might be pleaded as a defence to an indictment for bigamy.

Formerly, an engagement to any other person was a bar to marriage. If A promised to marry B, he could not marry C unless B absolved him from his promise. But this disability has long been abolished, though B might sue A for breach of promise.

The next consideration is, 'How to marry.' Excluding the Royal Marriage Act, and merely drawing attention to the fact that a marriage between two members of the Society of Friends (or Quakers) at a meeting-house, or between two Jews either at a synagogue or elsewhere, were not affected by Lord Hardwick's Act, and are not affected by the Acts which are now to be referred to, we will next briefly epitomise the most important provisions of the Marriage Act of 1823. This Act confirms the power which had long previously been enjoyed by the Archbishop of Canterbury of granting special licenses, by virtue of which parties may be married at any place specified therein and at any hour of the day. These licenses are issued at the Faculty Office, on sufficient cause being shown, and verified by affidavit. It is not very difficult to find a reason which will be satisfactory to the officials, if an applicant be willing to strain his own conscience. A special license, however, costs about thirty pounds.

An ordinary license can only be issued for

solemnisation of matrimony in a parish in which one of the parties has resided for at least fifteen days previously; and if what is termed a caveat should have been entered against the granting of a license, the objection raised thereby must be disposed of by the Court, or the caveat be withdrawn, before the license can be granted.

If the marriage is to be performed in an Episcopal church by license, one of the parties must attend at the vicar-general's office, the diocesan registry, or before a surrogate—a clergyman appointed by the bishop for the purpose of granting ordinary marriage licenses—and swear that there is no impediment of kindred or alliance, or other lawful hindrance to the marriage; and also 'as to the residence in the parish, and the consent of parent or guardian if necessary. It will be remembered that an infant widow or widower may remarry without such consent.

A cheaper way of being married according to the rites of the Church of England is after publication of banns. This consists in reading the names of the parties publicly on three successive Sundays at a prescribed part of the service. If both parties do not reside in one parish, the banns must be published in both their respective parishes; and if either of the parties be a minor—not having been previously married—his or her parent or guardian may publicly declare his or her dissent, and thereupon the publication of banns is void.

Marriage, whether by license or by banns, must be celebrated within three months, or the whole of the preliminaries must be gone through anew. All marriages in England must be between eight o'clock in the forenoon and twelve at noon, except marriages by special license.

Questions often arise as to the name in which a person should be married. As a general rule, the same name should be used for this as for the ordinary business of every-day life—the name by which the person is generally known. If John Jones has called himself John Robinson, and has been so called by other persons so long that his original name has been forgotten, the publication of the banns of marriage between John Jones and Mary Smith would not answer the object of the statute, for it would not inform the parishioners that the person known by them as John Robinson proposed to get married. Accuracy in name is now, however, of little importance, because the use of a false name no longer renders a marriage null, unless both the man and the woman are parties to the fraud, and so a favourite device of a hundred years ago is legally impracticable.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the form of the service used in the solemnisation of matrimony. It is, or may become, familiar to all persons interested. But perhaps it may not be universally known that the celebration of marriage without license or due publication of banns is a criminal offence, punishable by penal servitude or imprisonment with hard labour. In addition to the clergyman, there must be at least two witnesses present, and the marriage must be registered. The subject of registration of marriages will be most conveniently considered hereafter, in conjunction with the laws relating to registration of births and deaths.

Previous to 1st March 1837, the only marriages



recognised by the law in England were those above referred to; but on and since that date, it has been allowed for Nonconformist ministers to celebrate marriages in places of worship duly registered for that purpose; and for persons to be married without any religious ceremony at the office of the Superintendent Registrar of the district. If the marriage be intended to be by license, notice must be given to the Superintendent Registrar of the district in which one of the parties has resided for fifteen days previously. After an interval of one clear day, the license is issued, and the marriage can then be celebrated. In case of a marriage without license, seven days' residence before notice is sufficient; and if the parties reside in different districts, notice must be given to both Superintendent Registrars. Twenty-one days afterwards, the Superintendent Registrar issues his certificate, authorising the celebration of the marriage. When the parties do not both reside in one district, it sometimes happens that the non-resident party comes without the requisite certificate, when the wedding has to be postponed to another day.

The notice of intention to marry, whether with license or without, has a statutory declaration—equivalent to an affidavit—subjoined, to the same effect as is required before the granting of an ordinary license by a surrogate.

The form of marriage service at a Nonconformist place of worship is usually somewhat similar to that used by the Church of England; in some cases more concise, in others more diffuse. It is essential that in some part of the ceremony both parties should declare that they respectively know of no lawful impediment; and that each should take the other to be his or her lawful wedded wife or husband; and that a Registrar of Marriages should be present, in addition to the minister and two or more witnesses.

The form of marriage at the office of a Superintendent Registrar, or what may be called a purely civil marriage, is very short, being practically confined to the declarations of no impediment and the mutual taking. The Superintendent Registrar, Registrar of Marriages, and two other witnesses, must be present.

The notice of marriage without license, which is equivalent to publication of banns, has the advantage of comparative privacy; it is suspended in the register office twenty-one days, but is not otherwise published.

In some cases, marriages may be celebrated in an adjoining district in which neither of the parties resides; that is, when they belong to any body of Christians who have not a place of worship within the district of residence.

Licenses and certificates for marriage are only good for three calendar months from the date of the notice; and any person unduly celebrating a marriage under these Acts is declared to be guilty of felony.

Marriages of citizens of this country abroad are generally celebrated at the British consul's office, and had better, in cases of doubt, not be entered into without his advice, especially if one of the parties to the proposed contract be a foreigner. Indeed, even in this country it is hazardous to marry a foreigner without knowing the law of the country of which he is a citizen, and fully ascertaining that it would bind him to the proposed

marriage if carried out. For example, it may happen that a Frenchman has married an Englishwoman, and that, for want of some of the consents required by the French law, he may, though bound in this country, be able to return to his own, and plead successfully that his marriage here was entirely null. Indeed, many aliens can do this and the like of it; and all Englishwomen ought to know how little the law of England can do for them in a foreign country.

'A settlement' may be made either before or after marriage. The former is properly called a Marriage Settlement; the latter, a Post-nuptial Settlement. The rules of law by which these two classes of settlements stand or fall are essentially different; the former being made for valuable consideration, are good against all the world if the property settled be the settler's own. This is reasonable; for it may be that the lady would not have accepted the gentleman if the settlement had not been made in her favour, and it would be unjust to deprive her of that for which she had bargained, as it would be impossible to place her in the same position as if the marriage had not been celebrated. A marriage settlement which comprises personal chattels is also exempted from the operation of the Bills of Sale Act, and does not require to be registered. But a post-nuptial settlement of movable goods must be registered as a bill of sale; and it is void if the settler becomes bankrupt or files a petition for liquidation within ten years afterwards, unless the parties claiming under the settlement can prove that the settler was at the date of the settlement able to pay all his debts without resorting to the property settled. In any event, bankruptcy or liquidation within two years is fatal to a voluntary settlement—in which class post-nuptial settlements are comprised.

The trusts of a settlement vary greatly according to the nature and value of the property settled and the position of the parties. But all settlements have this in common—the property to be settled is conveyed or assigned to trustees, upon certain trusts for the benefit of the husband and wife—or one of them—and all or some one or more of their children; power being often reserved for the parents during their joint lives, or the survivor of them, to direct what share each child shall have. This power is often very useful in keeping the young people out of the hands of money-lenders. So long as the share which a young gentleman is to receive after the death of his parents remains uncertain, his reversionary interest is not a marketable security.

In England, marriage operates as a revocation of a will made previously; but in Scotland it only partially revokes the will. The reason of this difference is, that by the law of England, a testator, whether married or single, may devise and bequeath all the property of which he may be possessed at the time of his decease; while the testamentary powers of a person whose domicile is in Scotland, if he be a married man, or a widower with children, are to a certain degree restricted.

'Breach of promise of marriage' is good ground for an action; and the agreement to marry has one peculiarity which distinguishes it from contracts for the sale of goods of the value of ten

pounds or upwards—it need not be in writing, even though the damages claimed may be ten thousand pounds or more. An infant may—by his next friend—maintain an action against an adult for breach of promise; but an adult cannot succeed in such an action against an infant, infancy being a good defence. This distinction is founded upon the principle that an infant can only be bound by his contracts if they are beneficial to him. Actions for breaches of promise, with their reams of ridiculous correspondence, and their exposure of the secrets of both parties, are generally considered amusing reading; and yet the subject has its melancholy side; and we cannot envy the feelings of the plaintiff when exposed to a severe and protracted cross-examination. The House of Commons, at the instance of Sir F. Herschell, now Solicitor-general, a few years ago expressed an opinion adverse to the action in question. Whether that opinion will be followed by legislation on the subject, is probably only a question of time.

## TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

### A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER VII.

WHEN he entered the room, Estelle looked up lazily from her cushions. 'How much longer have we to stay here, *caro mio*?' she asked with a yawn.

'The carriage will be round in half an hour.' He sat down a little wearily near the window, and turned his eyes on the pleasant scene outside. There was nothing more to be done till the carriage should arrive.

'*Bien*. We shall just have time for a little *tête-à-tête*.' She re-arranged the pillows of the couch to her liking, and smoothed down the skirts of her dress complacently. Suddenly her eye was caught by the glistening of the wedding-ring on her finger. She gave a little start, and glanced round with the air of one who has lost something. 'Where can I have mislaid them?' she asked herself under her breath. 'I must have left them either in the dining-room or up-stairs. *Quelle bêtise!*' Then after a moment: 'Ah, bah! what does it matter? He suspects nothing.' Addressing her husband, she said abruptly: 'Listen to me, Oscar Boyd. A little while ago, I offered to relieve you of my presence for ever on condition that you paid me two thousand pounds. You foolishly refused. Well, I will not be hard on you. You tell me that you are a poor man, and I will not dispute the fact. I am willing to reduce my terms. Give me one thousand pounds, and you shall never see me again after to-day.'

'I will give you nothing, and I will never see you after to-morrow.'

'I am your wife, and you are compelled to keep me.'

'But not to see you.'

'It would be better for you to give me the thousand down and get rid of me for ever.'

'You know my decision.'

'Ah, you don't know what you are rejecting. You will repent your folly to the last day of your life.'

His only answer was to look at his watch.

'This, then, is your programme,' she resumed. 'We shall reach London to-night, and part at the terminus?'

'That is so.'

'And I shall meet you at noon to-morrow at a certain address, when you will be prepared to inform me what my future income will be?'

He inclined his head gravely.

'To that meeting I shall bring with me a lawyer, in order to make sure that my interests are properly represented. As your wife, I am entitled to a certain definite proportion of your income. It will be my lawyer's business to ascertain in the first place the amount of your income; and in the second, to what share of it I am entitled.'

'As you please.'

There was silence for a few moments, then she said: 'Oscar Boyd, have you asked yourself why I have come so many thousands of miles, and put myself to so much trouble and expense, in order to find you?'

'You wanted money, and you had been told that I was a rich man.'

She clapped her hands, and laughed shrilly. '*Vous avez raison, Monsieur*. I compliment you on your penetration. You were not so simple-minded as to believe that it was love—love for yourself alone, *cher Oscar*—that induced me to cross that horrible ocean?'

'No; I was not so simple-minded as to believe that.'

'But what a disappointment for poor me to find you changed from a rich man into a poor one! And yet, hard-hearted one that you are, I don't believe you pity me a bit. Still, life may be endurable without pity; and when you grow to be a rich man again, which you will do in a few years, you will not forget that you have a wife who will want to share your good fortune.'

As before, his only answer was to look at his watch.

'Oh, pray be careful that we do not lose our train,' she said with a contemptuous laugh. Then her mood changed. She got up and began to pace the room with her hands behind her back. 'O yes, I love you, Oscar Boyd,' she exclaimed with passionate vehemence; 'just as dearly as you love me—no more, and no less! It was well that you did not attempt to kiss me when we met, or even to put your arm round my waist. Had you done so, I should have struck you. I hate you, *voyez vous*, as you hate me; but I have one consolation which will never leave me: I have separated you from the woman you love—from the woman who loves you! Oh, it is sweet, sweet!—Is there no champagne to be had in this house?'

It was an odd climax to her passionate outburst. But before another word could be said, there came a tap at the door, and a servant entered with

a note on a salver, which he presented to Mr Boyd.

'Who is this from?' asked the latter as he took the note.

'Don't know, sir. I was told to give it you at once;' and with that, exit the servant.

Oscar tore open the note, and not knowing the writing, the first thing he did was to look for the signature. But there was none. Then he took the note to the window to read.

Estelle, who had not stirred since the servant came in, watched him with quick-glancing, suspicious eyes.

'He is surprised,' she muttered to herself. 'He cannot believe what he reads. He reads it for the second time—for the third! What can it be about? Who can it be from?'

For full five minutes Oscar Boyd stood facing the window without stirring or speaking; then he crushed the note between his fingers, put it into his pocket, and turned and confronted his wife. She was standing with one hand resting on the table, as she had been standing since the servant came in. His eyes traversed her face with a cold, critical, scrutinising glance that made her tremble in spite of herself. There was a strange mysterious change in his expression. What could it portend? He came a few steps nearer to her.

'You tell me that you were saved from the wreck of the *Ocean Bride*. Why have you allowed all these years to elapse before making me aware of that fact?'

'Because I knew that you no longer cared for me. Because I knew that the news of my death would be good news to you. Because I found friends who would not let me want.'

'You used not to study my happiness so much.'

She gave a little shrug. 'You never understood me—you never read me aright from the first.'

'It seemed to me that there was little left to understand after that night in the garden.'

'That night in the garden!'

'When?'

'Yes—when?—'

'I overheard?—'

'Overheard what?'

'Is it possible that you can have forgotten?'

She was gazing at him with bewildered eyes. She evidently knew nothing of what her questioner referred to.

'The letter *must* be true!' he said to himself, with his eyes still fixed searchingly on her.

She recovered herself with an effort. 'Why recall these painful recollections?' she asked.

'Why, indeed? It is folly to do so.' On the occasional table at her elbow was a tiny gold-stoppered smelling-bottle, which she had placed there, together with her handkerchief, on entering the room. He went a step nearer and picked it up. 'This is yours?' he said interrogatively, as he opened the stopper and sniffed for a moment at the contents.

'Yes, mine. Did you think it was *milady's*?' she asked, with a touch of her old bravado. She put out her hand, as if to take the bottle from Oscar; but next moment her hand itself was grasped by his sinewy fingers. She tried to draw it away, but could not.

'And is this the hand, Estelle, that once on a

time I used to vow was the prettiest hand in the world?'

A strangely frightened look had leapt all at once into her eyes. 'And is it not a pretty hand still?'

'It is a pretty hand. And is this the same ring that I slipped on your finger one sunny morning—ah! so many years ago?'

'Of course it is the same ring, Oscar. As if I should ever wear another!' It was all her trembling lips could do to syllable the words.

'Ah, well, I suppose there is a great sameness about such articles.'

'You hurt me, Oscar. You are cruel.' She was trying her utmost, in a quiet way, to withdraw her hand; but she was like a child in his grasp.

'I have no wish to be cruel, Estelle; but why do you struggle to withdraw your hand? Why do you keep it so tightly shut? What have you hidden inside it?'

'Hidden! Nothing. What should I have to hide?'

'That is precisely what I am desirous of ascertaining for myself,' he said drily.

With her right hand she was now trying with all her strength to loosen his grasp on the one that he still held. 'Wretch!' she half screamed, with a stamp of her foot. 'Don't I tell you that you are hurting me!'

There was a brief struggle, not lasting longer than a few moments. Oscar's second hand was now engaged as well as his first. Slowly but irresistibly the clenched fingers were forced open till the palm of the hand was fully exposed to view. One glance at it sufficed for his purpose. He relaxed his hold.

Estelle started back with a cry; then, with a quick instinctive movement, she hid her hands behind her. 'So!' she said, drawing a long deep breath. 'You know all.' She was glaring at him like some wild creature brought to bay, her eyes flashing with mingled fury and defiance.

'Yes, all. Give me your hand.'

'Never!'

'Give me your hand, or I will ring this bell, and expose your infamy before every soul in the house.' Then, without giving her time for any further refusal, he strode forward, and grasping her by the left wrist, he drew forth her arm to its full length. 'Here are the letters D. R. burnt indelibly into your palm,' he said. 'What is the meaning of them?—You do not answer. I will answer for you.' He let her hand drop with a gesture of contempt.

'You are not Estelle Duplessis, the woman I made my wife at New Orleans. You are her *twin-sister*, of whom I remember having heard her speak, but whom I never saw till to-day. You are Catarina Riaz, the wife, or widow, of Don Diego Riaz, a gentleman who bred cattle in Mexico. When angered, Don Diego was not a courteous man to the ladies; at such times he treated them much after the fashion in which he treated his cattle. As an instance, when you ran away from home on a certain occasion, and were found and brought back by his servants, he caused you to be branded on the palm of your hand with the initials of his name, so that, should you ever run away again, all the world might know you were his property. Here the

letters are to this day, never to be effaced. Catarina Riaz, you are a vile impostor!—I hear the noise of wheels. The carriage is at the door. Go!

It was morning—the morning of the day following that on which the events related took place. The weather was hot and sunny, and on such a forenoon the lawn at Rosemount was a very pleasant place. In the veranda, in an ample easy-chair, sat Captain Bowood, spectacles on nose, deep in the *Times*. On the lawn itself, under the pleasant shade of an ancient elm, sat Mrs Bowood and Sir Frederick, the former busy with her crewels, the latter lazily cutting the pages of a review and skimming a paragraph here and there. To the extreme left, some distance from the others, and hidden from them by a thick clump of evergreens, sat Lady Dimsdale, making-believe to be repairing sundry rents in the frock of a large doll, which she held on her knee, but far more occupied with her own thoughts than with the work she had in hand. Close to her, and seated on a swing, suspended from a stout limb of a tree, was Master Tommy, a bright boy of nine, profoundly immersed in a new book of fairy tales, which Lady Dimsdale had that morning made him a present of.

'Just listen to this, Aunt Laura,' he said. She was always 'Aunt Laura' to the children.

"When the brave knight, Sir Tristram, entered the dungeon in which the unhappy Princess had been shut up for so long a time, he was about to spring forward and embrace her, when all at once the wicked magician stood before them, and with his wand drew a magic line across the floor. Then, although Sir Tristram and the Princess could see each other, neither of them could step over the magic line, which was like an invisible wall between them." Here Tommy looked up from his book. 'Have you ever seen a wicked magician, Aunt Laura?'

'One or two, dear,' she replied with a faint smile. 'Only, nowadays, one doesn't always know them when one sees them.'

'Don't you think, aunty'—this in a whisper full of mystery—'that if Sir Frederick had a long robe and a wand, he would look something like a magician?'

Lady Dimsdale shook her head and held up a warning finger; and Tommy went on with his book.

'It was really very kind of you, Sir Frederick, to agree to stay with us for the rest of the week,' remarked Mrs Bowood.

'Madam, the pleasure is all on my side,' replied the Baronet with his most courtly air.

It would appear that in the course of conversation the previous evening the Baronet had let out the fact that his own house was in the hands of the painters and whitewashers, and that he was rendered miserable thereby. Accordingly, very little persuasion had been needed to induce him to take up his quarters at Rosemount for the next few days. There may possibly have been other reasons also which made him not displeased to be on the spot.

'We have very few visitors just now, as you are aware,' resumed Mrs Bowood, 'so that you must not expect to find us very lively.'

'My dear madam, I abhor liveliness. Had your house been full of company, nothing would have induced me to stay. When in Arcady, I like to feel that I am an Arcadian. I like to feel that I am among cows, and buttercups, and spring chickens—and—and home-cured bacon, and not among a mob of fine people from town. Hum, hum.'

Mrs Bowood smiled down at her work. Never was there a greater piece of artificiality in human form than the Baronet.

'Confound the flies!' exclaimed Captain Bowood irascibly to no one in particular, as he gave his bald head a sounding smack. 'Eh now?' he quoth inquiringly as he looked at the palm of his hand. 'No.'

'I wonder what can have become of Mr Boyd?' went on Mrs Bowood. 'He left the house early this morning, and has not been seen since.'

The movements of Mr Boyd in nowise interested Sir Frederick, but politeness demanded that he should say something. 'Gone for an early ramble, probably; before the day gets too warm.'

'I am dying to find out the writer of that anonymous letter.'

The Baronet coughed, and cut another page of his review.

'Aunt Laura, what is the matter with you?'

The question came so suddenly that Lady Dimsdale could not repress a slight start. 'The matter, dear?' she asked inconsequentially.

'You stop in the middle of a stitch, and then you put a finger to your lips, and then for a minute you seem as if you saw nothing. And you look so sad. Have you got the toothache, aunty?'

'Yes, dear, as you say—the toothache.'

'I am so sorry!'

'Or the headache,' said Lady Dimsdale under her breath. 'Does it matter which?'

The Baronet deliberately shut up his review, and looking steadily at his hostess, said in a low voice: 'It was I who wrote the anonymous letter, Mrs Bowood.'

For once in a way, Mrs Bowood nearly pricked her finger. 'You, Sir Frederick!'

The Baronet inclined his head gravely. 'Only, I don't want the circumstance to be generally known.'

'I won't mention it for the world. But you do surprise me.'

'The facts are very simple. I met the real Mrs Boyd in New Orleans soon after her marriage. Later on, I found myself in Mexico. At a ball one evening, I saw among the crowd a lady whom I should certainly have addressed as Mrs Boyd, had not the friend with whom I was told me that she was that lady's twin-sister. The likeness between them was certainly a very remarkable one. The lady in question was married to a certain Don Diego Riaz, the owner of a large cattle-ranche a few miles away. The matter probably would have escaped my memory, but for a letter received by me a few months later, in which my friend made mention of a recent scandal in the household of Don Riaz. It seems that the señora suddenly disappeared. When found at the end of two days, and taken back home, her husband caused her to be branded on the

palm of the left hand with the initials of his name.

Mrs Bowood shuddered. 'How thankful I am that I don't live in Mexico!'

'Horray!' shouted Master Tommy. 'Brave Sir Tristram has chopped off the wizard's head.'

The flies were still pestering Captain Bowood. 'Another of 'em!' he exclaimed as he slapped his forehead for the second time. Then he looked at his hand. 'What—what? No,' he said in a tone of disappointment.

Sir Frederick resumed the equable flow of his narrative. 'A few months later, Don Diego was found dead under somewhat mysterious circumstances. Such things do happen in Mexico now and then. There was a dim suspicion in my mind, I hardly know why, that one sister might be trying to pass herself off as the other, when I sought an interview with the supposed Mrs Boyd yesterday. That suspicion was strengthened by her answers to some of my questions, and was reduced to a certainty when I got sufficiently near to her to perceive the tiny brown mole under her chin, which I remembered having been told was the one distinctive mark between the two sisters; and further, when I noticed how—although she had her gloves on at the time I spoke to her—she had got into the way of keeping her left hand tightly shut, as though she held something inside it which she was unwilling that any one should see. It was the certainty thus arrived at which induced me to write as I did to Mr Boyd.'

'A romance in real life! I presume that Mr Boyd had never seen the twin-sister before?'

'Never, so far as I am aware.'

'She was certainly a very strange person, Sir Frederick, and I am not sorry that she is gone. I trust there is no likelihood of her coming back?'

'I don't think you have much to fear on that score,' responded the Baronet drily.

Master Tommy shut up his book with a bang. 'And now Sir Tristram and the Princess are married, and are going to live happy ever after. The brave knight and the forlorn Princess always do get married; don't they, aunty?'

'Not always, dear. Sometimes the spells of the wicked wizard are too strong for them.'

'Oh, I say! that is a shame.—What a pretty butterfly!' His perch on the swing was vacated next moment, and, cap in hand, he was off in pursuit.

'A boy all over,' murmured Lady Dimsdale. 'Something to chase, something to crush!'

'Laura, whatever are you about?' said Mrs Bowood with a little elevation of her ordinary tones. 'You might favour us with your company during the short time longer you have to stay.'

'I've got the shadiest seat in the garden,' was the answer that came back from behind the evergreens; 'and just now I'm engaged on an intricate detail of millinery, and must on no account be disturbed.'

Sir Frederick had pricked up his ears. 'Is Lady Dimsdale going away?' he asked.

'Did you not know? She had letters this morning—so she says—which necessitate her immediate return home. I am quite angry with her.'

'Ah, ah! nearly had you that time,' exclaimed the Captain, after another abortive attempt to slaughter one of his tormentors.

Sir Frederick rose and crossed to where Lady Dimsdale was sitting. 'You are busy this morning, Lady Dimsdale,' he said.

'Extremely so. This young person was no longer fit for decent society, so I have taken her in hand, and am trying to make her presentable. But you don't understand millinery, Sir Frederick.'

'My misfortune.'

'It is a pity. But, as a rule, your sex are very ignorant.'

'You are about to leave us, Mrs Bowood tells me.'

'Yes; the three o'clock express will carry me away to "fresh woods and pastures new."'

'I am grieved to hear that.'

'Is Sir Frederick Pinkerton ever really grieved about anything?' There was a certain scornful ring in her voice as she asked this question.

Sir Frederick bit his lip. His sallow cheeks flushed a little.

At this moment, there came an interruption. Miss Lucy ran up with red face and dishevelled hair, swinging her straw hat by its ribbons. 'I've been such a long way, aunty, and I'm so tired!'

Lady Dimsdale was examining her fingers and pinafore with serious face. 'O Lucy!' was all she said.

'I couldn't help it—really, I couldn't. Strawberries and cream—such a lot!—with Mr Boyd at the Meadow Farm.'

'With Mr Boyd!' said Lady Dimsdale in a low voice.

'Yes. I met him in the garden ever so early, and he said he was going for a walk, and would I go with him. So I went, and it was ever so jolly. But—with a yawn—'I'm so hot and tired!'

Lady Dimsdale gave her the doll.

'O you beauty! How smart Aunt Laura has made you!' she cried in an ecstasy of admiration. Then she sat down on a low stool close to Lady Dimsdale, and forgot for a little while that she was either hot or tired.

'I have fulfilled my promise, Lady Dimsdale,' said the Baronet in a low voice. 'That woman will never trouble Mr Boyd again.' He looked meaningly at her as he spoke.

It was a look which she understood. 'Sir Frederick Pinkerton need be under no apprehension,' she replied, gazing steadily into his eyes. 'I have not forgotten my part of the bargain. That which I have promised I will perform.'

The Baronet bowed a little stiffly, and strolled slowly back towards Mrs Bowood.

'Don't you think, Aunt Laura,' said Lucy, 'now that Dolly is so smart, I might take her to church with me? If it's good for me to go to church, it must be good for Dolly.'

But Lady Dimsdale heard her not. 'My promise! Yes, whatever it may cost me, I must not forget that.' She kept repeating the words to herself again and again.

Lucy, for once, finding her chatter unheeded, made a pillow of one arm for her doll, laid her head against Lady Dimsdale's knee, and two minutes later was fast asleep.



Along one of the winding pathways came Oscar Boyd, dusty with the dust of country roads, but bright and happy-looking as the day. 'Good-morning, Mrs Bowood.—Good-morning, Sir Frederick.—Any news, Captain?'

'We thought that some one had run away with you,' said his hostess, as she extended her hand. 'What have you been doing with yourself all this time?'

'We have been over the hills and far away, Miss Lucy and I. Our object was strawberries and cream at the Meadow Farm.' He gave a quiet glance round. 'Laura not here?' he said to himself.

'Strawberries and cream. Humph!' remarked the Captain: 'S. and B. far better on a morning like this. Come now.'

Oscar had discovered Lady Dimsdale's whereabouts by this time, and crossed towards her.

'Now for the scene!' said Sir Frederick to himself as he watched him go. Then turning to Mrs Bowood, he said: 'With your permission, I will go and smoke a cigarette on the terrace.'

'You will find it very hot on that side of the house.'

'The heat suits me, madam. If I may be allowed such an expression—I revel in it.' Then as he walked away, he said to himself: 'How will she break the news?'

Mrs Bowood had not failed to note in what direction Mr Boyd had vanished. 'After all, they may perhaps make a match of it,' was the thought in her mind. 'I do hope he will propose before Laura goes.'

'Here you are! I was just wondering what had become of you,' said Oscar, as he drew up a garden-chair and sat down near Lady Dimsdale.—'My little sweetheart and asleep?' he added with a smiling glance at the unconscious Lucy.

'She was tired with the long walk.'

Something in Lady Dimsdale's voice struck him. He looked fixedly at her. Probably he expected to see in her some traces of the same change that he felt in himself—the change from despair to gladness, from a midnight of blackest gloom to a dawn of radiant hopes, rich with the sweet promise of happy years to come. But no such traces were visible in the woman who sat before him with pallid, long-drawn face, with downcast eyes, round which the dark circles left by sleeplessness or tears—perhaps by both—were plainly to be seen, and with thin white hands that visibly trembled as, clasped in each other, they lay idly on her lap. It was unaccountable.

'You have heard of all that happened yesterday?' he presently remarked. 'You know that that woman was an impostor?'

'Yes; I have heard.'

'Her likeness to her sister was extraordinary. I was completely deceived.'

'She will not trouble you again?'

'Hardly so, I think. I have arranged for a friend of mine to see her on board ship to-morrow, and to pay her passage back to the port from which she sailed. I have an idea that I ought to thank Sir Frederick Pinkerton for the anonymous letter which served to unmask her.' He drew his chair a little closer. 'Laura! you have not forgotten yesterday morning?' he said as he bent forward and tried to gaze into her eyes.

'No; I have not forgotten.' The reply was so low that he could scarcely hear it, and the eyes were kept persistently cast down.

'You know how we were interrupted,' went on Oscar. 'A black cloud came between us, and we thought our happiness was wrecked for ever. But the cloud has vanished, and the sun shines out as brightly as before, and'—

'Oscar, we must—both of us—try to think of yesterday morning as if it had never been.'

He drew himself upright in his chair with a great gasp; for a moment or two he was too stupefied to speak. 'Try to think of yesterday morning as if it had never been! Impossible! But why try to do so?'

'Because something has happened since then which makes it imperative that we should do so.'

'Something happened! I don't understand. I only know that you agreed to become my wife. What can have happened to alter that?'

'You must not ask me, and I cannot tell you.'

'And you ask me to agree to this without a word of explanation?'

'Yes, without a word of explanation.' There was a quaver in her voice as she said these words which he did not fail to detect.

He sat like a man stunned—like one who has heard some tidings of import greater than his mind is able to grasp. 'Laura! you torture me,' he said at length.

At this she raised her dark, grief-laden eyes, and gazed at him for a moment or two with a sort of dumb, pathetic tenderness, while at the same time the fingers of one hand wandered caressingly over his sleeve.

He was profoundly moved. He rose from his chair, and took a turn or two in silence, and then resumed his seat. 'Send for the nurse to take away that child,' he said, 'and then come with me for a walk in the shrubbery.'

'Oscar, I dare not.'

'You dare not! Why?'

'I dare not. We had better say farewell here and now, than later on and before others.'

'Farewell!'

'I leave here by the afternoon express. Oscar, after to-day, you and I must never meet again.'

He started to his feet. 'Never meet again! But—Why—Can you who say this to me be the same woman whom I kissed but yesterday?'

'I am that woman; how happy then, how unhappy now, no one but myself can ever know!'

'Then why this change? What strange mystery is here?'

'I cannot tell you. My lips are sealed. Believe me, Oscar, we had better say farewell here and now.'

'I cannot and I will not say farewell!' he passionately exclaimed. 'You belong to me, and I belong to you; that kiss was the seal and consecration of our union. No earthly power shall keep us asunder. There is some strange mystery at work here. If you will not give me the key to it, I must try to find it for myself.' He lifted his hat, stooped and pressed his lips to her hair, and then, without another word, he plunged into the shrubbery.

Laura gazed after his retreating figure through a mist of tears. 'The key to the mystery!' she murmured. 'You may try your best to find it, my poor Oscar, but Merlin's enchantments will prove too strong for you to overcome.'

#### A PEEP AT THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

EXCEPT to mariners who have rounded Cape Horn, this solitary group of islands is a veritable *terra incognita*. Seldom visited, however, as the Falkland Islands have been in the past, their isolation promises to be yet more complete in the future, as soon as an inter-oceanic canal diverts commerce from the old to a new route. Up to the present time, they have served as a half-way house for sailing-vessels on their voyage round Cape Horn in need of provisioning, or for refitting such as have been disabled by the tempestuous weather which for a great part of the year prevails in those latitudes. It appears probable, however, that their usefulness for even these purposes is nearly at an end, and that their lonely inhabitants are doomed, like the surviving inn-keepers of coaching-days, to pass the remainder of their lives in mourning over the memories of the past.

These islands have at various times belonged to France and to Spain; but since 1833, when they were annexed by the English government for the protection of the whale-fishery, they have formed part of the British possessions. The group consists of the islands of East and West Falkland, and upwards of a hundred others—mostly mere islets or sandbanks—which have a united area of nearly five million acres. The only settlement or town—if it may be dignified with that name—is Stanley, which is situated on a gentle slope of moorland bordering upon a narrow and nearly land-locked harbour in the island of East Falkland; but few of the houses in Stanley are well constructed, and these are occupied by the governor and colonial officers and a few successful traders. The remainder are rough-and-ready specimens of architecture, in the construction of which the timber of many an old shipwrecked hulk has been utilised. The climate, though generally damp, is extremely healthy, but very changeable. To-day, perhaps the sun may be shining, the air clear and exhilarating; but to-morrow you rise at daybreak, look out at the same landscape, and behold what a change is there! A thick driving mist has rolled in from the ocean, and enveloped all nature in its moist and chilly embrace. The soil is more adapted to pasturage than to cultivation, being similar in its character to the unreclaimed wild lands of northern Scotland and the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Large herds of wild cattle roam at will over the country, but are worth little except for their hides, there being no market for the beef. The greater portion of these cattle belong to the Falkland Islands' Company, who own a marine store and general outfitting establishment at Stanley. This Company, a few years ago, embarked in sheep-raising, by way of an experiment, importing some common stock from Patagonia, and crossing them with cheviots. The experiment has proved a great success, and sheep-raising now forms the principal industry of the later settlers; several young Englishmen, with

a few hundred pounds capital, having within the last few years settled on the islands for this purpose, their 'stations' ranging from twenty to one hundred and fifty thousand acres, the aggregate value of the wool annually exported to England amounting to nearly fifty thousand pounds sterling.

There being no roads or vehicles for internal traffic, as most of the country round Stanley is a huge morass, the owners of these sheep-stations are obliged to keep small sailing-vessels in which to visit Stanley for provisions, or send their wool there for shipment to England.

In respect of scenery, it cannot be said that nature has bestowed gifts on the Falklands with a too lavish hand. There is but one tree in the entire islands, and that solitary exception attempts to grow in the governor's garden at Stanley, where it is protected by a wall from the cutting south wind, which ruthlessly nips off any ambitious shoot which presumes to peep over its restricted limits.

The population of the Falklands in 1877 was a little over thirteen hundred, nearly three-fourths of that number being males. Most of the inhabitants are English; but there are also a few Americans and Spaniards, the latter being the surviving descendants of the former masters of the islands. The government is vested in a Governor, aided by an Executive Council and a Legislative Council, both appointed by the Crown. The majority of the working inhabitants are fishermen, whose chief sources of profit are derived from annual visits to the New Shetland Islands, about six hundred miles south from Cape Horn, and to other breeding-grounds in the Falkland Islands, to hunt for seals and penguins, which are slaughtered in large numbers for their skins and oil.

The breeding-grounds or 'rookeries' of the penguins are generally situated in the shelter of some land-locked bay or break in the line of steep and rugged cliffs; and often occupy several acres, which are laid out, levelled, and divided into squares, with intervening streets, the whole as if done at the dictation of a surveyor. Along these streets, the penguins gravely waddle on their way to and from the water, presenting the appearance of squads of awkward recruits, or a still more striking likeness, as has been often remarked, to troops of little children toddling along in their white pinafores. They build no nests; but lay a single egg in some selected spot, the incubation being equally shared by male and female. Although so closely allied to the feathered kind, they are unable to fly, nature having only furnished them with short stumpy apologies for wings, resembling the flippers of a turtle, by means of which they are enabled to attain prodigious speed, when diving under water in pursuit of fish for food. Penguins, as well as seals, are doubly provided against the cold of the high latitudes which they frequent, by a layer of fat immediately inside the skin, which is also the depository of the oil extracted by the fishermen. In landing to attack and slaughter them in their rookeries with clubs and boat-stretchers, stealthy precautions are quite unnecessary, the poor dumb creatures looking on in a state of indifferent stupidity, without making any attempt to escape, whilst their companions are

being knocked on the head all around them. Seal-hunting, or 'fishing' as it is usually termed, on the contrary, requires great skill and patience. Seals are gregarious as well as polygamous, and when they forsake the open seas for their breeding-places on shore, are very shy of intrusion, and take great care to insure the safety of their retirement, particularly in localities which have been previously visited by human beings. They invariably post sentinels on every commanding point, so that it is only by patient waiting and under cover of night the hunters are enabled to elude their vigilance and surprise them.

The hunting or fishing season being over, the fishermen return to Stanley with their harvest of skins and oil, which they sell to the traders, who, as may be imagined, buy at their own price, and eventually get the lion's share of the profits. Not that this appears to bother the minds of the fishermen, who are a happy-go-lucky set of men, and by no means provident in their habits. When I was serving in the English squadron on the south-east coast of America, we visited the Falkland Islands as a rule once a year, and the admiral usually timed our departure from Monte Video so as to arrive there somewhere about Christmas. As soon as we were sighted by the lookouts, all was flutter and excitement in the settlement. The married ladies were soon elbow-deep in pie-crust and confectionery; while the only single lady in the colony commenced practising her most sentimental songs, and hunting up old bits of finery to set off her mature charms, with a grim determination to capture the maiden affections of some susceptible young naval officer.

For those of our number to whom shooting and fishing offered more attractions than did the allurements of female society, the Falkland Islands afforded a fine field. The tyro whose sole ambition is a pot-shot at a standing object, may revel there in unequalled opportunities of distinguishing himself, for, except in the vicinity of the settlement, the upland geese are so little, if at all, accustomed to the sight of man, that they show no signs of fear or flight at his approach, and consequently fall an easy prey to the young sportsman. But there are other kinds of game which give excellent sport to older hands. Several species of duck and teal, abundance of snipe, and an occasional swan, will give the hunter who can hold his gun straight a satisfactory bag—and a weighty one too, if he has to carry it. Moreover, if he be ambitious, and has at times indulged in wild dreams of slaying the king of beasts in his forest lair, he may console himself for not having done so, by killing that animal's degenerate marine cousin, the sea-lion. I myself once very nearly did; that is to say, I came as near to doing so, as a sea-lion did to making an end of me. It happened in this way. A party of us had pulled in a boat up a small river in West Falkland, which, at some distance from its mouth, opened into a lake with an islet in the centre, upon the shelving shore of which we beached our boat, for lunch. This islet was covered with patches of tall tussock grass—a favourite haunt of sea-lions—but appeared to be perfectly desolate and devoid of animal life. While sauntering idly along, smoking my pipe, I was suddenly roused from a reverie by the most horrible roar, proceeding as it seemed

to me from the very ground under my feet; and lo! from a bunch of tussock grass through which I was forcing my way, there arose an immense, savage-looking animal, with a row of most formidable tusks, and confronted me. I was so taken aback at my close and unexpected proximity to such a monster, that I confess my first thoughts were in favour of an ignominious flight, had not my enemy anticipated me by turning tail himself. Gnashing his teeth with a parting roar, he half-waddled and half-rolled down the bank and into the water, while I was desperately pulling at the trigger of my gun, forgetting in my agitation that it was only at half-cock.

Having nearly exhausted all that the Falklands present in the way of interest or pleasure, we now say our adieus, weigh anchor and put to sea.

### MISCHIEF DONE BY GOOD-NATURED PEOPLE.

No doubt there is a vast amount of misery in the world occasioned by deliberate unkindness; revenge for real or fancied injuries, or the terrible pleasure some evil natures feel in the exercise of arbitrary power. Still more suffering is probably occasioned by that callous indifferentism to the feelings of others which we call thoughtlessness, but which is really very nearly allied to selfishness. Yet possibly we should find, were we able to make the reckoning, that as much harm is done by the unwise concessions of what are called 'good-natured people,' as by either of the other classes.

It is often said of a good-natured man that he is no one's enemy but his own; but families and friends are so linked together in this world, that it is exceedingly difficult for any one to injure himself without hurt to another. Far be it from us to limit philanthropy or any sort of generosity. He who goes through life conferring benefits is the noblest of mortals; but unless on occasion he is able to say 'No' to eager entreaties, he will never be able to carry out his best intentions.

One of the most mischievous forms of what is called good-nature is recommending an incompetent person to some responsible situation. Not that patronage, properly considered, is anything but a good and lawful thing; only we may be very sure that the just, enlightened, and really powerful patron is by no means what is understood by 'a good-natured man.' We imagine him to have legitimate influence, which he would very soon lose were he to abuse it.

We once knew an authoress, now no more, who, besides having a great deal of talent as well as good-nature, had one of the kindest hearts in the world. Her successful books had secured her a certain literary position; and had she used sparingly and discreetly the influence which naturally resulted from it, she might have been of immense use to young aspirants of genius. Perhaps her own vivid imagination lent a charm to the manuscripts she was asked to forward for

unknown authors to eminent publishers, for it is a fact that men and women of real genius are often the most lenient of critics to inferior writers. But however this may have been, her good-nature was so often imposed on, she so often sent poor compositions with words of recommendation to her friendly publishers, that at last they smiled, or sighed, at her importunities, and though willing enough to take anything from her own practised pen, ceased to regard her good word as of any weight, when applied to the productions of another. In fact, it came to pass that it was rather an injury than otherwise to be introduced by Mrs E—. She sacrificed what might have been a very useful and powerful influence to her good-nature. If Dr Johnson had thus sacrificed his great influence by offering poor novels to the booksellers, he would have been little likely to have been able to promptly dispose of the immortal *Vicar of Wakefield*, and so aid poor Oliver Goldsmith in the hour of his sorest need.

Critics who, from a spurious good-nature, unduly praise a work of art or literature, really do a cruel injury to deserving authors and artists, by bringing their merits into an unworthy comparison with inferior powers. Evil of this sort, however, is apt to bring about its own penalty. Directly a professional writer is even suspected of unfairness, the spell of his influence is broken; and often enough, to be a warning to the ready writer, has it happened that one of the staff of a popular journal has lost his situation on account of his too 'good-natured' reviews.

It is rather remarkable that what are called good-natured people rarely undertake unpleasant duties, if they can possibly avoid them. They do not like telling disagreeable truths, however urgent the necessity for so doing, but transfer the mission to a sterner friend with some such phrase as, 'I should not like to say it,' or, 'I should not like to do it,' just as if the habit of their lives was only to do what they 'liked.' Indeed, the good-natured people we are describing are rarely generous in a grand way; they are seldom capable of self-sacrifice. If they are rich, they give money rather than take trouble. If they are people of leisure, they probably give time, which perhaps is not very precious to them; but doing something they greatly dislike, in order to benefit another, is a virtue too rare to be found among them.

There is a form of deception, too often considered very venial, with which so-called good-natured people, if they are good letter-writers, are not seldom associated. This is 'drawing up' letters for their less gifted acquaintances to copy and send out as their own. A really good letter often makes a very favourable impression; but it is something like a false coin if it be not the composition of the signer. No doubt, there are cases when it is necessary some statement should be made in language more clear and precise than the person concerned can command; but in these instances, the ready penman should write in his own person for his friend. We are afraid many situations of trust and responsibility have been obtained on the strength of admirable letters dictated by another. But incompetence is sure to be discovered sooner or later, as is a deception which is less forgivable than want of ability. Long, long ago, we knew of a case far more sad

than the engaging of an incompetent clerk or governess. A girl of good family and large fortune was won over to accept for a husband a young gentleman of small means and not much principle, mainly by the eloquent, poetical, very charming letters he addressed to her; nearly if not quite all of which were composed by a clever brilliant friend who had never even seen her. When the marriage proved very far from a happy one—and the real scribe had a wife and children of his own—we have reason to believe that he deeply regretted the part he had played in deluding a confiding girl.

Very much on a par with the laxity of principle which permits false letter-writing is the wearing of borrowed finery, especially jewellery, things which we have known good-natured women very willing to lend. Valuable jewellery is a sign of a certain amount of wealth, which is generally on fit occasions displayed; but to exhibit the sign where the reality does not exist is a mean sort of deception, which must often be followed by humiliation.

A person out of what is called good-nature becoming security for another, and suffering, or causing others to suffer in consequence, is so sad and frequent an event in real life, that it has become quite a common incident in novels, and need not be treated of here. Kindness of heart is a deeper and finer quality than the surface readiness to oblige which we have endeavoured to depict. Kindness of heart has always the capacity for real sympathy, and this great alleviator of suffering is generally too clear-seeing to always approve of 'Yes' when 'No' should be said. Real sympathy feels with, and assists, the friend in trouble. When actions prompted by thoughtless good-nature are most mischievous, they proceed from one who probably neither feels deeply nor sees clearly the relations of cause and effect. That Justice—to a stranger no less than to our associates—is a rarer and more sublime virtue than generosity, is a truth that good-natured people are somewhat apt to forget.

#### SIX LITTLE WORDS.

Six little words arrest me every day:

I *ought*, *must*, *can*—I *will*, I *dare*, I *may*.

I *ought*—'tis conscience' law, divinely writ

Within my heart—the goal I strive to hit.

I *must*—this warns me that my way is barred,  
Either by Nature's law or custom hard.

I *can*—in this is summed up all my might,  
Whether to do, or know, or judge aright.

I *will*—my diadem, by the soul imprest  
With freedom's seal—the ruler in my breast.

I *dare*—at once a motto for the seal,  
And, dare I? barrier 'gainst unlicensed zeal.

I *may*—is final, and at once makes clear  
The way which else might vague and dim appear.

I *ought*, *must*, *can*—I *will*, I *dare*, I *may*:

These six words claim attention every day.

Only, through Thee, know I what, every day,

I *ought*, I *must*, I *can*, I *will*, I *dare*, I *may*.

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## OUR HEALTH.

BY DR ANDREW WILSON, HEALTH-LECTURER.

### I. HEALTH AND ITS GENERAL CONDITIONS.

A BROAD and scientific view of life is that which regards it as being composed, in its physical aspects at least, of a series of actions or functions more or less defined in their nature. These functions, as the physiologist terms them, are discharged, each, by a special organ or series of organs; and health may therefore be viewed as the result of the harmonious working of all the organs of which the body is composed.

Disturbances of health arise whenever the natural equilibrium maintained between the functions of the body is disturbed. For example, a broken bone being an infringement of the functions of a limb, is a disturbance of health equally with the fever which runs riot through the blood, and produces a general disturbance of the whole system. An aching tooth equally with brain disorder constitutes a disturbance of health. We may therefore define health as the perfect pleasurable or painless discharge of all the functions through which life is maintained.

Doubtless this bodily equilibrium of which we have spoken is subject to many and varied causes of disturbance. Life is after all a highly complex series of actions, involving equally complicated conditions for their due performance. Like all other living beings, man is dependent upon his surroundings for the necessities of life. These surroundings, whilst ministering to his wants, may under certain circumstances become sources of disease. Thus we are dependent, like all other animal forms, upon a supply of pure air, and this condition of our lives may through impurities prove a source of serious disease. The water we drink, equally a necessity of life with air, is likewise liable to cause disease, when either as regards quantity or quality it is not supplied in the requisite conditions. Man is likewise in the matter of foods dependent upon his surroundings, and numerous diseases are traceable both to a

lack of necessary foods and to over-indulgence in special kinds of nourishment. The diseases known to physicians as those of over nutrition belong to the latter class; and there are likewise many ailments due to under-nutrition which also receive the attention of medical science.

In addition to these outward sources of health-disturbance, which constitute the disease of mankind, there are other and more subtle and internal causes which complicate the problems of human happiness. Thus, for example, each individual inherits from his parents, and through them from his more remote ancestors, a certain physical constitution. This constitution, whilst no doubt liable to modifications, yet determines wholly or in greater part the physical life of the being possessing it. We frequently speak of persons as suffering from inherited weakness, and this inherited weakness becomes the 'transmitted disease' of the physician. Each individual, therefore, may be viewed as deriving his chances of health, or the reverse, from a double source—namely, from the constitution he has inherited and from the surroundings which make up the life he lives and pursues. It is the aim and object of sanitary science to deal as clearly and definitely as possible with both sources of health and disease. In the first instance, Hygiene, or the science of health, devotes attention to the surroundings amid which our lives are passed. It seeks to provide us with the necessary conditions of life in a pure condition. It would have us breathe pure air, consume pure food, avoid excess of work, strike the golden mean in recreation, and harbour and conserve the powers of old age, so as to prolong the period of life and secure a painless death. In the second aspect of its teachings, this important branch of human knowledge would teach us that with an inherited constitution of healthy kind we should take every means of preserving its well-being; and when on the other hand an enfeebled and physically weak frame has fallen to our lot, the teachings of health-science are cheering in the extreme.

Even when an individual has been born into



the world, handicapped, so to speak, in the struggle for existence by physical infirmity and inherited disease, health-science is found to convey the cheering assurance that it is possible, even under such circumstances, to prolong life, and secure a measure of that full happiness which the possession of health can alone bestow. In illustration of this latter remark, we might cite the case of a person born into the world with a consumptive taint, or suffering from inherited tendencies to such diseases as gout, rheumatism, insanity, &c. Vital statistics prove beyond doubt, in the case of the consumptive individual, that if his life be passed under the guidance of health laws, if he is warmly clad, provided with sufficient nourishment, made to live in a pure atmosphere, and excess of work avoided, he may attain the age of thirty-six years without developing the disease under which he labours, and once past that period, may reasonably hope to attain old age.

In the case of the subject who inherits gout, a similar attention to the special conditions of healthy living suited to his case may insure great or complete freedom from the malady of his parent. Strict attention to dietary, the avoidance of all stimulants, and the participation in active, well-regulated exercise, form conditions which in a marked degree, if pursued conscientiously during youth, will ward off the tendency to develop the disease in question. In the case of an inherited tendency to mental disorders, mysterious and subtle as such tendency appears to be, it has been shown that strict attention to the education and upbringing of the child, a judicious system of education, the curbing of the passions, and the control of emotions, added to ordinary care in the selection of food and the physical necessities of life, may again insure the prolongation of life, and its freedom from one of the most terrible afflictions which can beset the human race.

These considerations in reality constitute veritable triumphs of health-science; they show us that in his war against disease and death, man finds literally a saving knowledge in observance of the laws which science has deduced for the wise regulation of his life. It is ignorance or neglect of this great teaching which sends thousands of our fellow-mortals to an early grave, and which destroys hopes, ambitions, and opportunities that may contain in themselves the promise of high excellence in every department of human effort.

The one great truth which health-reformers are never weary of proclaiming, because they know it is so true, consists in the declaration that the vast majority of the diseases which affect and afflict humanity are really of *preventable* nature. Until this truth has been thoroughly driven home, and accepted alike by individuals and nations, no real progress in sanitary science can be expected or attained. To realise fully the immense power which the practical application of this thought places in our hands, we may briefly consider the causes of certain diseases, which in themselves though powerful and widespread, are nevertheless of *preventable* kind. Amongst these diseases, those, popularly known as infectious fevers, and scientifically as zymotic diseases, stand out most prominently.

We shall hereafter discuss the nature and origin,

as far as these have been traced, of those ailments. Suffice it for the present to say, that science has demonstrated in a very clear fashion the possibilities of our escape from those physical terrors by attention to the conditions to which they owe their spread.

Typhoid fever, also known as enteric and gastric fever, is thus known to be produced, and its germs to breed, amongst the insanitary conditions represented by foul drains and collections of filth wherever found. Experience amply proves that by attention to those labours which have for their object the secure trapping of drains, flushing of sewers, and abolition of all filth-heaps, the chances of this fever being produced are greatly decreased. It has also been shown that even where this fever has obtained a hold, attention to drains and like conditions has resulted in the decrease of the epidemic. Again, typhus fever is notoriously a disease affecting the over-crowded, squalid, and miserable slums of our great cities. Unlike typhoid fever, which equally affects the palace of the prince and the cottage of the peasant, typhus fever is rarely found except in the courts and alleys of our great cities. We know that the germs of this fever, which in past days constituted the 'Plague' and the 'Jail Fever' of John Howard's time, breed and propagate amongst the foul air which accumulates in the ill-ventilated dwellings of the poor. Attention to ventilation, personal cleanliness, and the removal of all conditions which militate against the ordinary health of crowded populations, remove the liability to epidemics of this fever. Again, the disease known as ague has almost altogether disappeared from this and other countries through the improved drainage of the land; though it still occasionally lingers in the neighbourhood of swamps and in other situations which are wet and damp, and which favour the decay of vegetable matter.

Man holds in his own hands the power both of largely increasing and decreasing his chances of early death, and nowhere is this fact better exemplified than in the lessened mortality which follows even moderate attention to the laws of health; the words of Dr Farre deserve to be emblazoned in every household in respect of their pungent utterance concerning the good which mankind is able to effect by even slight attention to sanitary requirements. 'The hygienic problem,' says Dr Farre, 'is how to free the English people from hereditary disease . . . and to develop in the mass the athletic, intellectual, æsthetic, moral, and religious qualities which have already distinguished some of the breed. There is a divine image in the future, to which the nation must aspire. The first step towards it is to improve the health of the present age; and improvement, if as persistently pursued as it is in the cultivation of inferior species, will be felt by their children and their children's children. A slight development for the better in each generation, implies progress in the geometrical progression which yields results in an indefinite time, that if suddenly manifested would appear miraculous.'

In 1872, Mr Simon told us that the deaths occurring in Great Britain were more numerous by a third than they would have been, had the existing knowledge of disease and its causes been perfectly applied. He added that the number of deaths in England and Wales which might reason-

ably be ascribed to causes of a truly preventable nature, number about one hundred and twenty thousand. Each of those deaths represents in addition a number of other cases in which the effects of preventable disease were more or less distinctly found. Such an account of a mortality, the greater part of which is unquestionably preventable, may well startle the most phlegmatic amongst us into activity in the direction of health-reform. In order that the nation at large may participate in this all-important work, it is necessary that education in health-science should find a place in the future training of the young as well as in the practice of the old. And if there is one consideration which more than another should be prominently kept in view, it is that which urges that the duty of acquiring information in the art of living healthily and well is an individual duty. It is only through individual effort that anything like national interest in health-science can be fostered. There is no royal road to the art which places length of days within the right hand of a nation, any more than there exists an easy pathway to full and perfect knowledge in any other branch of inquiry. It is the duty of each individual, as a matter of self-interest, if on no higher grounds, to conserve health; and the knowledge which places within the grasp of each man and woman the power of avoiding disease and prolonging life, is one after all which must in time repay a thousandfold the labour expended in its study. It is with a desire of assisting in some measure the advance of this all-important work, that the present series of articles has been undertaken; and we shall endeavour throughout these papers to present to our readers plain, practical, and readily understood details connected with the great principles that regulate the prevention of disease both in the person and in the home.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XII.—A FAIR ARBITER.

THERE was a little uneasiness in Madge's mind regarding the effect her note might have on Mr Hadleigh. She had no doubt that she had given the right answer, and was at rest on that score. But she had divined something of the rich man's desolation, and she was grieved to be compelled to add in any way to the gloom in which he seemed to live. She wished that she could comfort him: she hoped that there would come a day when she would be able to do so.

It was a relief to her when at length she received this short missive:

'I am sorry. I know that your refusal is dictated by the conviction that what you are doing is best. I hope you will never have cause to repent that you chose your way instead of mine.'

The foreboding which lurked in these words was plainly the reflection of his own morbid broodings, but like all strong emotion, it was infectious, and, reason as she would, she could not shake off its influence entirely. At every unoccupied moment an indefinable shadow seemed to cross the period between Philip's going and return. There was only one way of getting rid of this impression—to be always busy. Fortunately that was the remedy nearest

at hand; for with household duties, her uncle's accounts and correspondence—considerably multiplied during harvest—and the preparation with her own hands of sundry useful articles for Philip to take with him on his travels, she had plenty to do, without reckoning the hours her lover himself occupied.

It was during one of those happy hours that Philip referred to the proposal made by his father, and laughingly asked if she would agree to it.

This was a trial which Madge had anticipated, and was yet unprepared to meet. She could not make up her mind whether or not to tell Philip about Mr Hadleigh's letters. So, again she followed her maxim, and did what was most disagreeable to herself—kept the secret.

'You know what I think about it, Philip,' she answered; 'and I know the answer you gave him.'

'You are sure?'

'Quite sure—you refused.'

'And you are not sorry? Cruel Madge—you do not wish me to stay.'

'What we wish is not always best, Philip.'

She looked at him with those quiet longing eyes; and he wished they had not been at that moment walking in the harvest-field, with the reaping-machine coming at full swing towards them, followed by its troop of men and women gathering up the shorn grain, binding it into sheaves and piling them into shocks for the drying wind to do its part of the work. Had they only been in the orchard, he would have given her a lover's token that he understood and appreciated her sacrifice.

'I am not prepared to give unqualified assent to that doctrine,' he said, thinking of the inconvenient neighbourhood of the harvesters. 'However, in this instance I did not do what I wished.'

'And what did he say?'

'Oh, he gave me a lot of good advice.'

'Did you take it?' she demanded, smiling.

'Well, you see if we were to take all the good advice that is offered us, there would be no enterprise in the world.'

'I am going to show you one man who will take good advice.'

'Who is that?'

'There he is speaking to uncle.'

'Why, that is Caleb Kersey. I never heard of him taking advice, as he is too much occupied in giving it; and a nice mess he is making of the harvest at our place.'

'That is what I am going to see him about. I promised your father to make some arrangement with him; but he has been away in Norfolk, and I have had no opportunity of speaking to him until now.'

This Caleb Kersey's name had suddenly become known throughout the agricultural district of the country—to the labourers as that of their champion; to the farmers as that of their bane. He was a man of short stature and muscular frame; bushy black hair; square forehead and chin; prominent nose and piercing gray eyes. When in repose or speaking to his comrades, his expression was one of earnest thoughtfulness; but it became somewhat sulky when he was addressing his superiors, and fierce with enthusiasm when haranguing a crowd.

He was not more than thirty; yet he had worked as a farm-labourer in all the northern and in several southern counties, thus becoming acquainted with the ways and customs of his class in the various districts. On returning to Kingshope he caused much consternation in the neighbourhood of that quiet village, as well as in the town of Dunthorpe, by forming an Agricultural Labourers' Union, the object of which was to obtain better wages and better cottages.

The Union did secure some advantages to the mass of labourers; but it brought little to Caleb Kersey. The farmers were afraid to employ him, lest he should create some new agitation amongst their people; and a large number of the men who had been carried away by the first wave of this little revolution having profited by it, settled down into their old ways and their old habits of respect for 'the squire, the parson, and the master.' But Caleb remained their champion still, ready to be their spokesman whenever a dispute arose between them and their employers.

He had picked up a little knowledge of cobbling, and when he could not obtain farmwork, he eked out a living by its help.

'It's long ov them plaguy schools and papers,' said Farmer Trotman one day to Dick Crawshaw. 'There ain't a better hand nowhere than Caleb; but it was a black day for him and for us that he larned reading and writing.'

The stout yeoman of Willowmere was scarcely in a position to sympathise with this lamentation, for he had been in no way disturbed by Caleb's doings. Most of his servants were the sons and daughters of those who had served his father and grandfather, and who would as soon have thought of emigrating to the moon, as of quitting a place of which they felt themselves to be a part, even if it were only to move into the next parish. So, Uncle Dick could say no more than:

'I don't have any trouble with my people. They seem to jog on pretty comfortable; and I daresay you'd get on well enough with Caleb if you only got the right side of him. I give him a job whenever there is one to give and he wants it; and he's worth two any ordinary men. I wouldn't mind having him all the year round if he'd agree. But that's somehow against his principles.'

'Ah! them principles are as bad as them schools for upsetting ignorant folks. Look at me: all the larning I got was to put down my name plain and straight; and there ain't nobody as'll say I haven't done my duty by my land and cattle.'

This was a proposition to which Uncle Dick could cheerfully assent, and his neighbour was satisfied.

'I want to speak to Caleb for a minute, uncle,' said Madge as she advanced.

Uncle Dick nodded, and walked leisurely after the harvesters, accompanied by Philip.

'Yes, miss,' was the respectful observation of the redoubtable champion.

'I am glad to see you back, because I have been wanting you for several days.'

'What for, miss?'

'Well, I want to know in the first place, are you engaged anywhere?'

'Not at present.'

'Then will you let me engage you for a friend of mine?'

'I'd like to do anything to please you, miss; but maybe your friend wouldn't care to have me.'

He said this with a faint smile, as if regretting that she had given herself any trouble on his account.

'He is not only ready to take you, but is willing to let you select the hands who are to work under you for the whole of the harvest.'

'That would be agreeable, if there is no bother about the wages.'

'They will be the same as here.'

'We wouldn't want more than Master Crawshaw gives.'

'When can you get the hands together?'

'In a day or two. But you haven't told me where the place is, and I would have to know how much there is to cut.'

'Now you are to remember that it is I who am engaging you, Caleb, although the place is not mine; and I want you to get people who will consent to do without beer until after work.'

'You mean Ringsford,' he said awkwardly. 'I'm afeared.'

There she stopped him by laying her hand on his shoulder and saying with a bright smile: 'I know you don't take beer yourself, and you know how much the others will gain by dropping it. I want you to get this work done, Caleb; and there is somebody else who will be as much pleased with you for doing it as I shall be. Come now, shall I tell *her* that you refuse to be near her, or that you are glad of the chance?'

Caleb hung his head and consented. He knew that she spoke of Pansy.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—THE CARES OF STATE.

The ladies of the Manor were in the element which delighted them most when preparing for the dinner and the 'little dance' which were to express the agony they experienced at the departure of their brother for a distant land. But the truth was that they did not think of the parting at all: their whole minds were occupied with the festival itself and with the ambition to make it the most brilliant that had ever been known at Ringsford.

There are people who, whilst desirous of cultivating a reputation for hospitality, regard the preparations for the entertainment of their friends as an affliction; and whilst distributing smiles of welcome to their guests, are, without malice, secretly wishing them far enough and the whole thing well over. There are others who send out invitations which they calculate will not be accepted, and who feel chagrined if they are. But these young ladies thoroughly enjoyed the bustle of the necessary arrangements for a banquet—and the larger its scale, the greater their pleasure; and although they did send some invitations out of deference to social obligations, whilst hoping they would be declined, such drawbacks affected neither their appetites nor their enjoyment when the evening came.

On the present occasion, Miss Hadleigh was of course most anxious that everything should be done in honour of Philip; but it was impossible for her to escape a certain degree of gratification in anticipating the impression which was to be made on her betrothed of the importance of the

Family. She had subscribed for a gorgeously bound copy of a county history in which a page was devoted to Ringsford Manor and its present proprietor. It was remarkable how frequently that book lay open on the drawing-room table at that particular page.

Caroline and Bertha had their private thoughts, too, about the possibilities of the forthcoming festival. They did not deliberately speculate upon obtaining devoted lovers; but they did count upon securing numerous admirers. And, then, they were all to have new dresses for the occasion. This was no special novelty for them: but, however many dresses she may possess, there is no woman who does not find interest and excitement in getting a new one.

With light hearts they attacked the business of issuing invitations; and although 'the little dance' was second in order, they began with it first. They progressed rapidly and merrily: there were a few discussions as to whether or not they should include Mrs Brown and the Misses Brown, or only have Miss Brown; whether they should have Miss Jones alone, or Miss Jones and Miss Sarah Jones; and so on. There were no discussions about the gentlemen, even when it was discovered that supposing two-thirds of those invited came, it would be necessary to erect a marquee on the lawn to allow room for dancing. Indeed the discovery enhanced the glory of the event and caused a marked increase in the number of cards sent out.

This was all smooth enough sailing; but they had to haul in their colours at the first attempt to make up the list of guests for the dinner. They were limited to twelve or fourteen; and there were so many of those asked to the second part of the programme, who would feel slighted and offended on hearing that they had been passed over in the first part, that the girls were appalled by the difficulty of arranging matters so as to cause the least possible amount of heart-burning. It was not as if this were an ordinary gathering: the degree of friendship would be distinctly marked by the line drawn between those who were invited to the dinner and those who were not.

Their father had only mentioned Mr Wrentham and the Crawshays: he left his daughters to select the other guests.

Miss Hadleigh had a vague sensation that she wished she had not been so ready to call everybody her 'Dearest friend.' That rendered her position decidedly more awkward than it would have been otherwise.

'Of course we must have Alfred,' she said decisively, as if relieved to have settled one part of the difficulty.

'Of course we *must* have him,' chimed her sisters.

'And . . . we ought to have his people,' she added meditatively; 'they are—in a sort of way—connections of the Family.'

'Alfred' was Mr Crowell, the young merchant to whom she was engaged.

'Yes, we ought to ask them,' observed Caroline, with a suggestion in voice and look that she would not be sorry if something should prevent them from accepting.

'Then we must ask old Dr Guy—he is such a friend of Philip's; and if we ask him, I don't

see how we can avoid sending cards to Fanny and her stupid husband.'

Dr Guy was the oldest medical man of the Kingshope district: Fanny was his daughter, married to his partner, Dr Edwin Joy.

'I have it!' cried Bertha, clapping her hands with glee at the notion that she had solved the problem: 'we'll go and find out the evenings that the people we don't want are engaged, and invite them for those very evenings.'

'Foolish child,' said the eldest sister majestically; 'they would not be all engaged for the same evening, and our date is fixed.'

'Oh!—I did not think of that,' rejoined Bertha, crestfallen.

'How many have we got, Caroline?'

Caroline was believed to have a head for figures; and being glad to be credited with a head for anything, she endeavoured to sustain the character by making prompt guesses at totals which were generally found to be wrong. Nevertheless, the promptitude of her replies and an occasional lucky hit sufficed to keep up the delusion as to her special faculty. She was lucky this time, for she had been reckoning them all the time.

'Ten; and the vicar will make eleven.'

'Ah, yes—I had almost forgotten the dear old vicar. Thank you, Caroline. That leaves us with only three places; and I suppose Philip and Coutts will want to have some of their friends at dinner.'

The list of particular guests occupied four days of anxious thought and much re-arrangement, with the result that room for two additional places had to be made at the table. Even when all this was done, they had not quite made up their minds who were really the most intimate friends of the Family.

(To be continued.)

#### THE 'KITCHEN KAFFIR.'

FORTUNE, for good or ill, has cast my lot in the little Crown colony of Natal. Let me at once say that I have no intention of going over ground already but too well trodden: What with wars and rumours of wars upon its borders, Natal has lately been 'written up' to a considerable extent by enterprising travellers and newspaper correspondents. Minerva has been treading closely on the heels of Mars, and at the first blush, there would seem but little more to tell. However, the hasty grasp at things made by dashing 'specials' and travellers may have left some grains of information that will perhaps prove interesting.

It is only necessary to my subject to state, by way of introduction, that Natal has a population of about thirty thousand whites and three hundred thousand blacks—the latter, as will be seen, in a proportion of ten to one. These are, of course, round numbers. The city of Pietermaritzburg, the capital of the colony—where my afore-mentioned lot is cast—contains between six and seven thousand Europeans, a large number of Indian coolies, and a much larger number of natives. A considerable proportion of the last-named fall to be spoken of under the heading of this article—the 'Kitchen Kaffir.' Most of the domestic work of the colony

is performed by the natives. They come into the town from the surrounding country from distances of twenty, fifty, or a hundred miles, sometimes farther. The Kaffirs, thanks to the indulgence of our paternal government, are allowed to settle and thrive on the available Crown lands of the colony, and their kraals form a frequent feature of the up-country landscape. Though these natives enjoy the protection of the British government, polygamy is allowed under the Native Law. Wives have to be bought with bullocks. The young natives, ambitious to wed, leave the ancestral kraal, and work for wages in the town until they have saved enough money to buy the requisite oxen. Hence the Kitchen Kafir.

My wife is now sitting at my elbow, sub-editing my remarks. This is needful; for although we have been three years in the colony, I stand second to her in knowledge of Kaffir character, and particularly of Kaffir language. This cannot, of course, be referred to any inferiority in my mental calibre, but to the fact that I am engaged in business in the town all day; while my wife is brought more in contact with the domestic Kaffir. He is named Sam, and has been with us for over two years and a half. Well do I remember the first time I saw him. He was drawing water, for an ungracious mistress, out of the *sluit* or rivulet-gutter that runs down the side of the Pietermaritzburg streets or roads. I thought I had never seen a happier mortal. He was dressed in an old shirt and trousers. In the latter, appeared a great rent; frayed patches were visible all over his raiment; yet his face beamed with a grin unrivalled in expressive extent by anything outside of a Christy Minstrel entertainment. Our hearts instantly warmed towards Sam, and we invited him to our hearth at the munificent rate of one pound a month. He posed as bashfully as a maiden receiving an offer of marriage. He shoved the back of his horny hand into his capacious mouth, coquettishly paddled in the dust with his right big toe, and took sly, sidelong glances at us with his large and rolling left eye. All this we took to mean 'Yes.' A few days afterwards, Sam appeared at the back of our cottage, carrying his sticks—no Kaffir ever goes about without two or three *knobkerries* in his hand—a rolled-up mat to sleep on, and a wooden pillow. His attire was as ragged as ever; but by means of some of my old clothes he assumed a more respectable air. I must explain that, to suit European ideas of decency, the Kaffirs are not permitted to wear their kraal costume in the town. Whenever they come within the municipal boundary, they have to doff the *moochees* or fur-kilt and don trousers. They do so with great reluctance. If you happen to be on the outskirts of the town, you will see the departing Kaffirs joyfully throwing off shirt and trousers, tying these in a bundle, re-assuming their *moochee*, and trotting happily homewards.

The duties of the Kitchen Kafir are multifarious and fairly well performed. He chops the wood, lights the fire, serves at table, cleans the rooms, goes messages, and nurses the baby. He has weaknesses, of course; but these he possesses in common with the rest of the human family. He smokes and snuffs, and is fully alive to the benefits

of frequent leisure. At periodic intervals, generally of six months, he shows a strong desire to go home, to *hamba lo kaya*. But this intermittent home-sickness, while the gratifying of it may entail some inconvenience on the *baas* (master) or the *mezzis*, is not an unpleasant feature in the native character. Kraal-life is very patriarchal, and the Kaffirs have strong home-instincts. They are a social race, and the sociality is abundantly visible in the manners and habits of the Kitchen Kafir. In the 'Kaffir house'—the outbuilding to be found in the rear of nearly all colonial villas and cottages—there is many a jovial evening spent by the 'boys.' When the toil of day is over—few domestic natives work after six or seven o'clock in the evening—they gather together and gossip on the events of the day. They retail all the private life of their masters and mistresses; for they have a wonderful faculty, distinct from prying, of shrewdly finding out everything that is going on. News travels with astonishing speed amongst the native population. The 'boys' apparently take it in turn to invite each other to spend the evening and share the porridge supper. Concurrently with the gossiping, they smoke. The pipe is a small bowl fitted into a bullock's horn, partly filled with water, through which the smoke is drawn. The 'boys' generally sit in a circle; and by the light of a stump of candle stuck in a corner, you can see their forms dimly through the stiff clouds which they are blowing. The smoke seems to be continually getting into the Kaffirs' air-passages, as a loud chorus of coughs is incessantly kept up. So the night wears on. At nine o'clock a bell rings at the police-station, the signal for all Kaffirs to go home. Any native found on the streets after that hour, unless he have a written 'pass' from his master, is apprehended and fined half-a-crown.

Sam, when solitary, amuses his evenings by playing on what I may call a one-stringed harp. It consists of a wire strung on a wooden bow about four feet long, near one extremity of which is fastened a hollow gourd to give resonance. It is played by being struck with a stick; and by pressing the wire, Sam can increase the range of the instrument to two notes—'tim-tum, tim-tum,' by the hour together. He also, to its accompaniment, sings certain wild melodies, probably with impromptu words. The Kaffirs are noted *improvisatores*. You cannot even send one on an errand without his chanting the object of his mission in loud tones all down the street. It certainly goes against all ideas of fitness to hear your Kafir, as he ambles along, singing out in Zulu, with endless repetitions, and to an incoherent melody: 'Oh! missis is going to make soup, and I'm off to buy the peas;' or, 'We're right out of firewood, and I'm to borrow some from Mrs Jones;' or, 'Master's sick, and I'm hurrying for the physie!' If these domestic revelations were only heard by the Kaffir population, it would not matter so much; but the words are almost equally patent to the white people. However, as everybody's Kafir sings his errands, there is a certain compensation!

It should now be remarked that Kitchen Kafir is also the name of the modified Zulu spoken by the domesticated native. It is as peculiar in its way as 'Pidgin English,' or any other of those *langues de convenance* which have originated in



the intimate relations existing between the British and some ultra-continental peoples. The Zulu language proper is a well-developed tongue, elaborate in mood, tense, and case, as can be seen in the erudite volume of the late Bishop Colenso, who was as great an authority in Ethiopian grammar as in arithmetic. Here and there, one may find old colonists, traders, or missionaries who have a thorough knowledge of 'Zulu'; but the settlers in general have neither the opportunity nor perhaps the inclination to learn it. The prevailing custom of England seems to be to restrict her subject races to their own tongue.

The Kitchen Kaffir is slightly heterogeneous. A number of English and Dutch words have crept into it, with certain modifications to adapt them to the genius of the Zulu language. Amongst the former we would cite *callidge* (carriage), *follik* (fork), *nquati* (note, or letter), *lice* (rice), and so on, the pronunciation being governed by the fact that the Kaffirs experience difficulty in articulating *r*. The letter *x* is also a stumbling-block. Hence 'box' is transformed into *bogus*, and a popular English Christmas institution transplanted to the colony is known as a 'Kissmiss bogus.' 'Sunday,' again, is spoken of as *Sonda* or *Sonto*; and 'horse' is *thashi*. In denoting money there are also some peculiar terms. A threepenny piece is known as a *pen*, and the latter word is pretty generally used amongst the Europeans themselves. I may here interject the remark that the threepenny piece is about the lowest coin in circulation in the colony. Pennies are scarce, and farthings an unknown quantity. I was told by a Natal schoolmistress that one of the greatest difficulties she met with was in teaching the children how many farthings made up a penny; and a little colonial-born girl once said to me: 'Oh! how I would like to go to England to see farthings!' The Kaffirs look down with contempt upon coppers. A half-crown is called, by a strange phonetic twist, a *facquelin*, and a florin—well, thereby hangs a tale. Some years ago, a contractor in Natal, who hailed from the north of the Tweed, hit upon a brilliant idea, which he thought would result in a great saving of expenditure. In giving his Kaffir labourers their weekly payment, he substituted two-shilling pieces—till then unknown among the natives—for half-crowns, thinking the 'untutored savage' would not detect the difference. They went away contented; but it was not long ere the storekeepers had enlightened their minds as to the true value of the money. I forget how the matter ended; but it is a sad fact that to this day the Kaffirs always speak of a florin as a 'Scotchman.' Traces of Dutch in Kitchen Kaffir are numerous.

As to the Zulu element in Kitchen Kaffir, I would premise that the written Zulu bears no very great resemblance to the spoken language. This is partly owing to the number of 'clicks,' which originally formed no characteristic of the Zulu tongue, but were many years ago borrowed from the Hottentots, who revel in these verbal impediments. There are three clicks, represented on paper by *c*, *g*, and *z*. The *c* is made by pressing the tongue against the teeth, as when one is slightly annoyed; while *g* is like a 'cluck,' and *z* like the 'chick' made to start a horse. These, however, are what musicians

would term 'accidentals,' and but little interrupt the sonorous, melodic flow of Kaffir utterance. To those who know the Zulu language only through books, such words as *gququza* (to stir up) and *ugogogo* (windpipe) may seem next to unpronounceable; but in the native's lips they lose much of their angularity. So, too, with such combinations as *ubugwigwigi* (whizzing-sound) and *ikitwityikwityi* (whirlwind).

But now to return briefly to Sam. In many respects he is an excellent servant, and like most of the unsophisticated Kaffirs, could be trusted with untold gold. The average Kitchen Kaffir is frequently left in charge of a house during the absence of the family, and would no more think of making away with the valuables than would a watch-dog. One evening Sam asked and received permission to go to the 'school,' by which is meant the mission-school, where the Kaffirs are taught to read and write, and where they also receive religious instruction. The effect upon Sam was instantaneous. He invested in a new coat and trousers, a waistcoat, and a white shirt with long cuffs. Big boots adorned his feet, and a felt hat his head. A few days later he had acquired a paper collar, gloves, and leggings, and finally he blossomed out into an umbrella. His evenings are now spent in laborious *viva voce* attempts to master the alphabet, and the rude scrawls upon the whitewashed wall testify to his efforts at caligraphy.

There is much diversity of opinion in Natal as to the results attending the religious training of the native, and perhaps it would be well if a little more of the 'sweet reasonableness' of Matthew Arnold were imported into the discussion. There is, however, the fact that many of the Kaffirs are taught to read and write, and this cannot in the long-run be an evil. What has yet been accomplished, even at such institutions as that founded by Bishop Colenso at Bishopstowe, and that at Lovedale in the Cape Colony, is perhaps comparatively small; but it may be as pregnant with encouragement as the humble blue flower that cheered the heart of Mungo Park in the African desert.

## TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

### A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

#### CONCLUSION.

PRESENTLY the nurse came and carried off Miss Lucy and her doll. Lady Dimsdale rose and joined Mrs Bowood.

A minute later, a servant came and presented Captain Bowood with a card. The latter put on his spectacles, and read what was written on the card aloud: "MR GARWOOD BROOKER, Theatre Royal, Ryde." Don't know him. Never heard of the man before,' said the Captain emphatically.

'The gentleman is waiting in the library, sir,' said the servant. 'Says he wants to see you on very particular business.'

'Humph! Too hot for business of any kind. Too many flies about. Must see him though, I suppose.'

The servant retired; and presently the Captain followed him into the house. Mrs Bowood and Lady Dimsdale lingered for a few minutes, and then they too went indoors.

As Captain Bowood entered the library, Mr Brooker rose and made him a profound bow. He was a stoutly-built man, between fifty and sixty years of age. He wore shoes; gray trousers, very baggy at the knees; a tightly buttoned frock-coat, with a velvet collar; and an old-fashioned black satin stock, the ends of which hid whatever portion of his linen might otherwise have been exposed to view. A jet black wig covered his head, the long tangled ends of which floated maziily over his velvet collar behind. His closely shaven face was blue-black round the mouth and chin, where the razor had passed over its surface day after day for forty years. The rest of his face looked yellow and wrinkled, the continual use of pigments for stage purposes having long ago spoiled whatever natural freshness it might once have possessed. Mr Brooker had a bold aquiline nose and bushy brows, and at one time had been accounted an eminently handsome man, especially when viewed from before the foot-lights; but his waist had disappeared years ago, and there was a general air about him of running to seed. When Mr Brooker chose to put on his dignified air, he was very dignified. Finally, it may be said that every one in 'the profession' who knew 'old Brooker,' liked and esteemed him, and that at least he was a thorough gentleman.

Having made his bow, Mr Brooker advanced one foot a little, buried one hand in the breast of his frock-coat, and let the other rest gracefully on his hip. It was one of his favourite stage attitudes.

'Mr Brooker?' said Captain Bowood interrogatively, as he came forward with the other's card in his hand.

'At your service, Captain Bowood.' The voice was deep, almost sepulchral in its tones. It was the voice of Hamlet in his gloomier moments.

'Pray, be seated,' said the Captain in his off-hand way as he took a chair himself.

Mr Brooker slowly deposited himself upon another chair. He would have preferred saying what he had to say standing, as giving more scope for graceful and appropriate gestures; but he gave way to circumstances. He cleared his voice, and then he said: 'I am here, sir, this morning as an ambassador on the part of your nephew, Mr Charles Warden.'

'Don't know any such person,' replied the Captain shortly.

'Pardon me—I ought to have said your nephew, Mr Charles Summers.'

'Then it's a pity you did not come on a better errand. I want nothing to do with the young vagabond in any way. He and I are strangers. Eh, now?'

'He is a very clever and talented young gentleman; and let me tell you, sir, that you ought to be very proud of him.'

'Proud of my nephew, who is an actor!—an actor! Pooh!' The Captain spoke with a considerable degree of contempt.

'I am an actor, sir,' was Mr Brooker's withering reply, in his most sepulchral tones.

The Captain turned red, coughed, and fidgeted. 'Nothing personal, sir—nothing personal,' he spluttered. 'I only spoke in general terms.'

'You spoke in depreciatory terms, sir, respecting something about which you evidently know little or nothing.'

The Captain winced. He was not in the habit of being lectured, and the sensation was not a pleasant one, but he felt the justice of the reproof.

'Ah, sir, the actor's profession is one of the noblest in the world,' resumed Mr Brooker, changing from his Hamlet to his Mercutio voice; 'and your nephew bids fair to become a shining ornament in it. I know of few young men who have progressed so rapidly in so short a time, and the press notices he has had are something remarkable. Here are a few of them, sir, only a few of them, which I have brought together. Oblige me by casting your eye over them, sir, and then tell me what you think.' Speaking thus, Mr Brooker produced from his pocket-book three or four sheets of paper, on which had been gummed sundry cuttings from different newspapers, and handed them to the Captain.

That gentleman having put on his glasses, read the extracts through deliberately and carefully. 'Bless my heart! this is most extraordinary!' he remarked when he had done. 'And do all these fine words refer to that graceless young scamp of a nephew of mine?'

'Every one of them, sir; and he deserves all that's said of him.'

Like many other people, Captain Bowood had a great respect for anything that he saw in print, more especially for any opinion enunciated by the particular daily organ whose political views happened to coincide with his own, and by whose leading articles he was, metaphorically, led by the nose. When, therefore, he came across a laudatory notice anent his nephew's acting extracted from his favourite *Telephone*, he felt under the necessity of taking out his handkerchief and rubbing his spectacles vigorously. 'There must be something in the lad after all,' he muttered to himself, 'or the *Telephone* wouldn't think it worth while to make such a fuss about him. But why didn't he keep to tea-broking?'

'I am much obliged to you, sir,' said the Captain, as he handed the extracts back to Mr Brooker.

'I am afraid that I make but a poor envoy, sir,' said the latter, 'seeing that as yet I have furnished you with no reason for venturing to intrude upon you this morning.'

'You have a message for me?' remarked the Captain.

'I have, sir; and I doubt not you can readily guess from whom. Sir, I have the honour to be the manager of the travelling theatrical company of which your nephew forms a component part. I am old enough to be the young man's father, and that may be one reason why he has chosen to confide his troubles to me. In any case, I have taken the liberty of coming here to intercede for him. There are two points, sir, that he wishes me to lay before you. The first is his desire—I might, without exaggeration, say his intense longing—to be reconciled to you, who have been to him as a second father, since his own parents died. He acknowledges and regrets that in days gone by he was a great trouble to you—a great worry and a great expense. But he begs me to assure you that he has now sown his wild-oats; that he is working hard in his profession; that he is determined to rise in it; and that he will yet do credit to you and every one connected with

him—all of which I fully indorse. But he cannot feel happy, sir, till he has been reconciled to you—till you have accorded him your forgiveness, and—and?’

Here the Captain sneezed violently, and then blew his nose. ‘I knew it—I said so,’ he remarked aloud. ‘Those confounded draughts—give everybody cold. Why not?’ Then addressing himself directly to Mr Brooker, he said: ‘Well, sir, well. I have listened to your remarks with a considerable degree of patience, and I am glad to find that my graceless nephew has some sense of compunction left in him. But as for reconciliation and forgiveness and all that nonsense—pooh, pooh!—not to be thought of—not to be thought of!’

‘I am sorry to hear that, Captain Bowood—very sorry indeed.’

‘You made mention of some other point, sir, that Mr Summers wished you to lay before me. Eh, now?’

‘I did, sir. It is that of his attachment to a young lady at present staying under your roof—Miss Brandon by name.’

‘Ah, I guessed as much!’

‘He desires your sanction to his engagement to the young lady in question, not with any view to immediate marriage, Miss Brandon being a ward in Chancery, but—’

‘Confound his impudence, sir!’ burst out the Captain irately. ‘How dare he, sir—how dare he make love to a young lady who is placed under my charge by her nearest relative? What will Miss Hoskyns say and think, when she comes back and finds her niece over head and ears in love with my worthless nephew? Come now.’

‘It may perchance mitigate to some extent the severity of your displeasure, sir,’ remarked Mr Brooker in his blandest tones, ‘when I tell you that in my pocket I have a letter written by Miss Hoskyns, in which that lady sanctions your nephew’s engagement to Miss Brandon.’

The Captain stared in open-mouthed wonder at the veteran actor. This was the strangest turn of all. He felt that the situation was getting beyond his grasp, so he did to-day what he always did in cases of difficulty—he sent for his wife.

Mrs Bowood was almost as much surprised as her husband when she heard the news. Mr Brooker produced Miss Hoskyns’ letter, the genuineness of which could not be disputed; but she was still as much at a loss as before to imagine by what occult means Master Charley had succeeded in causing such a document to be written. Nor did she find out till some time afterwards.

It would appear that our two young people had fallen in love with each other during the month they had spent at Rosemount the preceding summer, and that, during the ensuing winter, Charley had contrived to worm his way into the good graces of Miss Hoskyns by humouring her weaknesses and playing on some of her foibles, of which the worthy lady had an ample stock-in-trade. But no one could have been more surprised than the young man himself was when, in answer to his letter, which he had written without the remotest hope of its being favourably considered, there came a gracious response, sanctioning his engagement to Miss Brandon. The fact was

that, while in Italy, Miss Hoskyns had allowed her elderly affections to become entangled with a good-looking man some years younger than herself, to whom she was now on the point of being married. The first perusal of Charley’s letter had thrown her into a violent rage; but at the end of twenty-four hours her views had become considerably modified. After all, as she argued to herself, why shouldn’t young Summers and her niece make a match of it? He came of a good family, and would incontestably be his uncle’s heir; and Captain Bowood was known to be a very rich man. And then came in another argument, which had perhaps more weight than all the rest. Would it be wise, would it be advisable, to keep herself hampered with a niece who was fast developing into a really handsome young woman, when she, the aunt, was about to take a good-looking husband so much younger than herself? No; she opined that such a course would neither be wise nor advisable. Hence it came to pass that the letter was written which was such a source of surprise to every one at Rosemount.

‘What am I to do now?’ asked the Captain a little helplessly, as Mrs Bowood gave back the letter to Mr Brooker.

That lady’s mind was made up on the instant. ‘There is only one thing for you to do,’ she said with decision, ‘and that is, to forgive the boy all his past faults and follies, and sanction his engagement to Elsie Brandon.’

‘What—what! Eat my own words—swallow my own leek—when I’ve said a hundred times that!’

‘Remember, dear, what you said in the drawing-room last evening,’ interposed Mrs Bowood in her quietest tones.

Then the Captain called to mind how, in conversation the previous evening with his wife and Lady Dimsdale, he had chuckled over the tricks played him by his nephew, and had admitted that that young gentleman’s falling in love with Miss Brandon was the very thing he would have wished for, had he been consulted in the matter.

The Captain was crestfallen when these things were brought to his mind.

Mrs Bowood gave him no time for further reflection. Rightly assuming that the young people were not far away, she opened a door leading to an inner room, and there found them in close proximity to each other on the sofa. ‘Come along, you naughty children,’ she said, ‘and receive the sentence due for your many crimes.’

They came forward shamefacedly enough. Master Charles looked a little paler than ordinary; on Elsie’s face there was a lovely wild-rose blush.

Mr Brooker rose to his feet, ran the fingers of one hand lightly through his wig, and posed himself in his favourite attitude. He felt that just at this point a little slow music might have been effectively introduced.

The Captain also rose to his feet.

Charley came forward quickly and grasped one of the old man’s hands in both of his. ‘Uncle!’ he said, looking straight into his face through eyes that swam in tears.

For a moment or two the Captain tried to look fierce, but failed miserably. Then bending

his white head, and laying a hand on his nephew's shoulder, he murmured in a broken voice: 'M—m—my boy!'

Sir Frederick Pinkerton was slowly pacing the sunny south terrace, smoking one cigarette after another in a way that with him was very unusual. He was only half satisfied with himself—only half satisfied with the way he had treated Lady Dimsdale. The instincts of a gentleman were at work within him, and those instincts whispered to him that he had acted as no true gentleman ought to act. And yet his feelings were very bitter. Had not Lady Dimsdale rejected him?—had she not scorned him?—had she not treated him with a contumely that was only half veiled? Still more bitter was the thought that if he acted as his conscience told him he ought to act, he would release Lady Dimsdale from the promise he had imposed on her, and stand quietly on one side, while another snatched away the prize which, only a few short hours ago, he had fondly deemed would be all his own. But this was a sacrifice which he felt that he was not magnanimous enough to make. 'I have done the man a great—an inestimable—service,' he said to himself more than once; 'let that suffice. They are not lovesick children—he and Lady Dimsdale—that they should cry for the moon, and vow there is no happiness in life because they can't obtain it. Why should I trouble myself about their happiness? They would not trouble themselves about mine.'

It was thus he argued with himself, and the longer he argued the more angry he became. He was so thoroughly anxious to convince himself that he was right, and he found himself unable to do so.

He was still deep in his musings, when one of the servants brought him a letter which had been sent on from his own house to Rosemount. He recognised the writing as soon as he saw the address, and his face brightened at once. The letter was from his nephew—the one being on earth for whom Sir Frederick entertained any real affection. He found a seat in the shade, where he sat down and broke the seal of his letter. But as he read, his face grew darker and darker, and when he had come to the end of it, a deep sigh burst involuntarily from him; the hand that held the letter dropped by his side, and his chin sank on his breast. He seemed all at once to have become five years older. 'O Horace, Horace, this is indeed a shameful confession!' he murmured. 'How often is it the hand we love best that strikes us the cruellest blow! And Oscar Boyd, too! the man I dislike beyond all other men. That makes the blow still harder to bear. He must be paid the five hundred pounds, and at once. He has lost his fortune, and yet he never spoke of this. What an obligation to be under—and to him! He saved Horace's honour—perhaps his life—but is that any reason why I should absolve Lady Dimsdale from her promise? No, no! This is a matter entirely separate from the other.—Why, here comes the man himself.'

As Sir Frederick spoke thus, Oscar Boyd issued from one of the many winding walks that intersected the grounds at Rosemount. He had been alone since he left Lady Dimsdale. He had vowed

to her that if she would not reveal to him the key of the mystery, he would find it for himself; but in truth he seemed no nearer finding it now than he had been an hour before. From whatever point he regarded the puzzle, he was equally non-plused. Utterly unaccountable to him seemed the whole affair. He was now on his way back to the house in search of Laura. He would see her once more before she left; once more would he appeal to her. On one point he was fully determined: come what might, he would never give her up.

Sir Frederick put away his letter, rose from his seat, pulled himself together, and went slowly forward to meet Mr Boyd. 'You are the person, Mr Boyd, whom I am just now most desirous of seeing,' he said.

'I am entirely at your service, Sir Frederick.'

The Baronet cleared his voice. He scarcely knew how to begin what he wanted to say. Very bitter to him was the confession he was about to make. 'Am I wrong, Mr Boyd, in assuming that you are acquainted with a certain nephew of mine, Horace Calvert by name, who at the present time is residing at Rio?'

Oscar started slightly at the mention of the name. 'I believe that I had the pleasure of meeting the young gentleman in question on one occasion.'

'It is of that occasion I wish to speak. I have in my pocket a letter which I have just received from my nephew, in which he confesses everything. Hum, hum.'

'Confesses—Sir Frederick?'

'For him, a humiliating confession indeed. He tells me in his letter how you—a man whom he had never seen before—saved him from the consequences of his folly—from disgrace—nay, from suicide itself! He had lost at the gaming-table money which was not his to lose. He fled the place—despair, madness, I know not what, in his heart and brain. You followed him, and were just in time to take out of his hand the weapon that a minute later would have ended his wretched life. But you not only did that; you took the miserable boy to your hotel, and there provided him with the means to save his honour. It was a noble action, Mr Boyd, and I thank you from my heart.'

'It was the action of a man who remembered that he had been young and foolish himself in years gone by.'

'I repeat, sir, that it was a noble action. And you would have gone away without telling me how greatly I am your debtor!'

'It was a secret that concerned no one but the young man and myself.'

'It is a debt that must be and shall be paid. I am glad indeed to find that there is sufficient sense of honour left in my nephew to cause him to beg that you may not be allowed to remain a loser by your generosity. He has ascertained that you have returned to England; he has even found out the name of your hotel in Covent Garden, where he asks me to wait upon you. Hum, hum. My cheque-book is at home, Mr Boyd; but if you will oblige me with your address in town, I'—

'One moment, Sir Frederick. Am I right in assuming that a certain anonymous letter which I received yesterday was written by you?'

'Since you put the question so categorically—frankly, it was.'

'You have done me a service greater than I know how to thank you for. You have dragged me from the verge of an abyss. At present, I will not ask you how you came by the information which enabled you to do this—it is enough to know that you did it.' He held out his hand frankly. 'Suppose we cry quits, Sir Frederick?' he said.

The Baronet protruded a limp and flaccid paw, which Oscar's long lean fingers gripped heartily.

'But—but, my dear sir, the five hundred pounds is a debt which must and shall be paid,' urged Sir Frederick, who felt as if he had lost the use of his hand for a few moments.

There was no opportunity for further private talk. Round a corner of the terrace came Captain and Mrs Bowood, Miss Brandon and her lover in a high state of contentment, and Brooker the benignant, nose in air, and with one hand hidden in the breast of his frock-coat. A servant brought out some of Lady Dimsdale's boxes in readiness for the carriage, which would be there in the course of a few minutes. Mr Boyd went forward, leaving Sir Frederick a little way in the rear.

'Quits—"let us cry quits," he said,' muttered the Baronet. 'Yes, yes; let it be so as regards all but the money. That must be repaid. The service I did him was no common one—he admits that. Why, then, should I not hold Lady Dimsdale to her promise?'

At this moment, Lady Dimsdale, dressed for travelling, appeared on the terrace. 'She is going, then. She means to keep her promise,' said Sir Frederick to himself. He drew a little nearer the group.

'And must you really and truly leave us this afternoon?' said Mrs Bowood.

'Really and truly.'

'I am very angry with you.'

'I have promised the children to be back in time to go blackberrying with them, so that you will not lose me for long.'

'I suppose we shall lose Mr Boyd as soon as you are gone. The house will be too dull for him.'

'I have no control over Mr Boyd's actions,' answered Lady Dimsdale quietly, as she turned away.

'Then he has not proposed! O dear! O dear!' murmured Mrs Bowood.

Sir Frederick had seated himself on a rustic chair somewhat apart from the others. He was still uneasy in his mind. 'He saved Horace's honour—he saved his life; but he said himself that we are quits.'

'Why, this is nothing but rank midsummer madness,' said the Captain to Lady Dimsdale. 'But you women never know your minds for two days together. You won't have been settled down at Bayswater more than a week, before you will want to be off somewhere else. Eh, now?'

'Do you know, I think that is quite likely. But I am not leaving you for long. I shall be back again to plague you by the time the leaves begin to turn.' She looked at her watch. 'And now my adieux to all of you must be brief. Time, tide, and the express train wait for no one.'

She saw Oscar coming towards her, and she crossed to meet him.

'The crucial moment,' said Sir Frederick to himself. 'How bravely she carries herself!'

Oscar took her hand. For a moment or two they looked into each other's eyes without speaking. Then Oscar said: 'You are determined to go—and without affording me a word of explanation?'

'I cannot help myself.'

'Do you really mean this to be farewell between us?'

'Yes—farewell.' There was a sob in her voice which she could not repress.

'O my darling!'

'Not that word, Oscar—not that!'

'And do you really think, Laura, that I am going to allow myself to lose you in this way, without knowing the why or the wherefore? Not so—not so.'

'You must, Oscar—you must.'

'Give me some reason—give me some explanation of this unaccountable change.'

'I cannot. My lips are sealed.'

'Very well. I will now say good-bye for a little while; but I shall follow you to London within three days. You are my promised wife, and I shall hold you to your promise, in spite of everything and every one.'

'No, Oscar, no—it cannot be—it can never be!' She glanced up into his eyes. There was a cold, clear, determined look in them, such as she had never seen there before. It was evident that he was terribly in earnest.

At this moment Captain Bowood's landau drove up. The footman descended, and contemplated Lady Dimsdale's numerous packages with dismay.

'You needn't bother about the luggage, George,' said his master. 'A man from the station will fetch that.'

The moment for parting had come. As Oscar gazed down on Laura, all the hardness melted out of his face, and in its stead, the soft light of love shone out of his eyes, and his lips curved into a smile of tenderness. 'Farewell—but only for a little while,' he whispered. He lifted her hand to his lips for a moment, and then, without another word, he turned on his heel and joined the Captain.

'I actually believe Mr Boyd is in love with dear Lady Dimsdale!' whispered Elsie to Mr Summers.

'Of course he is, and she with him; only, she's playing with him for a little while.'

'It seems to me that you know far too much about love-making, Master Charley.'

'Who was the first to give me lessons?'

The only answer to this was a pinch in the soft part of his arm.

Lady Dimsdale controlled herself by a supreme effort. Then she crossed slowly towards where Sir Frederick was sitting.

He rose as she approached him. 'You have kept your promise bravely,' he said in a low voice.

'Why should not a woman keep a promise as bravely as a man?'

'It is I who am driving you away.'

'You flatter yourself, Sir Frederick.'

He shook his head in grave dissent. He seemed strangely moved. He gazed earnestly at her. 'There is a tear in your eye, Lady Dimsdale,' he



said. 'I am conquered. I revoke the promise I caused you to give me yesterday.'

'Oh, Sir Frederick!'

'I revoke it unconditionally.'

'Why did you not tell me this five minutes ago!'

'Better to tell it you now than not at all. You will not leave us now?'

'But I must, I fear—must.' She gave him her hand for a moment, and then turned away.

As the Baronet watched her retreating figure, he muttered to himself: 'Mr Boyd said we were quits. He was mistaken. We shall be quits after to-day. Hum, hum.'

As Lady Dimsdale was crossing the terrace, she dropped one of her gloves—whether by design or accident, who shall say. Oscar Boyd sprang forward and picked it up. Laura stopped, turned, and held out her hand for the glove. As Oscar gave it back to her, his fingers closed instinctively round hers. For a moment or two he gazed into her eyes; for a moment or two she glanced shyly into his. 'I don't in the least know what he saw there; but suddenly he called out to the coachman: 'Henry, you can drive back to the stables. Lady Dimsdale will not go to London to-day.'

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE interesting lecture upon Celtic and Roman Britain, which was delivered last month at the London Institution by Mr Alfred Tylor, F.G.S., was illustrated by several drawings of curious antiquities. There was also shown a map prepared by the lecturer, which depicted all the Roman roads which at the present time still form important highways. A large number of these are seen upon this map to converge at Winchester, which at one time formed a central dépôt for the metallurgical products of this country, before their dispersion abroad. From Winchester the metals won from the earth in Cornwall, Wales, &c., were carried to Beaulieu, in Hampshire, thence to the Solent, close by. Two miles across the Solent is Gurnard's Bay, in the Isle of Wight, whence there was an easy road to the safe harbour of Brading, where the ores could be shipped for continental ports. It is believed, from the existence of so many British sepulchral mounds along these routes, that the roads were established and in constant use many centuries before the Roman occupation. The lecturer also referred to the curious Ogham inscriptions which are found nowhere except in the British Isles, and which are written in a kind of cipher of the simplest but most ingenious kind. A horizontal bar forms the backbone of this curious system of caligraphy. Five vertical strokes across this line would express the first five letters of an alphabet; the next five would be expressed by like lines kept above the horizontal bar, and five more by similar lines kept below it. Other five, making up a total of twenty signs, corresponding to a twenty-letter alphabet, are expressed by diagonal lines across the bar. This primitive method of writing is due to the Irish division of the Celtic race, and indicates a proof of early culture, which is seen in more enduring form in the artistic skill evident

in such metallurgical work as has been assigned to the same period and people.

Professor Maspero's recently issued new catalogue of the Boulak Museum, Cairo, deals with antiquities compared with which those referred to the Roman period in Britain seem but things of yesterday. Many of these archæological treasures, but more particularly the funerary tablets or *stela*, cover the enormous period of thirty-eight centuries, a period, too, which ends two thousand years before the Christian era. As to the object of these tablets, which are almost invariably found attached to ancient Egyptian tombs, Professor Maspero gives a new theory. There is no doubt that the ancient Egyptians believed in the immortality of the soul, but coupled with this was a belief in the existence of a something outside the soul and body—a kind of shade or double, called the Ka. The preservation of this Ka was essential to the preservation of the soul; and images of the defunct in which this spirit could dwell were entombed with the mummy. The various scenes of domestic labour and pastoral pursuits were not—as was until recently supposed—inscribed upon the Egyptian tombs merely as records of manners and customs, but were associated with the belief in the Ka. The pursuits carried on in life could by these representations enable the spiritual double to carry on the same line of conduct. Representations of various kinds of food in baked clay, limestone, or other material, formed the food of the Ka, and such things have been found in abundance. According to Professor Maspero's new theory, the *stela* or tablet enumerated the funereal offerings of the deceased, and contained a prayer for their continuance. This prayer, repeated by a priest—or passer-by, even—would insure the well-being of the Ka. The name and status of the deceased were also inscribed upon the tablet; for, according to Egyptian ideas, a nameless grave meant no hereafter for its inmate. The catalogue referred to is intended to be a popular guide for the use of visitors, but it contains very much which will be of value to the student.

Mr Petrie's recently published book upon the Pyramids of Gezeh, while it makes short work of many previously accepted theories as to the intention and uses of those gigantic structures, gives much information of a most interesting kind, and throws a new light upon many previously obscure portions of the subject. Most interesting is that part of the work devoted to the mechanical means employed by the builders of the Pyramids. Mr Petrie traces in the huge stones of which the Pyramids are built, the undoubted marks of saw-cutting and tubular drilling. He believes that the tools employed were of bronze, and asserts that this metal has left a green stain on the sides of the saw-cuts. Jewels, to form cutting-points, he believes to have been set both in the teeth of the saws and also on the circumference of the drills. (If this be true, rock-boring diamond drills are no new things.) He has even detected evidence of the employment of lathes with fixed tools and mechanical rests.

There is now little doubt as to the value of ensilage as a food for cattle, for there is abundant testimony from various parts of the country,

where the experiment has been tried of building silos, that beasts thrive upon the compressed fodder that had been stored therein. For instance, its value as a fattening food for cattle has been demonstrated upon Mr Stobart's estate at Northallerton, by a carefully conducted trial. Twelve beasts were divided into two lots of six each. All were alike given the same quantity of meal and cake. Besides this, one lot received daily, each beast, twenty-four and a half pounds of hay and ninety-five pounds of turnips; the other lot receiving in lieu of hay and turnips each seventy-five pounds of ensilage. At the beginning of the experiment, the animals were weighed separately. At the end of one month they were again weighed. All of course showed a great advance; but those fed on ensilage totalled up to a figure which was forty-nine pounds better than the total exhibited by those fed in the more orthodox style.

As we have on a previous occasion hinted, the principle of ensilage has, after a manner, been applied for some years to fruit by the jam-makers. In years of plenty, fruit is reduced to pulp, and can in this state, if the air is carefully excluded, be made to keep well until a time of scarcity occurs. Large quantities of apricot pulp finds its way to this country from France, and realises a good price. In America, a clever plan of rapid drying and evaporation of the watery parts of fruit has come into vogue, and this industry gives employment to many workers. A stove constructed for the purpose costs about fifteen pounds. It is portable, and is used in many districts far from towns where there is not a ready market for fresh fruit. As the water slowly evaporates, the acid and starch in the fruit undergo a chemical change, and grape-sugar is formed. When placed in water, these dried fruits once more swell up to their original volume, and are in every respect like fresh fruit, only that they require, when cooked, but half the usual quantity of added sugar. All kinds of vegetables can be preserved by this process.

A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Iceland, gives some interesting particulars of the present condition of that island. At Reykjavik, its chief town, nothing was known of the reported volcanic disturbances in the interior of the island; but this is hardly to be wondered at, because a large portion of that area is occupied by snow-covered mountains and glaciers which the natives never visit, and which, it may be said, are never explored save by enterprising and adventurous tourists. Professor Tromholt is in Iceland, pursuing his researches on the aurora borealis, the frequency and brilliancy of which, coupled with the exceeding clearness of the atmosphere, give him every advantage. A large portion of Iceland still remains unexplored; and its mineral resources, if we except the large quantities of sulphur which are being worked by an English Company, are but slightly developed. There is still room for a brisk trade in coal, borax, copper, &c., which are abundant on the island. Besides these products, the fisheries of Iceland are most prolific; and although fish and its belongings form two-thirds of the total exports, it is believed that they offer a promising field for the further employment of capital.

Among the wonderful engineering projects of the present day must be mentioned the scheme

for making Paris a seaport. This subject lately engaged the attention of the Rouen Congress of the French Association for the Advancement of Science, who gave to it two days' discussion. One of the chief promoters of the project explained that the proposed way to carry it out was by transforming the river Seine, by dredging operations, into a canal ninety-eight feet in width. The amount of soil to be removed would measure close upon one hundred million cubic yards; it would consist chiefly of gravel and alluvial earth. The cost of the entire undertaking is estimated at four millions sterling.

Much attention has of recent years been called to the neglected art of Irish lace-making. The beauty of design and careful execution of old specimens of Irish lace contrast very remarkably with modern productions, which are too often coarse and inartistic. An Exhibition held last year at the Mansion House, London, and another still more lately at Cork, have to some extent aroused popular interest in this most beautiful class of work, and have given some impetus to the Royal Irish School of Art Needlework. In addition to the labours of this self-supporting Society, which is doing its best in the dissemination of good patterns and the employment of trained teachers, South Kensington has sent one of its emissaries, in the person of Mr Alan Cole, who has made lace-work his particular study, to lecture throughout the country. This gentleman is now in Ireland, travelling about the country wherever his presence is required, and teaching the application of artistic design to the technical requirements of the beautiful fabric.

A pretty picture, exhibited some short time ago, represented a little child looking up inquiringly to the intelligent face of a collie dog, and was entitled 'Can't you Talk?' Sir John Lubbock has lately been asking this question of a little black poodle, and has been endeavouring to teach it to make its wants known by the use of cards with written characters upon them. Thus, one card bears the word 'Food,' another 'Out;' and the dog has been taught to bring either the one or the other to his master, and to distinguish between the meanings of the two. It seems doubtful whether the dog in this case uses the faculty of sight or smell; and it would be a source of some interest and amusement to those possessing an obedient dog, and with time at their disposal, to carry out the same kind of experiments, using new cards every time. It is constantly brought home to any observing owner of a dog that the animal understands a great deal more than he is generally credited with. In one case, we knew of a Dandy Dinmont who became so excited when certain things were mentioned in which he was interested, that French words had to be used in place of English ones when he was present. Their intelligence is truly marvellous. The wife of the editor of this *Journal* possesses a terrier which, while his mistress is out driving, will remain quietly in the parlour during her absence, taking no heed of other vehicles that may come to the front-door in the interval, but instantly recognising by some intuitive perception the arrival of the carriage or cab that has restored his mistress. Be it noted that the room in which Tim is confined during these temporary partings is at the back of the house, apart altogether from the front-door.

This special power of discrimination on the part of our favourite has always been a marvel to us.

Colonel Stuart Wortley, commenting upon Sir John Lubbock's experiments, tells an interesting story concerning a cat which he found during the Crimean War. The poor creature was pinned to the ground by a bayonet which had fallen and pierced its foot. The colonel released it; and the animal attached itself to him, and remained with him to the end of the war. The first two mornings of their acquaintance the cat was taken to the doctor's tent to have his wound dressed. The third morning, the colonel was on duty; but the cat found its way to the doctor's all the same, scratching at the tent for admission, and holding up its paw for examination.

Some months ago, when every one who had more money than scientific knowledge was hastening to invest in electric-lighting schemes, we gave a few words of warning as to the risks involved. That we were not wrong is evidenced by the collapse of so many of the Companies which were then issuing rose-coloured prospectuses. We now learn that so many people have suffered loss in this way, that there is the greatest difficulty in floating any scheme in which the word 'Electricity' occurs; and although inventors are still producing wonderful things, they cannot get support. There seems, however, to be no doubt whatever about the genuine success of the Edison Company in New York. The annual Report of the Company recently issued says that the Pearl Street Station in that city is working up to its full capacity. It has nine thousand eight hundred and eleven incandescent lamps in use, and the machinery has been kept running night and day without cessation since September 1882. The Company has now two hundred and forty-six installations at work, with a total of more than sixty thousand lamps. It may be mentioned as a matter of interest that Edison has had two hundred and fifteen patents actually granted him, and one hundred more have been filed. Every small item of his mechanical contrivances forms the subject of a patent specification.

There is just now such a great demand for handsomely marked leather, such as that obtained from alligator and boa skin, that the supply is not nearly equal to said demand. A large proportion of leather sold as the product of the alligator is really a photograph of the original article. It is managed in this way. The real skin, with its curious rectangular spaces separated by grooved markings, is carefully photographed. From the negative thus obtained a copy is produced in bichromated gelatine, which has the property, under the action of light, of affording images in relief. This is easily reproduced in metal, which serves the purpose of a die. Common cheap leather is now taken and placed with this die under heavy pressure, when all the delicate markings of the alligator skin are indelibly impressed upon it. The finished product can be stained in any way required, but is more frequently preferred to remain the brown colour left by the tanning operation. Such is the most recent trade-application of the fable of the jackdaw and the peacock's feathers.

An American paper calls attention to a theory of life which, it asserts, was held by the great Faraday. This theory makes the duration of

life depend upon the time occupied in growth, leaving all questions of disease or accident which may shorten life out of the question altogether. Man occupies twenty years in the business of growing. This number multiplied by five will give the age to which he ought, under favourable circumstances, to live—namely, one hundred years. A camel, occupying eight years in growing, ought to live by the same rule forty years; and so on with other animals. Human life he divided into two periods—growth and decline, and these were subdivided into infancy, lasting from birth to the age of twenty; youth, lasting from twenty to fifty; virility, from fifty to seventy-five; after which comes age.

'A white-elephant' has long been the common name of a gift which is not only useless, but is likely to entail trouble and expense upon its owner. The animal which has lately found a temporary home at the Zoological Gardens, London, will not be considered so unwelcome a guest, for it has drawn thousands of sight-seers to the place. It is reported to have been bought from the king of Burmah on behalf of Mr. Barnum, the American showman. But there seems to be a conflict of opinion on the point. Those who ought to know say that the exhibited animal has nothing very remarkable about it, and is certainly unlike the sacred animals of Burmah. Moreover, it is said that the king of Burmah would as soon part with his kingdom as with a real white elephant, which is the emblem of universal sovereignty, the parting with one of which would forebode the fall of the dynasty.

One of the attractions of the forthcoming International Health Exhibition will be an Indian village and tea-garden with the plant actually growing—that is to say, if it can be deluded into growing in the smoky atmosphere of London. In a tea-house, the beverage will be served by natives of tea districts, who are to be brought over from India for the purpose. There will also be exhibited a native pickle establishment. We venture to assert that if the entire Exhibition is carried on in this spirit, it is sure to be a success. In past times, the tea industry would have been represented by a few dozen bottles of the dried leaf with labels attached, which none would have read. Our authorities are now learning that if they wish to interest the multitude in an Exhibition, it must consist of something more than the dry-bones of the various subjects which it includes.

At a meeting of the Linnæan Society, Mr. J. G. Baker lately gave a very interesting account of a potato new to this country, but common in Chili, which he believes would thrive well on this side of the Atlantic. There are known to botanists seven hundred species of *solanum*. Only six of these produce tubers, and of these six only one has been as yet cultivated by us, and this is the common potato.\* Its true home, according to Mr. Baker, is found in those parts of Chili which are high and dry; but there is another species which flourishes in moister situations, which he believes might be made to rival its familiar fellow. When cultivated, it grows most

\* Regents, Champions, Orkney Reds, &c., are mere varieties of the common species of potato.

luxuriantly, so much so, that six hundred tubers have in one year been gathered from two plants. Some specimens of this same potato were brought to England so long ago as the year 1826, but they met with little attention, having been confounded with the more common species. Two other species of *solanum*, natives of the eastern portion of South America, and found at Buenos Ayres, &c., are also being cultivated experimentally in France and in the United States.

A case lately occurred which is deserving of notice, if only as a caution to those good people who are always ready to assist any unfortunate who may be seized with a fit. A man acting in this way the part of good Samaritan to a woman who had fallen in an epileptic fit, was bitten by her in the hand. In three days the wrist had swollen to such an extent as to need medical advice, and a few hours afterwards the poor man died. There may, of course, have been something exceptional in his state of health, which rendered this human bite more rapidly fatal than that of a rabid dog; but the lesson to be learned from the sad story is, that the greatest care should be taken in dealing with epileptic patients.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

##### TELEGRAPH EXTENSION.

THE scheme for the extension of the telegraph system, in anticipation of the meditated introduction of the sixpence rate, is a most comprehensive one, and indicates that the Post-office authorities anticipate a very considerable increase of work. The arrangements cover the entire kingdom, and the sum to be expended is half a million, part of the sum having been voted in the official year 1883-84, and the remainder to be voted in the new estimates. From London, upwards of eighty new wires are to be erected to the principal towns of the kingdom, including four additional wires to Liverpool; two each to Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, and Newmarket; three to Glasgow; two to Edinburgh; and one each to a large number of towns, including, in Scotland, Aberdeen and Dundee. Within London itself, five new pneumatic tubes are to be provided; about seventy new wires will be erected; forty existing wires will be provided with instruments to work 'duplex'—that is, with the power of transmitting two different messages by one wire from each end simultaneously; and a very large number of offices will have simple apparatus substituted by other and improved instruments. In the city of Liverpool, in addition to the London wires named, three new wires to Manchester are to be put up; and one new wire to Belfast, Birmingham, Blackburn, Bristol, Carlisle, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, and Newcastle. All those wires and all the new London wires are to be 'duplexed,' and thus each new line practically counts as two. A number of wires out of Liverpool and the other large towns will be converted to duplex; and Liverpool is to have eight new pneumatic tubes for its busier local offices. At Manchester, besides the London and Liverpool communications already named, there will be new wires to Birmingham, Chester, Edinburgh, Leeds, Newcastle, Bolton, Burnley, Derby, Huddersfield, Hull, Isle of Man, and

Nottingham, all duplexed. At Newcastle, an evidence of the curious ramifications of trade is seen in the fact that a new wire is to be put up between that town and Cardiff. Bristol obtains new wires to London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Swansea, and Cardiff; and a share of a new wire for news purposes with Exeter, Plymouth, &c. Sheffield in the same way has a new wire to London, and a share in a news circuit with Nottingham, Leeds, and Bradford. At Birmingham, a number of new local wires, and the duplexing of others, are provided in addition to the various new trunk wires already named. In Scotland, a considerable number of new wires fall to be erected. Edinburgh obtains two of the new London wires, and wires to Manchester, Kelso, and Musselburgh, with the duplexing of some important wires, such as those to Kirkcaldy and Perth. Glasgow, with three London wires added, gets new wires to Dundee, Leeds, Liverpool, Oban, Kilmarnock, Falkirk, &c.; while a large number of the existing wires will be duplexed, and in some cases re-arranged to give more suitable service. A considerable number of new local wires are to be erected in both cities. In Aberdeen, besides the new London wire, the principal change will be new wires to Wick and Lerwick—the last a most important improvement, as Shetland messages will reach London with two steps, instead of being, as now, repeated at Wick, Inverness, and Edinburgh or Glasgow.

We observe that the French are about to increase enormously their telegraphic system, and that the new wires are to be laid *underground*. It would be well if, remembering the ever-recurring havoc wrought upon our overhead wires by gales and snow, we followed the example of our Gallic neighbours.

##### AN OIL BREAKWATER AT FOLKESTONE.

A series of experiments has been made at Folkestone, with the result of very satisfactorily demonstrating the value of the method of spreading oil over troubled waters which has been devised by Mr John Shields, of Perth, and which has been already described in this *Journal*. Many years ago, Mr Shields, observing the effect of a few drops of oil accidentally spilt on a pond in connection with his works, began experiments with a view to determine if this property of oil could not be turned to account on a large scale for the saving of life and property at sea and on our coasts. He soon arrived at the conclusion that the problem to be solved was 'how to get the oil on troubled waters when it was wanted and where it was wanted.' By trying various methods of solving this question, first at Peterhead and then at Aberdeen, he has worked out the system which, with the co-operation of the South-eastern Railway Company, has at his expense been placed in readiness for use during stormy weather off the entrance to the harbour at Folkestone.

On the 29th January, Mr A. Shields, son of the inventor, and Mr Gordon, of Dundee, carried out a number of experiments at Folkestone before a distinguished company. The weather, unfortunately, was not all that could be desired; it was too moderate, and the wind blowing from the west did not drive such breakers across the

harbour bar as a strong south-wester would have produced. Nevertheless, the channel near shore was sufficiently rough to prove the efficiency of Mr Shields' arrangements for smoothing it. What was seen by the visitors may be told in few words. Three large casks were lying on their sides near the pier-end, and pipes inserted in these were connected with small force-pumps, each worked by a man. Attention was first directed to windward towards the unfinished new pier, which juts out to the south-west. Those who have watched these experiments on former occasions said they could see the oil rising from a submerged pipe laid from the old pier-head towards the new pier for a distance of five hundred feet. The flood-tide, however, was running so strongly that it was not until the oil had passed the pier that its effects began to be visible, and these effects were soon more distinctly seen as the two men stationed at the other barrels began to pump oil into a couple of pipes, also laid on the sea-bottom, and running across the entrance of the harbour towards Shakspeare's Cliff for about one thousand yards. A fully-manned life-boat, the *Mayer de Rothschild*, had been rowed out of the harbour, and was lying off the pier-head, rolling a good deal, but not getting a splash while in the wide glassy strip of oil-covered waters that soon stretched away for half a mile or more, though to seaward of this glistening streak the waves were curling and breaking into foam. On the harbour-side the effects of the oil were noticeable far in-shore, and few white caps were to be seen, the film, attenuated as it must have been, and not more than one hundred feet in width, acting apparently as an efficient breakwater. When the pumping was stopped, it was estimated that rather over one hundred gallons of oil had been used.

The trial, which was as satisfactory as the conditions of weather permitted, was concluded about one o'clock; yet at four, when the Boulogne boat came in, broad streaks of comparatively smooth, unbroken water showed where the oil still lay on the surface. For this permanent apparatus, lead-pipes of about one and a quarter inch diameter are used, and at distances of one hundred feet apart there are fixed upright pipes eighteen inches high, in each of which is a conical valve, protected from silt by a rose. The oil used was seal-oil, some kind of so-called fish-oil having been found by experiment to be better for the purpose than either vegetable or mineral oils.

A second experiment was made at the same place with Mr Gordon's invention. This consists of firing shells filled with oil, which, when the shells burst, spreads itself over the water. Each shell contains about three-quarters of a gallon of oil. They are fired from mortars, a charge of eight ounces of pebble powder being used. The shell is simply an oil-flask, at the bottom of which is a recess for a fuse of somewhat peculiar construction. It consists of two small chambers. In these there is a projecting submarine fuse about an inch in length. The fuse is capped with a composition which renders it absolutely water-proof, and is so constructed as to secure its ignition with unfailing certainty. Then the fuse is so timed that it bursts at the time required, and just as the shell is touching the surface of the water. The oil from each shell covers a very considerable area

of surface. Somewhere about a dozen of these shells were fired at a range of from four hundred and fifty to five hundred yards. The effect was wonderful. The hissing and raging waters were gradually allayed. For a considerable space the sea was converted into a lake with a gentle swell, in which a ship or a boat could ride with perfect ease. The shells, of course, obviate the necessity of pipes, and the smallest seaport in the kingdom might therefore, with an old mortar and a dozen or two of gallons of oil, make a temporary harbour of refuge whenever the necessity arose.

#### THE CHURCHYARD BY THE SEA.

A MEMORY.

ACROSS the waste of years I see  
One spot for ever soft and green,  
Which, shrouded within my memory,  
In evening glow or morning sheen,  
Tells of the golden, vanished years,  
When smiles came oftener far than tears.

A churchyard by the restless sea,  
Where, in deep calm and dreamless sleep,  
The Dead lay resting peacefully,  
Unheeding the tempestuous deep;  
Careless alike of sun and breeze,  
Or ebbing of those changeful seas.

And oft when shipwreck and despair  
Came to the little sea-beat town,  
Pale women, with dishevelled hair,  
To the wild shore went hurrying down,  
And tenderly dead eyes would close,  
And smooth dead limbs for long repose.

Full many a weary, storm-tossed wight,  
Year after year, in quiet was laid,  
Safe from the blustering storms of night,  
In this green spot, and undismayed,  
Slept close beside the breakers' roar,  
Whose wrath should mar his rest no more.

And over each low-sleeping head,  
Where thymy turf grew green and soft,  
The wild bee hummed, and rosy-red  
The brier-flower bloomed, and up aloft  
The fleecy clouds went drifting by  
Like shades, across the summer sky.

And ever as the years go by,  
And one by one old memories creep  
From out the sweet Past solemnly,  
I seem to see, beside the deep,  
That little, lonely, silent spot,  
With many a childish dream enwrought.

J. H.

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## BIRDS OF SPRING.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES, AUTHOR OF THE 'GAME-KEEPER AT HOME,' ETC.

THE birds of spring come as imperceptibly as the leaves. One by one the buds open on hawthorn and willow, till all at once the hedges appear green, and so the birds steal quietly into the bushes and trees, till by-and-by a chorus fills the wood, and each warm shower is welcomed with varied song. To many, the majority of spring-birds are really unknown; the cuckoo, the nightingale, and the swallow, are all with which they are acquainted, and these three make the summer. The loud cuckoo cannot be overlooked by any one passing even a short time in the fields; the nightingale is so familiar in verse that every one tries to hear it; and the swallows enter the towns and twitter at the chimney-top. But these are really only the principal representatives of the crowd of birds that flock to our hedges in the early summer; and perhaps it would be accurate to say that no other area of equal extent, either in Europe or elsewhere, receives so many feathered visitors. The English climate is the established subject of abuse, yet it is the climate most preferred and sought by the birds, who have the choice of immense continents.

Nothing that I have ever read of, or seen, or that I expect to see, equals the beauty and the delight of a summer spent in our woods and meadows. Green leaves and grass, and sunshine, blue skies, and sweet brooks—there is nothing to approach it; it is no wonder the birds are tempted to us. The food they find is so abundant, that after all their efforts, little apparent diminution can be noticed; to this fertile and lovely country, therefore, they hasten every year. It might be said that the spring-birds begin to come to us in the autumn, as early as October, when hedge-sparrows and golden-crested wrens, larks, blackbirds, and thrushes, and many others, float over on the gales from the coasts of Norway. Their numbers, especially of the smaller birds, such as larks, are

immense, and their line of flight so extended that it strikes our shores for a distance of two hundred miles. The vastness of these numbers, indeed, makes me question whether they all come from Scandinavia. That is their route; Norway seems to be the last land they see before crossing; but I think it possible that their original homes may have been farther still. Though many go back in the spring, many individuals remain here, and rejoice in the plenty of the hedgerows. As all roads of old time led to Rome, so do bird-routes lead to these islands. Some of these birds appear to pair in November, and so have settled their courtship long before the crocuses of St Valentine. Much difference is apparent in the dates recorded of the arrivals in spring; they vary year by year, and now one and now another bird presents itself first, so that I shall not in these notes attempt to arrange them in strict order.

One of the first noticeable in southern fields is the common wagtail. When his shrill note is heard echoing against the walls of the outhouses as he rises from the ground, the carters and ploughmen know that there will not be much more frost. If icicles hang from the thatched eaves, they will not long hang, but melt before the softer wind. The bitter part of winter is over. The wagtail is a house-bird, making the houses or cattle-pens its centre, and remaining about them for months. There is not a farmhouse in the south of England without its summer pair of wagtails, not more than one pair as a rule, for they are not gregarious till winter; but considering that every farmhouse has its pair, their numbers must be really large.

Where wheatears frequent, their return is very marked; they appear suddenly in the gardens and open places, and cannot be overlooked. Swallows return one by one at first, and we get used to them by degrees. The wheatears seem to drop out of the night, and to be showered down on the ground in the morning. A white bar on the tail renders them conspicuous, for at that time much of the surface of the earth is bare and dark. Naturally birds of the wildest

and most open country, they yet show no dread, but approach the houses closely. They are local in their habits, or perhaps follow a broad but well-defined route of migration; so that while common in one place, they are rare in others. In two localities with which I am familiar, and know every path, I never saw a wheatear. I heard of them occasionally as passing over, but they were not birds of the district. In Sussex, on the contrary, the wheatear is as regularly seen as the blackbird; and in the spring and summer you cannot go a walk without finding them. They change their ground three times: first on arrival, they feed in the gardens and arable fields; next, they go up on the hills; lastly, they return to the coast, and frequent the extreme edge of the cliffs and the land by the shore. Every bird has its different manner; I do not know how else to express it. Now, the wheatears move in numbers, and yet not in concert; in spring, perhaps twenty may be counted in sight at once on the ground, feeding together and yet quite separate; just opposite in manner to starlings, who feed side by side and rise and fly as one. Every wheatear feeds by himself, a space between him and his neighbour, dotted about, and yet they obviously have a certain amount of mutual understanding; they recognise that they belong to the same family, but maintain their individuality. On the hills in their breeding season they act in the same way; each pair has a wide piece of turf, sometimes many acres. But if you see one pair, it is certain that other pairs are in the neighbourhood. In their breeding-grounds they will not permit a man to approach so near as when they arrive, or as when the nesting is over. At the time of their arrival, any one can walk up within a short distance; so again in autumn. During the nesting-time the wheatear perches on a molehill, or a large flint, or any slight elevation above the open surface of the downs, and allows no one to come closer than fifty yards.

The hedge-sparrows, that creep about the bushes of the hedgerow as mice creep about the banks, are early in spring joined by the whitethroats, almost the first hedgebirds to return. The thicker the undergrowth of nettles and wild parsley, rushes and rough grasses, the more the whitethroat likes the spot. Amongst this tangled mass he lives and feeds, slipping about under the brambles and ferns as rapidly as if the way was clear. Loudest of all, the chaff-chaff sings in the ash woods, bare and leafless, while yet the sharp winds rush between the poles, rattling them together, and bringing down the dead twigs to the earth. The violets are difficult to find, few and scattered; but his clear note rings in the hushes of the eastern breeze, encouraging the flowers. It is very pleasant indeed to hear him; one's hands are dry and the skin rough with the east wind; the trunks of the trees look dry, and the lichens have shrivelled on the bark; the brook looks dark; gray dust rises and drifts, and the

gray clouds hurry over; but the chaff-chaff sings, and it is certainly spring. The first green leaves which the elder put forth in January have been burned up by frost, and the woodbine, which looked as if it would soon be entirely green then, has been checked, and remains a promise only. The chaff-chaff tells the buds of the coming April rains and the sweet soft intervals of warm sun. He is a sure forerunner. He defies the bitter wind; his little heart is as true as steel. He is one of the birds in which I feel a personal interest, as if I could converse with him. The willow-wren, his friend, comes later, and has a gentler, plaintive song.

Meadow-pipits are not migrants in the sense that the swallows are; but they move about and so change their localities, that when they come back they have much of the interest of a spring-bird. They rise from the ground and sing in the air like larks, but not at such a height, nor is the song so beautiful. These, too, are early birds. They often frequent very-exposed places, as the side of a hill where the air is keen, and where one would not expect to meet with so lively a little creature. The pond has not yet any of the growths that will presently render its margin green; the willow-herbs are still low, the aquatic grasses have not become strong, and the osiers are without leaf. If examined closely, evidences of growth would be found everywhere around it; but as yet the surface is open, and it looks cold. Along the brook the shoals are visible, as the flags have not risen from the stems which were cut down in the autumn. In the sedges, however, the first young shoots are thrusting up, and the reeds have started, slender green stalks tipped with the first leaves. At the verge of the water, a thick green plant of marsh-marigold has one or two great golden flowers open. This is the appearance of his home when the sedge-reedling returns to it. Sometimes he may be seen flitting across the pond, or perched for a moment on an exposed branch; but he quickly returns to the dry sedges or the bushes, or climbs in and out the willow-stoles. It is too bare and open for him at the pond, or even by the brook-side. So much does he love concealment, that although to be near the water is his habit, for a while he prefers to keep back among the bushes. As the reeds and reed canary-grass come up and form a cover—as the sedges grow green and advance to the edge of the water—as the sword-flags lift up and expand, opening from a centre, the sedge-reedling issues from the bushes and enters these vigorous growths, on which he perches, and about which he climbs as if they were trees. In the pleasant mornings, when the sun grows warm about eleven o'clock, he calls and sings with scarcely a cessation, and is answered by his companions up and down the stream. He does but just interrupt his search for food to sing; he stays a moment, calls, and immediately resumes his prying into every crevice of the branches and

stoles. The thrush often sits on a bough and sings for a length of time, apart from his food, and without thinking of it, absorbed in his song, and full of the sweetness of the day. These restless sedge-reedlings cannot pause; their little feet are for ever at work, climbing about the willow-stoles where the wands spring from the trunk; they never reflect, they are always engaged. This restlessness is to them a great pleasure; they are filled with the life which the sun gives, and express it in every motion; they are so joyful, they cannot be still. Step into the osier bed amongst them gently; they will chirp—a note like a sparrow's—just in front, and only recede a yard at a time, as you push through the tall grass, flags, and underwood. Stand where you can see the brook; not too near, but so as to see it through a fringe of sedges and willows. The pink lychnis or ragged robin grows among the grasses; the iris flowers higher on the shore. The water-vole comes swimming past on his way to nibble the green weeds in the stream round about the great branch which fell two winters since and remains in the water. Aquatic plants take root in its shelter. There, too, a moorhen goes, sometimes diving under the bough. A blackbird flies up to drink or bathe, never at the grassy edge, but always choosing a spot where he can get at the stream free from obstruction. The sound of many birds singing comes from the hedge across the meadow; it mingles with the rush of the water through a drawn hatch—finches and linnets, thrush and chaff-chaff, wren and whitethroat, and others farther away, whose louder notes only, reach. The singing is so mixed and interwoven, and is made of so many notes, it seems as if it were the leaves singing, the countless leaves, as if they had voices.

A brightly coloured bird, the redstart, appears suddenly in spring, like a flower that has bloomed before the bud was noticed. Red is his chief colour, and as he rushes out from his perch to take an insect on the wing, he looks like a red streak. These birds sometimes nest near farm-houses in the rickyards, sometimes by copses, and sometimes in the deepest and most secluded coombes or glens, the farthest places from habitation; so that they cannot be said to have any preference, as so many birds have, for a particular kind of locality; but they return year by year to the places they have chosen. The return of the corncrake or landrail is quickly recognised by the noise he makes in the grass; he is the noisiest of all the spring-birds. The return of the goat-sucker is hardly noticed at first. This is not at all a rare, but rather a local bird, well known in many places, but in others unnoticed, except by those who feel a special interest. A bird must be common and plentiful before people generally observe it, so that there are many of the labouring class who have never seen the goat-sucker, or would say so, if you asked them. Few observe the migration of the turtle-doves, perhaps

confusing them with the wood-pigeons, which stay in the fields all the winter. By the time the sap is well up in the oaks, all the birds have arrived, and the tremulous cooing of the turtle-dove is heard by those engaged in barking the felled trees. The sap rises slowly in the oaks, moving gradually through the minute interstices or capillary tubes of this close-grained wood; the softer timber trees are full of it long before the oak; and when the oak is putting forth its leaves, it is high spring. Doves stay so much at this time in the great hawthorns of the hedgerows and at the edge of the copses, that they are seldom noticed, though comparatively large birds. They are easily seen by any who wish; the coo-coo tells where they are; and in walking gently to find them, many other lesser birds will be observed. A wryneck may be caught sight of on a bough overhead; a black-headed bunting, in the hedge where there is a wet ditch and rushes; a black-cap, in the birches; and the 'zee-zee-zee' of the tree-pipit by the oaks just through the narrow copse.

This is the most pleasant and the best way to observe—to have an object, when so many things will be seen that would have been passed unnoticed. To steal softly along the hedgerow, keeping out of sight as much as possible, pausing now and then to listen as the coo-coo is approached; and then, when near enough to see the doves, to remain quiet behind a tree, is the surest way to see everything else. The thrush will not move from her nest if passed so quietly; the chaffinch's lichen-made nest will be caught sight of against the elm-trunk—it would escape notice otherwise; the whitethroat may be watched in the nettles almost underneath; a rabbit will sit on his haunches and look at you from among the bare green stalks of brake rising; mice will rustle under the ground-ivy's purple flowers; a mole perhaps may be seen, for at this time they often leave their burrows and run along the surface; and indeed so numerous are the sights and sounds and interesting things, that you will soon be conscious of the fact, that while you watch one, two or three more are escaping you. It would be the same with any other search as well as the dove; I choose the dove because by then all the other creatures are come and are busy, and because it is a fairly large bird with a distinctive note, and consequently a good guide.

But these are not all the spring-birds: there are the whinchats, fly-catchers, sandpipers, ring-ousels, and others that are occasional or rare. There is not a corner of the fields, woods, streams, or hills, which does not receive a new inhabitant: the sandpiper comes to the open sandy margins of the pool; the fly-catcher, to the old post by the garden; the whinchat, to the furze; the tree-pipit, to the oaks, where their boughs overhang meadow or cornfield; the sedge-reedling, to the osiers; the dove, to the thick hedgerows; the wheatear, to the hills; and I see I have overlooked the butcher-bird or shrike, as indeed in writing of these things one is certain to overlook something, so wide is the subject. Many of the spring-birds do not sing on their first arrival, but stay a little while;

by that time, others are here. Grass blade comes up by grass blade till the meadows are freshly green; leaf comes forth by leaf till the trees are covered; and like the leaves, the birds gently take their places, till the hedges are imperceptibly filled.

## BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

### CHAPTER XIV.—IN HARVEST-TIME.

MEANWHILE the harvest-work on the lands of Ringsford Manor was progressing rapidly—to the surprise of the neighbours, who had heard that Mr Hadleigh could not obtain hands, owing to his craze about the beer question. He did not obtain much sympathy in the district in this attempted social revolution. It was known that he was not a teetotaler himself; and most of the proprietors and farmers and all the labourers took Caleb Kersey's view, that apart from the question whether beer was good or bad for them, this autocratic refusal of it to those who preferred to have it was an interference with the liberty of the subject. As he passed through the market-place, a band of labourers had shouted in chorus the old rhyme: 'Darn his eyes, whoever tries, to rob a poor man of his beer.'

But in spite of this determined opposition, here was a strong troop of men and women clearing the ground so fast that it looked as if the Ringsford cutting and ingathering would be completed as soon as that of any other farm. And the beer was not allowed on the field.

This was wonderful: but a greater wonder still was the fact that the hands who had been so swiftly brought together were working under Caleb Kersey himself—Caleb, the peasants' champion, the temperance defender of every man's right to get drunk if he liked! There were mutterings of discontent amongst his followers: there were whispers that he had been heavily bribed to desert their cause; and those who had previously deserted him, shook their heavy heads, declaring that they 'knewed what was a-coming.'

'It ain't fair on him—he ain't acting square by me,' Jacob Cone, the Ringsford bailiff, had been heard to say in the *Cherry Tree* taproom. 'He comes and he takes my place, and does whatever master wants, when I was a-trying to get master to let folk have their own way, as they've been allays 'customed to.'

That was Jacob's first and last grumble; for Caleb, hearing of it, took him to every one of the hands, and each made the same statement:

'We can do without the beer. We gave it up because we choose to, and not because we're forced to.'

For the rest, Caleb contented himself with saying simply: 'I ain't working for Mr Hadleigh, and I wasn't hired by him.'

'Daresay he contracted with some un?'

A nod would be the response to his inquisitive

friend; and Caleb would proceed with his work as earnestly as if his life depended upon accomplishing a given task within the day. His example inspired the younger men with some spirit of emulation, and the women, old and young, with admiration. The old stagers bluntly told him at the close of the first day that they could not keep pace with him, and did not mean to try.

'Do the best you can, lads, and you'll satisfy me,' was all he said.

The whispers as to his treason to the cause of the 'Union,' which floated about, and of which he was perfectly conscious, had no other effect upon him than to make him labour with increased zeal. But he smarted inwardly; for, like all popular leaders, he felt keenly the signs of waning favour amongst his followers—felt them the more keenly because he had so often, to his own serious detriment, proved his integrity, and knew that he was faithful as ever to the cause he had espoused.

It is doubtful if he would have been able to hold up so stoutly against the swelling tide of unpopularity, if there had not been a compensating influence upon him, strengthening his arm, although it did not always keep his head cool, or his pulse steady.

Every morning, when the white mist was rising from the hollows, and the trees appeared through it like shadows of themselves, whilst the long grass through which he tramped to the field sparkled and glowed around him, as the sun cleared the atmosphere, his way took him by the gardener's cottage. Every evening, when the harvest-moon was rising slowly over the tree-tops, his way homeward took him again by the cottage. He frequently caught a glimpse of Pansy, and generally had an opportunity of exchanging greetings with her.

'A fine morning,' he would say; and he was under the impression that he spoke with a smile, but always looked as solemn as if he were at a funeral.

'Yes, a fine morning,' she would say with a real smile, and a tint on her cheeks as if they reflected the radiance of the sun.

Then he would stand as if he had something more to say; but first he had to look up at the sky; next strain his eyes over the rolling-ground in the direction of the Forest, as if much depended upon his noting the development of the trees through the mist; and again up at the chimney-top, to observe which way the wind was blowing. The result of all this observation being:

'We'll have a rare drying wind to-day.'

Then she, in a modified way, would go through the same pantomime and answer pleasantly: 'Yes, I think you will.'

And he would pass on, leaving that great 'something' he wanted to say still unspoken. Yet Caleb was reputed to be a man possessed of a special gift of speech. He showed no lack of it in the presence of any one save Pansy.

'I wonder what gars him come round this way ilka mornin' and night,' said Sam Culver one day to his daughter, looking at her suspiciously. 'He'd be far sooner hame if he gaed round by the wood, like other folk.'

'I cannot tell, father,' she answered, her gypsy

cheeks aglow: 'maybe he has to go up to the House for something.'

Sam shook his head thoughtfully: he did not relish the idea which had entered it.

'Kersey is a decent enough lad; but he is wildish in his notions of things, and a' the farmers round about are feared to trust him with ony work. That's no the right way to get through the world, my lass, and I wouldna like to see you with sic a man.'

Pansy was a little startled by this plain way of suggesting why Caleb chose to take the longest route to his work; and she proceeded hurriedly to clear away the breakfast dishes. That evening, Caleb did not see her as he passed the cottage.

Whatever Sam Culver's opinion of Caleb Kersey might have been, it underwent considerable modification, if not an entire change, as he watched him work and the harvest rapidly drawing to a close under his care. At anyrate, one evening, as Caleb was exchanging that stereotyped greeting with Pansy, and was about to pass on, her father came up and asked him in to supper.

'It's just a plate o' porridge and milk, you ken; but you're welcome, if yer not ower proud to sup it. Mony's the great man has sought naething better.'

A little shyness on Caleb's part was quickly overcome. He entered the cottage, and was presently seated at the same table with Pansy. He was amply compensated for all that he had suffered on account of yielding to Madge's request that he should take the Ringsford harvest in hand.

The gardener, since he had settled in the south, had, like many of his countrymen, considerably loosened the Puritanical stays which he had been accustomed to wear in the north. Indeed, it was said that he had been discovered in the greenhouse on a Sabbath, when he ought to have been in church. He still, however, felt the influence of old habits, and so he said grace in this fashion:

'Fa' tae, fa' tae, and thank the Lord for a guid supper.'

When the meal was finished, Sam took his guest out to see a new geranium which he was cultivating; and then he revealed to him a fancy which he had been cultivating as largely as his geranium.

'I was thinking, Kersey, that you have been getting on bravely with the harvest. Noo, if you could just manage to cut the last stook on the day of Mr Philip's dinner, it would be a real surprise to the folk at the house, and a grand feather in your cap.'

'I think it can be done,' said Caleb quietly.

And it was done. On the evening fixed for the festival, the last sheaf of the Ringsford grain was placed on the lawn in front of the Manor. Whilst the guests were arriving, Madge had been told by Sam Culver that this was to be done; so she went out with Uncle Dick and Mr Hadleigh to congratulate Caleb on the good harvest he had gathered in, and to thank him on her own part for having undertaken the task.

'It's the best job you have ever done, Caleb,' cried Uncle Dick, giving him a hearty slap on the shoulder. 'Stick to this kind of thing, my lad, and leave speechifying to them that cannot do any better.'

'I am always ready to work,' replied Caleb, avoiding the second part of his well-wisher's speech.

'I offer you my sincere thanks, Kersey,' said Mr Hadleigh in his reserved way; 'and it would please me to hear of anything I could do for you.'

'I am obliged to you.'

This ungraciously, but with a slight movement of the head, which might be called half a nod.

'You can bear it in mind. Had I known that you would be finished to-day, I should have arranged for our harvest-home gathering to take place this evening. I am sure that would have gratified Miss Heathcote and my son.'

Another half-nod, and Caleb moved away.

The gong sounded. Mr Hadleigh gave his arm to Madge, and led her towards the house.

As they entered the hall, they were met by the butler.

'Do you know where Mr Philip is, sir?' asked the man nervously. 'Dinner is quite ready, and he is not in the house; and nobody has seen him since he started for town this morning.'

The butler's anxiety was equally divided between the danger of having the dinner spoiled and the question as to what had become of Philip.

'Have you sent to his room?'

'I have been there myself, sir. His things are all lying ready for him; but he is nowhere about.'

Mr Hadleigh frowned.

'This is very annoying. I told him he should not go to town to-day. He has missed his train, I suppose. Give him a quarter of an hour, Terry, and then serve dinner. . . . Excuse me, Miss Heathcote, one moment.'

He beckoned to a footman, who followed him into a small sideroom.

'Send Cone to the station,' he said in a low voice; 'and bid him inquire if there has been an accident on the line.'

#### CHAPTER XV.—THE BANQUET WAITS.

The explanation that Philip, having important business in town, had no doubt been detained so long as to have missed his train, satisfied all the guests except one. She, however, maintained as calm a demeanour as Mr Hadleigh himself; and he regarded her at times with a curiously thoughtful expression.

'How brave she is,' was his thought. 'Can she have misgivings and be so firm?'

Madge had misgivings; for Philip had told her that he had only to put his seal on the despatch-box containing the important papers he was to carry with him to Uncle Shield, and that he expected to return early enough to call at Willowmere before going home. This, she had suggested, would be waste of time, for she would be busy with her elaborate toilet, and unable to see him. They both enjoyed the fun of the idea that she should be so long engaged in dressing for this important occasion as to leave no time to see him.

'Well, I shall see Uncle Dick at anyrate, and of course he will be a first-rate substitute. Indeed, now I think of it, he would be far more interesting than a coquettish young person whose mind is



wholly absorbed in the arrangement of her bows and laces. He would tell me all about the spread of the foot-and-mouth disease, and that would be useful information at any rate. Eh?'

They parted, laughing, and thus it was only a half-promise that he should call. She was not surprised, therefore, when he did not appear.

When, however, the hour of dinner at the Manor arrived and he had not yet returned, she felt that vague anxiety which is almost more difficult to hide in the presence of others than the pain of some definite calamity. She knew quite well that if he had only missed a train, he would have telegraphed. But no one looking at her would have suspected that her mind was disturbed by the least unhappy thought.

Miss Hadleigh only said: 'That careless boy! To be late on such an occasion as this when he knows that papa is always put out when anybody is late'—and went on doing her best to remember her duty as a hostess by not giving all her attention to 'Alfred.' Miss Caroline only whispered in reply: 'He is so stupid.' As for Miss Bertha, she was so busily engaged in conversation with one of her brother Coutts's friends, that she was unconscious of any disarrangement of the evening's programme.

So the party in the drawing-room buzzed like a hive of contented bees on a warm summer day, and no one showed the slightest symptom of being aware that the hour appointed for dinner had passed.

The vicar, Paul Havens, was a hale, sunny-faced man of about fifty years, with bushy iron-gray hair and whiskers, and square muscular frame. He was one of those men whose strong, kindly nature reflects itself upon all who come in contact with him, and inspires them too with a sense of strength. His genial presence was like fresh air in the mansion or the peasant's cot. He was no 'sporting parson;' but he chatted with Crawshaw with as much interest as if he were, about the prospects of sport on the stubble this season, and how the pheasants were likely to turn out when their time came. Then, as Dr Guy came up, the vicar turned to little Mrs Joy in time to relieve her from utter distraction at the cynical jokes and compliments of Coutts Hadleigh. The latter delighted in bewildering this good lady, whose wits were not particularly quick, although, with her husband, Dr Edwin Joy, she was an enthusiastic social reformer.

'My husband and I believe,' she would say, with her little head bending slightly to one side, 'that want of thrift is, at the bottom of all the poverty and misery of the working-classes in town and country. Now we endeavour to inculcate that great fact on all who come under our influence; and Dr Joy, as my father's partner, you know, has many opportunities for speaking a word in season. And we always speak it! Thrift, thrift, thrift, is our text; and I assure you we have succeeded in making some improvements in our district.'

And they did preach from this text with untiring enthusiasm; they diligently perused every book and pamphlet published on the subject, and their own affairs were continually in a hopeless muddle. They could always see exactly what other people ought to do under

any given circumstances, and were always ready with the best advice; but they were like children in dealing with the most ordinary difficulties of their own lives. They were a good-natured couple, however, thoroughly sincere and well meaning, so that these little idiosyncrasies amused their friends, and did no harm to the working-people on whose behalf they were specially exercised.

Mrs Joy's father, Dr Guy, smiled grimly at the profound wisdom they displayed in other people's business, and the folly which invariably cropped up whenever they had anything to do for themselves. At the beginning of every year, they made a serious calculation of the least amount their income was likely to be for the coming twelve months, and resolved to live within it; they even determined to lay aside some portion to meet contingencies. At the end of every year, they were amazed to find how far they had exceeded their calculated expenditure, and spent days in wondering how it could be.

'Edwin, I cannot understand it,' Mrs Joy would exclaim helplessly.

'Neither can I,' he would answer with a puzzled look at the figures before him. Then, brightening up, he would say: 'We must try again, my dear.'

'Yes, we must try again, dear,' she would say, also brightening up, and comforted by visions of the surplus which the mighty thrift would give them next time.

Then they would make another serious calculation of ways and means, and with light hearts, go on just as before, studying and preaching the doctrines which, by some inscrutable twist in their natures, they were unable to practise. They were so like children playing at housekeeping, that although Dr Guy had to bear the consequences of their mismanagement, he could not be angry with them long at a time. Besides, he had consolation in two facts: first, that Fanny was his only child, and would inherit everything he possessed; and second, that Edwin Joy was really a clever surgeon, successful in his practice, and much liked by his patients, notwithstanding his stupidity in money matters. Indeed, the greater part of the practice rested on his shoulders now, and nothing delighted him more than to be up to the eyes in work.

Dr Guy belonged to the old school of country practitioners, and was as much interested in agriculture as in physic. He had a small farm, in the management of which he found agreeable occupation. So he took the first opportunity of getting Crawshaw into a corner to discuss the best means of stamping out the rapidly spreading foot-and-mouth disease and the advantages of ensilage.

Madge and Mrs Crawshaw looking on, were well pleased to see that for once Uncle Dick did not regret coming to Ringsford. But although Madge found time to think of this, and to give intelligent attention to any one who addressed her, she glanced often at the door expectantly.

At length the door opened, the butler entered, spoke a few words to his master, and then withdrew. Mr Hadleigh immediately advanced to Madge.

'I am glad to tell you, Philip has returned,' he said in a quiet voice.

A flush of pleasure on her calm face expressed her gratitude for this good news.

'Then he was only detained—nothing has happened?'

'I presume that nothing particular has happened; but we shall learn presently from himself. His message to me was only to desire that we should proceed to dinner at once, and allow him to join us in the dining-room. So you must permit Coutts to take you down.'

#### CALLS BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

It has often been said that an actor exists upon the breath of applause; and to a certain extent this is literally as well as figuratively true; for during a long period of his early career he is fated to undergo many hardships, and frequently finds himself playing week after week for one of those unscrupulous 'managers' who can hardly be got to pay their company their salaries, while revelling in all possible comfort themselves. Indeed, a long chapter might be written upon the sorrows incident to 'the profession;' but this would be entirely beside our present purpose. Suffice it to remark, as an introduction to our immediate theme, that no histrion ever yet trod the boards who was unmindful of the public recognition of his talents; and so soon as an opportunity offers in which to distinguish himself, and his efforts are rewarded with a round of applause, from that moment will he devote himself the more assiduously to his calling, by reason of the enviable stimulus so received.

It has been placed upon record how Fanny Horton, a once celebrated actress, won her first applause in a somewhat singular manner. During her performance in a particular scene, she was loudly hissed, when, advancing to the footlights, she asked: 'Which do you dislike—my playing or my person?' 'The playing, the playing!' was the answer from all parts of the house. 'Well,' she returned, 'that consoles me; for my playing may be bettered, but my person I cannot alter!' The audience were so struck with the ingenuity of this retort, that they immediately applauded as loudly as they had the moment before condemned her; and from that night she improved in her acting, and soon became a favourite with the public.

It will scarcely be denied that applause is not only welcome, but necessary to the actor; and even so great an artiste as Mrs Siddons was susceptible to the force of this truth, though not so much in its regard to professional adulation, as for personal convenience. 'It encourages,' she was wont to say; 'and better still, it gives time for breath!' On this account, as well as for other obvious reasons, the managers of the Parisian theatres have organised a regular system of hired applause, termed the *claque*; and this not only saves the audience the trouble of applauding, but it is frequently the means of influencing the success of a new production, while

it affords the actors engaged an opportunity of purchasing a too frequently questionable notoriety by a monetary arrangement with the *claque*, or at anyrate with the head of that department who grandiloquently styles himself 'the contractor for success.'

But it must not by any means be imagined that the *claque* is a modern institution. From the time of the ancient drama downwards, the approbation of the spectators has always been eagerly courted by the performers, and hired persons to applaud their acting regularly attended the representations. Both the Greeks and the Romans made use of the device. It has been well attested that Nero, the Roman emperor, who at all times took an active part in the theatrical representations of his day, enforced applause at the point of the sword; and Suetonius tells us that one day when Nero sang the fable of *Atis and the Bacchantes*, he deputed Burrhus and Seneca to incite the audience to applaud. On one occasion, while the emperor was on the stage, singing to his own accompaniment on the lyre, an earthquake shook the imperial city; yet not one among that enormous assemblage dared so much as attempt to flee from the danger, or leave his seat, fearing the summary wrath of the tyrant, whose will held them so powerfully in bondage. At another time, a poor woman fell asleep during the performance, and on one of Nero's soldiers desecrating her situation, she narrowly escaped with her life.

But the Romans could not give Nero the honour of a call before the curtain, for the simple reason that drop-curtains were not then in use. Indeed, the introduction of stage-curtains belongs to a comparatively late period. In the reign of Elizabeth, we find that the theatres—or playhouses, as they were termed—were of the most primitive kind. For the most part the performances were conducted on a rude platform in the London inn yards; while the few regular stationary playhouses were little better furnished in the way of proper dramatic accessories. The use of scenery is, of course, nowhere to be traced, and the only semblance to a proscenium consisted of a pair of tapestry curtains, which were drawn aside by cords when the performance began. The same arrangement has also been found in all examples of the early Spanish, Portuguese, and other continental theatres.

Among the earliest permanent English playhouses were 'The Theatre' and 'The Fortune,' neither of which, however, possessed a proper drop-curtain. But 'The Red Bull,' another old theatre, had a drop-curtain; and when, in the year 1633, that playhouse was demolished, rebuilt, and enlarged, it was decorated in a manner almost in advance of the time, the management particularly priding itself upon 'a stage-curtain of pure Naples silk.' It was not until the year 1656 that the first attempt of Sir William Davenant to establish the lyric drama in England brought

with it the use of regular painted scenery on our stage. As an introductory venture, and fully aware that the performance of everything of a dramatic tendency had long been prohibited throughout the country, he announced a miscellaneous kind of entertainment, consisting of 'music and declamation,' which was duly held at Rutland House in Charterhouse Yard, on the 23d of May. Thus far encouraged, he immediately followed with the first genuine opera, entitled *The Siege of Rhodes*, employing a libretto, music, costumes, and five elaborate scenes. Further representations of opera were always signalled by the use of scenery, and the example was naturally soon followed by the drama, so soon as the altered condition of the times had sufficiently permitted its revival. In place of a drop-curtain of tapestry, silk, or other material, a painted scene also came into fashion, on which was generally shown some incident in the opera about to be enacted. The painted crimson curtain used in *The Siege of Rhodes* had upon it also a representation of the arms and military trophies of the several nations which took part in this memorable siege.

Still, for all that, the green curtain retained its position in all permanent theatres—and even in the puppet-shows, so popular in their day—nor was it until quite recently that the more fashionable houses thought proper to dispense with it altogether.

Touching upon stage-curtains of our own time, it will scarcely be necessary to dilate upon the peculiarly constructed proscenium of the present Haymarket Theatre, London, which is nothing more or less than an elaborate picture in its gilt frame. The curtain of course forms the picture, and no orchestra-pew being visible, the frame or proscenium is continued on the lower side without interruption. The footlights are not discovered until the rising of the curtain, and the 'calls' are necessarily responded to on the stage itself, for which purpose the curtain is again drawn up. Perhaps the most interesting curtain of the ordinary character is that now in use at New Sadler's Wells Theatre, which conveys to the eye a very perfect idea of that famous 'musick-house' on the banks of the New River in 'merrie Islington,' as it appeared rather more than a hundred years ago.

Mr Henry Irving in his established dramatic home at the Lyceum Theatre has always preferred to take his 'calls' on the stage itself; indeed, he never appears in front of the curtain except on the night of the opening or the termination of his season, which is always looked forward to in London as an event. The production of *Romeo and Juliet* afforded him an agreeable opportunity, however, of making a new departure in his manner of responding to the congratulations of his patrons—the living 'Prologue' opening the tragedy by stepping forward from between a pair of truly magnificent curtains of yellow plush, when, having recited his lines, the withdrawal of these curtains unveiled the first scene representing 'the public place' at Verona. Mr Irving, further, took occasion at the close of each act of leading Miss Ellen Terry before the footlights in the same manner, thus obviating the necessity of raising the curtain proper before these calls could be replied to.

So much for theatrical curtains in general. We

will now go on to narrate several notable incidents connected with 'Calls before the Curtain.'

When David Garrick made his re-appearance at Drury Lane, after an absence of two years during a provincial tour, the theatre was packed from floor to ceiling, and the audience were quite beside themselves with enthusiasm. The play was announced to be *Much Ado About Nothing*; but, as the actor expected, he had first to show himself in front of the curtain. He had prepared an address to the audience, which he delivered previous to beginning the play. When he came upon the stage, he was welcomed with three loud plaudits, each finishing with a huzza.

When R. W. Elliston was manager of the 'Royal Circus,' to which he gave the present name of the 'Surrey Theatre,' he was one night called before the curtain under rather exceptional circumstances. On that occasion, an actor named Carles, who had long been a popular favourite at that house, was absent, having unfortunately been arrested for debt while on his way to the theatre, and another actor, possibly not very much his inferior in regard to talent, had to be substituted. The performance, however, had not long commenced, when the audience missed their favourite, and called loudly for 'Carles!' Carles not appearing, the uproar became general; and as soon as the curtain had fallen upon the first act, the manager was summoned. Elliston duly appeared and asked, 'Ladies and gentlemen, what is your pleasure?' But to all that he said they cried only 'Carles!' Not yet aware of their intentions, he exclaimed: 'One at a time, if you please;' and singling out a puny yet over-energetic malcontent in the pit, he begged pardon of the audience, saying: 'Let me hear what *this* gentleman has to say.' Then addressing the man: 'Now, sir, I'll attend to you *first*, if the rest of the gentlemen will allow me.'

The man, as might be imagined, was not a little taken aback at this remark; yet he managed to say: 'Carles' name is in the bill, and where is he?' At this, Elliston assumed a grave air, and folding his arms, addressed the people as follows: 'Ladies and gentlemen, with your leave I will say a few words. I admit that Mr Carles' name is in the bill; I do not wish to deny it; but'—here he assumed a decidedly tragic tone—'but are you to be reminded of the many accidents that may intervene between the issuing of that bill and the evening's fulfilment of its promise? Is it requisite to remind the enlightened and thinking portion of the public here assembled that the chances and changes of human life are dependent upon circumstances, and not upon ourselves?'

Here all shouted: 'Ay, ay; bravo!'

The manager, pointing to the man in the pit, went on: 'And you, sir, who are so loud in your demand for Mr Carles, cannot you also imagine that his absence may be occasioned by some sore distress, some occurrence not within human foresight to anticipate or divert? Cannot you picture to yourself the possibility of Mr Carles at this moment lying upon a sick—nay, perhaps a dying bed, surrounded by his weeping children and his agonised wife' [Mr Carles was a bachelor!], 'whose very bread depends upon the existence of an affectionate devoted husband and father, and who may be deprived of his exertions and support for ever? Is it so *very* difficult to imagine a scene

like this taking place at the very moment when you are calling for him so imperiously to appear before you, selfishly desirous of your present amusement and unmindful of his probable danger! Great and general applause.

Inwardly, Mr Elliston felt struck at the success of his diplomacy, especially as at this point the audience turned against the man who had spoken, and joined their voices in cries of 'Turn him out!' to which sentence the manager found it best to lend countenance; and having given his permission, the unlucky 'pitite' was summarily ejected from the theatre, and in a little while the performance was continued in perfect order.

Calls for the author after the first representation of a new play are, of course, frequent, the more especially when the work has given entire satisfaction. In some instances, the audience summon that individual to appear for no other purpose than to hiss him for the unskilfulness of his performance; in which case, the author will most probably retaliate with a speech wherein mention of 'an organised opposition' comes uppermost. Speaking of the former, some curious examples might be noted. An author frequently announces, through the medium of the manager, that he has betaken himself abroad, or, say, to Scotland, fearing the result of his piece, whereas he may be quietly looking on at the back of the pit, or has concealed himself behind the curtains of a private box. In another case, the successful author will attempt to make a speech, while bowing his acknowledgments, and signally fail, retiring considerably more abashed than triumphant. But the crowning episode to be narrated in this connection occurred some years ago at one of the Dublin theatres, when one of the tragedies of Sophocles was put on the stage. At the close of the performance, the 'gods' loudly called for the author; whereupon the manager explained that as the author had been dead more than two thousand years, he could not very well appear. Nothing disconcerted, a very small gallery-boy called out: 'Then let's have his mummy!'

Dramatic, including operatic, artistes taking their benefits are almost invariably honoured with a call before the curtain. On such occasions, too, they may fairly be entitled to considerable latitude in various ways, as, for instance, in their own selection of the programme for that evening. Notwithstanding this, they should not suffer themselves to infringe the ordinary regulations of the establishment. Not very long ago, a star *prima donna* of the very first magnitude, when taking her benefit at the Imperial Opera, St Petersburg, found herself called before the curtain more than twenty consecutive times. In the end she occupied the centre of the stage, and addressed her enthusiastic patrons a few words in the Russian language, then offered to show her gratitude for their favours by singing them a song in their own tongue. This was received with rapturous applause; but judge of her surprise when, after retiring from the stage, the management fined her two thousand francs for addressing the audience without permission! The proceeds of her benefit were thus considerably reduced; and her experience was only in one degree removed from that of the French pantomimist and dancer, as related by Charles Kemble. This individual was in the habit of taking a benefit at

regular intervals, but always with a loss. One night, however, he came before the curtain with a beaming countenance, and after a polite bow, he acknowledged his thanks in these terms: 'Dear public, *moche oblige*; very good *benefice*; only lose half a crown *dis time*. *I come again!*'

At an American theatre, an actor once took his benefit, and selected as the play for the occasion, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The company being small, he found it necessary not only to subject several of the incidental characters to being doubled—that is, one actor to sustain two different characters in the same piece, rapidly changing his costume from one to the other as occasion requires—but he also accepted a double himself. His was that of Sambo with St Clair. St Clair appears in one act, and Sambo in the next. Having won considerable honours as the first individual, the actor, directly the curtain had descended, hurried away to his dressing-room to prepare in all haste his toilet and costume for Sambo. His face and hands had of course to be blacked; and in the midst of this operation of applying the burnt cork, the prompter entered his room to announce that the audience were uproarious for him to appear before the curtain. 'But I can't,' he exclaimed; 'it is impossible; I'm just making up for Sambo!' Nothing, however, would satisfy his patrons short of responding to his call; so boisterously demanded, that, without his compliance, the performance could not possibly proceed. At length our hero made his appearance. But the audience were scarcely prepared to receive him in his altered person, and, failing to recognise the metamorphosed St Clair in the half-made-up Sambo, they shouted: 'Go away! Who sent for you?'

Floral offerings are, of course, pleasantly associated with artistes' benefits, and long may they so continue. The Emperor Nero, it is said, always provided the Roman spectators with the thousand-and-one bouquets which were thrown at his feet when he occupied the stage. But bouquets *voluntarily* offered are worthy to be prized very highly. Not very long ago, Mr Edward Terry, when taking his leave of an Irish audience, was honoured with the reception of a beautiful floral wreath, which must have been infinitely more acceptable than that wreath of *immortelles* which some insulting ruffian cast at the feet of Mademoiselle Favart, at a French theatre, a few years ago, in order to indicate that her age had placed her beyond the power of playing youthful parts. Had she been composed of the same metal as was the actor in the following example, she would have enjoyed the opportunity presented of paying the wretch back in his own coin. The story may be accepted as true.

At the close of his own benefit performance, a certain favourite comedian was called before the curtain at a theatre in Vienna. In the midst of a shower of bouquets, some insulting individual threw a bunch of vegetables on the stage. Very complacently the *bénéficiaire*, having marked from what portion of the house it had proceeded, picked up the article, and said: 'We have here an interesting collection of carrots and turnips. From my slight knowledge of natural history, I believe this to be the proper food for asses; I therefore return it to its owner, for who knows in these hard times he may be in want of such

a meal in the morning!' With these words, he threw the object whence it came; and the individual being discovered, was immediately expelled from the theatre amid mingled hisses and applause.

## THE MINER'S PARTNER.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THERE was a good deal of excitement in the mining camps at and near Flume City, which, as every mining reader knows, was prominent among the gold-diggings, and gold-washings also, of Colorado twenty years ago. A meeting of miners was being held at the largest building in the city—a wooden shed, which called itself a restaurant, at which there were assembled some forty or fifty men, rough-looking, roughly clad, and armed with revolver and knife, although no intention existed of using such weapons at this gathering. The assembly, indeed, had been called together with an object calculated to promote union and comradeship—to assist in maintaining individual rights and to support the law generally.

There was a president, of course, and his discourse, if not polished, was much to the point. 'I reckon,' he said, after the meeting had lasted perhaps an hour, and several speeches had been made, with a good deal of shouting in the way of approval—'I reckon that the citizens who have spoken are about right. We have got some traitors among us, and that's where the worst comes in. It wasn't by chance that any outside loafer knew just when to steal the washings at the Long Placer last night, or that Scotch Ned was sent away when the stamp-mill was broken. We know who broke the mill—it was Bill Dobell. But who told him to come in then? And who could have known that the Kentucky boys at the Long Placer had got the best washings they had seen this year? Who could have known that but one among us?'

The president said much more to this effect; but the remainder of his speech, with the various orations which followed, need not be given, as we have shown what was the nature of the excitement which had called the miners into solemn conclave.

The language used was odd and quaint enough; to many it would have sounded absurd in its phraseology; but no fault could have been found with the matter. That was direct and shrewd, and evinced a strong determination to put down the mischief which was making itself felt.

At the conclusion of a pithy harangue, in which the speaker urged vigorous and brief proceedings against any one detected in such unpardonable conduct, or reasonably suspected of complicity in the crime—for robbing the troughs in a mining country is looked upon as worse than murder, and is considered to be quite as bad as horse-stealing—a voice exclaimed: 'You air right, colonel!'

Every one started at the sound, and looked in the direction of the speaker, who, having recently joined the meeting, with several others, stood near the door. A dozen men whispered to their next neighbours: 'Why, it is Rube Steele!' And significant glances were exchanged.

'I thought the other day there was Injuns lying around to thieve,' continued the man; 'so, when'—

'You told us so, Rube,' interrupted the president; 'and the Kentucky boys from the Long Placer came into committee on the subject; and their troughs were robbed while they were gone. You know that, I estimate?'

A murmur as of approval of the president's language ran through the meeting. Rube noted this, but it did not disturb him. A peculiarly sinister glance which he threw around him was perhaps natural to his not greatly attractive features.

'Yes; I expect I know that; and I expect that I know the tale about the Injuns was a fraud,' returned Rube. Something like a sarcastically approving laugh ran through the meeting at these words; but the speaker continued, without appearing to notice it: 'That stranger from San Francisco was the man who brought the news. You believed him; so did I.'

'We believed you, Rube;' you said the man was reliable,' again interrupted the president.

'That is so,' replied Rube. 'He brought messages from leading Frisco citizens, men known to me, and so I believed him. But I tell you he is no good; and he has gone off with nigh upon three thousand dollars in gold-dust which I trusted to him. He brought me an order from Ben, my pardner, to say he was to have the dust; and though I did not like the idea, I parted with it. And on coming into camp and asking Ben about it, I find he never gave any order at all. And it is my belief that this is the man who robbed the washings at the Kentucky boys' placer.'

'And where is Ben?' began the president, who would probably have said more, but that a man burst hastily into the saloon as the question was asked, and shouted in answer: 'Here! Here is Reuben Steele's pardner. Who wants him?'

'We want you to hear what has been said,' returned the president, 'and to give us your opinion about Californy Jones—the stranger who was introduced by your pardner, but who, Rube now says, is the man who robbed the placer, and has robbed him of three thousand dollars.'

'I can't say anything about the placer; maybe Rube knows more about that than I do,' replied the new-comer. 'But the man has gone off with three thousand dollars; that's a sure fact; and as Rube gave him the dust, it's a sure fact too, he knows more about that than I do.'

'I know no more than yourself,' retorted Rube. 'The man produced an order from you. I could not tell that it was a forgery, and you have always considered yourself as the boss of our outfit.'

'Wal, gentlemen, and Mr President,' continued Ben, 'I can tell you we have got murderers among us. Yes, gentlemen, that is so—real cold-blooded murderers, that will lie in wait for honest, law-abiding citizens and shoot them from behind rocks.'

A louder murmur ran through the assembly here; and the president asked Ben his meaning.

'My meaning is this,' continued Ben. 'You know I am clearing out, and shall leave the camp in a day or two, so that we are realising all our property, and this gold-dust was a part of what



I am going East with. So, I kinder felt like riled at losing it; and when my pardner told me, as cool as maybe, that he concluded this stranger had vamoosed with my dust'—

'And mine!' interjected Rube.

'Wal, let every man speak of his own business,' returned Ben, who was evidently in anything but a good temper. 'I say he had cleared out with mine, anyhow; and I was riled, I tell you. But at that minute, I saw, crossing the Mule Back Ridge, two men on horseback. The Ridge is distant a good piece; but I could swear one was that stranger. "Send some of the boys on," said I to Rube. "I shall go through the cañon, so shall meet them. They must cross there, if they don't mean to go into the mountains." And I was sure they did not want the mountain road. So I sot off. But I was waited for. There are as bad men left in the camp as have gone out of it; and at the very entrance of the cañon, when them horsemen must have been a good two miles away, some desperadoes fired at me from behind a rock. There was more than one shot fired at the same time, I know; and—see here, Mr President!—they took good aim.' As he said this, he threw off his long outer coat, and handed it to the president, who, after a momentary examination, held it up, and exhibited an unmistakable bullet-hole in the skirt.

'That was near—that is a fact!' exclaimed the president. 'And what did you do then?'

'I turned back,' said Ben. 'It was of no use my pushing on alone, with the rocks lined with murderers, with men who expected me, and were in league with Californy Jones.'

'And where was Rube?' asked the president.

'I was at the head of a bunch of boys of the right sort, seven or eight of them, that I had looked up in the camp. They are here now: Long Sim, Missouri Rob, Major Dimey and friend, with some others, all first-class citizens.'

An assenting exclamation from each of those he named confirmed the speaker.

'I could not do more than that,' continued Rube. 'And when I found my pardner on the return-track, it was no use my proceeding. I came back to the city, and then right away to this here convention.'

'I could have raised twice the force in a quarter of the time he took!' cried Ben, intercepting some remark which it was evident the president was about to make. 'And why I did not come straight here was because there was something in my tent I thought I had best look after. I had left my tent in the care of a friend; but you don't know what may happen, with such loafers and scoundrels hanging around.'

'Wal, fellow-citizens,' said the president, 'this convention didn't assemble, I reckon, to hear the rights of any difference between two pardners; and it ain't our business nohow. We are here to discuss the existence of thieves and scallawags amongst us, and to decide upon the best means of clearing them out—that is all.'

Thus recalled to business, the assembly resumed its former discussion, and the quarrel between the partners was not again openly referred to; but it coloured all that was said, and many remarks upon it were made in the body of the meeting. It was clear that public feeling was much against Rube Steele, although a few of

those present were his partisans; but these latter appeared to consist only of the 'bunch' of citizens he had referred to, and were not altogether free from suspicion themselves.

The gathering separated without having come to any formal resolve, beyond appointing a few of their members to act in committee and to decide what steps should be taken; but as it was notorious that each of the chosen ones was a leader among the Regulators, as they were once called—or the Vigilantes, to use their now familiar Spanish name—there was probably more significance in their appointment than at first appeared.

For that night at anyrate no fresh outrages were apprehended; the thieves, whoever they were, possessed information too prompt and too certain to allow them to venture on a renewal of their attempts during the excitement and watchfulness which would prevail for a time in the vicinity of Flume City.

In its neighbourhood, few persons were abroad after nightfall; it was dangerous, indeed, for any one to approach a tent without making his presence loudly known; a shot would probably be the first intimation that he was trespassing on dangerous ground; while a few of the miners possessed large and savage dogs, which would be loosed on hearing a footstep near the tent. So those who had business which led them abroad, were careful to confine themselves to the main street of Flume City, if such a title could fitly be applied to the straggling avenue which ran from end to end of the place. But spite of these drawbacks, a few persons were moving in the environs of the city, and even at a good distance beyond its boundaries, dark though the night was, and only relieved from utter gloom by the starlight, for moon there was none.

One man who was going towards the town, stopped suddenly, as his quick ear caught the sound of an approaching footstep, and with the caution of one accustomed to frontier-life, drew himself up by the side of one of the very few trees which remained in the vicinity of Flume City, so that in the obscurity it was almost impossible for any passing eye to detect him. The next instant a single man hurried by, passing between the first comer and the starry sky, so that his figure was visible with tolerable distinctness to the concealed watcher. This second man did not look to the right or left—it would have been almost impossible for him to detect the spy, had he done so—but went quickly on in a direction which seemed to surprise the hidden observer.

'What can he want there?' exclaimed the latter, stepping from his hiding-place, when the other had fairly gone past. 'There ain't no shanties nor no living soul in that direction. It was surely Rube Steele; and without he has gone crazy, I can't fix anyhow why he should be going towards the cañon after nightfall. I will see where he is going; and if he has turned crazy, I may help him; and if not, I shall find out what he wants in the mountain pass.'

He was moving carefully but quickly in the direction the other had taken, while he was muttering these disinterested sentiments; and although he could only see the figure he followed, at intervals, when the man climbed a ledge and

stood for an instant in relief against the sky, yet there was no difficulty in the pursuit. He could hear his steps as they disturbed the loose stones which strewed the way, and knew besides, that in the wild spot which they had reached, there was no means of turning to the right or left, so that he could not easily miss the chase. Presently the tread of the foremost man became slower, and the pursuer, as a matter of course, moved at a slower rate also—slower and slower still, until the former stopped, or only moved about the same spot of ground.

'What on airth is he going to do?' muttered the other man. 'It's so dark—for he is right under the shadow of Big Loaf Rock—that he can't see to dig, nor hunt after any buried—Wal! that means something!' This exclamation was caused by a low whistle which Rube Steele—if indeed it were that person—suddenly gave. This was repeated, and then answered from a distance. 'I feel like seeing the end of this,' continued the spy; 'and I mean to.'

Acting upon this determination, he crawled carefully forward, for he was too near to venture upon standing upright; and moreover, as the answering whistle had proved that others were in the neighbourhood, he was compelled to be on his guard against discovery from other quarters. His quick ear soon caught the sound of an approaching tread, and directly after, he heard words spoken. The spy's curiosity was now raised tenfold, especially as one of the two men who were now, as he well knew, close to him, struck a match to light his pipe, and the momentary flash showed him both figures in a brief glimpse. They were unluckily placed with their backs towards him, so that he could not see their features. He now felt confident that the first one was Rube Steele, and that the second was not entirely unknown to him, but more than this he could not tell.

This was terribly tantalising; and after the brief illumination of the match, a more impenetrable darkness seemed to have settled upon the pass and the rocks around; so, at all hazards, he resolved to get still nearer. He was perhaps a little unguarded in his eagerness, and made some slight noise, and it is certain that he had not calculated all the hazards which might environ him, for a low fierce growl showed that a dog was with the men, and the spy shuddered with horror as he heard the sound.

'Did you hear anything?' said a harsh voice. 'The dog would not have growled like that, unless some one was hanging around.'

'Nonsense!' returned the other; and the voice was certainly the voice of Rube Steele. 'He heard a jack-rabbit, perhaps, or scented a polecat. I reckon there ain't a soul within a league of this cañon to-night. The miners are all at Flume City, and the Indians have left the district for more than a week past.'

'You may be right,' returned the first speaker. 'But the dog is uneasy, and I never knew him give them signs for game or venison; no, nor for Injun neither. I should have said there was a white man near. But we air a little too much in the line of the main pass to show a light, which we must do. Come behind this rock.—Good dog!—mind 'em!' These last words were of course addressed to the dog, which had

continued to growl at intervals while, his master was speaking, although the unseen watcher had lain as still as death. The animal was apparently soothed by being thus noticed, and probably followed the men, whose footsteps could be heard as they removed to the proposed cover behind the Big Loaf Rock.

The spy had no inclination to follow them to learn more, but crawled carefully and noiselessly over the ground until he was at a safe distance from the pass; so far, indeed, that he judged that even the acute ears and scent of the dog could not detect him when he rose, and hurried in the direction of the city as fast as his legs could carry him.

On the outskirts, he knocked at the door of a shanty, a log-built hut with earthen floor, such as the Mexican peasantry, and even their betters, often reside in; and in answer to a gruff challenge from within—for the inmates were in bed, or stretched on such pallets as served for beds—he returned an answer which seemed to satisfy the questioner, for after a little more gruff grumbling, the door was opened, and he was admitted.

In answer to his inquiry, the gruff voice said: 'No; nary drop of anything but water; ye kin have that. Your voice sounds all of a tremble, Absalom; and if ye don't get shot over the cards or drown yourself, I guess ye won't last long as a miner, anyhow.'

Absalom, as he was called, hesitated for a moment, as though about to say something in his defence, but eventually decided on making no reply to this rather unpleasant speech, and threw himself down on a buffalo skin which the other man pushed towards him. No further conversation took place, and the shanty was as dark and silent as were the remainder of the scattered dwellings on the outskirts of Flume City.

## CURIOSITIES OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

THE first curiosity of the electric light was of course its discovery in 1802 by Humphry Davy, then an assistant-lecturer at the Royal Institution. With one of the new batteries which Volta had invented two years before, Davy was surprised to get a brilliant white light when the poles of the battery were joined through two pieces of carbon. Later on, his astonishment was increased when he found how intensely hot was this 'arc' of carbon light—the hottest known artificial source. 'Platinum,' he wrote, 'was melted as readily as is wax in the flame of a common candle; quartz, the sapphire, magnesia, lime, all entered into fusion.' Even the diamond swells out into a black mass in the electric arc, and carbon itself has been known to soften. Dr Siemens, as is well known, utilised this fervent heat to fuse metals in a crucible. With the arc from a dynamo capable of giving a light of five thousand candles, he fused fifteen pounds of broken files in as many minutes. Indeed, the temperature of the arc ranges from two thousand to five thousand degrees Centigrade. Another curiosity of the arc is that it can be

shown in water or other liquids without quenching. Liquids have a diffusive action on the light; and a globule of fused oxide of iron between platinum wires conveying the current, produces a very fine golden light. The fused plaster of Paris between the carbons of the Jablochhoff candle also forms a brilliant source of light in the arc; as does the marble separator which answers the same purpose in the *lampe soleil*. Indeed, this white-hot marble, rendered luminous by the arc, gives out a mellow radiance so closely resembling sunshine as to give the lamp its name. Such a light is very suitable for illuminating picture-galleries.

Electric light is also produced by sending a discharge through vacuum tubes like those of Geissler; and the varied colours thus produced are exceedingly pretty. Phosphorescent substances, too, such as the sulphide of barium, or the platino-barium cyanide, become highly luminous when inclosed in a tube and traversed by the electric current.

Besides the voltaic arc, we have now, however, another kind of electric light—namely, the incandescence which is produced by sending the current through a very slender filament of platinum wire or carbon fibre inclosed in a glass bulb exhausted of air. Such are the lamps of Swan, Edison, and others. These lamps have also their curious features. The temperature of the filament is of course much lower than the temperature of the arc. It is only about eighteen hundred degrees Centigrade, for if it were higher, the delicate filament would be dissipated into vapour which would condense like smoke on the cool glass. With a platinum filament, the metal would 'silver' the interior of the bulb. Curiously enough, when the copper 'electrodes' or wires conveying the current inside the bulb to the filament of an Edison lamp are accidentally dissipated by excess of current, the carbon thread seems to shelter the glass from the copper shower, for Dr J. Fleming has observed that there is always a blank line on the glass opposite the filament, while all the rest is coated with a film of copper. When the carbon itself is dissipated, this blank line is not seen, and the whole interior of the bulb appears to be smoked. According to Dr Fleming, this means that the molecules of copper move in straight lines in the vacuum.

During the ordinary action of one of these lamps there is believed to be a kind of molecular bombardment between the two sides of the carbon filament, which is usually bent into a loop. This battery of atoms in time disintegrates the filament near its junction with the wires where it is severest, and a patent has recently been taken out by Mr Brush, the well-known inventor, for the insertion of a mica screen between the legs of the filament to shield them from the pellets.

The spectrum of the voltaic arc consists of the continuous ribbon spectrum of the white-hot solid carbons, and certain bright lines due to the

glowing vapours of the arc. The light is rich in the blue or actinic rays so productive of chemical action, and hence it is, perhaps, that Dr Siemens found it so effective in forcing fruit and flowers by night in lieu of the sun. It helps the development of chlorophyl; and perhaps the electricity itself has also something to do with assisting growth, apart from the light, for several French experimenters have found that electrified soil and air seem to foster plants better than unelectrified. It is remarkable, too, that young bamboo shoots grow very rapidly after the thunderstorms which usher in the Indian monsoons.

The power of the arc-light is something unrivalled by any other light, whether of lime-light or magnesium. At the famous Crystal Palace Electrical Exhibition, an arc reputed to be one hundred and fifty thousand candles in power was lighted every evening. The carbons were stout copper-plated bars nearly two and a half inches thick. This intensity of illumination renders the arc eminently adapted for lighthouses and search-lights. Hence it is that the French government have decided to light forty of their coast lighthouses by electricity, and that most of our warships and military trains are now equipped with electric lamps for searching purposes. We read that the fleet at Alexandria explored the Egyptian forts by night with powerful arcs; and that the French Admiral at Madagascar struck terror into the breasts of the simple Hovas by a similar display.

For scouring the sea in search of torpedo-boats by night, or icebergs and other ships during a fog, the value of the arc-light cannot be too highly estimated. The screw-steamer *Faraday*, while engaged some time ago in laying a new Atlantic cable, would have run right into an iceberg in a Newfoundland fog, but for the electric beam projected from her bows into the misty air ahead. Fog, however, has a peculiarly strong quenching power over the arc-light, owing to the preference it has for absorbing all the blue rays, and to the comparative poverty of the orange colour. Hence it is that electric arc-lamps look so white and dim in a dense fog. A single gas-jet can be seen about as far as a two-thousand-candle arc-lamp. This is because the gas-jet is rich in those red rays which penetrate a fog without being absorbed; whereas it is poor in the blue rays which are quenched. For this reason, also, the incandescence lamp is preferable to the arc for a misty atmosphere.

The incandescence lamp can also burn under water, and owing to its pretty shape, its pure light, its cleanliness, and independence of everything except wires to bring the current to it, is highly suitable for decorative purposes. It particularly lends itself to ornamental devices of a floral order; and a great variety of chandeliers and brackets have now been designed representing various plants with leaves of brass or filagree, and flowers composed of tinted crystal cups containing the lamps. Fruit is also simulated by lamps of coloured glass. For example, at a Drury Lane Christmas pantomime, both holly and mistletoe berries were imitated by incandescence

lamps of crimson and opal glass. Artificial lemon-trees, with fruit consisting of yellow lamps, also make a pretty dining-table ornament. So do vases of roses with incandescence lamps hid in them, an ornament devised by Mr J. W. Swan for his residence at Bromley. Aquaria, too, can be lighted internally by incandescence bulbs, and it would be very pretty to see the lamps lying beside growing sea-anemones, whose expansion might seem the more lovely under the stimulus of their rays.

A Christmas-tree looks very pretty when lighted by a hundred incandescence lamps; the first attempted being in all probability that in the Swedish section of the Electrical Exhibition held in Paris two years ago. At the Vienna Electrical Exhibition there are, while we write, some novel effects of electric illumination; for instance, there is a hall lighted entirely from the ceiling by electricity. The ceiling is painted a deep blue to represent the sky, and studded with innumerable stars in the shape of incandescence lamps. This reminds us of the allegorical sun produced in the window of Mr Mayal, the well-known photographer, by means of the same illuminant.

From its cool brightness and safety from fire, the incandescence light is very well adapted for theatres, and there are now several opera-houses and theatres lighted by it. The Savoy Theatre, London; the Princess's Theatre, Manchester; the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, &c., are all lit by incandescence lamps owing to its brilliancy as compared with gas. Some change was necessary in the making-up of the actors and actresses, and the painting of the scenes; but at the New Grand Theatre, Islington, the changes have been avoided by the use of yellow glass bulbs which soften the light. At the Electrical Exhibition, Vienna, there is a model theatre with numerous scenic effects never before attempted by gas; and moon-light, sunrise, sunset, twilight, and night are all imitated with great fidelity. In the drama of *Love and Money* at the Adelphi Theatre, a flood of daylight bursting in upon some entombed miners through a hole cut in the coal by a rescuing party was very well imitated by a beam of 'arc' light. The practice of wearing tiny star lamps on the hair or dress has also come more into fashion. Probably the first use of it was by the fairies in the comic opera of *Iolanthe* at the Savoy Theatre. Each fairy carried a small accumulator on her back half concealed by her wings, and this gave electricity to a miniature Swan lamp mounted on her forehead. Ladies are sometimes to be seen with miniature lamps attached to their dresses, and lighted by a touch of their fingers upon a small key hid in their belts. One might have glowworm or firefly ornaments at this rate. The 'death's-head' pin worn by gentlemen in Paris a year or two ago was a similar application of the electric current. On touching a key to complete the electric circuit of a small pocket battery, the eyes of the death's-head in the wearer's breast began to shine like sparks of fire.

The use of the electric light for sporting purposes has had some curious developments. Polo, cricket, base ball, skating, and so on, have all been played by night. At the Montreal Ice Carnival last winter, the huge ice palace was illuminated both out and in with thousands of

electric lights, and skating, curling, snow-shoeing, and tobogganing went on by night as well as day.

Gnats are fascinated by a powerful electric lamp, and dance about it as they do in a beam of evening sunshine. Light has an attraction for many animals besides insects. Flying-fish spring out of the sea when sailors hang a lantern by the ship's side; and in California now it is the custom to submerge a cluster of Edison lamps from the bows of a boat with a net expanded below. When the fish gather round the light the net is closed on them, and after being hauled out of the water they are put into water-tanks, and sent alive on special cars by overland rail to New York and the Eastern States. The French *chasseur* also makes a bag sometimes by employing an electric light to attract his feathered game; pigeons especially being lured by it.

Owing to its power, the arc-light is very well suited for signalling purposes; and hence it is now used with the heliograph to signal the approach of cyclones between the British island of Mauritius and Reunion in the Indian Ocean. It has also been proposed to signal by transparent balloons lit by incandescence lamps. The balloon is raised to a good height by a rope which also carries the wires conveying the current to the lamps; and flashes according to an understood code of signals are made by working a key to interrupt the current, as in the act of telegraphing.

Diving operations under the sea are greatly facilitated by the electric light; and a trial was recently made of a powerful lamp at Marseilles in lighting up the hull of a sunken ship. The amber hunters of the Baltic are also using the light for seeking the fossil gum on the sea-bed, instead of waiting until the waves cast it on the shore. Sea-water is remarkably clear, and the rocks of the seashore are often beautifully covered with weeds and shells. It is no wonder, then, that a submarine balloon has been devised by one Signor Toselli at Nice, for going under water to examine them. This observatory holds eight people, and has a glass bottom and an electric light for illuminating the sea-caves.

The electric light is not free from danger; but, from not being explosive, it is far from being as fatal in its effects as gas. There have been several deaths from electric shock caused by the very powerful currents of the Brush and Jablochkoff machines. For instance, a man was killed instantly on board the late Czar's yacht *Livadia* when crossing the Bay of Biscay. He had accidentally grasped the bare connections of one of the electric lamps and received the current through his breast. Others have been killed by touching bare wires conveying the current; a man in Kansas City, United States, met his death quite recently in repairing some electric light wires without knowing that the current flowed in them. Carelessness of some kind was the source of these misfortunes; but the use of such very deadly currents is to be deprecated. When the electromotive force of an electric current exceeds five hundred volts it becomes dangerous; and hence it is that the Board of Trade prohibits the use of more powerful currents for general lighting. The use of overhead wires, sometimes uninsulated and never wholly insulated, such as obtains in

some parts of the United States, ought also to be eschewed, and underground cables, safe out of harm's way, employed instead. With cables buried in the earth, we should not have a repetition of the curious incident which recently happened at the Luray Cavern in Virginia, where lightning ran into the cave along the electric light conductors and destroyed some of the finest stalactites.

The plan of having tall masts with a cluster of very powerful lights reflected from the height by mirrors is a very good one, since it obviates the distribution of wires and lamps. By imitating the sun, in this way a Californian town is entirely lighted from one or two masts; and it is satisfactory to know that the system is being tried at South Kensington.

The dynamos of electric machines have been known to explode, or rather burst from the centrifugal force due to the rapid revolution of the armature. An accident of this kind recently caused great alarm in a New York theatre. Sparks from the red-hot carbons of arc-lamps, or between wire and wire of the conductors, have also led to many small fires; but none of any great consequence. A spark is so feeble a source of heat that, unlike the spilling of an oil-lamp, it does not produce a powerful fire, provided the materials it falls among are not highly inflammable. On the whole, the danger of fire with electric lighting, especially incandescence lighting, has probably been exaggerated. The incandescence lamp itself is very safe, since if one be enveloped in light dry muslin and broken, the muslin is not burnt. In fact, the rush of air caused by the broken vacuum entirely dissipates the red-hot filament.

From its injurious aspects we turn now to its beneficial qualities. The arc-light by its brilliance is not good for the eyesight when looked at direct, but there is probably nothing harmful in the light itself, unless it should be the excess of violet rays. It is a cool light; and hot lights, by drying the natural humours of the eye, are the most prejudicial to the sight. The incandescence light which is free from excess of violet rays is also a cool light; and as it neither pollutes nor burns the air of a chamber, it is the best light for a student. Small reading-lamps, fitted with movable arms carrying incandescent bulbs, are now manufactured for this purpose. Even with the incandescence lamp, however, it is advisable not to look at the brilliant filament.

Surgeons and dentists find these little incandescence lamps of great service in examining the teeth and mouth. Some are made no larger than a pea. Others are fitted into silver probes (cooled by circulating water) for insertion into the stomach to illuminate its coats, or enable a physician to diagnose other internal organs. Dr Payne, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, recently made an examination of the liver by inserting one of these endoscopes into it through an incision made in the abdomen. M. Trouvé has also fitted a small lamp to a belt which goes round the physician's forehead, thereby enabling him to direct the light to where he is looking. Another experimenter has so applied the light that he has been able to photograph the vocal chords while in the act of singing; and a third has illuminated the whole interior of a living fish, so that all the main

physiological operations could be witnessed by a class of students. Such services as these could not be rendered by any other known illuminator.

### HUSH-MONEY.

OUT of the countless variety of evil-doers who thrive upon the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures, and are enabled to gain a means of livelihood by the folly and timidity of their dupes, one class above all others seem to conduct their depredations with much success, on account of the defenceless position of the unhappy individuals upon whom they prey. We allude to those who make it their business to levy what is termed 'hush-money.'

There are innumerable miscreants who thrive upon the possession of some discreditable secret or family skeleton, which throws a desolating blight over many a life, to all appearance surrounded by every comfort and luxury wealth can command. Scoundrels of this description, secure in the helplessness of their victims, pursue with impunity their merciless system of extortion, being well aware that the terror of exposure is so great, that silence will be purchased at any price. If persons who are threatened by ruffians of this kind with exposure of some private matter, were once and for all to refuse to pay one penny for the silence of these extortioners, how much misery would be avoided! Each instalment of hush-money only serves to whet the appetites of these social harpies. It is infinitely preferable to face boldly at first the worst, no matter of how serious a nature, than to supply blackmail for the purchase of what can never be security. The majority of malefactors are cowards at heart, although a craven nature is in such cases concealed often by bluster and braggadocio. It therefore becomes all the more important at once to withstand their infamous importunities.

The ordinary observer, while reading in some sensational novel the evil deeds and extortion perpetrated by the class of knaves who subsist on hush-money, would be inclined to attribute them to romance. It is, however, well known to those who have had experience in criminal matters, that the novelist's fertile imagination pales before stern reality. Innocent persons have been threatened with an accusation of some infamous crime, and at the same time money has been demanded as the price of silence. The dread caused by even an accusation of such a nature has often, unfortunately, induced persons so situated to accede to extortionate demands. There are plenty of *mauvais sujets* hovering about society who make it their business to become intimate with the private history of those upon whose infirmities they intend to trade. Not many years since, a notable instance of this occurred. A gentleman in a high social position was ruthlessly assailed and socially ruined by a miscreant, who traded upon the possession of some information of a dubious nature reflecting discredit upon his wife. For a lengthened period this gentleman had paid considerable sums of money for the silence of his persecutor; at last, however, driven to desperation by continual and increased demands for hush-money, he preferred rather to face a



public trial than continue longer subject to such tyranny and extortion.

The following apt illustration of blackmailing, which came under the writer's personal cognisance, will show the rascality in vogue amongst these wretches. A wealthy merchant was for some years completely in the power of a thorough-paced scoundrel who had previously been in his employ. This knave became acquainted with a delicate family matter, which, if disclosed, could but entail shame and misery upon his late employer. He threatened to make this information public unless well paid for his silence. This gentleman, although surrounded by every luxury, was in truth a thoroughly miserable man. Living in a constant state of fear lest his family skeleton should be revealed in all its hideousness, he continued from time to time to supply his tormentor with large sums of money. The continual mental strain caused his health to give way, until at last he wisely determined to consult his legal adviser upon what was the bane of his life. Prompt steps were then taken, which for ever freed him from further extortion. These things daily happen, and yet, unfortunately, frequently remain unpunished.

What can be more terrible than to exist in constant fear of pending ruin—entirely at the mercy of some miscreant, who by one word can destroy a hitherto stainless reputation! It is a true saying that 'there is a skeleton in every house,' and if discovered by any designing knave, may be transformed into a sword of Damocles. Confidential servants and discharged valets often wring large sums from their former employers by means of extortionate demands combined with threats of disclosing certain family matters calculated to bring shame upon their late masters' or mistresses' good name.

The payment of any illicit demand as a price of secrecy rarely, if ever, permanently obtains the object in view, the donor being more or less in constant fear lest a disclosure should take place. This usually transpires sooner or later, when the torturer has abstracted the uttermost penny from his victim. No greater delusion can possibly exist than that 'hush-money' will secure durable secrecy.

Happily, however, the legislature, having in view the nefarious practices of such criminals, has provided a most potent remedy against this class of robbers, which remedy cannot be too generally known. The Act of Parliament 24 and 25 Vict. s. 49, enacts, *That whosoever shall accuse or threaten any person with a view to extort money or valuable security, shall be guilty of felony, and be liable at the discretion of the court to be kept in penal servitude for life, or for any term not less than five years.* All demands for hush-money met at the outset by firm and unyielding refusal, is the best and only course to adopt. In the majority of instances, a villain would at once be completely checkmated; and even should he venture to extremities, the law is powerful enough to put an end to his shameful trade. Anything is better than to live in constant terror of exposure, and to be remorselessly plundered by such a vampire. We often hear of strange suicides, the reason for which is wholly incomprehensible. It is by no means surprising that, at times, persons wanting in resolution, are made desperate by a

system of exquisite mental torture, when unmercifully applied by these extortioners. Innumerable unhappy persons are unquestionably thus tormented, like Prometheus on his rock. Such anguish, although unseen, is far greater than physical suffering, as all mental tribulation is more severe than mere bodily pain.

If any one who is assailed by a miscreant in quest of 'hush-money' were at once to place the matter in the hands of some respectable solicitor, a course of misery would be avoided, as any attempt to extort money through threats or otherwise comes clearly within the provisions of the Act above mentioned; and criminal proceedings will be found the most effectual means for exterminating so great a social pest.

#### DONALD—A PONY.

ARE thy tired feet on this rough earth yet walking,  
Thou patient silent one;  
Maybe, with humble cart, and poor wares hawking,  
Thy life-course nearly run?

Be thankful that thou dost not e'er remember  
One radiant summer day;  
That dreams of June come not in *thy* December,  
When skies are cold and gray!

He rode on thee along the sunny highway,  
To meet me where I stood  
Out from the village, in a soft green by-way—  
Our young hearts were in flood.

He saw me—swift as thought from off thee leaping,  
He led thee by one hand;  
And with the other clasped me, sweetly keeping  
Me under Love's command.

Ah! then began a walk through Eden's glory—  
We wandered slowly on;  
While I, deep blushing, saw and read the story  
That through his blue eyes shone.

We sat, and let thee browse—came some light laughter  
To ease our brimming hearts,  
That could not tell their too full joy; till—after—  
When pierced by parting's darts.

The hour flew on—ah me! 'twas our last meeting  
Ere he would cross the sea;  
And when again we two should offer greeting,  
I was his bride to be.

So we clung close, each costly moment counting,  
Wild with our vain self-pity!—  
The hour was o'er—then slowly on thee mounthg,  
He rode back to the city.

O Donald! Yesterday, to Wemyss Bay going,  
I passed that very spot;  
I saw thee browse, whilst our swift tears were flowing—  
(I have not yet forgot):

He sailed across the sea; but came not hither  
For me, his bride, again;  
And Hope and Joy fled far—I know not whither,  
But left me Love and Pain.

My lonely days are dull and cold and common,  
And thine mayhap are done;  
But—a new day dawns for man and woman  
After this setting sun.

K. T.

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## NETTLE-CLOTH.

SOME little time ago, when one of our most distinguished botanists was asked his opinion about the desirability of forming a collection of all the vegetable substances which are or have been used in medicine both by civilised and savage races, he replied that it would take a large building to hold it. Although a series of fibre-yielding plants would be much less in number, the list would still be a long one, provided we knew all those in use by savage tribes. Very few of these, however, are extensively used for clothing. Putting aside wool and silk, which are animal products, we have only cotton and flax of prime importance. Hemp of fine quality is largely grown in Italy, and there woven into cloth for ordinary purposes; but as yet this use of hemp in other civilised countries appears to be limited, though the fibre is everywhere employed for cordage. With the exception of jute, which is chiefly made into coarse fabrics, all other vegetable fibres believed to be suitable for important textile industries may be said to be as yet only on their trial. But a number—such as the so-called New Zealand flax (*Phormium tenax*), Manila hemp (*Musa textilis*), pine-apple (*Bromelia ananas*), American aloe (*Agave Americana*), and some yielded by certain species of palms—are known to possess very valuable properties. We have omitted to mention any members of the Nettle tribe—to which, however, the hemp-plant is closely allied—as we propose to say a few special words about them.

Growing both wild and cultivated in suitable localities scattered over a large area in South-eastern Asia, there is a species of nettle to which a peculiar interest is attached. The reason of this is that the liber or inner side of its bark yields a fibre excelling every other derived from the vegetable kingdom for fineness, strength, and lustre combined. In China, this fibre is called by English-speaking people, China grass; in India it is called *rhea*; and in the Malayan Archipelago by the name of *ramie*. It was some time before botanists discovered that the material which was known in

commerce by three different names was the produce of the same plant—a stingless nettle. For more than half a century, much attention has now been devoted to the *Urtica nivea* or *Bahmeria nivea* (a newer name), as the China grass plant is called in scientific language. Long in use in China and Japan for making ropes and cloth—much of the latter being of very fine quality—it was introduced into England for manufacturing purposes soon after Mr Fortune the well-known botanist returned in 1846 from his travels in China. Small quantities had, however, been sent to England long before this. Even as early as 1810, some bales of the Indian-grown fibre were received at the India House, London, and its great strength as a rope-making material ascertained. Indeed, it is stated on high authority, that this fibre has been in use in the Netherlands since the sixteenth century.

In Messrs Marshall's great flax-mill at Leeds, China grass was spun to some extent for about ten years after 1851, and its snow-white silky yarn is more or less constantly in use in some kinds of Bradford fabrics. But unlike the jute fibre, which has created in the course of a single generation a gigantic industry, the trade in China grass has scarcely advanced at all. The value of the latter is admitted on all hands; there is practically an unlimited demand for it; plenty of it could be grown in India, and yet it is not cultivated to any extent. This is solely owing to the great amount of manual labour required to separate the fibre and bark from the stem, and then the fibre from the bark, no machine having been yet invented which will do this at once efficiently and cheaply.

The Indian government have long been vexed that the latent wealth of the plant yielding this much-prized rhea fibre cannot be realised. In 1869 they offered a prize of five thousand pounds for the best, and another of two thousand pounds for the second-best machine which would separate and prepare the fibre, at a cost of fifteen pounds per ton in India, in such a way that it would fetch fifty pounds per ton in England. It may here be mentioned that it sometimes sells as high as eighty pounds per ton, and even higher; while

the highest price for jute rarely exceeds twenty-five pounds, and for flax of fine quality, forty pounds. Naturally, the Indian administration hoped that the offer of these handsome prizes would bring forward as competitors some of the ablest machinists in Europe. But whether it was owing to the inherent difficulty of the problem, to the expense of taking out heavy machines to India, or to that apathy with which it is frequently said we in this country regard everything Indian, practically nothing came of the competition. Mr John Greig of Edinburgh sent a machine for trial which so far met the conditions that he received a douceur of fifteen hundred pounds. About thirty competitors applied to have their machines tried; but eventually Mr Greig alone put in an appearance. It was found that by his method it cost fully fifteen pounds per ton to prepare the fibre in India; and when this was sent to London, it was valued at only twenty-eight pounds per ton.

In 1875, Dr Forbes Watson—one of a small band of scientific men who have done much to bring under notice the industrial resources of India—suggested that, in order to save the expense of freight, trials of machines should be made in England instead of India. Green stems of the plant grown in the south of France were promised for the purpose; and towards the end of that year, several inventors had entered their machines for competition; but owing to unforeseen difficulties, it was found impossible to hold the trials. Unwilling to abandon the hope of attaining their great object, the government of India issued a new notification to inventors in 1877. This time the prizes offered were five thousand pounds for the best, and one thousand pounds for the second-best machine or process for preparing rhea fibre which would be worth forty-five pounds per ton in London, at a cost of not more than fifteen pounds per ton laid down at any port of shipment in India. The trials having been arranged to take place, as before, at Saharanpur in September 1879, ten competitors appeared; but only seven had their machines tested. When the fibre prepared by each arrived in London, it was found that the highest value put upon any of the samples was twenty-six pounds per ton. Accordingly, none of the competitors could claim the full amount of either of the prizes; but Messrs Van der Ploeg and Nagoua, two textile machinists well known on the continent, were each awarded five hundred pounds, and Mr Cameron one hundred pounds. On the failure of this second competition, it was determined not to renew the offer of a prize until it could be proved by private enterprise that the rhea plant could be cultivated with profit in India. The unfavourable reports on the best samples prepared at the second trial at Saharanpur seem to have convinced the Indian government that at present the prospect of producing Indian rhea which would successfully compete with the fibre of the same plant grown and prepared in China, is not very hopeful.

Notwithstanding this second failure on the part of the government of India to obtain by rewards a machine capable of turning the cultivation of the rhea plant in that country into a commercial success, so confident are many good judges of the great value of China grass as a textile material,

that the interest in it is increasing from year to year. Its cultivation is spreading over Southern Europe, considerable areas being now laid out into plantations of China grass in Italy and the south of France. Spain and Portugal are beginning to grow it; and on the south side of the Mediterranean, Algiers and Egypt are also moving in the same direction. It is believed that this recent development of ramie culture in the Mediterranean region—to call the plant by the name our French neighbours appear to prefer—is to some extent owing to Favier's recent method of treating the fibre, the patent for which is owned by a Company located at Avignon. This plan is very simple, and considering how much the use of steam—we do not mean as a motive force—has quickened many processes, even in the textile industries, it is wonderful that it had not been thought of before. M. Favier merely exposes the stems of the plant to the action of steam for about twenty minutes in a closed wooden trough, after which the bark and fibre are easily stripped from the stem. By the retting process, or steeping in cold water, it takes days, sometimes weeks, to effect the decortication of the stems; and we have seen how difficult it has been found to do this by machinery. But although M. Favier's process greatly simplifies matters in this early stage of the preparation of the fibre, the gummy substance and outer skin still require to be removed from it.

Only the other day, it was announced that Professor Frémy, a distinguished French chemist, has, after an elaborate series of experiments, found out a method of readily separating the fibre from these extraneous matters. He takes up the ribbons of bark with attached fibre, as obtained by M. Favier's plan, and subjects them to a peculiar treatment, which mainly consists in boiling them under pressure in an alkaline solution. During the operation, everything deleterious is removed from the useful portion of the fibre, which is then ready for the ordinary operation of the spinner. There seems good grounds for believing that the combined processes of Messrs Favier and Frémy, which are about to be tried on a scale of some magnitude in France, will prove a commercial success. It will be curious to watch the future history of a plant which has so long baffled every attempt to raise it into conspicuous importance as an article of commerce, about which volumes have been written, and the fibre of which is now well known by its valuable properties to those engaged in textile industries in every civilised country.

There is another Indian nettle, called *Urtica heterophylla*, which produces a strong, fine, white, glossy fibre. Best known by the name of the Neilgherry nettle, it is nevertheless widely diffused over India. The stem, branches, and leaves are covered with stiff sharp bristles, which give it a formidable, or, as some say, a ferocious appearance. These also inflict acute pain if they should happen to be touched, but fortunately the effect of the sting soon passes away. The prepared fibre of this plant is sometimes called vegetable wool; and it is better suited, from its appearance, for mixing with real wool than rhea fibre, which has been a good deal used for this purpose. In some parts of India, the fibre of the Neilgherry nettle is used by the natives in the manufacture

of cloth. It has been partially experimented upon for textile purposes in England; but there seems to have been a difference of opinion as to its merits. Owing to its sting, there are even greater difficulties in separating its fibre than is the case with rhea; but these might be overcome by some mechanical or chemical treatment. It is a quick-growing plant, and could be cultivated to any extent, should a demand for it arise.

We must pass over other species of *urtica*, and come to the common stinging nettle of Europe. As is well known, this plant furnishes a nutritious food for swine and some other animals, and in Scotland is occasionally used for making a kind of soup termed nettle kail; and in default of a better, its roots will furnish, along with alum, a yellow dye. The tenacity of its fibre has long been known. It has been woven into cloth in past times, but no doubt only on a limited scale, in nearly every country where the plant grows. Nor have its properties as a textile material been altogether overlooked in modern times, at least in the British Islands, since lace, parasol covers, and other fancy articles made of common nettle fibre have been on exhibition in the Museums of Economic Botany at Kew and Dublin for the last thirty years, besides having been occasionally brought under the notice of the public in various other ways. At Dresden, Herr F. C. Seidel has recently established a manufactory for nettle-cloth, in which, according to what seems to be an authentic report, he uses fibre of the common species; but the significant remark is added, that he prefers to get his material from the Chinese nettle.

Some persons think that they see a great nettle industry looming in the future, if only a process of readily separating the useless parts of its stem without injuring the fibre could be discovered. We are of course speaking of the common nettle. A statement has been published which one can very readily believe—namely, that the profitable extraction of its fibre is possible only when it is cultivated. In the wild state, the plant is branchy; but when grown on suitable soil at regular distances of from five to eight inches apart, it forms single stems from four to fully seven feet high. Even if they would serve as well as cultivated plants, and could be economically gathered from many widely scattered localities, all the wild nettles growing in our waste places and old churchyards would be a bagatelle in the sense of furnishing material for many large spinning-mills.

Whatever sanguine people may think, other things besides skilful cultivation and an easy process of preparing the fibre will determine whether nettle crops will be profitable; or, to put the matter in another way, whether a great industry is likely to be established by the manufacture of nettle-cloth. There is no difficulty in cultivating or in dressing flax, nor any lack of demand for it; yet shrewd Scotch farmers have found out that other crops are more profitable, and therefore the blue-blossomed flax fields which many of us saw in our boyhood in Central Fife and the Lowlands of Scotland have entirely disappeared. If nettle-cloth is ever to be anything but a curiosity, it will require to have attractions in quality and price which will enable it to compete with other textiles. During

the American civil war, the jute-mills of Dundee were turning out many thousands of yards of cheap but serviceable fabrics to be used instead of calico, because the cost of the latter had gone up a little. For some of the purposes to which it was applied, the jute did as well as the cotton. But the war having ended, calico of a certain 'make' and quality became once more a trifle cheaper than its rival, and so jute was quickly beaten out of the field again. This is an example of the kind of battle which any fibre new to commerce will have to fight, unless it possesses some property of quite exceptional value.

To many persons, it seems a pity that we cannot utilise a plant which yields something useful. But the nettle is by no means the most striking example of a native plant which might be and yet is not used in the arts. One or two species of fern, such as the common bracken, are greatly more abundant in this country than the nettle—whole hillsides in many districts being covered with them. Yet although a very serviceable paper can be made from ferns, paper manufacturers prefer to send to the shores of the Mediterranean for a species of wild grass to supply their mills. For several years past, an ingenious Glasgow chemist has been trying to make a marketable gum or jelly from the common seaweed, thrown up in great abundance on the western coasts of Scotland. We hope he may succeed; but meanwhile we are sending elsewhere for what we require of seaweed jelly—even to far Japan. The peat-mosses of Ireland—and of Scotland too, for that matter—would furnish an endless number of beautiful paraffin candles, if some great Company with limited liability would only take the business up—and make the candles at a trifling loss per pound.

Some of our readers will probably suppose that we have given them a too humble estimate of the value of the common nettle as a textile material. There is no denying the fact that the tenacity of its cortical fibres is scarcely if at all inferior to those of flax or hemp. But how to grow, spin, and weave them into a saleable cloth, is a problem which has not yet been solved. Just now, there is a partial revival of what may be almost called the ancient art of manufacturing hand-made paper for printed books. In these days, too, many of the fair sex have apparently discovered that embroidery when worked by hand is really more interesting and beautiful than when it is done by a machine, supposing that in both cases the design is of nearly equal merit. It seems also to be dawning on many persons that earthenware dishes painted by the fingers have, even when a little dauby, a kind of attraction about them not possessed by those which have their patterns printed from an engraved copper-plate, and are therefore all rigidly alike. Possibly, 'fashion' may carry matters a little farther in this direction, and revive the use of textile fabrics spun by the distaff and spindle, and woven on handlooms. But by the help of machinery, the labour of one woman can nowadays make clothing for more than a thousand others. A hundred years ago, nearly every woman had to spin the material required for the clothing of her family; but at that same time, or at least not long before it, those in the upper ranks had a knowledge of many useful and ingenious arts

which they no longer possess. If it were possible but in part to resuscitate the state of matters which obtained in these old days, before spinning-jennies, or powerlooms, or lace-making machines were dreamed of, there would be fully more hope than there is of people keeping themselves warm by an external application of the stinging nettle, in a less heroic way than we are told the Romans did of old.

Nettle-cloth is undoubtedly an excellent fabric, but—Will it pay the manufacturer? The answer to this is, Not yet.

## BY MEAD AND STREAM.

### CHAPTER XVI.—LIGHT HEARTS AND SAD.

THE buzz of conversation continued as the party descended the broad staircase.

'Rather bad of Phil to keep us waiting all this time,' said Countts as he gave Madge his arm.

'Perhaps he could not help it,' she suggested.

'Ah, perhaps not. But you see Wrentham hasn't turned up yet either, and I daresay they have been lunching together,' rejoined Countts with a smile, which was to her a very unpleasant one.

They had only taken their places at table, when Philip and Wrentham quietly entered. There was an agreeable murmur of satisfaction at the arrival of the gentleman in whose honour they had met, and his greeting was as cordial as if nobody were hungry on his account.

No one except Madge appeared to observe the singular alteration in his appearance. He was pale, his eyes seemed heavy like those of one wakening from sleep, and the smile with which he responded to the welcome of his friends was forced—his expression altogether unlike what she had expected it to be. His walk, too, was that of one who was carefully measuring each step. For an instant, the ugly suggestion of his brother, that he had been taking too much wine at lunch, occurred to her.

He took his seat by her side; dinner proceeded. Presently general conversation was resumed, and the cause of the temporary delay of the banquet appeared to be forgotten.

But to Madge the brilliant light of the room and the merriment around them only made that pale-faced man beside her the more unlike Philip.

'I am sorry I could not get here sooner,' he said in an undertone, and his voice sounded unusually feeble.

'What is the matter, Philip? Why are you so pale?'

'You cannot expect me to be taking leave of all my friends without feeling queer,' he answered with an attempt to smile.

'That is not it—you are ill.'

'I am—a little; and don't bother about it just now. I'll tell you how it happened, by-and-by.'

'How what happened?'

'I have hurt myself. There now; don't be alarmed—it is nothing. You see I am here; and I don't want to spoil the evening by letting our

friends know it. Look at the girls; they would go into fits if things didn't come off just as they planned them.'

'How did you do it?' she asked calmly.

'That mare Wrentham bought from Uncle Dick tumbled over me; that's all. I'll be as well as ever, when I've had a little rest.'

'Have you seen a doctor?'

'Not yet. The fact is, I was taking a nap at Wrentham's, to brace me up for the evening.'

'You mean that you were insensible?'

'Perhaps that was it. But don't think about it. Have some wine?'

When the ladies were retiring, Philip opened the door for them; but that was the last effort his strength allowed him to make. He felt giddy and faint.

'Help me up-stairs,' was all he could say to Dr Joy, who was at his side.

Edwin Joy was a little dark man, but he was sinewy and active. He wheeled Philip round so that he placed him easily in a chair near the table.

'Don't stir, anybody,' he said quickly to the astounded guests.

'Drink this,' he said to Philip, holding a glass to his lips. . . . 'Better?'

Philip nodded.

'Take a little more. I have been watching you, and knew there was something wrong. What have you been doing?'

All this was uttered rapidly, but in a low and cheery tone, not to alarm the hearers.

'Riding. The mare was fresh and skittish. The man warned me that she had been at high feeding for some days, and getting little to do. But I knew the mare, and thought I could manage her. She tried to throw me—then stood bolt upright—lost balance, and fell back over me.'

'Ah! Feet and legs all right. Where were you hurt?'

'I don't know. I was slipping off; but there is a queer sensation here.'

The little doctor passed his hands rapidly over the side to which Philip pointed, and beckoned to Dr Guy.

The guests had obeyed the doctor's injunction not to leave their seats. His words acted like a charm in a fairy tale, and they were suddenly spell-bound in the position they occupied when it was spoken. They looked in dumb astonishment at the principal actors in this unexpected scene. The spell was broken by Dr Guy rising from his seat.

'What mare was it?' asked Crawshay, turning sharply to Wrentham.

'The one I had from you.'

'And you were giving her high feed and nothing to do! . . . Humph! I used to think you knew something about horses.'

The yeoman rose with an expression of contempt and advanced to Philip.

'What's the matter, lad? Art sore hurt? It went against the grain to part with that mare; and I fervently wish she had eaten her head off at Willowmere, rather than she should have done this. I wouldn't have parted with her, neither, only I thought she was going into safe hands.'

'Get him into bed,' said Dr Guy decisively.

'For any sake, don't spoil the fun to-night,' said Philip feebly. 'My father will make some



excuse for me. I fancied I could hold out for a little longer; but it's no use.'

'Do not trouble yourself about that, Philip,' said Mr Hadleigh. 'Our friends here will say nothing to-night, and the young people shall enjoy themselves as if nothing had happened.'

'Thanks. Maybe I shall be able to come down before the fun is all over.'

Supported by Uncle Dick and Dr Guy, and followed by Dr Joy, Philip proceeded to his bedroom.

'This is most unfortunate,' muttered Wrentham, looking much distressed. 'I had no idea the brute would play such a trick.'

Mr Hadleigh apparently paid no attention to this. Taking his place at the table, he spoke quietly:

'You all heard what my son said, and I need not ask you to aid me in carrying out his wish.—Pass the wine, Mr Crowell.'

And so the crowd of young people who had been invited to the 'little dance' had no hint of the accident to mar their pleasure. Outside, the brilliant light shining through the canvas of the marquee contended for precedence with the ruddy harvest-moon. Inside, the place was like an illuminated hall of flowers and plants. Sam Culver and Pansy with assistants had been at work for two days here. The dresses, the wreaths, the feathers, the jewels of the girls and matrons, with their faces brightened by the excitement of the moment, formed a living kaleidoscope, as they moved and mingled in the dance or promenade. The strains of the band were heard in the village; and little groups of village lads and maidens hung around the gates of Ringsford to listen to the music.

'I suppose I must be Phil's deputy for a time here as well as in the house,' said Coutts in his suavest manner to Madge. 'I hope you don't mind very much?'

'I do mind a great deal,' she answered with a frankness which would have been rude in any one else, and yet in her appeared to be the kindest answer to his question. 'But I suppose I must go through the first quadrille.'

And reluctantly she did so. When it was over, and Coutts would fain have retained his position as deputy, she said:

'Will you take me to Mr Hadleigh, please? He is there speaking to the vicar, near the entrance.'

Mr Hadleigh advanced to meet them, and she, relinquishing the arm of Coutts, took that of his father.

'She requires taming. Poor Phil,' was the reflection of the practical-minded Coutts, as he turned away to bestow his attentions on beauties who would appreciate them more.

Mr Hadleigh understood why she desired to speak to him, and they went outside, walking slowly across the lawn towards the house.

'There is no great danger,' he assured her at once; 'but he will probably be a prisoner for a few weeks. At present his chief idea is that we should say nothing about it.'

'I should like to see him—if the doctors will allow me,' she said after a brief pause, her head bowed as if she were studying the long shadows on the grass.

'We can ask them. . . . Are you sorry that he will not be able to go with the *Hertford Castle*?'

'How can I be otherwise?'

He did not speak for a few seconds—Then:

'You sometimes puzzle me very much, Miss Heathcote.'

'Why?' she asked, looking up, and the moon shone full on her face. His was in darkness.

'You seem to wish him to go away.'

'I have already explained,' she answered with a degree of constraint.

'Yes, I understand,' he said dreamily. 'Mine is a selfish way of considering the matter. I grudge every moment that what I—prize most, is out of sight. I suppose it is because we feel how short the time is we can possess our treasures, that in growing old we grow selfish.'

'But you are not an old man, Mr Hadleigh.' She was trying to find something gentle to say.

He shook his head.

'I know men who are nearly twice my age in years and yet are boys compared with me. I feel very old just now.'

'But you know his absence will not be long.'

'True—his absence will not be long. . . . Here is Dr Guy.—Well, doctor, what news do you bring us now?'

They had entered through the conservatory, and encountered the doctor on the way to seek his host.

'He has had a rest, and there is not much harm done. But it was foolish of him not to lie up at once and send for us.'

'Miss Heathcote would like to see him.'

'Well, it won't do him any harm for her to see him—especially as it is his wish that she should; but he ought to be kept as quiet as possible. I have been sent for; but Joy will stay as long as may be necessary.'

Mr Hadleigh himself took Madge to the door of Philip's room, and it was opened by Mrs Picton, the housekeeper.

'That's her now,' said Philip. He was lying on his right side on the bed, his back towards the door.—'Now, doctor, give us the ten minutes you promised.'

'I trust to you, Miss Heathcote,' said Dr Joy, 'not to allow him to move from his present position until I return; and not to let him speak too much.'

She bowed. The doctor and Mrs Picton left the room.

'Isn't this a nuisance, Madge?' began Philip, by an effort refraining from turning round to look at her. 'It upsets everything.'

'But there is no danger, Philip,' she answered, laying her hand soothingly on his head.

'That's just it—if it had been a real knock-up, one could have said, "There's no help for it," and settled down to enjoy a month or two in bed. But with a mere scratch like this, which only threatens to be troublesome if you don't behave yourself, it's—well, it's irritating.'

'What was it you wanted to say to me, Philip? You know, we have only a few minutes, and you heard what the doctor said to me.'

'O yes, of course. . . . Are they having a good time out there? . . . I can hear the music—there, they are at the Lancers now—and it makes my feet go in spite of me. I did hope to

have such a jolly time with you, Madge. I had put my name down for nearly every dance in the programme.'

'I am afraid we should both have been rather tired,' she said, smiling, glad to find him in such good spirits.

'The next dance is a waltz.—Ah!'

He had moved his arm incautiously, and a sharp pang reminded him of his condition. With that little cry he had uttered, Madge felt the pang too.

'I am going away now,' she said, trying to speak firmly; 'I am only doing you harm by staying.'

'No, no; don't go, Madge—the touch of your hand has done me more good than all their bandages. I will be quiet. There is something very particular you have to do for me. (What a capital hand they have got.)'

'If you speak again about anything except what you want me to do, I shall leave the room.'

That quieted him, and he kept still for a little.

'I want you to write to Uncle Shield,' he said at length tranquilly. 'If you write to-morrow, it will be in time for the next mail.'

'What am I to say to him?'

'Say that I have attended to all his instructions, and have everything ready to start in the *Hertford Castle* on the sixth, and that I still hope to do so.'

'Oh, that isn't possible, Philip.'

'We'll see. Tell him next about this accident, which the doctors say will prevent me from getting on to my feet for some weeks. I hope to prove they are wrong; but send him this warning through you, so that he may not be disappointed.'

'Would it not be better that your father or your brother should send this message?'

'Not at all. He would not open a letter from either of them, as he has warned me; and they would not write one, as I know. I hope to set that old misunderstanding between my father and him right some day. Meanwhile, I very much want you to do this for me.'

'As you please, Philip.'

'Thanks, Madge, thanks. Then tell him particularly that Wrentham's affairs are all right. . . . He's a good fellow, Wrentham. You remember, I did not like him at first; since I have come to know him better, I have altered my opinion. He is a real good fellow, and made everything in this troublesome business quite smooth and easy for me. Only I wish he hadn't asked me to try that mare to-day, or that I hadn't been so unlucky as to agree to do it.'

'Uncle is very angry about it. He says the mare has been shamefully treated, for she had no vice at all when she left him, and he intends to buy her back.'

'I hope he won't. . . . Now let me see; was there anything else? No; I have told you all that I want to say. You will find an envelope with his full address on the table over there.'

As she was getting the envelope, there was a tap at the door.

'That's the doctor, I suppose,' muttered Philip disappointedly. 'Why, you can't have been five minutes here. You won't be worrying yourself

about this, Madge. I'll be all right in a few days.'

'Don't speak any more,' she said, bending over and touching his somewhat feverish brow with her lips. 'I shall be here to-morrow. We are going home now. Good-night.'

Dr Joy was at the door, waiting to enter.

'Will you look at him, doctor, and tell me how he is before I go?' said Madge softly. The doctor went in, and after feeling his patient's pulse, returned.

'He has been a little excited. Don't leave for half an hour, and I will send a message to you.'

In half an hour Mrs Picton brought her the message: Philip was sleeping.

#### SOME PARLIAMENTARY MAIDEN SPEECHES.

THERE have probably been very few members of parliament who have risen in their place for the first time without an unpleasant nervous tremor. Even if a parliamentary neophyte be not, as the familiar phrase has it, 'unaccustomed to public speaking,' he has certainly been unaccustomed to such an audience; and to hear himself called upon by the Speaker to address the first legislative assembly in the world, is an ordeal which is none the less trying because it has been voluntarily courted. Seeing that in past times so large a number of those returned to parliament have been comparatively unpractised speakers, the fact that absolute break-downs in maiden speeches are rare must be attributed to the sympathetic encouragement which the House always accords to the new member. Audiences at St Stephen's are fastidious, but they are also kindly; the maiden speech which is a notorious failure is generally made such by over-confident fluency rather than by nervous hesitation; and, to mention one example only, Lord Beaconsfield's early *fiasco*, the story of which has been told a hundred times, was not due to nervous timidity, but to the ambition of a young and clever man, conscious of power, to achieve a parliamentary reputation by a single *coup*.

There are, of course, a few early failures on record which cannot be thus accounted for. The maiden speech of Sheridan, who was destined to become one of the greatest of British orators, was not exactly a break-down, but its escape from being such was very narrow. In Sheridan's case, the audience was more than usually sympathetic, for his literary reputation had excited curiosity and interest; but his indistinctness of utterance and hesitancy of manner impressed his hearers with the belief that, great as were his mental powers, he had not the physical qualifications for effective speech, and that—to quote the words of one verdict—'nature never intended him for an orator.' Woodfall, the celebrated parliamentary reporter, was fond of telling how, at the conclusion of his speech, Sheridan came up to him, and asked with evident anxiety what he thought of his first attempt. Woodfall's reply was: 'I am sorry to say I do not think this is your line; you had much better have stuck to your former pursuits.' This was discouraging; but Sheridan was not easily discouraged; and his subsequent career justified the confident boldness of his reply

to the depreciatory estimate: 'It is in me, however, and it shall come out!'

The failure of another distinguished man of letters, Joseph Addison, was much more complete. He sat for Malmesbury, in the House of Commons which was elected in 1708, and rose once to make a speech; but his diffidence completely silenced him, and he never made a second attempt. In the Irish parliament, where Lord Wharton's influence procured him a seat for the borough of Cavan, he made another failure, the story of which is told by Mr O'Flanagan, whom we quote at second-hand from Mr G. H. Jennings's *Anecdotal History of the British Parliament*, a capital compilation, to which we acknowledge a general indebtedness. 'On a motion before the House,' writes Mr O'Flanagan, 'Addison rose, and having said, "Mr Speaker, I conceive," paused, as if frightened by the sound of his own voice. He again commenced, "I conceive, Mr Speaker," when he stopped, until roused by cries of "Hear, hear," when he once more essayed with, "Sir, I conceive." Power of further utterance was denied, so he sat down amidst the scarcely suppressed laughter of his brother-members.'

The name of Addison recalls that of Steele; and one of the most interesting incidents in Steele's first brief parliamentary career was the maiden speech of his young friend Lord Finch, which began as a break-down, and ended as a success. In Queen Anne's time, shortly after Steele's election for Stockbridge, a motion was made to expel him from parliament, on the ground that in one of his periodical publications he had 'maliciously insinuated that the Protestant succession in the House of Hanover was in danger under Her Majesty's administration.' It so happened that very shortly before this time a libel directed against Lord Finch's sister had been scathingly denounced and exposed in Steele's paper the *Guardian*; and the young nobleman felt that he could not be silent when Steele in his turn was attacked. He leaped to his feet, determined to do his best; but though his heart was in the right place, he found it very difficult to get his words there, and after managing to get out a few confused sentences, he sat down, utterly discomfited. The failure would have been unredeemed, had it not been that as he resumed his seat he exclaimed: 'It is strange I cannot speak for this man, when I would readily fight for him.' The words were heard all over the House; and Lord Finch's audience, though hostile to Steele, was one which could be trusted to respond at once, the moment an appeal was made to its chivalrous instincts. From both sides of the House came a spontaneous burst of cheering, which so encouraged the young speaker, that he rose again to his feet; and this time made a telling and eloquent speech, which was the beginning of a successful parliamentary career.

Many years before the occurrence of this incident, another failure had been turned into a success by a happy thought on the part of the speaker himself, which proved that his break-down could hardly be attributed to want of presence of mind. During the latter part of the seventeenth century, a young man, who was afterwards to become celebrated as third Earl of Shaftesbury, and author of *Characteristics*, sat

in the House of Commons as Lord Ashley. A bill was introduced to grant the services of counsel to prisoners tried for high-treason; and though the proposal was based on the commonest principles of justice, it found many and bitter opponents. Lord Ashley, however, was among its warmest supporters, and rose to argue in its defence; but, unfortunately, after saying a few words, he found himself unable to proceed. A little time was given him to collect his thoughts; but at last the patience of his hearers was exhausted, and they called loudly upon him to go on, when, looking at the Speaker, he said: 'If, sir, I, who rise only to give my opinion on the bill now depending, am so confounded that I am unable to express the least of what I proposed to say, what must the condition of that man be who, without any assistance, is pleading for his life, and is apprehensive of being deprived of it?' It may safely be said that the most elaborately prepared and eloquently delivered oration could hardly have been more rhetorically effective than this happily extemporised argument.

A record of oratorical triumphs is less entertaining than a record of failures; but the stories of one or two maiden speeches which owed their success to simple assurance are amusing enough. Modesty and timidity have not been characteristics of *all* the members who have ever sat in parliament. They do not, for example, seem to have been very prominent in Mr Lechmere, afterwards Lord Lechmere, who, on his election for Appleby, turned round to address the House immediately after having taken the oath, and before he had gone through the formality of taking his seat. Mr Cowper, made Lord Chancellor in 1707, was not quite so precipitate, but much more copious in his rhetorical outpourings, for he spoke three times during his first evening in the House; and even he was excelled by the notorious 'Orator Hunt,' who on a similar occasion gave his fellow-members no fewer than six samples of his peculiar eloquence. The hero of one of the amusing stories just referred to was the well-known Thomas Slingsby—generally shortened to Tom—Duncombe. The speech itself was an extraordinary affair, being an all-round attack upon various prominent statesmen, delivered in a manner which may be described as fascinatingly impudent; but the funniest thing about it was the story of its production, which has been told by Mr Greville. 'The history of Tom Duncombe and his speech,' says this collector of gossip, 'is instructive as well as amusing. Tommy came to Henry de Ros, and told him that his constituents at Hertford were very anxious that he should make a speech, but that he did not know what to say, and begged Henry to provide him with the necessary materials. He advised him to strike out something new; and having received his assurance that he should be able to recollect anything that he had learned by heart, and that he was not afraid of his courage failing, Henry composed for him the speech which Duncombe delivered.' What it was in this story which Mr Greville found instructive, is not so clear; but its amusing quality may be readily conceded.

Teetotalers have so many good anecdotes, that those who take the other side in the great alcoholic controversy have doubtless made the most of a

tremendous maiden speech which was delivered in the House of Lords in the year 1678 by the Lord Carnarvon of that period, and which was said to have been inspired entirely by claret. Lord Carnarvon had been dining, not wisely but too well, with the Duke of Buckingham; and the Duke, seeing his condition, induced him, by combination of raillery and flattery, to pledge himself to address his brother peers that night upon any subject they happened to be discussing. The Duke of course regarded the thing as a capital practical joke, and doubtless anticipated immense enjoyment from the floundering of a half-intoxicated man, who had never spoken before, and who was not supposed to have any oratorical gifts even when sober. The debate was on the impeachment of the Earl of Danby, then Lord Treasurer; and as soon as an opening occurred, up rose Lord Carnarvon. 'My lords,' he said, 'I understand but little of Latin, but a good deal of English, and not a little of English history; from which I have learned the mischiefs of such kind of prosecutions as these, and the ill fate of the prosecutors. I could bring many instances, and those very ancient; but, my lords, I shall go no farther back than the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, at which time the Earl of Essex was run down by Sir Walter Raleigh; and your lordships very well know what became of Sir Walter Raleigh. My Lord Bacon, he ran down Sir Walter Raleigh; and your lordships know what became of my Lord Bacon. The Duke of Buckingham, he ran down my Lord Bacon; and your lordships know what happened to the Duke of Buckingham. Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, ran down the Duke of Buckingham; and you all know what became of him. Sir Harry Vane, he ran down the Earl of Strafford; and your lordships know what became of Sir Harry Vane. Chancellor Hyde, he ran down Sir Harry Vane; and your lordships know what became of the Chancellor. Sir Thomas Osbourn, now Earl of Danby, ran down Chancellor Hyde; but what will become of the Earl of Danby, your lordships best can tell. But let me see the man that dare run the Earl of Danby down, and we shall soon see what shall become of him.' The assembled peers must have felt as if they were being swept from their feet by an historical avalanche, riddled by a fusillade of facts; and the Duke of Buckingham could only exclaim: 'The claret has done the business!' And indeed it looks like it, for Lord Carnarvon never had another such success.

Of course, maiden speeches which are in any way memorable either for their matter or their manner, the greatness of their success or the completeness of their failure, are comparatively rare. As a rule, the first speech of any member in either House resembles closely all his succeeding speeches; it may lack the force and fluency given by practice, but in its general characteristics there is nothing exceptional. The able man shows at least something of his ability; the dull man lets his hearers into the secret of his dullness. When Cobbett, the very first night he sat in the House, began his maiden speech with the words, 'It appears to me that since I have been sitting here I have heard a great deal of vain and unprofitable conversation,' his fellow-members probably thought that here was a unique display

of self-sufficient assurance; but when Cobbett had delivered his second speech, the first was unique no longer, and when he had spoken half a dozen times, it had come to be regarded as comparatively mild. Brougham and Canning, who both became parliamentary speakers of the first rank, may perhaps, with Sheridan and Disraeli, be considered as exceptions to the general rule just given, for their maiden speeches were described as failures; but in their cases, all that probably was meant by the word failure was that they did not fulfil the expectations which had been formed. None of Lord Palmerston's early speeches seem to have had the brilliance of his later utterances; but that he made a favourable impression at starting is proved by the fact that Mr Perceval offered him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer when he had only spoken once in the House; while Earl Grey, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Macaulay, and the late Lord Derby, who began their political careers in the House of Commons, delivered maiden speeches which immediately gave them a reputation.

During the last half-century, there has been such a change in the conditions of public life, that no maiden speech can excite the same curiosity as of old. One result of the lowering of the franchise has been to diminish the chances of any parliamentary candidate who has not some measure of ease and ability in speaking; and public meetings of all kinds are so numerous, that the quality and amount of oratorical talent possessed by every prominent man become well known long before he has a chance of displaying it upon the floor of the House of Commons. This change is not one to be regretted on the whole; but of course parliamentary life has lost one element of interest which it possessed in the days when a maiden speech might be looked forward to as a revelation of all kinds of unsuspected possibilities.

## THE MINER'S PARTNER.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

ON a morning only a couple of days after the opening of our story, the sun had not yet risen high enough to strike the plains, which stretched as far as the eye could reach; but the mountains were all bright with his rays, from their peaks down almost to the 'foothills,' which, tolerable eminences in themselves, projected like so many capes out on the level ground, when a man came to the opening of a tent and looked out. Although he gazed across the rugged intervening ground and out upon the plain, and although sunrise in Colorado is worth seeing from a position of vantage, yet it was evident that it was from no appreciation of the scenery that the man stood there. From the spot, an irregular line of tents and huts—or 'shanties'—led to the centre of Flume City; while the trenches cut in all directions, and the odd implements and vessels lying about, gave ample evidence that this was a mining camp, or town.

The man was dressed in buckskin—as were many others, who by this time began to show

themselves—was tall and dark; of an eager, not to say cunning aspect; while from beneath his shapeless hat, his long hair hung straight and untidy. This description might serve for nine-tenths of the denizens of the camp, whether of high or low degree; but there was something in the aspect of this miner which would have prevented any expert from classing him with the lowest and coarsest of his calling. He was evidently deep in thought, and his meditation found support in a fashion very common in the United States—he drew a cake of tobacco from his pocket, and bit off a corner, as though it had been a biscuit; then, chewing vigorously, he remained with his absorbed gaze apparently fixed on the distant plains.

Presently the canvas of the tent was pushed aside, and another man came out. This second man was somewhat shorter than the first, although yet a tolerably tall man. He was fairer, as could be seen in spite of his sunburnt and weather-beaten countenance. His beard was brown, and was longer and fuller than the first comer's; and he was altogether of a thicker, stronger build. These brief descriptions will serve to introduce the two partners Rube Steele and Ben, whose jarring took up so much time at the miners' convention two or three nights before, and whose relation to the whole camp had grown to be of the most unfriendly character.

'How long have you been cooling yourself here?' asked the second man, who was of course Ben; 'and why did you not wake me up?'

'Reckon I have not been here six minutes,' replied the other, taking no notice of the second query. 'I expect we had better see now about fixing the breakfast.'

'You might have done something, instead of loafing around,' muttered Ben, who was clearly in no pleasant mood, although his features bespoke him a frank, good-tempered fellow enough. 'Here! I will light the fire.'

In a few minutes the fire was blazing, the kettle on, and the men, who had scarcely interchanged another word, were seated, waiting for the water to boil.

'Now, Rube,' suddenly exclaimed Ben, 'you know this is my last day here; I mean clearing out; so this is our time to have a settlement. If we don't fix things straight now, we shall not fix them at all.'

'They air fixed, ain't they?' retorted Rube. 'You have done considerable as you please; so, if you don't like the position, I can't help it.'

'You shift too much in your argyment, you do,' continued Ben. 'But say now, right away, do you mean to pay me those fifteen hundred dollars or not?'

'You air unreasonable altogether,' returned Rube. 'Why should I pay fifteen hundred dollars, because a man who robbed us both has gone off with twice as much?'

'Don't tell me about robbing us both—you can't fool me like that!' angrily exclaimed the other. 'I never would trust the man with dust—you knew it—although he was your friend, and you could not say enough in his favour. It was through you he hung around here; and even if you did not get your half from him, with a big

profit, you are bound in honour to pay me my share.'

Rube's eyes assumed for a moment a very ugly and dangerous look, as his comrade spoke. 'Seems to me, pardner Ben,' he said, 'that you are gone wrong altogether in this connection. Two or three citizens saw the order, and thought it was in your writing; so did I. Then where does the blame come in? Fix it how you like, it was only a mistake, not a fault. And as to my having shared the plunder with this stranger'—

'I can't say you did for certain, of course,' interrupted Ben. 'But you have been out of camp till midnight ever since, and where have you been all the time? Anyhow, I am fifteen hundred dollars short; that is a sure thing, and I want it made up. And what do you mean to do about it?'

The altercation seemed likely to grow into a violent quarrel; but one or two miners from the neighbouring huts came in on matters of business, and the dispute died out, leaving, however, to judge from the countenances of the principals, no great amount of good-will on either side. It was evident from the conversation of these visitors, that as Ben was about to leave the camp, and as the partnership which had existed between himself and Rube would of necessity cease, they had resolved to sell their equipment of tools, mining 'fixings,' and tent furniture, all of which were known to be very complete. This was what drew the miners to the tent; and among the visitors, there was a general understanding that the partners were not separating on good terms; indeed, most of those who came showed, by their addressing themselves almost exclusively to one or the other, a partisanship in the matter. Various bargains were struck by either partner; but whatever was done by Ben invariably produced unfavourable comment from Rube; while Ben did not attempt to conceal his dislike of nearly all transactions managed by his partner.

So the day wore on, with no increase of good-will in the tent; and the interchange of conversation grew less and less, while it became more irritating in its tone. Had the men remained together all day, a quarrel must certainly have arisen; but this was not the case, one or other being absent from the tent for the greater part of the time.

It was while Rube was absent towards the close of the afternoon, that a miner drew near to the tent, and from the repeated glances he threw around him, and the deliberate manner in which he approached, he seemed to be on his guard against some danger. At last, when he was very close to the tent, Ben came to the opening, and being busied in arranging some of the household gear which he was removing from the interior, would not have noticed this new-comer, but that the latter, in a lower voice than appeared to be requisite, exclaimed: 'Ben! hist! Are you alone, Ben?'

Ben looked up, and apparently recognised the man, for he smiled as he replied: 'Yes, Absalom, I am alone; and quite at your service, if you want me upon any business.'

The stranger was a little spare man, with a sufficiently comical cast of features; yet he did not respond to Ben's smile, but with a very grave face, came closer.



'Why, Absalom!' exclaimed Ben with a grin of amusement spreading over his face, as he noticed the little man's gravity, 'what is the matter now? Been playing at "monté" again, I suppose?'

This allusion to the gambling weakness which was known to be a feature in poor Absalom's character, also failed to diminish the serious cast of the little man's countenance.

'Let us go into the tent and talk,' said the stranger, still without any responsive smile on his lips; and as, with the freedom of camp-life, he led the way, Ben followed him, wondering and smiling still at Absalom's important air.

'Now, then, Ab,' he continued, 'what is it? Let us have your news first; then we will take a drink.'

'Do you know that Bill Dobell is in camp?' asked Absalom, putting more mystery and importance into his manner than before.

'No; I guess I did not know it,' replied Ben. 'If so, he had better clear out soon; or before I go, I will leave a message which will send a dozen of the boys after him, and will teach him that the Vigilantes are not dead yet.'

'It will be too late,' said the other.—'Now tell me, Ben, has not Indian Peter offered to buy the mules and wagon that you have in Fandango Gulch? And are you not to meet him there at sundown to settle the trade?'

'Certainly,' replied Ben, still wondering, but with much less disposition to smile. The little man's earnestness had impressed him, and he, moreover, began to regard the conjunction of names as ominous.

'Well, then, Ben,' continued Absalom, glancing nervously around him and dropping his voice to a whisper, 'it is all a planned thing with Rube, your pardner, and these other two. You will go to Fandango Gulch; but you will never leave it alive! Bill Dobell is to have five hundred dollars in gold-dust for shooting you; and Indian Peter is to have something for trapping you down there.'

'And Rube?' asked Ben, in a voice which told how far he was from doubting this strange story.

'Wal, Rube of course is to be the paymaster. He says you have a sight of plunder in—in those two valises,' said Absalom, pointing to a couple of old but strong travelling-bags in a corner of the tent. 'You know best if he is right.'

'How do you know all this?' demanded Ben sternly.

'I have been having drinks with the boys at Rattlesnake Claim,' returned Absalom, 'and so have not gone to my own shanty lately. You know that is a long way outside the city. Two nights ago, I slept at Big Donald's. Last night, I felt real bad, and so I got into Indian Peter's shanty. I thought he had left the camp for a day or two, so I crept under some buffalo robes to have my sleep. I was woke by some men talking, and I was about to crawl out, when I recognised Bill Dobell's voice; and you know he has threatened to shoot me at sight, for telling how he broke the stamp-mill. So I lay low, and heard Rube settle with them other two. Of course I made up my mind to tell you; and have been hanging around here all day to get a chance of seeing you by yourself. And it is my belief,

Ben, that Rube met Californy Jones on the night that scallawag went off with your gold-dust.'

'I feel considerable certain he did,' returned Ben; 'and I have told Rube as much.'

'I saw Rube meet a man at the Big Loaf Rock, in the cañon,' continued Absalom. 'I knew the man somewhere, but could not remember him at the time, and I only saw his back. He had a dog with him too, which was a good deal on the growl, so I daren't go nigh.' And here Absalom detailed the adventure with which the reader has been made acquainted.

'Bill Dobell in camp! Rube in league with him and Indian Peter! and Californy Jones hanging about the cañon!' exclaimed Ben. 'Then my first suspicion was right, and Rube *did* send some men into the cañon to shoot me! I thought he was a long time getting his posse together; and a pretty collection they were! He had plenty of time to send his desperadoes on first, and they were Dobell and Indian Peter, you bet.'

'I think it's very likely,' returned Absalom; 'for Rube is a bad man; and if he ever knows what I have told you to-day, he will mark me.'

'All right, Absalom. The span of mules and the wagon in Fandango Gulch are yours; you can fetch them in the morning. I reckon Rube won't interfere with you then,' said Ben. 'It is near sundown now; so do you clear out, and send Van Boldvert from Pennsylvania Claim up here, and the Englishmen from Happy Jack Gulch. Go quickly.'

The little miner vanished; and Ben waited until the arrival of the men whom he had summoned, casting many a glance meanwhile in the direction from which his treacherous partner should appear.

Looking out westward across the plains, the broad red disc of the sun was seen just touching the horizon, and everything bathed in his last rays was golden, yet not dazzlingly bright. A peculiar softness and repose was in the light of the setting orb. It was almost the time at which he was to keep his appointment; so, when the men arrived, wondering at the urgent summons delivered, he hastily told them the gist of the information he had received, and suggested that some steps should be taken to get rid of Bill Dobell, who was acknowledged to be the most desperate ruffian of all who infested the mines.

Van Boldvert, who, with all the phlegm and external apathy of the genuine Pennsylvanian Dutchmen, had their quiet resolution too, said a few words indicative of the treatment he intended to adopt—a process which boded no good either to Dobell or his accomplice Indian Peter.

'And how about Rube?' said one of the Englishmen from Happy Jack Gulch. 'What is to be done with him? It seems to me that he is the worst of the lot; and if there is to be any stringing-up, why, string him up first, I say.'

'You sees how it is,' responded the Dutchman. 'Rube is de vorst; dere is not no doubt about dat; but he has had a good character as yet, and so far as the miners knows, it is his first offence. So ve shall shust varn him off; and if he comes more closer nor sixty miles to dese diggings, ve shtrings him up. But dese oders—vell, dey are shust de two vorse men ve ever had here, and ve settles dem anyhow.'

As it was Ben's own case, it was thought better that the Vigilantes should work without him. Had they decided otherwise, not his intended departure or anything else would have been allowed to stand in the way; on forfeit of his own life, he must have accompanied them.

The visitors disappeared; and so short a time had the conference occupied, that the last rays of the sun still brightened the evening clouds, when Ben saw, from the door of his tent, fourteen or fifteen men leave the city, and stealthily and in several parties take the line which he well knew would lead them to Fandango Gulch, where the treacherous ambush was to have been set for him.

Taking with him the two valises to which Absalom had made so startling a reference, Ben strode across to a hut, mean-looking enough, but which was somewhat larger than common, and which was dignified by the words 'Bank, Post-office, Mail Depôt,' being inscribed on boards as large as the front and sides of the building would conveniently hold. Having deposited his luggage with the clerk, he was about to return to his own tent, when he muttered: 'I will have a last look at the old place;' then turning at once into one of the numerous ravines which ran close up to the town, he was speedily at the foot of the low hills; and a few score yards, easily threaded by him, amid the intricacies of trenches, mounds, and pools, brought him to the scene of his last speculations.

The moon was rising. It is hardly possible to say so much without adding that it had risen, as the full-moon, of a size and splendour not seen in northern climates, would rise there completely in five minutes; while its light, although softer and less penetrating than it would be when the disc was high in the heavens, was enough to render even the smallest objects visible.

'I guess there is a deal more metal in this placer than has ever come out,' half-murmured Ben, as he looked at the spot; 'and I am leaving a good thing. But it is all for the best. I have realised more dollars than I shall ever spend, and I am not so young as I was; and some of the people here are getting a little tired of me. That p'isonous Rube was the first, maybe; but he would not be the last, if I stayed here, to try how thick my skin is. And I remember that, more'n a month ago, a bullet was sent through my hair by accident. There would be another such accident soon, I reckon, and as before, no one could guess whose bullet it might be. Wal, this is the last time I shall take a survey of this or any other mine. The water is high to-night.' He turned, as he spoke, to look at the pool by which he was standing; but as he did so, he suddenly ceased his speech, and instinctively recoiled.

The pool was a little below where he stood—only some two or three feet; but a kind of beach or margin lay between him and the water; and as he turned round, the figure of a man, coming from behind a mound of earth, which lay on this margin like a small cliff, emerged into the full moonlight. The start and broken exclamation of Ben were repeated by the other.

'Wal, is that Ben?' exclaimed the voice of Rube. 'Why, hadn't you got to meet Indian Peter at the Gulch, to settle about them mules?'

'Yes,' returned Ben briefly; 'I had.'

'Ha! you have not been, I estimate,' continued Rube. 'Is the trade off?'

'I have sent some friends to transact my share of the business for me,' said Ben; and either the ambiguous character of the reply, or its tone, roused Rube's suspicions; for he glanced quickly up at the speaker, with the same cunning, dangerous look which his face had worn earlier in the day.

'I see there's a good many handles and broken tools about here, Ben,' he said, changing the subject. 'Before I take another pardner, I shall have a clearing-up.'

'I think it's very likely,' said Ben drily, and his tone again caused the quick, dangerous look to come on Rube's face. The latter had by this time approached almost to where Ben stood, and he turned to look, as it seemed, across the pool and out over the deserted diggings, to the rising moon; but as he did so, with an almost imperceptible movement he brought his revolver further to the front. To any but a practised eye, the movement would have been entirely concealed; but Ben saw it, and knew its meaning.

'Air you going to Fandango Gulch, Ben?'' asked Rube, turning again to his ex-partner. 'I reckon Peter will be considerably riled if you don't.'

'As you say, there's a sight of useful things lying about here,' returned Ben, stooping, and looking at some of the broken implements; 'and I had no idea we had left so much. Indian Peter won't miss me.'

'Ain't you going to meet him, then, and why?'' demanded Rube, with another sinister glance upward, and another slight hitch forward of his scabbard—as revolver holsters are usually termed in the west.

'Because Indian Peter is in the hands of the Vigilantes by this time, you traitor and hound!' burst forth Ben, his smothered passion appearing to overcome him. 'So is Bill Dobell; and so'—

His sentence was never finished, for both men dashed savagely at each other at the same moment. Rube, when he heard the words which told him that his plot was discovered and defeated, with a bitter oath jerked his pistol from its scabbard, cocked, and fired; but though he did it almost instantaneously, the hawk-eye of Ben was too quick for him, and the aim, which must have been deadly, so close were they together, was balked by a powerful stroke with the handle of a pick, which Ben had secured under the feint of examining the refuse implements. As Rube levelled his pistol, Ben dealt him a desperate blow on the back of the head. The weapon exploded harmlessly in the air; and Rube, with a single groan, stumbled forward and fell senseless and motionless on his face.

He lay on the margin or beach described as being between the elevated ledge and the pool; and there was something in the helpless, inanimate figure which convinced Ben that his stroke had taken deadly effect.

'I believe he is dead,' he said, after a pause, during which he grasped his club in readiness for another blow. 'I was sorry I had left my six-shooter behind, when I saw what he was after; but this has done as well. Let me make sure.'

He lifted up the prostrate man's arm; and when he released it, it fell heavily and clod-like, just as it was dropped. He turned the body half round and placed his hand over the heart, but could feel no pulsation.

'The Vigilantes have been saved some trouble, either now or at another time, anyhow,' he continued. 'I hope they have caught Indian Peter and Bill Dobell, and then the camp has got quit of the three worst characters in it. I shall say nothing about this before I clear out. I have so many dollars in my satchels, that a very little would serve as an excuse to Rube's friends for lynching me.'

Acting on this determination, he quietly returned to the camp, or city, where he soon learned that justice had overtaken Bill Dobell and Indian Peter. In further confirmation, the driver of the mail, as he drove from the town, some hours later in the night, showed him, as an object of interest, two figures pendent from the boughs of a solitary tree some hundred and fifty yards from the roadside, which tree had, it appeared, often served such a purpose before.

The driver, having come on from a distant station with the coach, was not so well acquainted with the antecedent particulars of this demonstration of justice, as was the passenger who sat by his side on the box; nor did he know the latter's interest in the matter.

'I do hear,' continued the driver, 'that Rube Steele was looked for to make a third; but it is calculated he made tracks in time. It is a good thing to get rid of such desperadoes as Bill Dobell and Indian Peter; but it's an awful pity they missed Rube.'

The outside passenger kept his own counsel, being very well satisfied that his partner's fate should remain unknown until he had placed at least a hundred leagues between himself and the mining town.

## CONCERNING LOVE.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

LOVE is a stupendous paradox. You cannot elaborate a theory with regard to it which shall be at once entirely consistent in itself and all-comprehensive in its application. You may note its manifestations, estimate its force, trace its progress, and speculate upon its potentialities; but how can you hope to reduce to a self-consistent philosophy its thousand-and-one contrarieties and its endless shades of diversity—its glowing triumphs, its merry comedies, its sad irrevocable catastrophes—its sweet reasonableness, its wild infatuation, and its incomprehensible eccentricities? There is perhaps no subject under the sun which has been a more constant theme of poets, essayists, and philosophers; but what is the net result of all that these have told us? It is a long category of heterogeneous and conflicting dicta or speculations, comprising, it is true, many sage reflections, accurate observations, and charming fancies, but, as a whole, presenting rather the aspect of a kaleidoscopic view than that of an intelligible and harmonious picture.

Though the praise of love has been more common than its disparagement, there are not wanting those who have been disposed to treat

the subject with irony and ridicule. It was Laurence Sterne who said that the expression 'fall in love' evidently showed love to be beneath a man. This was no doubt intended for nothing more than a facetious play upon the words; but there are numerous writers, both before and after Sterne, who have ridiculed the votaries of the tender passion and disparaged the god Cupid. Bacon speaks of love as 'this weak passion,' and quotes with approval the remark, that 'it is impossible to love and be wise.' Cervantes satirises the extravagances of the amorous passion to the top of his bent in the adventures of his mad hero Don Quixote, in whose fantasy and mock-heroic panegyrics love is a never-absent theme; indeed, it is an essential element of his madness, for he is made to declare that 'the knight-errant that is loveless resembles a tree that wants leaves and fruit, or a body without a soul.'

Certain of Shakspeare's creations also join in this detraction, and the lover and the lunatic are placed in the same category, as—with the poet—'of imagination all compact;' while one of his characters—the fair Rosalind—declares: 'Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do.' The affinity of love and madness has formed the subject of much learned disquisition, and the general testimony would seem to show that there must be numerous instances in which it might be said, adapting Dryden's couplet on the subject of 'great wits':

Great love is sure to madness near allied,  
And thin partitions do the bounds divide.

Carlyle remarks that 'love is not altogether a delirium; yet it has many points in common therewith.' From the illustrations that are constantly set before us, it would appear that the chief point in common between love and madness or delirium is that in both cases the victim becomes more or less devoid of the power of self-control, and, in his or her infatuation, indulges in the most serious or ludicrous extravagances.

The evidence would seem to indicate that Reason, in the presence of Love, is obliged to descend from her throne, and pay tribute to what has become the dominating motive. When Love takes possession, it subsidises and controls the judgment, tastes, faculties, and inclinations of the individual, and is not to be argued down, even by the subject himself, much less by others. In the words of Addison:

Love is not to be reasoned down, or lost  
In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness;  
'Tis second life—it grows into the soul,  
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse.

From whatever point of view we approach this theme, we soon encounter what is, perhaps, after all, the most prominent and least dubitable characteristic of love—namely, its far-reaching, all-pervading potency. Bacon, with all his philosophical acumen, is obviously wrong when he describes love as a 'weak passion;' indeed, the phrase itself is a contradiction in terms. Voltaire is much more just in his estimate when he says: 'Love is the strongest of all the passions, because it attacks at once the head, the heart, and the body.'

What Bacon evidently intended to refer to was

the weakness, not of the passion, but of the will which could not-repel or subdue it. This view is borne out by the context, which is, that 'great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion.' This contention, however, is no more tenable than his characterisation. All the evidence goes to prove that love is not to be conquered by great spirits, or smothered by great business, any more than it is to be reasoned down. As the French proverb says: 'Close the door in Love's face, and he will leap in at the window;' and the aphorism is equally applicable to mental and material obstructions. In the same way Shakspeare teaches that 'stony limits cannot hold love out;' that 'the more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns;' and that 'Love is your master, for he masters you.'

There is, indeed, no aspect of this passion regarding which so great unanimity prevails as that expressed in those last quotations. It is Scott who declares that,

He who stems a stream with sand,  
And fetters flame with flaxen band,  
Has yet a harder task to prove,  
By firm resolve to conquer Love.

Southey, who is convinced that 'love is indestructible,' goes so far as to assert that

They sin who tell us Love can die.

If further evidence of the vitality and power of this passion were required, an appeal might be made to the language of Hebrew Scripture, which teaches that 'Love is strong as death . . . Many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it.'

In view of testimony like this, one might be pardoned for supposing the point in question satisfactorily established. We shall not, however, have proceeded far in the consideration of other phases of the subject, before we shall come upon views which it is by no means easy to reconcile with the above conclusions. Take, for example, the theory that a man or a woman can truly love but once. This would seem to be the natural corollary of the belief that love is indestructible. The argument, of course, is that the love which departs is not love at all. As the old lines run:

Pray, how comes Love?  
It comes unsought, unsent.  
Pray, how goes Love?  
That was not love that went.

Carlyle homologates this view. In *Sartor Resartus*, he says: 'As your Congreve needs a new case or wrappage for every new rocket, so each human heart can properly exhibit but one love, if even one; the "first love which is infinite" can be followed by no second like unto it.'

This is certainly a strong case for the first-and-only-love theory. But let it not be supposed that we shall here miss the inevitable differences of opinion. Among others who raise a strong protest against this view is George Eliot, who believes there is a second love which is greater, because more mature, than the first. 'How is it,' she asks, 'that the poets have said so many fine things about our first love, and so few about our later love? Are their first poems the best? or are not those the best which come from their fuller thought, their larger experience, their deep-rooted

affections? The boy's flute-like voice has its own spring charm; but the man should yield a richer, deeper music.' Many other quotations to a similar purport might be given; but the whole argument is a futile one. It is simply reasoning in a circle, because, whatever may be advanced on this side of the question, it is of course perfectly open to those who maintain the opposite to fall back upon the contention that the love which was vanquished was not love at all, and that its subjugation sufficiently proves that it was spurious.

It may be said that this is a somewhat rough-and-ready method of disposing of a profound and delicate psychological problem, and the point may be further raised in connection with the kindred proposition, that love is not incurable. Those who hold that love is indestructible must also, in consistency, maintain that it is likewise incurable, and inconsolable when scorned and rejected. Then, of course, they are met with declarations like that of Shakspeare when he says: 'Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love;' or like that of Thackeray, when he remarks that 'Young ladies have been crossed in love, and have had their sufferings, their frantic moments of grief and tears, their wakeful nights, and so forth; but it is only in very sentimental novels that people occupy themselves perpetually with this passion; and, I believe, what are called broken hearts are very rare articles indeed.'

At the same time, there are not many who agree that

'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all.

Guarini, in his *Faithful Shepherd*, expresses a directly opposite opinion, holding that it is far harder to lose his lady-love than never to have seen her or called her his own. Hamlet speaks heavily enough of 'the pangs of despised love;' and it would be idle to deny that a large proportion of the tragedies of real life, as well as of fiction, have turned upon love rejected, abused, or betrayed. When Dryden says that

Pains of love be sweeter far  
Than all other pleasures are,

he must not be supposed to refer to the love that has been blighted by cold neglect or open disdain. Burns describes the pains of love when parted from its object in very different language—as 'A woe that no mortal can cure.' Dryden's reflection is rather in the same strain as that of the love-sick Hibernian who said it was 'a mighty recreation to be dying of love. It sets the heart aching so delicately there's no taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain.' Moore gives a less paradoxical and more serious exposition of the case than his love-sick compatriot:

Yes—loving is a painful thrill,  
And not to love more painful still;  
But surely 'tis the worst of pain  
To love and not be loved again.

Various specifics have been prescribed for the cure of love, and among these, matrimony has been suggested as an infallible cure. A grim joke, my masters! but one in which there is only a certain modicum of truth. Whether, because

the love is spurious, or because its fire is less unquenchable than the poets would have us believe, it is yet too true, and one of the saddest facts of human experience, that the love which glows so bright and radiant on the wedding morn, may, before many years have flown, be cold and dead as the ashes of a fire that has long gone out.

When the idol is shattered, and love neither dies nor breaks the heart, it sometimes—and here is another enigma—changes its nature; becomes, in fact, the opposite of itself. The operation is not without analogy. The arch-fiend himself was once an angel of light, and so we may find adoring love become venomous hate.

It is a profitless task to apply the why and the wherefore to love-affairs. Byron, who himself knew so much about love, says:

Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still;  
Is human love the growth of human will?

To assume that it is, would only remove the problem still further from the point of solution, and would seem, in many instances, to bring the lover and the madman into still closer relationships. It is the infatuation of love, and not the prompting of reason, that causes men and women—but how much more frequently the latter!—to give up, often for a worthless object, friends, happiness, reputation, wealth, and all that life holds dear—even, in some cases, life itself. 'The hind,' says Shakspeare, 'that would be mated with the lion, must die for love;' yet such unions and such sacrifices are by no means uncommon—not in the lower animal kingdom, but in the more exalted and more tangled scheme of human affairs. Still, despot as he is, with all his huge blunders and strange tyrannies, Love is perhaps the most welcome and beneficent guest that knocks at the door of the human heart. Reason has her own place and her own functions; but it is to Love, after all, that we must look for the most generous impulses, the noblest inspirations. It is Love that redeems our life from cold prosaic dullness, that sweetens and enriches all its springs. There is no more refining and ennobling influence in the life of man than that of a pure unselfish love. From such flows every kind of mutual sympathy, mutual comfort, mutual helpfulness. It is the highest realisation of human bliss.

#### A NEW PROCESS OF WHITE-LEAD MANUFACTURE.

IN two former articles (June 16 and November 10, 1883) we noticed the dangers to life and health which accompany the manufacture of white-lead as at present carried on, and we reviewed the several attempts made to find a substitute. We are still of opinion that such substitutes will prove effectual in their measure; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the enormous production and consumption of ordinary white-lead must nevertheless continue, chiefly on account of its cheapness, for its enduring qualities, and for its capability for purposes in jointing, calking, machinery and hydraulic use, which other substances fail to fulfil. In these circumstances it is interesting to know that almost coincident with the Report of Mr Redgrave, C.B., Her Majesty's chief Inspector of

Factories—to which we alluded in a former article (June 16), and which so forcibly shows the evils under the old 'stack' process of white-lead manufacture, as usually carried on—there has been discovered, and brought into full operation, a process by which white-lead of the purest and best quality is produced in one-sixth the time, and at considerably less cost than under the old process. The necessity for the work of women is also avoided, and the operatives completely secured from contact with the dangerous white-lead dust.

It may help our readers to an understanding of the subject if we quote first a brief description of the 'stack' process, from a *previous* Report by Mr Redgrave: 'The lead is received in "pigs." These are melted in a furnace, and then cast in water or in moulds of various forms best suited for the action of the acetic acid. The acid is placed in pots of earthenware, on which the moulded lead is placed; and the pots are then arranged in large chambers, called "stacks," and covered with tan. Row after row of pots and tan are placed one above the other, until the stack is full, in which condition the stack remains for about three months. Carbonic acid gas is evolved during this time, escaping through the ventilators, and causes the deposit of white-lead on the moulds of lead. If the above were the only process, it would be comparatively innocuous; but it is the work that succeeds from which the evil of lead-poisoning arises. The tan is carefully removed from layer after layer; white-lead is found caked upon the moulds of lead; but a very little motion causes it to break up into powder. The lead, loaded with this deposit, is then carried in trays, and emptied into cisterns of water, through which, by agitation, the white-lead passes to the grinding-mills, and the blue lead is raked out of the cisterns for further use. After being ground in the wet state, the material is placed in pans and carried into the ovens to be dried; it is then carried from the ovens to the warehouse, to be packed in barrels. Such are the principal processes in which females are employed, and which are most prolific of disease and death. The injuries to health arise from the external contact with the skin of the white-lead, whether in the dry or moist condition, and the inhalation of the dust or powder into the lungs, or its being imbibed into the stomach through the mouth. As for the prevention, external or internal, no means have yet been discovered by which this could be attained. The mitigation of the evil lies in excessive and enforced cleanliness, with the use of special clothing and appliances when at work.'

When, however, the testimony given in Mr Redgrave's *later* Report is considered, it will be seen that the 'excessive and enforced cleanliness, with the use of special clothing and appliances,' fail to accomplish their object, the chief reason being, as testified by one sufferer: 'The air of the factory was always full of white-lead dust.' Another, speaking of her clothes, said: 'Dust came from them like a miller, and used nearly to choke me.' And managers of factories state to Mr Redgrave: 'Respirators are provided, but work-people as a rule will not wear them. The respirators are troublesome.' The fact is, there is this dilemma: without the respirators, lungs and



stomach get filled with the dangerous white-lead dust; with the respirators, the perspiring, half-choked women cannot work. The problem really is how to produce white-lead without raising this poisonous dust, as it is well known that the grinding in oil is with any ordinary care perfectly innocuous. The very stringent legislation lately authorised does not touch this point.

Attempts have been made to produce white-lead by precipitation, and thus to avoid some of the dangers; but the product is an inferior one, being composed of minute crystals which will not blend with the oil, and are deficient in the most important qualities necessary for paint, and for the other purposes for which true white-lead is largely used. The precipitated lead has also to be washed and stored, as the white-lead from the stack process.

Happily, just at this juncture a simple but wonderful process has been discovered, perfected and patented by Professor E. V. Gardner, of 44 Berners Street, London, W., for many years Director of the Scientific Department, and Professor of Chemistry to the Royal Polytechnic Institution, and who marches with the age in the application of the wonderful power of electricity to this branch of manufacture. He avails himself to the full of that great representative of all energy in forming what is called a galvano-electric combination in the process of manufacture of white-lead, as follows:

The metallic lead, cast into the form of gratings, and bent into narrow arches, is closely ranged in order upon wooden trays covered with pure sheet-tin—the most practically useful electro-negative to be had. Dipped by mechanical contrivance into a certain acid mixture, to give a chemically clean surface, and to promote the after-process of corrosion, they are placed in chambers built of brick, from twelve feet square and upwards, having a glass roof and windows for observation, and having a floor of the electro-negative and highly electro-conductive tin heated from beneath by steam to the necessary temperature of about one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit. These chambers may each contain as small a quantity as from eight to ten tons of lead, and range up to eight hundred or a thousand tons. Gases, composed of a mixture of acetic acid vapour and atmospheric air at a similar temperature, are introduced by stoneware pipes from an ingenious apparatus where they are generated; and passing through holes in the pipes a few inches from the tin-covered floor of the chamber, they pass upward, and permeating the whole chamber, electric action commences. At the end of the second day, there is a beautifully white surface. On the third day, carbonic acid vapour is introduced by the same means, hastening still more the formation of white-lead. This goes on for two weeks, at the close of which time, so active has been the action of the substances engaged, by reason of the electrical energy, that there is more white-lead formed than under three months' working of the same amount of lead by the old process. The gases are then shut off, the chamber cooled, ventilated, opened, and the contents withdrawn, the trays being emptied through a special hopper into the 'agitator,' a horizontal cage of round iron bars revolving in a closed case. After being rotated a few minutes, the whole of the white-lead is

disengaged, and falls into a pit underneath, leaving the cores that have not been converted in the cage, from which they are collected and remelted for further use. From the pit, the white-lead is conveyed to the mill by an endless band, on which are fixed a number of small buckets, which, filling themselves with the white-lead as they pass through the pit at the bottom, discharge it into the mill as they turn over at the top, whence, after passing through the crushing-rollers, the white-lead falls into the mixer, and issues forth, when combined with oil, in the shape of white-lead of one unflinching quality, being of perfect character as to body and testing powers, and of the purest colour.

The work is continuous from first to last. As all the apparatus is carefully closed in, there is no dust, nor do the hands of the operatives once touch the material. *The Sanitary Record* (October 1883) says: 'Professor Gardner has completely revolutionised the manufacture of white-lead. Not only has he rendered it a comparatively innocuous industry, but he has made it a much simpler process, and reduced the time hitherto required for its production in an extraordinary manner, and so facilitated its rapid make, and at a much lessened cost of production. But these great advantages of the process sink into insignificance when compared with its hygienic working in rescuing hundreds of poor creatures from lingering illness, not taking into account the attendant expense of their treatment and support, which falls on various local authorities.'

Mr Redgrave, having carefully inspected the working of the process, has written to Professor Gardner as follows: 'I think it right to state that having carefully inspected your works at the bottom of Rolt Street, Deptford, it appears to me that the process of the manufacture of white-lead there is free from nearly all the objections on the score of exposure of the persons employed to the injurious effects, hitherto deemed to be inseparable from the occupation. The material and the product are alike isolated, there is an absence of dust, and handling or manipulating is unnecessary.'

As the white-lead manufacturers of our country are not only an influential and wealthy body, alive to their own interest, but also most anxious for the welfare of their operatives, they must hail this new process with much interest, and adopt it gladly. The general public will rejoice to be assured that the valuable and useful white-lead is no longer prepared at the cost of life and health to many, especially women, as has hitherto been the case.

#### THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

THE singular phenomenon exhibited by this well-known exotic has long been the admiration of the curious, a puzzle to the botanist, and a standing marvel in the vegetable kingdom. The plant has the property of contracting certain parts of its structure when touched, and is not only sensible to the application of force, but appears to be influenced by the surrounding elements. Sudden degrees of heat or cold, steam from boiling water, sulphur-fumes, the odour of volatile liquids, in fact anything that affects the nerves of animals, appears also to affect the sensitive plant. It is

in the highest degree a nervous subject, and, like that species of the genus *homo*, is in this country a thorough hothouse habitant. The subject of our present consideration was originally introduced from Brazil, and, along with other varieties possessing the same faculty in different degrees, is common to other parts of South America. The stem of the plant is cylindrical, and of a green or purplish colour, with two spines at the base of each leaf, besides a few others scattered about the branches. The leaves are pinnatifid, or divided into pairs, supported on long footstalks, and each pinnule is furnished with fifteen or twenty pairs of oblong, narrow, and shining leaflets. From the base of the leaf-stalks proceed the peduncles or flower-stalks, each of which supports a bunch of very small white or flesh-coloured flowers. The seed-vessels are united in packets of twelve or fifteen each, and are edged with minute spines, each husk containing three little seeds.

Dr Hook, Dufay, Duhamel, and other naturalists, have studied this plant with equal attention, and from their observations we learn that it is difficult to touch a leaf of a healthy mimosa—under which name the sensitive plant is also known—even in the most delicate manner without causing it to close. The great nerve which passes along the centre of the leaf serves as a hinge for the sides to close upon, and this they do with great exactness, the two sides exactly opposing each other. If the pressure is made with considerable force, the opposite leaf of the same pair will be affected at the same time and moved in the same manner. Upon squeezing the leaf still harder, all the leaflets on the same side close immediately, as if resenting the affront. The effect may be even carried so far that the leaf-stalk will bend to the branch from which it issues, and the whole plant collect itself as it were into a bundle.

As soon as evening approaches, the sensitive plant begins to lower its leaves, till at length they rest upon the stem. With the morning light, they gradually re-open. When the leaves have even faded and turned yellow, the plant still continues this action, and retains its sensibility when agitated by external influences. A fine rain will not disturb the mimosa at all; but should the rain fall heavily, and be accompanied by wind, the plant becomes immediately affected. When irritated and made to close by force, the time necessary for the leaves to recover their usual position varies from ten to twenty minutes, according to the season and the hour of the day.

Though heat and cold contribute greatly towards its alternate motion, yet the plant is more sluggish in its movements and less sensitive in winter than in summer. After a branch has been separated from the shrub, the leaves still retain their sensibility, and will shut on being touched. If the end of the detached branch is kept in water, the leaves will continue to act for some time.

If the sensitive plant be plunged into cold water, the leaves will close, but will afterwards re-open; and if touched in this state, will again shut themselves, as if in the open air, but not so quickly. This experiment does not seem to injure the plant. If the extremity of a leaf exposed to the rays of the sun is burned with a

lens or a match, it closes instantly; and at the same moment, not only the leaflet which is opposite to it follows its example, but all that are upon the same stalk. If a drop of sulphuric acid is placed upon a leaf so as to remain stationary, the plant is not immediately affected; but when it begins to spread, the irritation is communicated from one leaflet to another, till the whole of them on the affected stalk are closed. Although a branch of this wonderful plant be cut through three-fourths of its diameter, yet the leaves belonging to it retain the same degree of sensibility, and open and shut with their usual freedom. The vapour of boiling water affects the leaves in the same manner as if they were burned, and for several hours they appear benumbed—in fact, seldom recovering during the remainder of the day.

These are some of the principal phenomena connected with this very singular plant. No doubt, other experiments have been made; but these will serve to show how much akin is the delicate organisation of this plant to that of the animal kingdom.

Many conjectures have been formed and many theories raised to account satisfactorily for the working of this exquisite machine; but the main-spring is still hidden, and has, as far as we know, eluded the search of the naturalist. It has been supposed by some that the mimosa is endued with a power of perception which actuates all its motions, and is the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. But at least an equally rational theory is, that its movements are purely mechanical. To enter into a discussion as to the relative merits of these and other theories would exceed the limits of this article. We can only contemplate the plant as one of those natural wonders which add to our admiration of mother Nature and her products.

#### LOVE LIGHTS.

PRETTY dreamer, far away,  
Where the sheaves are golden,  
Listen to a tiny lay  
Puck hath late unfolden.

Once a brier loved a rose,  
At her feet adoring;  
Sweet she glanced from high repose,  
Deaf to his imploring.

Came a certain one, yclept  
Eros, heaven's grafter,  
Stole a rose-twig, and adept  
Fashioned it with laughter—

Fixed it soft with cunning whim  
On that hopeless brier,  
Till the season saw his stem  
Lordly grow, and higher.

Then the maid-rose loved him true,  
Wedded to her glory:  
Sleep, Mellilla's eyelids blue;  
I have told my story.

D. C.

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## 'HAPPY EVER AFTER.'

By firelight, the children had heard a traveller's tale about the mirage of the desert—the distant vision of tufted palms and green herbage, the promise of water, and shade, and rest. They had heard how the delusion flies, baffling pursuit, always seeming to stand at an attainable distance across the hot sands, always infinitely far, till it fades, because on their path it has no tangible existence. It is the delusive image of something existing elsewhere, and elsewhere perhaps unasked and uncared for by others, who reckon the oasis worth but little when their ambition is restless for the object of their journey.

'That story won't do!' piped a little voice from the hearthrug, where golden hair was glistening full in the light like a heavenly aureola about an earthly dissatisfied face.

From within a cluster of boys and girls clinging to the armchair, the victim had of course to tell a fairy tale instead, down to the inevitable ending, 'And they were happy ever after.'

'Perkly happy?' asked the small voice from the hearthrug.

'Perfectly happy.'

'Was there *never* a wet day?'

'No; there was never a wet day in their part of the world.'

(Immediate flank attack and strategic surprise:)

'Then their seeds wouldn't come up. How did they manage?'

'They were perfectly happy all the same.'

'Maybe they didn't care much for their seeds and things,' said the golden-haired mortal of the real world, pensively. 'One can't care much for one's "Tom Thumbs," and be perkly happy when the "Tom Thumbs" don't come up after setting 'em.'

There was a whole philosophy in these hearthrug speeches. Six years old in the cosy home-light, and the world was already incomplete! Even fairyland did not bear close inspection. If one asked questions about it, one found out that it had its drawbacks. Of course, fairy princes

and princesses were perfectly happy, but only under conditions of existence that put them out of our sympathy. Carrying one's human heart along with one, Fairyland wouldn't do. This, in much simpler words, and no words at all, was the course of the firelight reflections on the rug. The victim, who had succumbed, followed out in another way his own idea of the problem of happiness in this complex world.

In disguise, most of the stories told to the world's grown-up children have the same ending as the nursery tales—happy ever after. One wonders whether the ending is imaginable, or would it fall to pieces in detail; one wonders, too, whether this is an unfair delusion, saddening real mortals, suggesting impossible hopes and contrasts that have no lawful standing, because one side is only the 'baseless fabric of a vision.' Lastly, one wonders if the modern stories that insinuate happiness ever after, suggest that their hero and heroine are no longer meant for human sympathy, because they belong henceforth to fairy nature—or, shall we say, to the mangold-wurzel tribe?—and are not, like us, small creatures of hope and love, who 'care much for our seeds and things.'

If we have skimmed many times the course of love that refuses to run smooth till it has got through three volumes, we have foreseen the marriage, and pinned our faith to what *would* come out at the end of volume three. Our confidence was unshaken, though occasionally it suffered twinges. The future bridegroom was reported dead abroad: instinctively our hope strengthened. He was said to be drowned at sea: our mind was easy—the marriage was as good as promised. Even when the bride was engaged to somebody else, it did not make the least difference in her feelings or ours. Of course that marriage was to be; it would leave us content, and the hero and heroine happy. For Bella Millefleurs and that distinguished Italian, the Count del Cucchiajo, there was certainly a future like the melodist's Vale of Avoca, where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease, and their hearts, like its

waters, be mingled in peace. Their life before had been shifting, rugged, uncertain; they attain their life's object early, and there they rest.

Most of the after-marriage novels are histories of lives that go down a few steps or altogether into a upas valley. In healthy air, we are given to understand that the most natural end of the story is the marriage-day. We must not ask to follow through the golden gates; beyond these is a bright level of peace—that region where, as we have been reading, the Count del Cucchiajo and Bella—who had the violet eyes, you remember—are gone. They have found the *summum bonum*; their marriage has made them perfectly happy; and so the story ends.

Happy ever after! As much delusion implied at the end of three volumes, as told in words at the end of a nursery tale. Given the conditions of our life, it is impossible. Not that a happy marriage is impossible—the Fates forbid we should teach such heresy! But the happiest marriage is not a rounded sphere of contentment; it is not 'one entire and perfect chrysolite.' Experience answers for itself that the sweetest wife and the most devoted husband are not always in the same position which—as the book and our own minds told us—the Count del Cucchiajo and his violet-eyed bride had secured, when they drove away from the imaginary St George's, Hanover Square, a while ago; or from the country church, whose imaginary gateway we saw so plainly at the imaginary roadside, among the golden-green branches of that spring-time that never was.

'Ah! well,' says some one wiser than the rest, piling up the three volumes, and thinking about an afternoon reviver of tea as a stimulant to the dreary return to this unsatisfactory sort of a world, 'you can't expect a story to go on into all about everything. One reads for pleasure; it should end happily. We don't want a fourth volume about lawsuits and income tax, bursting water-pipes, or kitchen chimney on fire on the day of the dinner-party. We don't want to read on to the measles and the boy's tin trumpet, and the lady's first gray hairs, and perhaps the Count crusty with the gout—his family's fault, and not his. You must flavour with all those minor matters according to taste.'

But nobody flavours, nobody mars the feast with prosaic troubles. And precisely there the mischief lies. The impression given by the climax of the story, and the idea left in the reader's mind, is life's object attained, and perfect happiness henceforth. The characters that point the moral and adorn the tale do not pass away from it into the married life of this commonplace world. Like the Prince and the awakened Beauty of the Laureate's verses, they go forth independent of occupation, and where the Directory-makers cease from troubling. Their future is exquisitely

beautiful, vague as a dream; we only know that

Across the hills and far away  
Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
And deep into the dying day,  
The happy Princess followed him.

Now, what is the effect of this custom of ending the story with the old clap-trap 'happy ever after?' Poor Polly Brown, who has had the three soiled loose-leaved volumes from the village library, looks out at our poor familiar world in fading wintry light, and decides that the one prize worth winning is her wedding-day. The world's winters, the wild black boughs and barren fields, will then be seen no more; it will be a romantic existence, with no dull relations to be civil to, no tiresome household work, no dusting of that shut-up drawing-room with its faint smell of carpet and fire-grate and musty roses. She has dreamed her dream; all her efforts are turned towards attaining it. In a certain sense, she is selfish already. Poor Polly, impatient to escape from the homely parlour and the sanctum of dried roses! Bella Millefleurs, who never lived, will yet cause her real pain in the days of disillusion. She will shed real tears, not as heroines do, but with the prosaic human sorrow of red eyes.

Somebody else, two seasons ago, held the same book with dainty white hand, when, from a great London lending library it came in its first freshness, with stainless cover, and pages smelling deliciously of 'new book.' This pretty girl had danced till three that morning, and had a new ring on her finger, which she kissed when she was sure nobody would see her. Of course she was only resting in curtained firelight in a gem of a boudoir; it would be cruel to expect so graceful and fragile a creature to do anything after such a night; and idle to expect her to do more than skim and skip the chapters, when her own real tale was so much sweeter. She had dreamed her dream from fifty other stories of the same ending. She had attained her life's object in securing a lover with a coronet; and the happy marriage is the coming rest without sorrow or change. If poor Polly Brown could have seen her, she would have been ready to cry for envy; and yet two seasons after, when we saw the homely girl devouring that same story from the same pages, perhaps my lady with the coronet was beginning to feel the heartbreak of disillusion, the unfitness for a life that was misunderstood.

Smith, Brown, and Jones, who are good fellows in their way, and untroubled by romance, are not likely to have new opinions formed by a tired hour of fiction with an after-dinner cigar. But Mrs Smith, Mrs Brown, and Mrs Jones are not so lucky. They may yet have their moments of mental pain, their hidden anguish about imaginary contrasts, their secret storms in a teacup. Their marriage, with its thousand cares, did not raise them to transcendent bliss, as it seems other people's marriages do. Smith, or Brown, or Jones, has not been to them what that man with a soul, the Count del Cucchiajo, was to his wife. Inferred regretful verdict on Jones who is innocently puffing, and reading through the second volume! The love and good-fortune of the violet-

eyed heroine would not by itself have left this sad impression; it has come from the insinuation of happy ever after, which the history of heroines with eyes of all colours has gradually completed. It has given a false impression of life, leading through the magic of the happy marriage into a state of complete contentment and rest, a satisfaction of the insatiable power of loving, a rest from the almost infinite capacity for suffering. All this the real life has not found. Nor could it have been found, for it belongs to another world. Had that felicity been reached, it would have proved, in such a world as this, a heart neither capable of much love nor of much suffering, and therefore ignoble, because unfeeling. We can fancy a mangold-wurzel with such an experience, but not a human being.

Closely associated with the false view of life is that mirage of the heart—the complete happiness that seems attainable if only life had advanced to some change of circumstance. This vision leads on many a one in the straining of hope from the cradle to the grave. We know that others have precisely what we want; it exists somewhere, and they hardly care for it. The shadow only is ours. We forget that another and a greater mirage has risen before them farther on; and that if we stood where they stand, we too would be straining onward. Only, let not the mirage of nine-tenths of the novels delude us. The hero and the heroine have reached no land of perfect happiness, if they are still in this world of patience and of effort. If we believe they have found an *El Dorado*, we shall follow with selfish steps, with a false ideal of the winning of the prize, and with a morrow of disillusion yet to come. By all means let them show us the bravery and the mutual faith that make at last of love the crown of life; but let them not tell us that it is ever in this world a tearless diadem. Nor can it be likened to a secure rest, an imperishable home; it is rather the tent on the battle-plain, and the dwellers there have not the prospect of court and feast, but the joy of brave natures, blithe as soldier-comrades in the strength of union.

And now, after finding, like the child on the hearthrug, that 'happy ever after' is an untrue ending, what are we to do with our human thirst for rest? Where are we to look, if the vision of happiness farther on is only a mirage? And a mirage it is in many cases. There is but one true answer. This is not the world of perfect happiness.

Our plans for abiding happiness in the future must be laid, in a far different sense from the fairy poem, beyond the world's 'utmost purple rim, and deep into the dying day.' Meanwhile, the best thing we can do for our contentment is to seize upon the golden Present. Oh, that golden Present! how despised it is; yet there is no *El Dorado* of this world's future that can compare with it. Mingled with the wear and tear of every day, it is perhaps this day and hour the time that we shall look back to in future years as a bright vanished dream. We shall be at too great a distance then to see its small anxieties, its commonplace imperfections; why should we see them now? Again, the golden Present is the time full of the affections that may be cut off before the future has become a sadder present.

Let us take the every-day love that we already have, though it be gold roughly wrought. Our treasures may pass away, while we are weaving dreams and following shadows.

## BY MEAD AND STREAM.

### CHAPTER XVII.—A TURNING-POINT.

THE task which Madge had undertaken would have been simple enough, if she had not heard that sad story about the old time when her mother and Philip's uncle stood in the same relationship to each other as she and Philip now. Then she would have had nothing to do but to write a letter according to her instructions.

Knowing, however, what painful recollections her name would suggest to Mr Shield, the task became a little complicated. Old wounds would be uncovered, old passions roused again, and who could tell what might be the consequences to Philip? She had formed her idea of Mr Shield from Aunt Hussy's account of the manner in which he had received the tidings of her mother's marriage, and from Philip's account of the feud between his father and him. And the idea was that of a man who never forgot an offence, even if he forgave it. His years of exile and of silence to those friends and relatives showed how implacable his nature must be.

She had thought of this the moment Philip told her what she was to do; but in his present condition she could not venture to explain it to him. Fortunately, there was one to whom she could express her doubts, and fortunately Aunt Hussy always saw the best in everything: if she had been thrown to the bottom of a pit, she would have lifted her eyes to the disc of sky above and taken comfort. She was endowed with that boundless faith which makes one happy in one's self and the cause of happiness in others.

'Do not trouble thyself, child. We make more worries for ourselves than are made for us. Like enough the two great troubles of Austin's life may be redeemed in thee and Philip. That would be great joy to me. Send thy letter as it is; and I'll put a few words to him in the same envelope, so that he may understand thou art no stranger.'

It was only a few words Aunt Hussy wrote: 'This is to tell thee that after many years thou art still kindly borne in mind. It is our fervent hope that time hath brought thee peace as well as riches. The letter which this short greeting goes with is from our Lucy's child, Madge. If all go well with them, Madge and thy nephew Philip Hadleigh will one day marry. I think it well that thou shouldst know this, and trust that it may please thee. I would be glad to tell thee more if any sign be given me that thou carest to hear it.'

Madge wrote a succinct account of the accident which had befallen Philip and a clear statement of all that she had been directed to say. Before this letter was closed, Dr Joy called, and a post-script became necessary.

'The doctor who is attending Mr Philip Hadleigh has been here. He says that it would be positively dangerous for him to move from his



room for two or three weeks; and that to undertake a journey to Grigualand in less than three or even four months would be "positively suicidal." The doctor also says that Mr Hadleigh's anxiety to keep his engagement with you is likely to retard his recovery very much. My fear is that he will attempt to travel before he is fit to do so safely. Could you not assure him that the delay will cause you no inconvenience?"

She did not hear what Dr Joy said to Aunt Hussy, or her fear that Philip in his impulsive way might act without due heed to the voice of medical wisdom would have been greatly increased.

"The fact is, Mrs Crawshaw, there is no great danger in the case itself, although two ribs are broken. The real danger lies in his impatience to be away and home again. I think your niece has something to do with that. He let it out to me to-day when he told me that he was not so impatient to go as he was impatient to be back. You must persuade Miss Heathcote to use her influence to keep him quiet."

Madge went to the village post-office herself. Even the posting of this letter had obtained what at the moment appeared to be a somewhat undue importance. However, it was safely placed in the box by her own hand, and she experienced a sense of relief as if she had got rid of a burden. There were so many things she might have said, and had not, so many phrases she might have altered or modified to suit the peculiar associations which it revived, that so long as it remained in her possession there seemed a probability of being constrained to go back and write it all over again. If on the contents of this letter had depended the most fateful turning-point in her life, and she had been aware of it, she could not have been more exercised in mind about them, or more relieved when the die was cast into the post-box.

Now she turned with lightened steps towards Ringsford. In the fields on every side the ploughs and harrows were at work; occasionally there was the crack of a gun, and in the distance she could see the blue smoke wreathing up into the air and the sportsmen following their dogs. A soft russet tinge like a great brown cobweb lay upon the Forest, and leaves were fluttering hesitatingly to the ground, as if uncertain whether or not it was yet time to quit the branches. These were the tokens that the harvest-time was over, and the fat ricks in the farmyards told that there had been a goodly ingathering.

When she reached the Manor, the young ladies had barely finished breakfast. They had been dancing until daylight shamed the lamps in the marquee, and consequently they were still at their first meal long after the forenoon dinner had been finished at Willowmere.

"Why did you not tell us about poor Philip last night, Madge?" was Miss Hadleigh's salutation, adding, with a shrug of the shoulders which might represent a shudder: "It is so dreadful to think of us all enjoying ourselves while our brother was lying at death's door."

"Not so bad as that, unless there has been some great change since the doctor was here," said Madge.

"There will be such scandal about it all over the country," exclaimed Caroline.

"Everybody will know that you were purposely kept in ignorance of the accident."

"I am sure I wouldn't have laughed or danced at all, if I had only known," half-sobbed the conscience-stricken Bertha.

"That is exactly why he insisted you should not be told about it until after your party."

"But it wasn't our party: it was his party; and everybody will think we are such unfeeling creatures," was the petulant comment of Caroline, who appeared to be more occupied about what 'everybody' would say than about her brother's injuries.

And everybody did say a great deal, of course—particularly everybody who had not been invited to the festival. The explanation satisfied those who had shared in the night's merriment and those who had not pretended to be satisfied. So all was well, and the Misses Hadleigh found a doleful interest in receiving the numerous callers and answering their inquiries. They felt a little chagrin at first that Madge should have the privilege of seeing their brother, whilst they were forbidden access to his room for several days. But this was speedily overcome, for none of them had a partiality for a sick-room, and their visitors kept them fully occupied.

The most regular inquirer was Wrentham, who not only presented himself daily at the Manor, but also contrived to see Dr Joy and obtain from him precise accounts of the progress of the case.

The progress was all that could be expected under the circumstances. Philip had a strong constitution; he was soothed into a degree of calmness, as soon as he learned that Madge had carried out his wishes; he 'kept his head' all the time; but his strength rendered his unavoidable restraint the more tantalising, and the sailing of the *Hertford Castle* without him the more vexatious.

Then Madge said, with a make-believe look of reproach:

"Are you so *very* sorry, then, that we are together for a month or two longer than you expected?"

"You know I am not; but then they have to be tacked on to the other end; and by so much delay my return."

She was obliged to own that it was irksome for a man of active spirit to be bound down to his bed for weeks, when he had so much to do, and his spirit felt strong enough to do it. Besides, as he put it:

"We had screwed our courage to the sailing-point, and now, when we have to wind ourselves up again, how do you know but I may fail? Maybe I shall give it up altogether, and take that little trip to the church we spoke about, and my father wants us to make."

Then she spoke very decisively:

"No, Philip, you will not fail; and in any case, we shall not take that trip until next harvest is over."

"Next harvest!" ejaculated the invalid, pretending to groan. "How old shall we be then?—or rather, how old shall I be? for I don't believe you will ever grow old."

"We shall both have added exactly one year to our experience," she said cheerfully, "and we shall begin life so much the more wisely."

'Shall we? Well, you can have the experience and the wisdom. I should like to have a Rip van Winkle sleep till then, and waken up just in time to give the necessary answers to the vicar. I say: have you been studying the service?'

'What a question!' she answered, blushing.

Of course she had gone over The Service more than once, with that sweet tremulous wonder—compound of curiosity, timid, only half-acknowledged anticipation and awe—which is inspired by those mysterious words that have the power of making two lives one. Was there ever a maiden passed her teens without doing and feeling so? Was there ever a maiden who has not strained her eyes into the misty future that overhangs the altar, and speculated upon the shape in which her fate was to appear? And what maiden was ever ready to make frank confession to her lover of those vague day-dreams in which he has had no definite existence?

'To be sure you have,' says Philip gaily, notwithstanding the feebleness of his voice; 'but I have not. So you will have to coach me for the exam.—I mean the occasion.'

The sunshine of youth was still in their hearts, and they could talk with gay fearlessness of the responsibilities they were to take upon themselves by-and-by. That 'By-and-by' makes such a difference in our views of things: even the coward is brave whilst the battle is to be fought by-and-by.

In spite of broken bones and disappointment and restraint, they were pleasant days those to the lovers. Pleasanter still when Philip was declared out of danger, and was permitted to spend two of the sunny hours daily in the garden, which was still brilliant with flowers. 'Nature and me to keep the place bonnie all the year round,' Sam Culver used to say, and in the autumn especially, the combined forces produced marvelous effects.

Madge was with Philip in these little outings, wheeling his chair herself, in order that they might escape the tyranny of a servant's attendance.

A dense high hedge of ancient boxwood, trimmed into the shape of a castle's rampart, screened the kitchen-garden from the pleasure-grounds. A wide gravel-path divided this screen from a thicket of variegated evergreens. In the centre of the thicket was an open space where stood two silver beeches, and beneath them was a circular rustic seat.

This was a favourite resting-place of Philip and Madge—to read, to dream of the golden future; and it was here he first rebelled against the restraint of his wheel-chair. Autumn had faded into winter, when upon a certain day the lovers were seated together busily reading the letters which had been received that morning from Austin Shield.

The first was to her, and the coldness of its tone tended to confirm the impression she felt of the man's nature:

'I am obliged to you for the information contained in your letter to hand. I trust that my nephew's accident may not entail any permanent injury. Again thanking you, &c.'

'That's dry enough,' muttered Philip, annoyed by this curt acknowledgment of Madge's service.

'But he had nothing more to say, and he does not know me,' was her generous comment. 'What more could he say than thank you?'

'I don't know—but there are different ways of saying thank you; and Uncle Shield does not seem to understand the most gracious way. Some people never do understand it, although they may try all their lives. But he does not mean any harm. I should say the wilds of Griqualand do not afford many opportunities for the cultivation of sweetness and light. Here is what he says to me:

"I have received Miss Heathcote's letter. I regret what has befallen you, and hope you will speedily recover. The attention you have given to my business is satisfactory. Meanwhile, your inability to sail on the date fixed does not cause me so much disappointment as it might have done a few days ago.

"It was my determination never to visit England again. Circumstances, however, have recently come to my knowledge which induce me to alter that determination. As soon as my affairs here can be put in order I shall start for London. You need not write again here. Place Mr Wrentham's papers in the hands of my solicitors for safe custody till my arrival. I shall communicate with you when I reach London, and shall expect to see you as soon afterwards as you may be able to get about.

"One thing I must ask you to bear in mind—that I do not wish to meet any of the family except yourself. A meeting would not be agreeable to me, and it could not be pleasing to them. It was about you my sister wrote to me, and my pledge to her concerned you alone."

This was subscribed with the most formal of all subscribing phrases—'Yours truly'; and even that he seemed to consider of so little importance, that it was only suggested by a series of strokes, which would have been absolutely meaningless to any one not acquainted with the form. Yet those two words ought to mean a great deal.

After the message had been read twice, Madge sat thoughtfully gazing at the paper. Philip's cheeks had flushed, and his eyes became bright with satisfaction.

'Well!' he exclaimed at length, 'this disposes of the whole bother. I can do what my mother wished without having to run away from you. Are you not glad?'

'Yes, I am glad,' she answered slowly; 'but, do you know, I am almost afraid of your uncle.'

'Nonsense. He is an odd fish, and dry as a roasted coffee-bean in his letters. But he must be the right sort at bottom, or she would never have cared so much for him, or have asked him to take an interest in me.'

Philip was thinking of his mother; Madge was thinking of hers; and she also came to the conclusion that Austin Shield must be a good man at heart, or he could not have won so much affection, and he would not have been so faithful to the pledge he had given his sister years ago. The vision of the hard unforgiving man vanished from her mind, but no new conception took its place. Some instinct impels us to create a mental portrait of any person about whom we hear much or with whom we correspond. As a rule, the portrait is entirely erroneous; and we

are disappointed, agreeably or the reverse, as may be, when we meet the original in the flesh. Yet these portraits of the imagination often exercise a permanent influence on our conduct towards the unconscious sitters.

'Have you ever formed any notion of what he can be like personally?' she asked by-and-by.

'Well, no. . . . I cannot say that I have—that is, any particular notion of him. There is no portrait of him anywhere about the house, and my father never spoke about him till that evening when he tried to persuade me not to go to him. I should say he is a big chap, with a thin face and a keen eye to business, but good-natured in the main. What is your idea?'

'I cannot say now. I had my idea; but something has driven it quite out of my head within the last few minutes.'

'Well, we shall soon see what he is like without cudgelling our brains about it. He will be here in a week or two, if he is as sharp about coming as he was about my going. Of course he will meet you, even if he persists in refusing to see anybody else; and I hope he won't do that. Our plan must be to bring him to reason somehow; and I am ready to submit to a good deal in order to bring that about. . . . But I say, Madge, now that we have had just as much worry as if I had really gone away for ever so long, you are not going to stick to that stupid idea of putting off till next harvest?'

'We are to wait till then—at least,' she answered, shaking her head and laughing.

But Philip did not regard this decision as irrevocable.

### THE SHADY SIDE OF MONEY-BORROWING.

A SHORT time ago, an English County Court judge made some remarks on money-lending, which apparently were listened to by those who heard him with considerable interest, and perhaps with a certain amount of surprise. The case upon which he was adjudicating was one of those money-lending bills-of-sale transactions that so frequently come before County Court judges, and with which the public are unfortunately only too familiar. The judge said that he would take that opportunity of making some observations on the general question of money-lending, suggested by the particular case before him.

There was, he said, one important matter forgotten by persons who indiscriminately denounced money-lenders, which was, that 'poor people must have loans.' He did not see how, in special circumstances, they could get on without loans. Nor did he believe that borrowers were the innocent, ignorant victims—the deceived, foolish, and unsuspecting 'flies' lured into the 'spider's web'—that they generally were represented to be. He would say there what he had already said to the Government. The Board of Trade had requested all County Court judges to give their experience relative to usury, loan societies, and bills of sale. The object of the President of the Board of

Trade in applying to County Court judges was of course to obtain guidance in some prospective and promised legislation on the above subjects, intended more effectually to protect inoffensive and worthy men from the wolves and Shylocks of society. The judge of whom we are speaking gave as his answer, that borrowers of money were quite competent to look after their own interests. His experience had led him to the conclusion that in bills-of-sale transactions there were as many knaves among the borrowers as there were among the lenders. For if the money-lender was often unscrupulous, extortionate, and ready to take every undue advantage of his needy clientèle; the borrower was as frequently a tricky, lying rogue, who misrepresented his circumstances, who rarely intended to repay the loan, and who thought there was nothing very far wrong in cheating and defrauding the Society or the person who lent him money.

He knew that his opinion was different from that of some of his brother-judges. But his experience in a large circuit, and extending over many years, had compelled him to come to this conclusion. In these most disagreeable trials, he had generally found that it was 'diamond cut diamond.' Often the borrower, by various means, got the money advanced on securities of insufficient value, occasionally on goods belonging to other persons; and the usurer never saw more than a small portion of his money again.

Being asked by counsel if he would give an opinion on newspapers inserting money-lending advertisements which were calculated to entrap the unwary, the judge declined, remarking that he did not feel it to be his duty to lecture the proprietors of newspapers on commercial morality.

Coming as these remarks do from a gentleman whose official position and long experience entitle him to speak with authority on this subject, they possess considerable weight. If they do not exactly throw entirely fresh light on this social evil, yet they reveal and emphasise a deplorable state of morality, or rather immorality, among a class of persons who perhaps hitherto have been considered fitter objects for pity than for blame. Many people who are always ready to hurl the fiercest anathemas at the head of a money-lender, have only words of sympathy and commiseration for the money-borrower. We think that usurers deserve all the severe censure which they get—they are the vampires and the vultures of society; at the same time, it seems indisputable that a certain class of borrowers are men of the loosest principles. They will resort to the meanest devices—to wilful misrepresentation, to fraud, to perjury, and even to forgery, in order to obtain loans of money, which they never can, and which in many cases they never intend to repay.

One common device of borrowers is to feign ignorance. Both principals and sureties do this.

When pressed for payment in the court, they go into the witness-box and swear that they did not know the meaning of the document which they signed. The promissory-note or the bill of sale was not read over or explained to them. If this were true, their position would be strong; for the law directs that a bill of sale shall be explained to the person who gives it. Sometimes, of course, it is true that the holder of the bill of sale has taken a mean advantage of his client's ignorance. But often it is untrue; for the Loan Office brings forward two or three witnesses who declare that the document was read over and explained to the defendant in their presence. The verdict in such cases is given against the borrower; and he is moreover liable to be indicted for perjury.

While on this point, we may express our astonishment that there are so many people foolish enough to sign documents which they do not fully understand; that there are so many persons who are constantly making themselves surety for sums of money, which, if called upon, they could not pay. Without going so far as to say that such people deserve all the punishment they get, when they have to suffer for their folly, we would earnestly warn everybody against these ruinous practices. No man should be bond for money which, if required to pay, he could not pay. Some men, acute enough on other subjects, are very simple in money matters. But simplicity and ignorance are not a sufficient excuse for acts of reckless stupidity. If persons do not know the purport of a document which they are asked to sign, they ought to know before signing it. In reference to sureties for loans of money, very often the explanation is patent enough. The pre-arrangement or stipulation between the persons is that the borrower shall give the surety a part of the money for signing the bond.

Another device of money-borrowers is to go in cliques, and for the different members of the same clique to become sureties for each other. For this scheme to be successful, of course the borrowers must apply to several Loan Societies. It does not always succeed; for money-lenders are usually very particular in making inquiries about their customers. But the probability is that if a clique of men apply for half-a-dozen loans, they will effect at least one or two. A plan almost identical with this is called 'kite-flying.' A few needy men, acquaintances, in position above the lowest classes, put their heads together to 'raise the wind' by manufacturing fictitious bills of exchange. As its name signifies, a bill of exchange represents a trade transaction. It is not a genuine bill unless there is exchange of some kind between two persons; work done, services rendered, or goods sold, by one person to another. Usually, the acceptor gives a two or three months' bill for goods bought from the drawer. This simply means that it will be more convenient at the end of three months to pay for the articles purchased than to pay cash. But with those 'kites' there is no transaction of trade whatever; it is only a scheme to borrow money. The *modus operandi* is for one to 'accept,' another to 'draw,' and for the other members of the party to indorse the bill. They then issue, circulate, or discount this bit of blue paper, which has

cost them one shilling, as a genuine trade bill, given in payment for goods bought by the acceptor from the drawer, worth, say, one hundred pounds. Of course respectable bankers will not discount these 'kites;' but money-lenders will, as they frequently take some collateral security.

Another very common practice among money-borrowers is for one man to be surety for a whole party. This is done in the following manner. Number one takes and furnishes a house in a respectable locality, representing himself as carrying on a thriving business in some specified trade. Number two applies for a loan, giving the name of number one for his surety. The agent of the money-lender goes to the house of number one. He sees that his house is well furnished, and that he seems to be doing a good business; so, either with, or sometimes without, a bill of sale, he advances the sum of money asked for. In large towns, this process is repeated with several Loan Societies whose offices are at a long distance from each other. If his clients come from another part of the city, the money-lender does not object; for he knows that some of his best customers do not like to borrow money in the neighbourhood of their homes. When those who got the money fail to pay one of their monthly instalments, the agent of the Loan Office goes again to number one, when he finds the house shut up, and the furniture and the surety missing. Or if any of the furniture be left, probably the landlord claims it for rent.

Borrowers of money, too, are frequently guilty of the most perverse and wilful misrepresentation. They misrepresent their circumstances, their salaries, the profits of their business, their property, their furniture, stock-in-trade, &c., in the most barefaced manner. Not unfrequently they make themselves liable to a criminal prosecution for obtaining money under false pretences. A case was recently reported of a farmer and son who got a heavy loan on the security of the live-stock on their farm. But it was proved that they had sold two fields of turnips to some neighbouring farmers, which turnips were to be eaten in the fields by the sheep belonging to the farmers who had bought the turnips. The father and son told the money-lender that the sheep were their own property. They were apprehended, convicted, and sent to jail. Sometimes, however, the Loan Office will not prosecute, so the fraudulent borrower entirely escapes. Knowing this, a few borrowers of money will even run the risk of forgery. They forge promissory-notes, trusting to make good their escape out of the country; or if caught, they conclude that the money-lender will not prosecute; for money-lenders know very well that their business is condemned by public opinion, and they avoid as much as possible the expense, the trouble, and the publicity of a criminal prosecution.

Occasionally, the members of this needy fraternity of borrowers perform some very smart tricks. We have heard of an audacious knave who went to an auctioneer, and in a few minutes succeeded in effecting a loan of thirty pounds by depositing as security a picture not worth a guinea. He represented it as a valuable work of art by a painter of repute, whose name he had painted on one corner of the picture. The

price of the miserable daub, he said, was fifty guineas; but he did not want to sell it—he only wanted a loan of thirty pounds for a month, when he would redeem his art treasure. By the end of the month he was in America; and the auctioneer still has the picture, unless he has thrown it on the fire through vexation of spirit.

## THE MINER'S PARTNER.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

SHOWLE and Bynnes—dry goods and general store—were well known for a hundred miles around Cincinnati, in which city they were located, no house standing higher for solvency, promptness, and for that indefinable but yet easily understood quality, smartness. With the tenacity with which business men in the United States cling to their work, never contemplating the luxury of retirement and ease, which to them would be penance, Mr Bynnes, who was much advanced in years, would probably have continued in the store as long as he lived, but for his purchase of some land fully a thousand miles away. He had never seen this property, having bought it upon the representation of an agent in whom he had confidence; but believing that its value would be much enhanced by his personal supervision, he at once decided to go out and reside upon it. Mr Bynnes was near seventy years of age; his new acquisition was in a wild, bleak, unsettled part of the country; but such considerations did not weigh with him for a moment; the property required his presence, so he resolved to go there, 'right away.'

This change involved the taking of a fresh partner by Mr Showle, as the business was too large for one person to manage; while, as a new warehouse, apart from the original store, was being built, it was clear that in time a third partner must be added, or a manager employed. As Mr Showle had a decided aversion to managers, or to the allowing any one to have potential authority in the business who was not vitally interested in it, there was no doubt that the addition would be in the form of a partner. For the present, however, but one was taken in, although there was a rumour that Mr Bynnes had recommended a relative of his own, who would appear shortly as a third in the firm.

The new partner, Mr Ben Creelock, was a brusque, somewhat hot-tempered man, although he must have been approaching fifty years of age; but he was well enough liked by the employees of the firm, when once they were used to him. (The reader will please to notice that in United States' matters of business, 'employees' is the proper word.) The new partner was a very liberal master, considerate and kindly where he saw any anxiety to please, though apt to be passionate when he thought he detected a skulker or 'loafer.' He had not been used to a store, as he frankly owned; but he was naturally quick

and shrewd, and devoted himself to the business with so much zeal, that in a few months Mr Showle declared himself highly satisfied with the new partner. Consequently, the business went on smoothly; and while Mr Creelock made no secret of the fact that for years past he had been a miner, he gave promise of making a first-rate storekeeper.

It would be affectation to suppose that the reader has not identified the new partner as Ben, the miner of Fandango Gulch. They were the same. The gold-hunter, carrying out an idea he had long entertained, had left his wild life, and had settled in Cincinnati, with a determination to spend the remainder of his days among peaceful, law-abiding people. His bankers had introduced him to Mr Showle; and as he was only anxious to find a permanent, respectable employment for himself and his capital, the business preliminaries did not occupy much time.

He was a bachelor; but from certain indications, which are as quickly observed in transatlantic society as they are nearer home, it seemed probable that he did not intend to remain so. The governess at the nearest school to the store—the 'schoolmarm,' as she would be regularly and quite respectfully called there—was a woman who when young must have been more than pretty; and although her bloom had somewhat faded now, and her eyes were more pensive than brilliant, she yet was by many persons thought to be more than pretty still. The years that had brought her to mature thirty-five, and had robbed her of her freshness, had brought also a quiet thoughtfulness which to some was not less beautiful. So, among others, thought Mr Benjamin Creelock.

He had first noticed her as she went, quiet and solitary, to and from her duties; and on inquiring who she was, heard comments in her favour, which increased the interest he had felt when he first saw her. But Ben, rough hardy miner as he had been, was timid in the presence of women, as is not uncommon with rough hardy men of any grade; and although he continued to meet Miss Ruth Alken every day, he might have gone on so long without mustering up sufficient courage or ingenuity to effect an introduction, that his old bachelorship would have become irremediable; but a happy chance befriended him.

Having no acquaintances in Cincinnati, he was glad to vary his somewhat scanty evening resources by frequent visits at Mr Showle's house. The senior partner was a married man with a family, and kept up an old-fashioned habit of quiet social gatherings at home. Here Mr Ben was always welcome, not only as being a partner in the store, but because his tales of the mines, the mountains, the prairies—of Indians, buffaloes, and Vigilance Committees, were interesting, not only to the seniors of the party, but to the younger members also; and Ben was



often surrounded by a circle of bright-eyed girls and active striplings, who hung on his words as to a new series of *Arabian Nights*. To the dwellers in orderly cities in the States, stories which interest us in England, of life and adventure in the Far West, are positively fascinating—more so indeed than are such narratives to the residents of London.

One night, on his arrival at Mr Showle's, his host, who was speaking to a lady as Ben entered, turned and said: 'I don't think, Mr Creelock, you have met Miss Alken before. She is our schoolmarm, and a very esteemed friend.'

So then, without a moment's notice, without having a single idea prepared, he found himself face to face with, and holding the hand of the lady he had been secretly watching and admiring for months. Perhaps Ben did better by blundering into a conversation with Miss Alken, than he would have done by preparing an elaborate speech after his standard of eloquence. At all events, the lady was pleased with his narratives, and took a special interest—or so Ben thought—in the details of mining life.

She left early; and as soon as possible after her departure, Ben asked Mr Showle what he knew of her, where she was 'raised,' and so forth, after the style in fashion in the West. Mr Showle did not give much information in reply to these queries, merely saying that his late partner, Mr Bynnes, had taken a great interest in her, and by his influence, had procured for her the situation she now held. Her friends, he believed, had resided in one of the New England States.

This was about all Mr Creelock learned in reference to the 'schoolmarm.' It was quite enough, however; for in the States, people do not make needlessly minute inquiries about the relatives, and still less about the ancestors of those they come in contact or fall in love with.

Feeling that a man who is a long way on in the 'forties' has not much time to spare, Ben soon made his admiration of Miss Ruth known to that lady, who, timid and retiring as she was always, was even shyer—more frightened, it seemed to Ben—on the revelation being made, than he had expected. But a middle-aged man, who had served a long apprenticeship in the mines of California and Colorado, was not likely to be easily checked when once he had broken the ice; and so Ben persevered, until it became at last an understood thing that he was engaged to the schoolmarm, and that as soon as the new partner arrived, and was fairly initiated in the business, so that Mr Showle might have some assistance, the pair were to be married, and take a trip east, to see Ruth's native village and what friends she had remaining.

Miss Alken had expressed a great wish not to live in Cincinnati after they were married; and Ben, who had been so long used to a far wilder and lonelier life than any Ohio or Kentucky village could furnish, cared not how quiet his home might be. So he entered into treaty for purchasing and enlarging a pretty little homestead at a village some eight or ten miles from the city—

an hour's drive for the fast trotter he meant to buy. He sometimes wondered at this whim on Miss Alken's part, as not in accordance with her usual manner, so calm, and so easily pleased. There was another little odd way she had, too, which attracted his notice; for several times he fancied she was about to say something to him of special importance; but nothing had ever come of it, so he decided at last that it was only her manner.

Just now, it was announced that the new partner—the distant relation of Mr Bynnes, previously mentioned—was really coming, the delay in his joining the firm having arisen from a severe illness under which he had been labouring. In brief, he did come; and the new warehouse having just been completed, he was put in charge of it. It so happened that his arrival in Cincinnati took place during the temporary absence on business of Mr Ben Creelock. Ben returned later-on on the very day of the other's arrival, but missed him at the time; and as he had much to do on his return, while the new-comer was immersed in his duties, they did not meet on the first day.

We need hardly stop to explain that Ben saw Miss Alken on the day of his return; but he was alarmed to see how unwell she looked. There was a dark, swollen look about her eyes, which seemed to tell of weeping or sleeplessness. But she smiled when he spoke of it, and declared she was quite well. Ben was only half satisfied, and decided that she required a change, that her duties were too heavy for her, and therefore—as the new partner had come—she had better give in her notice to the school; and he would arrange for their marriage, so that the desired change of air and the release from her duties would be at once secured. This he determined should not be delayed; he would begin the very next day by mentioning the matter to Mr Showle.

Like nearly everybody in business there, Mr Creelock dined at a hotel; it saved trouble, and saved the expense of servants; the latter being no trifling item in Cincinnati. On the day after his return, he went at mid-day to the *Ocean House*, his favourite hotel, to dine. He took his seat at his accustomed table. The reader probably knows that it is the usual custom in the States for the hotels to be furnished with a number of small tables, accommodating from two to four persons each; and at one particular table in the *Ocean House*, Mr Ben was wont to seat himself. He took his usual place and began his dinner; as he did so, a stranger seated himself in the chair opposite to him. Ben glanced involuntarily at the new-comer; but the latter's head was turned away, while speaking to an attendant, so Ben did not see his face. Being a matter of no consequence, he went on with his dinner, and the stranger proceeded with his meal.

In a little time, Ben had occasion for a sauce cruet, and reached out his hand mechanically to where it had been a moment before. The bottle was gone; but the stranger saw his movement, and with some indistinct syllables, pushed it towards him. Ben lifted his head and parted his lips to thank him, the stranger smiling pleasantly as Ben moved. But not a sound proceeded

from the lips of the latter. Had he been struck suddenly dumb—had he gazed upon the head of the Gorgon, he could not have been more petrified by amazement, by terror, by a chaos of uncontrollable emotions; for the man before him, separated only by the breadth of the narrow table—the man into whose eyes he was looking straight and close—the man who was smiling pleasantly in anticipation of his thanks, was the man who had been his most implacable foe—was none other than the man whom he had last seen lying stark and apparently dead on the banks of a mining pool in Colorado—was Rube Steele!

There was no doubt about it; there was no room for speculating upon a strong accidental resemblance. The man was Rube Steele, his partner at the mine, and no one else.

'I see you have the *New York Beacon* there,' said the stranger, nodding, with another easy smile, to the journal which Ben had been reading. 'Your own paper, I reckon, as they do not keep it on file here. I should be much obliged, stranger, by a sight of it.'

Ben stretched his hand to the journal, and passed it to the speaker without removing his eyes from his face for an instant; and with the slightest gesture or change of position on the part of the stranger, perpetually recurred the thought: 'Now he knows me! Now for the plunge!' But the other moved not from his seat. He took the paper with another easy smile and nod, then, first saying a few words about the great heat of the weather, at once commenced its perusal.

It was worse than any horrible dream or nightmare under which Ben had ever suffered. The certainty that this pleasant civil stranger was Rube Steele, became stronger and stronger, for not only was his whole aspect and his every feature sufficient proof of his identity, but his voice alone would have been enough to convince Ben, had his face been wholly hidden. The tone and certain little peculiarities in his speech, of which every man has some—easily to be recognised by those who know him well, although indescribable in themselves—were there, just as Ben had heard and noticed them, hundreds of times in days gone by, in the voice and manner of his former partner. And yet—and yet he sat opposite to him now, smiling amicably, and without, so far as Ben could see, the faintest recognition of the man with whom he had lived so long in close intimacy—an intimacy which had found its end in a deadly struggle.

The meal was concluded leisurely, and apparently with complete satisfaction on the part of the stranger; but Ben had been unable to swallow a mouthful from the moment he recognised him. Then Rube—if Rube it were—rose, nodded civilly, bade him 'good-evening,' as is the western fashion, after early morning is past, and left. By an enormous effort, Ben, on his return to the store, mastered himself sufficiently to avoid questioning on the part of Mr Showle, who nevertheless told him that he was looking somewhat scared.

Ben turned the conversation from his looks, a diversion he was able to effect the more easily as Mr Showle was particularly anxious for him to come round to his house that evening to meet Mr Morede, the new partner, who was certain to be there, and who was most desirous of seeing

Mr Creelock. 'He wants,' concluded the old merchant, 'to hear all about the West and the mines. I thought he had once been there himself; but seems not, and he wants to hear all about them.'

Ben returned a dubious answer. He could not pledge himself to go to the merchant's house that night, as he really felt too unwell. His nerves—articles of which he had not previously had the slightest idea that he was the possessor—had received such a shock, that he felt he was not fit for general company—that the slightest incident would jar and upset them.

He called at the house where Miss Alken boarded, to explain that he should not be at the merchant's that night, for he knew she was going there; and when he saw her, he was struck by the increased haggardness of her aspect.

'Say, Ruth, what is the matter?' began Ben. 'If you have heard no bad news, and have nothing to upset your mind, it is time we had Doctor Burt to see you; that is so.'

Miss Alken hesitated a moment, and then said: 'Mr Creelock—well, Ben, then!'—as the ex-miner made a gesture of impatience; 'I have indeed something on my mind, which I ought to have told you earlier, and which I see I had better tell now.—Nay; do not look so alarmed. It is nothing which ought to give me pain, or yourself, yet it does distress me. Shall I go on?'

'Go on!' echoed Ben; 'of course you must go on. And you know, Ruth, that if it is in the power of man or money to relieve you, I am the man—and ought to be the man—who will do it.'

Miss Alken smiled faintly, then proceeded: 'I had thought to keep back the information until you had met the person most concerned in it; but as I learn now there will be another delay, and as the suspense is terrible to me, I will hesitate no longer. The new partner in Showle and Bynnes—Mr Morede—is my brother. My half-brother, I should say,' continued Ruth. 'I had hoped, until his arrival actually took place, that he would not come; for he has been uncertain and unreliable all his life. But he has kept to his purpose now, it seems. He has been the bane of our family. His recklessness and extravagance brought down our home, from which, eventually, his quarrelsome and revengeful spirit forced him to fly to save his life. I suffered, as did my sisters; and but for the kindness of Mr Bynnes, who was distantly akin to my mother, it would have been worse for us. Very strangely, however, Mr Bynnes never quite lost his liking for Morede, and has, I believe, supplied part of the capital necessary to make him a partner here. But stranger still, although he has reduced me, with the rest of the family, to poverty, I believe my brother, as we have always called him, is, in his way, really fond of me. Yet I dreaded his presence here, as being certain in some sort to bring evil with it. I cannot tell how, but I dread it. Yet, now I have seen him, he appears changed. It may be that added years have given him reflection and steadiness; yet I do not think it is *that*. There is something utterly inexplicable in him, which of course no stranger could see. He is entirely silent about his life of late years, although willing enough to speak of early days at home. He has

heard me speak of you, and says he knows he shall like you, and is anxious to know you. And all this is so very different from what I remember of him, that I hope he is changed.'

'Changed! Of course he is, Ruth!' exclaimed Ben. 'As they say in the old country, he has sown his wild-oats. Don't think that because a boy has once been bad, he is never to be good; or once wild, that he will never be steady. I shall like him for his own sake, and for yours too, Ruth, I am quite certain. I cannot see him to-night, for a reason I have; but to-morrow I will meet him, and reckon I shall have gained a fresh friend in Ruth's brother.'

### THE TROUBADOURS.

THERE is a charm in the very name of the troubadours that surrounds those wandering minstrels of old with peculiar interest. Their cançons, sirventés, and pastorelas carry us back to the picturesque ages of colour and splendour, and are almost our only source of information as to those heroes of medieval romance whose names have acquired a legendary fame. During the brilliant period in which they sang, the country of the Langue d'Oc was awake with the din of arms, the stir of thousands in the crusades against the Saracens, which had their origin in the south of France; and in the chivalrous character of the holy wars, the quarrels of rival families, the gorgeous pageantry of the tournaments, and above all, in the glorification of love and martial fame, were found inexhaustible materials for descriptive poetry.

The troubadours—harbingers of reviving culture in the middle ages—displayed in their highly finished literature a refinement and splendour of imagination, an intensity and warmth, which, with the power they wielded, gradually changed the life, the tastes, the manners, of their times; whilst the quaint imagery, with the richness of colouring of Provençal song, left traces of its ascendancy in the works of more than one celebrated Italian poet, as well as in English poetry long before the Elizabethan age. It was between the tenth and thirteenth centuries that all the varied forms of Provençal poetry flourished, affording the means of livelihood—even, in some instances, the acquisition of considerable wealth—to many wandering minstrels. Thierry says: 'In the twelfth century, the songs of the troubadours circulating rapidly from castle to castle, and from town to town, supplied the place of periodical gazettes in all the country between the rivers Isère and Vienne, the mountains of Auvergne and the two seas.'

By far the greater number of troubadours known to us were nobles of high birth, or soldiers who had won knighthood on the field, with whom poetry was a passion, and who devoted themselves with enthusiasm to the cultivation of the gay science. Such were the Barons of the March, the Dauphin of Auvergne, the Viscounts of Limoges, Ventadour, and Camborn, with many

other renowned princes and knights. Who has not heard of the lays of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and of Alfonso, king of Portugal—those paladins of old, whose heroic exploits against the Infidel were the theme of wandering minstrels in every Christian court throughout Europe? In those days, when chivalry surrounded woman with an atmosphere of sacredness, and love was looked upon as a sort of feudal service, wherein the knight played the part of vassal, and the lady that of suzerain, it was part of the code of honour to become the champion of some one mistress, whose charms were extolled in verse; and each powerful châtelain, in the intervals of war, after ruthless slaughter, battles, and treason, would indite to his lady-love pastorals full of tender sentiment, and redolent of the fragrance of fields and flowers.

The aristocracy of fair Provence, in its heyday of glory and prosperity, was, notwithstanding this addiction to verse, perhaps the most reckless and profligate the world has ever seen. One of the foremost Barons of the March was Bertrand Von Born, a typical war-like troubadour of the twelfth century. Prominent in the political quarrels of the day, a perfect firebrand of war, he was courted and dreaded by princes and kings; ever in search of new lands and new loves, wielding with equal vigour the lyre and the sword, in the science of war and the art of love he was without a rival. Sometimes fighting with Cœur-de-Lion, sometimes against him, this true child of the Langue d'Oc, after many gallant defences, was captured, but through the extraordinary influence he exerted over his captors, escaped with life and liberty. After a long and stormy career, Bertrand Von Born ended his days as a monk in the monastery of Coteaux.

In the gallery of noble and stately figures furnished by Provençal poetry, we have a picture of enduring historic interest left us by the troubadour Rambaud of Vaquieras, of the famous Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, one of an heroic family of crusaders, who was himself a troubadour and the *beau-ideal* of a knight-errant, comforting the afflicted, punishing the wicked, and relieving distressed damsels. When the preaching of Fulk of Neuilly roused the chivalry of France, Champagne, and Flanders to a new crusade, Rambaud followed the banner of his brother-in-arms the Marquis to Palestine, winning knighthood, singing and fighting his way through all the perils of the holy war. His songs are a record of splendidly dramatic incidents; and in the vivid sketches of his surroundings, we are enabled to trace the events in the life of the great soldier-poet, in whom all the virtues and vices of his ancestors seem to have been personified.

To Raymond de Miravals, who, Nostradamus informs us, was 'deeply learned in the science of love,' we are indebted for a series of life-like portraits of some of the loveliest women of the period. This fashionable poet, notorious for his misfortunes in love, died 'poor, and worn out in body and mind,' after spending many years of his life sighing in the train of a noted beauty. An old French chronicler writes: 'Through the songs of Raymond, was Adelais admired and

sought of all the barons far and near, and she became the subject of curiosity even at the courts of Aragon and Toulouse, and the king and the count sent her messages and presents of jewels, which she willingly accepted.

The great ambition of ladies in the days of chivalry was to be eulogised in song, and made famous by the canzons and madrigals of the troubadours; so long as they were the theme, it mattered not how gallant and equivocal was the poetry. The Countess of Tripolis was the cause of the melancholy and dramatic episode which cut short the brilliant career of Rudel, a minstrel attached to the service of Cœur-de-Lion, who 'became beyond measure the lover' of this lady, whom he had never seen! Having sung her praises through all Provence, he set out on a pilgrimage in search of the far-famed beauty; but after enduring many miseries on his disastrous journey, he reached the shores of Palestine only to die in the arms of his lady-love. The Countess, who had hastened to welcome him on his arrival, placed his body, we are told, 'in a rich and honourable tomb of porphyry, on which were inscribed some verses in the Arabic tongue.'

Another minstrel in the train of Richard was the world-renowned Peter Vidal, unrivalled as an improvisatore, and gifted with an exquisite voice. He travelled far and wide, scattering canzons and sirventes over Christendom; and his Jongleur's Story produces perhaps a greater impression, and clings to the memory with more strange fascination, than any lyrical composition of the period. Vidal was for some time in the household of the lord of Baux, whose fame as a troubadour was also great. It was in return for the lays of this high-born minstrel that Frederick Barbarossa presented to him the ancient city of Orange. Conquered by the Saracens, re-conquered by Charlemagne, this interesting old place boasts of one of the most romantic histories in the annals of French towns, and its vicissitudes were commemorated in Provençal song. Marseilles, Toulouse, Carcassonne, were all famous cities of the Langue d'Oc; but perhaps the favourite haunt of the wandering troubadours was Aix, the ancient capital of Provence, where the richest rewards of jewels, money, arms, &c., besides unbounded hospitality, were sure to follow the exhibition of their skill. Who could imagine that this little moribund town, a few miles from Marseilles, was at one time the dwelling-place of a noble family, the centre of the most brilliant circle in Southern France? Who can realise in its picturesque decay, the pomp and pageantry of its old historic aspect in the days of chivalry, when Giovanni the troubadour Count of Provence, the last inheritor of a mighty name, sang in his court at Aix? The fondest and proudest memories have gathered round the name of Count Giovanni, his country, his people, his valour.

It is curious to note in the records of the troubadours how many successful followers of the 'gentle craft' were connected with the cloister. The witty and dissolute monk of Montaudon was known as a fashionable poet; whilst his superior, Folquet, afterwards Bishop of Toulouse, from a gay troubadour became a fierce religious despot. Many ecclesiastics were sent from the monasteries to preach a sort of musical crusade against the heretics in the Langue d'Oc, who also had their

champions in the land of song. Some even became military chiefs of high renown. Conspicuous amongst them was the monk Louis Lascaris, a son of the Count of Ventimiglia. To quote from Nostradamus, who discourses much on this member of an ancient and noble family: 'He was of such a happy wit, not only in the poetical Provençal, but also in the vulgar dialects, that nobody could equal his sweetness or his invention. While yet a youth, he took holy orders in a monastery; but afterwards falling in love with a lady of the neighbourhood, the sister of the great Isnard of Glanderes, he married her, and had five children. The queen Giovanna having a powerful army in Provence for the expulsion of the free-companies, gave the command thereof to Lascaris, who was valiant and skilled in war. At the end of the campaign, the envy and malice of his ill-wishers caused him to be persecuted by Pope Urban V., who desired that he should return to his convent. But he, who would rather have chosen death in preference, and who saw that the pope was every day becoming more and more exasperated against him, went with a fine equipage to the court of the queen Giovanna, whose protection he claimed.' The queen of Naples 'duly considered the services that the poet had rendered, and those that he might yet render her crown. Seeing, besides, that he was a gentleman of handsome person and gay and generous disposition, she wrote so earnestly in his favour to the pope at Avignon, that His Holiness consented to fix a period of twenty-five years at the end of which the poet was to return to his cell.' Lascaris, however, did not outlive the allotted time.

In this cursory sketch of the troubadours, it would be impossible to enumerate each of the fifty-seven poets whose names are associated with Provençal literature; but we must not forget two or three of those best remembered of their age and country. The unfortunate Luc de la Barre, whose songs reflecting on Henry II., roused the vengeance of that monarch, was hunted from place to place and blinded, when he refused all sustenance, and died of famine and despair. The love-affair of Bertrand of Pezers, a professor of Provençal poetry, with a young and lovely girl in his school, whom he married in spite of all opposition, excited great sympathy and interest. The adventurous couple commenced a life of wandering minstrelsy; and the 'Monk of the Golden Isle' informs us that before entering a château, they would make inquiries as to the occupants; and 'then, with wonderful quickness, they would compose a song ornamented with the memorable deeds in love, war, and the chase, of the châtelain and his progenitors.'

Another wandering couple were the celebrated Raymond Ferrand and the lady of Courbon, who retired from the world, after some years of joyous minstrelsy, to convents within sight of each other. This lady of Courbon was notorious as one of the presidents of the 'Court of Love,' held in the castle of Romanini. Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry II., the Countess of Champagne, the Countess of Narbonne, and many noted beauties, gave sentences in these courts, which Hallam speaks of as 'fantastical solemnities where ridiculous questions of gallantry were debated.' To borrow the language of Sismondi—

the noble ladies of that period 'instituted courts of love, in which questions of gallantry were gravely discussed and determined by their suffrages; in a word, they had brought the whole of the south of France into a state of carnival, which forms a singular contrast to the ideas of reserve, virtue, and modesty which we ascribe to the good old times.'

In Provence, during the middle ages, the serenade was a custom, with the charming alba and serena—morning and evening songs. Many chivalrous singers were adepts in this light and characteristic form of Provencal poetry.

An old proverb says, 'The Arabs registers are the verses of their bards;' and so these mediæval canzons and madrigals—which are inseparably connected with a most romantic era—present the old life with all its grand ideas and great actions; bringing many illustrious names out of the dim mists of fable into the clear daylight of history.

### 'HOME! SWEET HOME!'

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

The hearts of thousands have thrilled at these words, so pregnant with home-love—words that have made home dearer and more precious than it was before—words expressing the tenderest feelings of thousands, to whom expression had previously been denied. Many a sweet singer, as she warbles the familiar song, knows not who was its author; therefore, it may be well to give a slight sketch of his character and somewhat sad career.

John Howard Payne was born in 33 Broad Street, New York, on the 9th of June 1791; and a large portion of his childhood was passed amidst the peaceful verdant scenery of East Hampton, in that State, where his father was principal of a small academy. When John was five years old, his father moved to Boston in a similar scholastic capacity, and there remained eight years; after which, the subject of this memoir returned to New York, and entered the counting-house of a firm in which an elder brother had been partner. But he never took to the dull drudgery of a mercantile life. When only thirteen years old, he contributed a dramatic criticism to a juvenile paper of which he was editor, and it was republished in the columns of the *New York Evening Post*. Soon after this he entered Union College, but only remained a year; after which, owing to the pecuniary difficulties of his father, he found himself under the necessity of pushing his fortune in the world alone and unaided.

Payne now devoted his time to studying for the stage, for which he displayed considerable aptitude; and made his first public appearance at the Park Theatre, New York, as Young Norval in the tragedy of *Douglas*. This *début* was a complete success. From New York he went to Boston, where he again appeared as Young Norval, and also as Romeo, Rollo, and other characters. In cultured Boston, he became even more the rage

than in the great emporium of commerce. After a time he returned to New York, thence he visited Baltimore—where he was enthusiastically received; subsequently proceeding to South Carolina and other Southern States. He came to Washington in 1809, and attracted great attention, one admiring critic declaring that 'a more extraordinary mixture of softness and intelligence was never associated in a human countenance; and his face was an index of his heart—he was a perfect Cupid in beauty.' In January 1813, Payne sailed for England, and in Liverpool was welcomed by William Roscoe, who presented him to John Kemble, Coleridge, Campbell, Southey, Byron, and others; and got for him an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, in the character of Young Norval. Great applause greeted the youthful American actor, particularly in the death-scene at the end of the play.

Payne performed for a month in London, and then went the round of several of the principal English cities, after which he proceeded to Dublin, where, in conjunction with the celebrated Miss O'Neill, he played in various well-known dramas. He now visited Paris, where he met and became intimate with his distinguished countryman, Washington Irving; and formed a friendship with Talma, the French tragedian. Once more he returned to England; but on this occasion he was less of a novelty, and did not retain his former success.

About this time he commenced his career as a dramatic author, one of his first efforts in this line being the tragedy of *Brutus*, produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1818, the famous Edmund Kean taking the principal part. The play was a success, being performed to crowded houses for seventy-five nights. Upwards of fifty plays of various descriptions were written by Payne, and their pecuniary returns enabled him to live comfortably during his nineteen years' residence in Europe. But the production which has achieved such a world-wide fame, and rendered its author an honoured name in many a household, was his *Home! Sweet Home!* This beautiful song was composed in Paris one dull October day when Payne was living in humble lodgings near the Palais-Royal. The depressing influences of his surroundings, something in the atmosphere which seemed to harmonise with his own feelings, and his solitary lot in life, were instrumental in drawing forth the simple pathos and tender yearnings of the song. As originally composed, it ran, according to some accounts, as follows:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there  
(Like the love of a mother  
Surpassing all other),

Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

There's a spell in the shade  
Where our infancy played  
Even stronger than time, and more deep than despair.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain:  
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;  
The birds and the lambskins that came at my call;  
Those who named me with pride,  
Those who played by my side,



Give me them ! with the innocence dearer than all.  
The joys of the palaces through which I roam,  
Only swell my heart's anguish—there's no place like home.

The *Boston Congregationalist*, however, has given the following as the authentic form in which the author sent out his immortal song—the original manuscript being in the possession of an old lady in America, to whom at one time John Howard Payne was greatly attached :

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home ;  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !  
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain :  
Oh ! give me my lowly thatched cottage again ;  
The birds singing gaily, that come at my call ;  
Give me them with the peace of mind, dearer than all.  
Home ! home ! &c.

How sweet, too, to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,  
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile.  
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,  
But give me, oh ! give me the pleasures of home.  
Home ! home ! &c.

To thee, I'll return, overburdened with care ;  
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there ;  
No more from that cottage again will I roam.  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.  
Home ! home ! &c.

The song was afterwards rewritten by its author, and introduced into an opera called *Clari, the Maid of Milan*, a play sold by him, in 1823, to Charles Kemble, of Covent Garden Theatre, for two hundred and fifty pounds ; the music being composed by Sir Henry Bishop. In the opera, the song ran as we now know it :

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home ;  
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !  
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain :  
Oh ! give me my lowly thatched cottage again ;  
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call ;  
Give me them—and the peace of mind, dearer than all.  
Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !  
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

*Clari* had a great run, the chief rôle being taken by Miss Maria Tree, whose singing of the simple song caused a wonderful sensation, gifted as she was not only with a beautiful and expressive face, but with a fine voice which thrilled her hearers. More than one hundred thousand copies of the song as set to music were sold by the publishers within a year of its publication ; but poor Payne reaped no pecuniary benefit from this source, nor did even his name appear as the author.

A story is told by the American newspapers that the power of the song once liberated its author from captivity. John Howard Payne was a warm personal friend of John Ross, the famous Cherokee Indian chief, and they were together when the Cherokees were ordered to remove from their home in Georgia to the prairie-lands west of the Mississippi River. Many refused to go ; so the militia were ordered to scour the country

and arrest all who stayed behind. Payne and Ross were seated before the fire in a miserable log-cabin, when seven or eight militiamen burst in, secured their prisoners, mounted them on horses, and led them away. As they left the hovel, rain began to fall, and continued all night, so that every man was thoroughly drenched. Towards midnight, one of Payne's escort, to keep himself awake, began humming 'Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !' and Payne said : 'I never expected to hear that song under such circumstances and at such a time. Do you know the author?'—'No !' said the soldier. 'Do you?'—'Yes,' answered Payne ; 'I am.'—'Ho ! ho !' laughed the soldier. 'You composed it, did you ? Oh ! tell the horse that ! Look here. If you composed it—but I know you didn't—you can say it all without stopping. It says something about pleasures and palaces, and cottages and birds. Now, pitch into it, and reel it off ; and if you can't, you'll have to walk.' Payne 'pitched' into it, and 'reeled it off' greatly to the satisfaction of his guardian, who vowed the composer of such a song should never go to prison if he could help it. When the party reached Milledgeville, the headquarters, they were, after a preliminary examination, and much to their agreeable surprise, discharged.

In the summer of 1832, Mr Payne returned to New York at a time when cholera was desolating the city, and was joyfully received by his many friends, a complimentary benefit being arranged for him at the Park Theatre, where he first made his bow as an actor. For the next ten years he resided in America, during which he engaged in a considerable amount of literary work, and travelled extensively both in the North and South, until in 1842 he was appointed to the post of American consul at Tunis. However, he was not permitted very long to enjoy his new post, for in less than three years he was recalled by President Polk, who, to gratify a political associate, gave the appointment to another.

This was a great disappointment to Payne, who had ably fulfilled his duties, and was engaged in writing a history of Tunis, which he had now to abandon ; but to console himself, he made a tour in the continent, visiting Italy, France, and other places, returning to Washington in 1847. During this, his last sojourn in the capital, he gathered around him an extensive circle of friends, and kept up a correspondence with many of those eminent in literature and art, whose acquaintance he had formed both in his own country and in Europe. The exertions of those who knew his worth, and the claims he had upon his country, were at last successful, and Mr Payne was again appointed to the post he had before filled, being re-installed as consul at Tunis.

In May 1851, the author of *Home ! Sweet Home !* bade farewell to his country for the last time, and in a few weeks afterwards entered upon the duties of his office at Tunis, with high hopes of continuing his former career of usefulness. But it had been otherwise decreed, for ere another year had passed, John Howard Payne had ceased from his wanderings, while his country had to lament the loss of one of her gifted sons. He died on the 9th of April 1852, and his body was laid in the Protestant cemetery of St George at Tunis, the grave being covered by a white

marble slab, with a simple epitaph, and on the four edges of the marble the four lines—a line to each :

Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled  
To realms beyond the azure dome,  
With arms outstretched, God's angels said :  
' Welcome to Heaven's Home ! sweet Home ! '

After lying more than thirty years in a foreign tomb, the last remains of John Howard Payne have now been transferred to a grave in his native land. To Mr W. Corcoran, a well-known and philanthropic citizen of Washington, is due the initiation of the scheme and the credit of defraying all the expenses connected with the bringing home of the remains of his countryman from Tunis, after the necessary permission had been obtained from the Secretary of State. Payne's grave in the cemetery at Tunis had been well kept, and, besides the marble slab above mentioned, was indicated by a large pepper-tree which had been planted by one of his friends who was present at his death and burial. Two of the small company who witnessed the interment of the poet, M. Pisani and an old Arab dragoman who was deeply attached to Mr Payne, were present at the exhumation of his body. The coffin was found to be much decayed, and little more than the skeleton, and some portions of the uniform in which the lonely exile had been buried, rewarded the reverential care with which the sad duty was performed. After being inclosed in a leaden and two outer wooden coffins, the honoured remains were deposited in the small Protestant church until the vessel which was to transport them to Marseilles was ready to sail. As the body was being carried into the church, the poet's own immortal song was sweetly sung by an American lady who was present, with a pathos which deeply affected the little gathering of friends and mourners—an appropriate *requiem* to the kindly and gentle spirit whose cherished dust was once more to be borne back to his native land. On the 9th of June 1883, the remains were laid in their last resting-place in the Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington ; and of all the monuments to distinguished men in that distinguished city, none surely will attract more visitors than that erected to the memory of the author of *Home ! Sweet Home !*

### COMMON COLDS.

It is impossible, with the prevalence of damp, fogs, and frost, to keep entirely free from colds. It is easy to say : . Avoid all exposure to their causes ; don't go out in wet weather ; don't sleep in damp bedclothes ; and don't get overheated by exercise. The majority of people, both old and young, are obliged to go out, and occasionally to do risky things, however much they may wish to avoid the unpleasantness of a cold. So colds are ' caught,' as the saying goes, and people find a difficulty in getting rid of them. Those who have coddled themselves before its arrival, do not derive much benefit from an extra coddling ; and those who do not care to take precautions, allow the cold to run its course, rather than make a fuss over it.

To both, perhaps, an explanation of what a cold really is may be useful, not only for prevention, but for cure. The cause is simply

this : The skin, with its myriads of perspiration pores, becomes contracted by long exposure to damp or cold, and thereby prevents the secretion which is necessary to health being carried off in the natural manner. The amount of insensible perspiration in a healthy person daily is about two pints. Thus, when it cannot pass off through the outer skin, it is diverted inwardly upon the mucous surfaces of the body, and the first symptoms of a cold in the head set in. There is a tightness in the nose and forehead, sneezing, and watering at the eyes, and a redness in the interior of the nose, from excess of blood. After a day or two, a thin running from the nose sets in, and the salts in it, which should pass off by the skin, make the upper lip red and sore. The question is, therefore, knowing the nature of a cold, what is the best way to restore the natural action of the skin, and get rid of its substitute as soon as possible? Many ways are recommended. A Dover's powder—which consists of ipecacuanha and opium—is without doubt one of the best remedies at the commencement, for if taken at night with a good basin of gruel or tumbler of negus, it sets up a strong perspiration, and the skin, forced into action, may thus regain its tone. However, this is not always successful, unless the sufferer can remain indoors for a few days, and keep a room at an equable temperature of about sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Another good remedy—if the patient's constitution admits of it—is a Turkish bath, where, after an hour in a heat of one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty degrees, the tepid douche should be used instead of the cold, because the object in view is not only to open the sweat-pores for a time, but to keep them properly relaxed. Cold water would of course cause them to contract. Perhaps the best, and one of the easiest, is to abstain as much as possible from liquids. By this means the supply of fluid which goes to keep up the running cold is cut off, and with it the discharge. If persevered in for a day, this remedy may completely cure a slight cold, and keep a bad one very much under.

Colds are either pooh-poohed or made much of. Too much care, however, cannot be taken to prevent a cold getting worse and gaining a hold. People of the most robust constitutions have succumbed to them ; and apart from the inconvenience and waste of time which they entail, there is always the probability of more serious symptoms manifesting themselves. The air-tubes may become congested, and a bad cough result before they are relieved ; or the person may have become debilitated by the head-cold, and, unable to resist the further progress of its effect, may be victimised by inflammation of the lungs, bronchitis, or serious congestion of the lungs. The most sensible plan, in so variable a climate as ours, is in the first place to harden one's self as much as possible by not being too much afraid of cold when one is perfectly well ; and next, when a cold, however slight, has been caught, to do one's hardest to get rid of it by one of the above-mentioned remedies.

Damp as a cause of cold is very hard to avoid. We all know that wet feet or damp clothes are injurious ; but we cannot always provide for emergencies. A traveller may suddenly find that

he is put into a damp bed, and has no alternative but to sleep there. Now, hydropathy has taught us that people do not necessarily catch cold from sleeping in wet or damp things, provided a sufficient amount of dry clothing is put over that which is wet, to prevent any chilliness being felt. This, then, is a safe principle to act upon; and a traveller thrown into such awkward circumstances, may make the best of a bad job, and sleep with impunity in his damp bed, provided he puts all available coverings on the outside, and so insures a tolerable amount of warmth and comfort; at the same time he ought to lay aside the sheets and sleep in the blankets. It is easier to guard against damp feet; for with woollen socks—which are the best non-conductors of heat, and the least liable to retain perspiration—and a pair of cork soles placed in good strong boots, no fear need be entertained of moisture affecting the skin. In rain or snow, no doubt the moisture may penetrate through the upper leather. The best precaution against this is to rub them with vaseline, or oil, or melted fat, before setting out. Damp feet are the most prominent causes of colds and chilblains amongst children. Those, therefore, who have to go to and from school in all weathers, should not only have cork soles inside their boots and the outer surface well greased, but should take warm slippers to school with them to change. If every schoolmistress could only be induced to make this change a rule with every pupil, there would be far fewer absentees with bad colds. A good plan, when a child has chilblains or a cold, is to make a little flannel over-dress, which draws over the feet, and buttons at the neck; no kicking off of the bed-clothes will then be very serious; whilst a cup of warm milk or arrowroot or gruel, drunk when the little one is put to bed, is the best thing for keeping up the circulation in the feet and hands and preventing the discomforts of broken chilblains.

These remarks of course apply principally to healthy children and people. The delicate of all ages must obey their medical advisers, and not risk a wet walk, however well secured against it, if they have been forbidden to go out.

With all people, food is at the same time one of the principal aids in combating colds and coughs. More heat-giving foods are required in winter, to keep up sufficient warmth, and many people suffer simply because they do not look upon the matter in this light. Parents will tell you that their boys and girls will not eat fat meat or fat bacon, or take salad dressed with oil, or take their porridge. Variety might perhaps tempt them. They might be induced to eat bread crisply fried in dripping either for breakfast or supper; or they might have gruel or arrowroot just before going to bed, which would both warm and sustain them; or, supposing they turn from all with dislike, a very good investment would be to buy two or three dozen cheap boxes of chocolate, and then dole out the boxes one by one, for the children to take to school or eat with their lunch. Chocolate is both nutritious and heat-giving, and nearly every child likes it. Care, however, should be taken that pure chocolate is eaten. Thick soups, such as pea, lentil, or potato soup, are very wholesome, and contain plenty of heat-giving materials, whilst

they are perhaps cheaper than chocolate. Many children, indeed, might be saved from the doctor's hands, if their tastes were more consulted as to food, and they were given heat-giving foods, which they liked, and would eat, instead of suet puddings or fats, which they disliked.

### 'NOT BEAUTIFUL!'

THEY say thou art not beautiful.  
To me thou art most fair!  
And shined within my faithful heart,  
Thine image dear I wear.  
In every glance, in every smile,  
I see a nameless grace;  
For love of mine, an angel's soul  
Shines through thy mortal face!

Thy hand is rough, and brown with toil,  
Yet soft as summer rain;  
With light and soothing touch it falls  
Upon the brow of pain:  
The sufferer feels its healing power  
Rob death of half its sting,  
And deems that little toil-stained hand  
White as an angel's wing.

And, sweetheart mine, no wildering lights  
Flash from thy modest eyes;  
Too timid is their downcast glance,  
To startle or surprise;  
Yet would I have them shining near,  
To watch me when I pray,  
To keep my heart from worldly thoughts,  
Sweet eyes of gentle gray.

No modern fashions mar thy robe,  
So softly flowing down;  
Yet hangs a nameless dignity  
Around that simple gown.  
No pretty simpering queen of art,  
Nor slave to fashion thou;  
Thy pure and gracious womanhood  
Is written on thy brow.

A throne of thought, that virgin brow  
Hides in thy clustering hair,  
Of ample breadth, that life may trace  
Its noblest records there.  
'Not beautiful!'—my peerless queen!  
What idle words they speak!  
Who may not mark Love's dawning blush  
Shy mantling o'er thy cheek?

'Not beautiful!'—my best beloved!  
If sweet and humble worth  
Crowns not with perfect loveliness,  
Then nought is fair on earth.  
The children fly from fairer forms,  
To cluster round thy knee;  
And that *they deem thee beautiful*,  
By their fond looks I see!

My only love! I would not dare  
To change thee if I could;  
To me thou art most beautiful,  
Because thou art so good.  
To me thy gentle face must be  
The loveliest ever seen—  
The fairest face in all the world,  
My love, my star, my queen!

FANNY FORRESTER.

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## THE TRANSVAAL GOLD-FIELDS.

BY ONE ON THE SPOT.

THE gold-fields of the Transvaal, which have been heard of by fits and starts during the last twelve years, have of late begun to excite considerable attention both at home and in South Africa; and as the future of the Transvaal, and indeed a great portion of South-eastern Africa, depends very much on their proper development, a short description of the gold-bearing region may prove interesting to readers of this *Journal*.

Gold has been found scattered over a considerable extent of country here, and indeed is known to extend up to the Zambesi; but the part most frequented by the gold-seeker is a belt of country running almost north and south, commencing on the Kaap River, a few miles east of the village of Middleburg, in the Transvaal, and terminating about ten miles north of Pilgrim's Rest, in the Lydenburg district. The principal 'farms' on which gold has been found in the Lydenburg district are Pilgrim's Rest, Berlin, Lisbon, Graskop, Mac-Mac, Spitzkop, Elandsdrift, and Hendriksdal—these so-called 'farms' being merely tracts of ground surveyed, but in scarcely any case used for actual farming purposes. There are numerous other 'farms' on which gold has been found; but the above-named have, up to the present time, produced the largest quantity. From the Kaap River gold-fields, about fifty miles from Lydenburg, a considerable quantity of gold has also been extracted, partly on unallotted government ground, and partly from the 'farms' of private owners; but this district has not been so extensively worked of late, owing to its unhealthiness in the lower reaches of the river, and also to the difficulty of working in such a broken country.

At the present time, comparatively little work is being carried on in either of the above districts, from causes which will be explained presently; but that gold exists in considerable quantities, there is not the shadow of a doubt, as the returns

of banks and merchants for native gold purchased can show; and although no capitalists have until recently made their appearance on the gold-fields, yet several exceptionally lucky diggers who came here with nothing beyond experience and stout hearts, have realised a competence, in spite of the disadvantages and troubles which such a rough life implies.

All the gold hitherto found, with very few exceptions, has been of the kind known as alluvial—that is, existing in the ground, and capable of being extracted by means of water alone, without the intervention of machinery; but at present there are two Companies with machinery starting work-crushing quartz, the returns from which are looked forward to with much interest, as it will then be seen whether it will pay to import machinery on a large scale or not. When the gold-bearing ground lies at a comparatively low level, enabling water from any of the numerous streams running through the country to be brought on it, the process of gold-washing is very simple, the ground being merely picked loose and thrown into the water, or washed away by the water, which is then conducted through a long box, or race, about eighteen inches in width and depth, open on top, and paved with hard rock or quartz on the bottom, falling gradually for a distance of from twenty to two hundred feet in length, according to the strength of the stream running through the ground, and the quantity of ground washed per day. Once or twice a day the water is turned off from this race and a small stream of clean water run through it; the race is then carefully examined from end to end; and any nuggets or particles of gold which, by the action of the water and their greater specific gravity, may have been deposited in the ripples or inequalities of the bottom-paving, are then picked up, and the work resumed. In cases where the gold is of a fine nature, and liable to be carried away if the race alone were used, the coarser stones are sifted from the ground, and the combined ground and water run over coarse blankets, which, from the nature of their texture, catch all the

fine particles of gold and allow the lighter soil to flow away. These blankets are periodically washed out; and the fine particles of gold resulting are combined with quicksilver, which, from its affinity to gold, brings the whole into one mass, which is then placed in a retort, and the quicksilver evaporated off and recaught for future use, leaving the gold in a solid mass behind.

The above process, costing very little in the way of outlay, has been of necessity almost the only one adopted by the diggers, who for the most part have been working-men, with little or no money; and in cases where the alluvial ground has lain so high above the level of the rivers as to prevent it being worked in the same way, the only difference has been that the ground has had to be excavated and brought to the water-race by carting or otherwise, the process of washing being the same. But in the case of quartz containing gold, the quartz has to be reduced almost to a powder in water by means of machinery; the crushed quartz then flows over plates coated with quicksilver, which catch the greater part of the gold; and that which escapes the quicksilver is caught by means of the blankets before mentioned, which receive it after passing the silvered plates.

It has struck many people who are acquainted with gold-mining in both Australia and California, that in no two places in the Transvaal are the indications of gold the same. In one place it is in vain to look for it except on the top of a hill; in another, the valley alone will yield gold; and not a few geologists and so-called mining experts who have visited the gold-fields lately, for the purpose of reporting on properties for intending purchasers, have been much at fault regarding the possibility of finding payable gold, and confessed that it is necessary to spend a considerable time before a property can be even cursorily examined. In most cases, it seems that the diggers themselves, through their actual experience, are better acquainted with the payable and non-payable ground than any stranger, however experienced otherwise, can be.

From 1873, the gold-laws of the Transvaal permitted a digger to take out a license for a claim on any gold-bearing property held to be the property of the government, and the digger paying the amount of this license for his right to dig for gold. When a claim was exhausted or found not payable, the digger was at liberty to abandon it and mark out another, in the event of this other not being occupied. This law, in a sparsely populated country, where scarcely any agriculture was carried on, worked very well and harmoniously; but on the retrocession of the Transvaal by the British government, a new order of things sprang into existence. In order to increase the revenue—which fell rapidly off on the departure of the British government, and has in consequence caused a widespread distress ever since amongst those who were the first to rise against British authority—the Volksraad or Boer Parliament granted concessions for every manufacture that could be carried on in the Transvaal—that is, allowing one man, on the payment of a certain sum per annum, the sole right to manufacture spirits; another, gunpowder; another, wool, &c.—in each case imposing a countervailing duty on articles of the same kind coming from

Europe, so as, if possible, to insure the sale of the Transvaal-made article. It is to be remarked, *en passant*, that the European articles, though thus hampered, still continue to have by far the largest sale. Amongst other concessions, a gold concession law was passed, specifying that the owner of any gold-bearing farm could, on the payment of a sum to be agreed upon per annum, obtain the sole right to work for gold on his farm, on condition that he compensated any diggers who might be on his property, working under the old government license.

The consequence of the promulgation of this last law has been that nearly every owner of a gold-bearing farm who could pay a year or two's concession rental for his property, has taken out a concession, with the idea of disposing of both concession and farm at a high profit in the European market, and in few cases with the intention of digging for gold. As nothing is stated in the gold concessions about the time in which the original diggers are to be compensated, or any fixed basis on which their claims are to be valued, this has almost led to a dead-lock in the gold production, and caused much litigation in the High Court at Pretoria. The diggers decline to enhance the value of any concessionaire's property by further exploring and opening it up, and the concessionaires in but few cases have the capital wherewith to compensate the diggers. As European investors, however, are not so easily influenced by a high-flown prospectus as formerly, it is probable that before long the owners of the farms bearing gold will see the propriety of again throwing them open at a rental to diggers, and thereby increasing their own revenue and that of the country generally; for, with a large mining population, both merchants and farmers find a ready sale for their goods and produce; the natives are taught to work, which is by far the most civilising influence that can be brought to bear upon them; and money will be circulated in a country where the want of it has never been felt more than at present.

There is not throughout the country what can be called a mining town, the nearest approach to one being Pilgrim's Rest, about thirty-five miles from the district of Lydenburg. This is on the property of a London firm, who appear to be sparing no expense, either in money or machinery, to test their property thoroughly. The town is situated in a most picturesque valley, reminding one more of Switzerland than South Africa; and the old fashion amongst Australians and Californians of giving odd names to places is observable here, in such names as Jerusalem Gully, Tiger Creek, &c. As usual, the Scotsman is here in force, as may be naturally expected in the most out-of-the-way place where there is a chance of making money. Indeed, one of the camps near Pilgrim's Rest is named Mac-Mac, after the number of Macs who formerly lived there; one of them, who is buried near here, being the unfortunate Mac whose strange story was related in the account of St Kilda published some years ago in this *Journal*.

The country, although very picturesque and well watered in the valleys, is very rough to travel over, and, without exception, has the worst roads traversing it in South Africa. From Lydenburg to Spitzkop, another mining camp, the road



would make a London cab-driver's hair stand on end; and the trouble and danger of conveying machinery along these roads by the cumbersome bullock-wagon can only be understood by those having experience of South Africa. From May till October it is possible to obtain goods from Delagoa Bay through the Portuguese port of Lorenzo Marques, the road being fairly good in that direction; but during the remainder of the year, the dreaded tsetse fly abounds on the road, and the rivers are so swollen by the rains that transport is impossible.

Those Companies intending to start work on the gold-fields are endeavouring to arrange to work their machinery by water-power, the cost of fuel being very great here. Timber exists in considerable quantities in the kloofs or valleys of the mountains, but of a kind of little use for fuel, and almost inaccessible. Coal is found near Middleburg; but the cost of transport along these roads would almost prevent its use, although the distance does not exceed one hundred miles. Water, apparently, will be the greatest difficulty in regard to any scheme of comprehensive working here, as for gold-working generally it is necessary to obtain a good water-supply at a high level, which is extremely difficult to obtain. There are numerous streams in the valleys; but their sources at a high level are very few, and owing to the broken and diversified nature of the ground, would cost large sums of money to convey to any distance.

One very striking instance of perseverance in the above way is that of a miner over sixty years of age, who, unaided, has spent five years in bringing a watercourse on towards his claims at Spitzkop, and expects to take three years longer to finish it. In spite of numerous difficulties in the way of rocks and boulders, he has steadily persevered, and has now got through the worst of the work, and makes good progress, taking his age into consideration. The length of this watercourse will be about eleven miles when finished, although the distance from point to point does not exceed four.

The diggers are a wonderfully law-abiding community as a whole; and it is astonishing to see what a slender staff under the Boer government is employed to maintain order, one solitary constable at Pilgrim's Rest being sufficient for twenty miles round. Much trouble was caused from 1876 to 1879 through the war with the native chief Secocoeni, and digging operations were almost suspended; but his defeat by Sir Garnet Wolseley in 1879 left them free to work again until the end of 1880, when the war between the Boers and the British caused another cessation of work. All these things, together with their present troubles with the concessionaires, before alluded to, would naturally lead one to expect impatience and turbulence amongst a community many of whom come from Australian and Californian diggings, where the revolver is the readiest argument; but, strange to say, it is not the case here.

Unless the working of the gold-fields brings more money into the country, it is very difficult to see what the future of the Transvaal will be. The late war with the native chief Mapoch has considerably impoverished the people; the exports of the country are very trifling, and the low state of the market at the Diamond Fields has

done away with a large source of income in the sale of produce and coal. The revenue of the country has steadily fallen since the retirement of the British troops; the natives are either unable or unwilling to pay taxes; and the Boers themselves, with very few exceptions, wish the British were back again. Pretoria and Potchefstroom, the two principal towns, look almost deserted, and have numerous empty buildings. When we add to this the high price of living, owing to the duties imposed on goods, &c., the lookout does not seem cheerful. It is not probable that the British government will again resume its sway here, even if invited unanimously by the Boers, but it is possible that some system of Union or Confederation will before long take place amongst the different states of South Africa; and should the railway be constructed from Delagoa Bay, *vid* Pretoria, to Kimberley, it is certain that the country would benefit much by the improved means of communication. These, however, are prospects of the far future; and until the gold-fields are further developed by the present owners, and the government capable of paying its way and seeing its course fairly before it on a firm basis, it would be unwise for intending investors to place too much faith on the representations of promoters. Gold is in the Transvaal, and in considerable quantities, but not everywhere, and as yet comparatively little real exploration has been carried on below the surface to any depth. The crushing now commencing at Pilgrim's Rest and Ross Hill will be the first real test as to the gold in the quartz, and it is to be hoped will be satisfactory to those who have had the courage to lead the way.

## BY MEAD AND STREAM.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—THE SEALED LETTER.

PHILIP drew his breath more freely. He experienced that delightful sense of relief which rewards one who has been long overstrained, when the strain is relaxed before the stage of exhaustion is reached. But such is the perversity of human nature, that his gladness was tinged with something resembling a degree of disappointment. Certainly the tinge was so delicate that he was not thoroughly aware of its real character. To Madge the shade was revealed in this way.

'I wish the accident had been a little more serious,' he said.

She opened her eyes in astonishment. 'What a wicked wish,' was her reproachful comment.

'We have made such a fuss about my going,' he went on, turning things over in his mind, 'that we shall look ridiculous to everybody when it becomes known that a stupid tumble off a horse has stopped me.'

'I think we should only be ridiculous if we minded the foolish people who thought us so,' she answered very wisely.

'Ah, you never heard the story of the curate who in a moment of enthusiasm declared his intention of making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.'

'What about him?'

"What about him?" The poor beggar was so worried by everybody he met afterwards asking in surprise how he had managed to get back from Jerusalem so soon—then why he hadn't gone—when he was going—and looking as if he had perpetrated a fraud—that he was forced to make the pilgrimage in order to escape being called a humbug.

'But you are not a curate, and—I don't think you are a humbug, Philip,' she said with a twinkle of fun in her eyes.

'I hope not,' he rejoined, laughing. 'But what can have induced Uncle Shield to change all his plans so suddenly?'

That question was a source of much marvel to them both. During the afternoon, an idea occurred to Madge, which seemed so extravagant, that at first she only smiled at it, as one smiles at the revelation of some pretty but absurd dream.

This was the idea: that in some way this sudden change of plans by Mr Shield was associated with her and the memory of her mother. She was nearer the truth than she imagined, although the more she thought over it, the more she was impressed by the possibility of the surmise finding some foundation in the motives which actuated Mr Shield's present conduct.

She did not, however, think the surmise of sufficient importance to speak about yet; but she asked Aunt Hussy to tell Philip on the first opportune occasion about her mother and his uncle. Philip ought to know about it, whether or not there was anything in her fanciful idea.

Aunt Hussy, with a little smile of approval, gave the promise, and, passing her hand affectionately over the girl's head, added: 'Thou'lt be a happy woman, dearie; and bring peace to sore troubled breasts. There never was ill but good lay behind it, if we would only seek and find it. That's an old saying; but there's a deal of comfort in most old sayings. Seems to me as if they were the cries of folk that had proved them through suffering.'

'What did Mr Shield say in his letter to you, aunt?'

The dame shook her head, and although still smiling, looked as she felt, awkward.

'I am not to tell thee—anyway, not now. By-and-by, when I come to understand it myself, I will tell thee; but do not thou ask again until I speak. It will be best.'

And Madge knew that whatever Aunt Hussy chose to do—whether to speak or be silent—would be best. So she said simply: 'Very well, aunt.'

'I am going into the oak room to wrestle with the spirit, as my father used to say when he wanted to be left quite by himself. I want to be quite by myself till I get the right end of this riddle. I have been trying it two or three times since you went out, but the answer has not come

yet. I am to try again. Be not you afraid, though I do not come out till tea-time.'

She spoke as if amused at herself; but when she had closed the door of the oak room and seated herself in a big armchair beside one of the gaunt windows, the smile faded from her kindly face, and her expression became one of mingled sadness and perplexity.

But everything Dame Crawshaw had to do was done sedately—with that perfect composure which can be obtained only by a mind at rest with itself and innocent of all evil intention. She put on her spectacles, and quietly took from her pocket the two letters she had received from Mr Shield. One was open, and she had studied it many times that day, for it presented the riddle she had not yet been able to solve: the other, which had been inclosed in the first, was still unopened.

She settled herself down to make one more effort to find the right thing to do.

'Dear Friend,' said the open letter, 'in telling me that I have still a kindly place in your memory, you have given me a pleasure which I am glad to have lived long enough to experience. Thank you. And I ask you to take this "Thank you" in its full sense of respect and gratitude.'

'I knew that'—here there was a word scored out, but the dame deciphered it to be 'Lucy'—'she had left a daughter under your care. I have thought of her—very often thought of her; and wished that it might be in my power to serve her as I would have served her mother, had I known of her misfortunes in time. But whenever I thought of writing to you about her, my pen was stopped by the same strange stupor—paralysis or whatever it may be that affects my brains whenever certain memories are stirred—the same which rendered me dumb and incapable of listening to you, when you might have given me explanations that would no doubt have made my suffering less. I do not ask for explanations now; perhaps it would be best to give me none. I am sure it would be best; and yet I have a longing to know anything you may have to tell me about Lucy. Time has taken the sting from memory: there is no bitterness in my thought of her—I do not think there ever was any bitterness in my thoughts about her. Looking back, I only see the bright days when we were so happy together, dreaming of our future. Then there is the black day when you told me she was married. Somebody died that day—my better self, I always think. Since then, I seem to have been toiling through a long tunnel, so numbed with cold and sunk in darkness that I have felt nothing and seen nothing.'

'But the information contained in your note about the intended marriage of Lucy's child to Philip Hadleigh has brought me back into the daylight. The change was so sudden, that for a little while my eyes were dazzled and my mind confused. I see clearly now. Here is my opportunity to serve Lucy. There can be nothing you can tell me which can affect my craving to serve her; and I can only do it by guarding her daughter. I proceed to England by the next steamer which leaves the nearest port.'

'I am aware that you will find it difficult to understand me from what I have written here. I have tried to make my purpose plain to you

in the packet which is inclosed with this; but what is put down there is for the present intended only for you. Before you break the seal, I ask you, in Lucy's name, to keep my confidence from your niece, and even from your husband, until we meet. Should this be asking too much, I beseech you to put the packet into the fire without opening it. Let me assure you at once that in withholding my purpose for a time from others, you will in nowise harm—or even run the risk of harming the living or the dead, whilst you may be able to assist me greatly in the service I wish to do for your sister's child.

'Decide as you will: I trust you shall be satisfied that the grounds for your decision are as sufficient as mine are for the course I have adopted.'

Here was the question she found it so difficult to answer: could she accept this trust? It was contrary to all her notions of right that she should have any thought which she might not communicate to her husband. She had never had a secret; her life had run so smoothly that there had been no occasion for one. She was grateful for having been spared the temptations to falsehood, which a secret, however trifling in itself, entails. But she took no special credit to herself on this account. Indeed, the good woman found it hard to understand why there should be any mysteries in the conduct of people at all. The straightforward course appeared to her so much easier to travel than the crooked ways which some choose or fall into unawares, that she wondered why, on purely selfish grounds, they should continue in them, when the way out was so simple.

At this moment her theory was put to a severe test. She was asked to keep a secret, but it was not her own or of her seeking. Then she should refuse to accept the trust. On the other hand, she was assured by one in whose honesty she had every reason to place implicit faith, that the secret meant no harm to any one—that she was only required to keep it for a time, and that by so doing she would aid him in carrying into effect his design for the welfare of Madge.

She took a practical view of the mode in which he proposed to benefit the child of the woman he had loved long ago. He was rich, he was childless: of course his purpose must be to make her his heiress. Then why should he make such a mystery of such a generous act? She had heard of people who took the drollest possible way of bequeathing their fortunes. Maybe it amused them: maybe they were a little wrong in the head, and were therefore to be pitied. Why, then, should she not humour him, by letting him have his own way so long as it was harmless, as she would do with any person whose eccentricity could not be agreeably dealt with otherwise? This was coming nearer to a settlement of her doubts.

Now she could either burn the sealed letter, or send it to him at his lawyer's, whose address he gave her for further communications. But the argument was in favour of opening it; and what lingering hesitation she might have on the subject was decided by that strain of curiosity which the best of women have inherited.

She deliberately cut the envelope with her scissors and unfolded the paper on her lap. The contents were somewhat of the nature she expected;

but the way in which he purposed benefiting Madge was different from anything she could have guessed.

'Although events which in the first hours of their occurrence appeared to be too hard for me to live through have become in time only sad memories, flitting at intervals across my mind without causing pain or interfering with my ordinary ways, your letter has brought me so close to the old times, that I seem to be living in them again. The old interests—the old passions are as strong upon me at this moment as they were when I still possessed the greatest of all fortunes—Youth and Hope.

'Even when I knew that *she* was lost to me, there remained the prospect that some day she might need my help, and I should find consolation in giving it. Her death took that comfort from me, and I settled down to the dull business of living without a purpose. Luck, not labour, brought me *money*—that is why I am indifferent to it. This was how it came.

'You remember the old hawthorn tree in your father's garden, where so many glad hours were spent with Lucy? Well, on a green patch of this land which I was lazily farming here was an old hawthorn tree, and associating it with the one which had such deep root in my memory, it became my favourite resting-place. I made a seat beneath it as like the old one as possible, and there I used to sit reading or thinking of the dead man who was my former self. Under this tree I found a diamond: it was the first of many. But you have read about the diamond fields—and now you know the source of my wealth.

'My intention has been from the first that Lucy's daughter should benefit by my luck. I could not feel, and you could not expect me to feel, much active interest in her childhood, knowing that she was under your protection, and therefore well cared for. Your information that she is engaged to marry Philip Hadleigh has roused me from a long sleep. I have formed a good opinion of the young man from his letters. I purposed having him here with me for a year or so, in order to judge of his character before deciding in what manner I should best fulfil the promise given to my sister, to do what I could for him in the future. The fact that you and your husband regard him with so much favour as to give your niece to him, would be in the case of another a sufficient guarantee that he is worthy of all trust.

'*But he is Lloyd Hadleigh's son.*

'What that means to me, I do not care to explain, and it is unnecessary to do so. It is sufficient to tell you that it compels me to make him *prove* that he is worthy of trust—above all, that he is worthy of Madge Heathcote.

'I intended to judge of him by observing his ways during his stay with me. Now I intend to put him to the severest test of human nature—the test of what is called Good Fortune.

'You love your niece. You cannot trust the man if you object to let him prove his worth.

'AUSTIN SHIELD.'

#### CHAPTER XIX.—THE FIRST INTERVIEW.

A few days had passed when Philip startled little Dr Joy with the information that he

had walked two miles and felt equal to two more.

'But you must not try it, though,' said the doctor quickly; 'you are a strong fellow, but you must not be in too great a hurry to prove it. We must be economical of our strength, you know, as well as of everything else. You are getting on nicely—very nicely and with wonderful rapidity. Don't spoil it all by too much eagerness.'

'Don't be afraid—I'll take care.'

The afternoon post brought him a note from Mr Shield, announcing his arrival at the *Langham Hotel*, and inquiring if he felt strong enough to call there next day at eleven.

'I am quite strong enough to be with you at the time mentioned,' was Philip's prompt reply; and he kept the engagement punctually.

Being expected, he was conducted immediately to the sitting-room of one of the finest suites of apartments on the first floor. Evidently Mr Shield had an idea of taking advantage of all the comforts of the old country, to make up for whatever inconveniences he had submitted to in his colonial life.

Standing at one of the windows was a big brawny man, dressed in dark-brown tweed. He turned as Philip entered, and showed a face covered with thick, shaggy hair, which had been black, but was now plentifully streaked with silver. Of his features, only the eyes and nose were distinguishable, for the shaggy hair fell over his brow, too, in defiance of combs and brushes.

Philip's idea of Mr Shield's appearance had been vague enough; but somehow this man was so unlike every preconceived notion of him, that he would have fancied there was a mistake, had not all doubt been at once removed by the greeting he received.

'How do you do, Philip? Glad to see you.'

He held out a big horny hand, which betokened a long friendship with pickaxe and spade. His manner was somewhat rough, but it was frank and good-natured. Still it was unlike the manner of one who had received some education and had been accustomed to move in ordinary society. All this, however, Philip quickly accounted for by recalling the fact, that Mr Shield had been living so many years on the outskirts of civilisation, that he must have forgotten much, and unconsciously adopted some of the characteristics of his uncouth associates.

'I am glad to see you at last, sir,' he said, grasping the extended hand cordially.

'That's right. I like a man who can give you a grip when he does shake hands. If he can't, he ought to leave it alone. I don't bother much with hand-shaking. A nod's as good in our part. But coming so far, you see— Oh, all right' (the last phrase was like a private exclamation, as he suddenly remembered something). . . . 'Sit down. Have anything?'

'No; thank you.'

'Ah, right, right. Under orders, I suppose. Forgot your accident. How's the ribs?'

'Pretty well, I am happy to say,' answered Philip, smiling at the droll, gruff, abrupt style of his uncle, and appreciating the kindness which was clearly visible through it. 'The doctors tell me I shall never know that the accident happened.'

'That's good. Now you know what we are not to speak about, and what we are to speak about is yourself.'

'That is generally an agreeable subject.'

'Should be always to a youngster like you. Now, I want to start you in life. That was my promise, and I am able to keep it. What is your notion of a start?'

'I have not decided yet. The result of my journey to you was to settle what was to follow. As that journey is now unnecessary, I think of entering for the bar or medicine.'

'Stuff. Too many lawyers and doctors already. You keep in mind who it was wished you to come to me? . . . You needn't speak.—I see you do. Then will you obey her, and become my partner?'

'Your partner!' ejaculated Philip, astounded by the abruptness of this extraordinary proposal.

'Don't you like the notion? Most young fellows would snap at it.'

'I am aware of that, Mr Shield; but I have no capital except what my fa'—'

'That's all right. You go to Hawkins and Jackson. They will satisfy you that you have plenty of capital, and will explain to you that there is a chance for you to become one of the biggest men in London—M.P.—Lord Mayor—anything you like, if you only enter into partnership with me.'

'I am a little bewildered, sir, and would like to understand exactly'—

'Hawkins is waiting for you,' said Mr Shield, looking at his watch; 'he will make everything plain to you before you leave him. He has full orders—instructions, that is to say. I have somebody else to see now. You'll write and tell me how you take to the plan, and I'll let you know when we are to meet again.'

'I ought to thank you; but'—

'Don't bother about that—time enough for it—time enough. Good-bye.'

The interview was over. Philip was metaphorically hustled out of the room by the brusque, good-natured relative he had just found. He felt confused and bewildered as he walked slowly down Regent Street, trying to realise the meaning of all the suggestions which had been made to him. There was something humorous, too, in having a fortune thrust upon him in this singular fashion. For he knew that to become the partner of Austin Shield was equivalent to inheriting a large fortune.

In their correspondence of course, Mr Shield had told him that he meant to 'see what could be done for him; but he had added that everything would depend upon how they got on together, after they had lived for a time under the same roof. Now everything was given to him when they had been only a few minutes together—indeed had been given before they met at all, for all arrangements in reference to the partnership had been already made, and only awaited his acceptance.

'He is an odder fish in person than he has shown himself in his letters,' thought Philip. 'We'll see what Hawkins says.'

He took a cab, and as he was driving to the office of the solicitors, his thoughts cleared. There

was no doubt that the prospect so freely offered him was a brilliant one; but there was a cloud upon it. How would his father regard this arrangement?

## A PRACTICAL SCIENCE AND ART SCHOOL.

GORDON'S COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.

OUR Minister for Education, Mr Mundella, in a recent visit to Glasgow and Edinburgh, delivered a series of speeches remarkable not only for the interesting accounts he gave of the progress of elementary education under the national system established by the Education Acts, but for their strong advocacy of the necessity of providing still higher and more useful education by means of secondary and technical schools. He indicated that this might in some measure be attained by a judicious reform of existing educational endowments, and he instanced one case of such reorganisation, which he held up as a model worthy of imitation. The case referred to was that of the institution now known as Robert Gordon's College, Aberdeen. The 'reform' achieved by this institution has been so thorough and so successful, and has been conducted so much in the direction indicated by Mr Mundella, that some details of its nature and the work now being accomplished by its agency may prove interesting in themselves, and advantageous as furnishing an illustration of how our general educational system may be improved and perfected.

The institution was founded by a Robert Gordon, who had been at one time a merchant in Danzig, but ultimately settled in Aberdeen, where he died in 1731. He bequeathed all his property to certain trustees, for the building of a hospital, and for the maintenance and education of young boys whose parents were poor and indigent, and not able to maintain them at school or put them to trades and employments. Owing to the civil disorders of the time, the hospital was not opened till 1750. The trust funds, together with the value and revenue of a separate estate bequeathed in 1816 by a Mr Alexander Simpson of Collyhill, now amount to an annual revenue of over eight thousand pounds. There were latterly two hundred boys in the hospital, forty of these being nominated by the Collyhill trustees. The period of residence was five years; the education imparted was a fairly good, sound, elementary one, with a little instruction in mathematics and chemistry, and a smattering of Latin and French. The bulk of the boys drifted into mercantile pursuits.

The passing of the Educational Endowments Act of 1878 opened up for the institution a new and wider sphere of usefulness. In June 1881, the governing body obtained a Provisional Order under the Act, greatly altering the constitution and objects of the original trust, and constituting the hospital a College, in which the chief subjects of study shall be English Language and Literature, History and Geography, Modern Languages, Mathematics, and the Elements of Physical and Natural Science. The number of foundationers was reduced to one hundred and twenty, and the 'hospital' system was almost entirely abolished. The hospital buildings were converted

into a day school; the standard of education was raised; evening classes were established; and provision was made for the amalgamation with the College of any mechanics' institute, scientific or technical school, or other educational institution.

The College, therefore, as now constituted consists of a day school and an evening school. It is not necessary for our purposes to detail the work of the day school in the junior department; but in the senior, the work branches off into three divisions, the studies being specialised with a regard to the line of work the boys intend pursuing on leaving school. In the Commercial School prominent attention is given to modern languages (French and German), mathematics, arithmetic, book-keeping, and letter and précis writing, the studies in science being also continued. In the Trade and Engineering School the studies carried forward are English and one foreign language (French or German); but most of the time is devoted to mathematics, experimental science, and drawing; applied science and technical drawing being the features of the second year. The teaching in both years is accompanied by systematic instruction in the workshop (in wood and iron); while for intending young engineers there is a special course in steam and the steam-engine; and for those aiming at the building trades, a special course in building construction and drawing. The workshop, which is under the superintendence of a practical man, is large and well equipped. It has thirteen benches and a lathe, and a forge and three vice-benches; and a proposal is about to be submitted to the governing body for the further development of this practical department by providing a steam-engine and other appliances. The third division of the school—the Classical—is for boys intending to proceed to the university.

At the present time, there are five hundred and eighty day scholars, one hundred and twenty of whom are foundationers. Ninety day scholars are receiving instruction in the workshop in relays of fifteen at a time, one hour being devoted to the workshop, and four hours to ordinary teaching. The school-hours are five per day, and most of the school-work is done in that time, the pupils, though not altogether exempt from home-work, not being oppressed by it. Plenty of time is thus given for exercise and enjoyment; and there is no complaint of 'over-pressure,' either on the part of teachers or taught.

The evening school, which is open to adults, and to girls as well as to boys, is divided into two sections. There is a General and Commercial section, in which instruction is given in such subjects as English, arithmetic, French, German, theory of music, phonography, and political economy. Then there is a Science and Technology section, having classes for practical plane and solid geometry, machine and building construction and drawing, applied mechanics and steam, metal working tools, carpentry and joinery, magnetism and electricity, electrical engineering, inorganic chemistry, and botany. To the Physics and Chemistry lecture-rooms are attached a large apparatus-room and commodious laboratories; and the means and appliances are enlarged from time to time, one hundred pounds being devoted this year to the purchase of scientific apparatus and chemicals. In the Applied Mechanics class, the



strength of materials and the strains in structures are investigated experimentally; while the class meets occasionally on Saturday afternoons for experiments in practical mechanics in the laboratory, or to study the actual applications of mechanics in some of the engineering works in the town.

The classes in the Science section are specially adapted for students qualifying for the examinations of the Science and Art Department and of the Society of Arts, and for the City and Guilds of London examinations in Technology; and the College—under the able direction of the headmaster, the Rev. Alexander Ogilvie, LL.D.—is now beginning to take a high position in connection with these examinations. Dr Ogilvie first instituted Science and Art classes in Gordon's Hospital in 1875, not only for boys in the hospital, but also for those who had completed their education there and were serving apprenticeships in Aberdeen. The beginnings were small, classes for magnetism and electricity and physical geography being first started. In course of time, however, botany was added, followed by mathematics, theoretical mechanics, and inorganic chemistry; and soon half-a-dozen classes were in full swing, yielding by-and-by very satisfactory results, all the more satisfactory as teaching in these special subjects was given out of school-hours, or, as the inspector reported, 'Science has taken its place in the institution, and has displaced nothing.'

The reorganisation of the College, which came into practical operation in August 1881, gave a new impetus to the evening classes and the science teaching. During session 1881-82, two hundred and four scholars attended the evening classes, of whom one hundred and seventy-one presented themselves at the examinations of the Science and Art Department. Of these, sixty-nine gained eighty-eight Queen's prizes, value twenty-eight pounds ten shillings, and first-class certificates; eighty-seven gained second-class certificates; and fifteen failed. The total Department (government) grants that fell to the teachers amounted to three hundred and forty-six pounds ten shillings. In session 1882-83, the number of tickets issued for the evening classes was—For General and Commercial classes, six hundred and eighty-two; for Science classes, five hundred and eighty-seven: total, twelve hundred and sixty-nine. Of this number, three hundred and eighty-one individual students attended the Science classes, of whom two hundred and thirty-five were present at the examinations. Ninety of these gained one hundred and twenty-two Queen's prizes, of the value of thirty-nine pounds five shillings, with first-class certificates; one hundred and four gained second-class certificates; and forty-one failed. The grants earned from the Department amounted to three hundred and sixty-five pounds. In the Society of Arts' examinations, sixty-nine candidates were examined—the largest number from any institution, except the Birmingham and Midland Institute—and fifty-three passed, four gaining first-class certificates, and twenty second-class certificates. In the City and Guilds' examination, the number presented in technology—metal working tools—was eight, of whom two gained first-class honours, five stood first-class in the ordinary grade, and one second-class. One student so distinguished himself, being

second in the examination of all the candidates in the United Kingdom, that he was awarded a prize of three pounds and a bronze medal.

Within the past year, the Science teaching in the College has been largely developed by a provisional amalgamation with the Aberdeen Mechanics' Institution, in connection with which there has been for many years a School of Art and Science classes. The Science classes and the scientific apparatus of the Mechanics' Institution have been transferred to the College, which has become thereby the Science school for the city. The amalgamation—almost certain to be permanently ratified—coupled with the more complete and systematic instruction in Gordon's College, promises to be fruitful of good results, which may, indeed, be already anticipated, for no fewer than fifteen hundred and forty-seven students have enrolled themselves in the various evening classes for the current session.

The value of the work which the College is accomplishing can hardly be over-estimated. The objects of the institution, as now recast, are—in addition to the education of foundationers—to afford a good elementary education at fees so small as to make it within the reach of the sons of working-men even; to help its own scholars, and boys leaving Board Schools, to a knowledge of subjects not otherwise readily attainable; and to furnish to the apprentice and the artisan instruction in science and technology of a higher grade. The College, in short, aims at being a complete and efficient secondary school, and really forms for the city of Aberdeen the much-desidered link between elementary and university education—a link that will be more apparent and more serviceable when the universities come to be reformed, and when more attention will likely be paid to scientific than to classical studies. Even as things are, a number of the scholars have already found their way to the university, and have been successful in gaining bursaries and other honours; and two of them—educated partly in the Hospital and partly in the College—have recently passed the competitions for the Indian Civil Service without the preliminary 'coaching' in London, generally regarded as essential. One of the two is now in receipt of one hundred and fifty pounds a year during his two years of probation, after which he will become one of Her Majesty's civil servants in India. The Commercial School provides an education well suited for young men who intend engaging in the various occupations and industries of the town and district; while in the evening classes they have every opportunity of continuing their studies as their inclinations or their pursuits dictate.

But the most important work of the College is the scientific and technical education it imparts. The object here is to furnish in the day school such an elementary practical knowledge as will prepare boys to become intelligent apprentices; in the evening school, on the other hand, to furnish higher theoretical instruction to boys and men really at work. The workshop is for the use of day scholars only; the evening pupils find their practical training in their daily work, and come to the College to learn the theory. The day school aims at teaching the pupils on

the technical side the elements of the constructive arts and the character of materials, concurrently with thorough education in the interpretation of working drawings. It is explicitly intimated that 'it is by no means intended that a boy should learn his trade in the College, but only that he should lay the foundation of the scientific and technical knowledge which has become an essential concomitant of trade experience and manual dexterity.' This distinction has to be borne in mind; for Gordon's College is not an 'apprenticeship school,' such, for instance, as the one maintained by the Paris municipality in the Boulevard de la Villette, which turns out its pupils, at the end of a three years' course, as having finished their apprenticeship, and as being ready for employment as journeymen, or even as foremen. The fault of this system of training artisans is that it underrates what is to be learned in the ordinary workshop; and instead of having recourse to it, the governing body of Gordon's College set to work on the lines just mentioned.

It is obviously impossible as yet to discern the effect which this improved technical education will have upon the arts and industries of the town; but some estimate of the actual work accomplished may be formed from the following account of models exhibited at the last distribution of prizes, which we take from a local paper:

'A large number of drawings by the pupils attracted much attention, and a special feature was an exhibition of models executed in the workshop in the course of the year. These models were the work of the pupils, and an examination showed that they were highly finished, and that in every instance the greatest care had been taken, down even to the most minute detail. The models were large in number, and diverse in character. One was a very fine sample of a suspension bridge, measuring twelve feet in length, and weighted so as to show the strain it was capable of sustaining. There was also what is known as a roof-truss, an arrangement for finding what, under given circumstances, would be the strain put upon the rafters and the rods. Then there was a model crane adjusted for a precisely similar purpose, and very neatly finished apparatus for experimenting with the inclined plane, the lever, and friction coil, &c. A number of well-finished specimens of electrical apparatus formed part of the exhibits, including one or two very good galvanometers and a small electrical engine. In woodwork the variety was large. A walking-stick was shown which on occasion could be transformed into a tripod stand for surveying. There were also models of the various jointings employed in woodwork, and several excellent specimens of work both in wood and iron. Possibly the most striking feature of the whole display was a sectional model of a steam-engine, which measured some thirteen feet in length and showed all the working parts. It was also provided with means of adjustment to find by experiment the effect of varying the dimensions of the various parts. The entire model was coloured in accordance with the ordinary rule in engineering works. Among the ordinary articles shown were a grindstone frame, a vice-bench, and a number of smithy tools. It may be mentioned that the whole of the work in

connection with the models was not only executed by the boys themselves, but that in every case they had also prepared the working drawings.'

It is not too much to infer that elementary instruction which produces such results as these will prove an important factor in the work of after-life; and we may safely conclude that the College is not unlikely to realise a large measure of the success which it deserves, besides serving as an example to other scholastic and commercial communities.

## THE MINER'S PARTNER.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

NEVER before had Ben from mental excitement passed a sleepless night; his seasoned, iron nerves had borne him through a multitude of perils—from hostile Indians, from white enemies; from the bear, the wolf, the snake; from fire and flood; and when the time had come for him to sleep, he slept soundly; when his rough meals were prepared, he ate well. But it was different now. The recollection of the face which confronted his own at the restaurant, haunted him, broke his sleep into fitful dozing, and filled these unrefreshing snatches with terrible dreams. Yet, when the bright morning came, he persuaded himself that he must have been mistaken—that he had exaggerated some chance resemblance into the identity of his dead partner.

Ben's reflections touched upon what was growing into another dreadful form of mental excitement. He began to fear that he had not seen the man at all, that it was merely a delusion, a vision of the brain. And that such a delusion should take the form of Rube Steele was not surprising, bearing in mind the fact, which was never long absent from his thoughts, that he had given this man a blow which, if it had not, as he formerly supposed, caused the man's death, must have very nearly done so. No doubt the blow was struck in self-defence; but even murder in self-defence is not a thing which a man can in his calmer moments recall without some sense of remorse.

He was early at the hotel, and taking his regular seat, waited with a nervous anxiety, such as he had rarely experienced before, the appearance of the stranger. He had not long to wait. Almost as soon as he was seated, a figure entered the saloon which there was no mistaking, and all Ben's consolatory theories as to a casual resemblance deceiving him, fled on the instant. The stoop of the long body and neck, the crafty glance the man threw around on entering, his very step—these were all Rube Steele's; and to the dismay of Ben, the new-comer evidently glanced round the saloon in search of *him*, for the moment he saw him, his face lighted up with a smile, and he came to the table.

'Glad to see you again!' said he, extending a hand which a horrible fascination compelled Ben to seize and shake; but the familiarity of the touch was more horrible still. He felt—he knew for a certainty, he had touched that hand a thousand times.

'I thought mebbe you made this your regular dining location,' continued the other; 'and I have kinder taken a fancy to you.'

'In-deed!' gasped Ben, wondering as to what would come next.

'Yes, I have; that is so,' replied the stranger. 'I reckon you have not been located in this city very long?'

'Not very long,' said Ben, who had not once removed his eyes from the other's face. 'I came from the West—from the mining country.'

'Possible!' ejaculated the stranger. 'Wal, now, I take a great interest in the mining countries, and like to hear tell of them. Were you from Californy, or Nevady, or'—

'From Colorado,' gasped Ben, who almost began to fancy that he was losing his senses, so certain was he that the man was Rube, and yet so inconsistent with this belief was the whole of his conversation, especially his liking for Ben, and his anxiety to hear of the mines.

When they separated, it was with another shake of the hand, and a strongly expressed hope on the part of the stranger that they might meet again the next day. 'Either the critter is a ghost,' thought Ben—and in that case there are ghosts—or I am going crazy; or he is Rube Steele; and I know that is impossible. I won't go to this hotel any more; and soon as we get married, Ruth and I will live out of the city, and that is a comfort.'

Fortified by this reflection, he was able to bear up somewhat better on this day, and to accept Mr Showle's invitation with a calmer mind. He arrived early at the merchant's house. Ruth came in soon afterwards, and he was pleased to see that she, too, looked more cheerful. Ruth had relieved her mind, as she confessed to Ben, by telling him her trouble; and now he knew it, she felt that the worst was over. It was to avoid her half-brother, she owned, that she had wished Ben to live so far from town, and as he had now really arrived, he was glad they had agreed upon this precaution.

They were conversing cheerfully enough, when a knock was heard at the outer door, and Mr Showle, rising, exclaimed: 'There is Morede! I know his knock. Indeed, he takes care we shall hear him.—I am sure you will like him, Creelock, and he is very anxious to see you.—Ah! Mr Morede! you are punctual, then! Come in, and let me introduce you to our friend Creelock.' Saying this, he shook hands with the new arrival, and led him to where Ben was standing.

'I think,' said Mr Morede, as he took Ben's hand with a smile, 'I am not entirely a stranger to Mr Creelock. I have had the pleasure of dining with him more than once at the *Ocean House*.'

Yes, he had; of course he had. Of course he was not a stranger to Ben—far from it, and Ben knew it well; for here was his mysterious companion at dinner, the new partner in Showle and Bynnes, and Ruth's half-brother, all turning out to be not only one and the same person, but were also each and every one Rube Steele; his treacherous partner, whom he had left for dead in Colorado! And why did he not recognise Ben, as Ben had recognised him? Of all the strange features in this bewildering matter, this was the strangest.

Ben shook hands, as an automaton might have done, and spoke as though in a trance; the odd tone and character of his replies, and his fixed

stare, evidently attracting the notice of Ruth and Mr Showle.

'Come, Creelock!' cried the latter presently; 'you are not yourself to-night. Where are your mining stories and your prairie adventures? I have been praising you all the time to our friend Morede here, as a sort of live volume of entertainment on these matters, and you are not saying a word about them.'

'Mr Showle is entirely right; he is so,' said Morede; 'and I reckon I shall be quite pleased to sit around and hear somethin' about the western mines. I always do like to hear tell of them.'

'Do you?' exclaimed Ben, rousing himself in a species of desperation, and resolving to bring this horrible torture to a finish. 'Shall I tell you an adventure of my own?'

'Just so,' returned Morede, with a pleased smile. 'I should like it above all things.'

'Then,' said Ben—and his answering smile was of a somewhat grimmer character, in spite of himself, than Morede's had been—'then I will tell you how my pardner at the mines introduced a stranger, who robbed me of fifteen hundred dollars. This stranger came, I should tell you, with information about Indians on the war-path who were likely to be around our camp. But it was an arranged plot. He was a mean-cuss, this stranger; he or his friends robbed the placers and broke the stamp-mill. It was either him or my pardner that shot at me from a gully; and the bullet went through my hat and cut away some of my hair. That was not the only time my pardner got his desperadoes to shoot at me; so I will tell you about *him*.'

Thereupon, stimulated by the desperate impulse we have alluded to, Ben proceeded to relate a part of the plot which had been devised for his ruin by his crafty partner; the incidents attendant on which greatly excited, and sometimes almost appalled his hearers, none among whom listened with more palpable interest than did Mr Morede. Ben told all, up to the action of the Vigilantes, but could not bring himself to speak of the final scene at the pool; there was something too horrible in the idea of describing *that* to his listeners. When Ben had finished, which he did by saying, 'What do you think of that, Mr Morede?' and looking his new partner straight in the face, the latter exclaimed, in what seemed the most genuine manner possible: 'First-rate, Mr Creelock! I admire you. I see you have the real grit; and I wish I had been there to help you in such a fix. But, to my thinking, your partner was the worse of the two.'

'He was,' said Ben drily.

'And he ought to have had his reward,' continued Morede.

'He had it,' said Ben, with increased dryness.

'Good! Good!' cried Morede; and other comments being made, the conversation became general.

Morede bore his part all through the evening without a single allusion which could induce Ben to suppose he had the slightest remembrance of him, or had ever before heard a syllable relating to the dangerous stranger or the robberies. When they parted for the night, too, he was particularly demonstrative in his friendliness to Creelock, making quite a 'smart oration,' as Mr Showle

afterwards remarked, on the agreeable evening he had passed, and the pleasure it would give him to be associated in business, and as he hoped, in still closer relationship with a man whom he admired and liked so much at first sight as he did Mr Creelock. Ben went home after this speech in doubt as to whether it was himself or every one around him that was going mad.

Day after day passed, and the new partners in the firm met frequently, with no diminution in the friendship which Mr Morede had from the first professed for Ben. They did not meet at the hotel, however; the strain on Ben's nerves was bad enough when they met as part of a group. A *tête-à-tête* was more than he could stand with a man whom he believed to have killed, but who was now walking about as unconcernedly as though he had never been stretched by the side of that Colorado pool.

So confounded had Ben been by the apparition, that he had never thought of asking the Christian name of Mr Morede, and it came upon him as a new shock when he received a note from the warehouse on some business matters signed 'Reuben Morede,' while he could have sworn to the handwriting in a court of justice. This did not increase his certainty, for it could admit of no increase; he *was* certain, and could not go beyond that; but it seemed to make the position more dreadful and complicated. Now and then, too, he would find, if he turned quickly round, Mr Morede gazing fixedly upon him—an earnest gaze, as though he were striving to recall something to his memory; and this was not agreeable to Creelock.

He asked Ruth, as guardedly as possible, about her brother's past career; but she knew nothing of it since he had left home. He had gone West, she knew; but he would not now utter a syllable in explanation, or even say how he had been employed. Ben could not press her very much upon the subject, as it was evidently a painful one. His departure from home had been caused by some disgraceful, possibly fatal broil—that was clear; so Ben forbore to question her.

The day of his wedding drew nigh. Ruth had left her school; their home was so far advanced in its improvements that it would be quite ready by the time they returned from their trip; and then—to add still greater pleasure and éclat to the festivities—the gallant energetic old gentleman Mr Bynnes paid a short visit to Cincinnati. Like the restless Yankee he was, he had already sold his new estate at a very considerable profit; so was now, at seventy years of age, looking out for some fresh investment for his dollars, and employment for his time. He had seen Ben before leaving Cincinnati, and appeared to like him then; and seeing him a little more at leisure now, he liked him more. The bluff, straightforward, perhaps rough manner, which Creelock could never shake off, seemed to please the old man mightily, and he was never so happy as when in his company. Ben, with his nightmare always oppressing him, had asked a little about Reuben Morede, who he knew was a connection of Mr Bynnes. But the latter was not communicative about the new partner, although there was a tantalising hesitation in his manner, which made Ben think he could a tale unfold, did he choose.

Well, the wedding-day came; and the simple ceremony performed in Mr Showle's drawing-room, made Ben and Ruth man and wife. Then came what answers to the wedding-breakfast of the Britisher, and this was on a scale, for variety and display, to put the old country on its mettle, although it was only given by an American storekeeper. After the first part of the feast was over, Mr Bynnes got Ben by himself and insisted upon having a final glass of champagne with him. 'I know you have got just the best wife in the States,' said the old gentleman; 'and you are the kind of man to make a good husband, I can see. I feel as glad to see little Ruth Alken happily settled, as if she was a gal of my own—I do. After all these years, too, to think her brother is going to clear up and quit his tricks! I always liked the boy; but he has had some real bad ways. You asked me about him, you know.'

'Yes, I did,' said Ben.

'Wal, I did not like to let out agen him,' pursued Mr Bynnes; 'but it can't do harm now anyway, that I can see. He has been mining in Colorado, and has been up to some queer tricks there. He was nigh killed by his partner—he was; that is so.'

'Nearly killed!' echoed Ben.

'Ah! most uncommon nigh,' said Mr Bynnes. 'Also he was nigh upon lynched by the Vigilantes. His partner found out that he was—Rube was, I mean—playing him false, planning to rob and perhaps murder him; so it is supposed from the mark on his head that he hit him down with some blunt instrument, possibly a club, and left him for dead at the mine. He was found lying by some of the miners, who carried him to Flume City, and I heard all about it from the doctor who attended him. It is a real extraordinary case. He recovered, as you see; but his memory from a certain time has entirely gone. His boyish days he remembers quite well; but does not appear to have the least idea that he ever went to the mines or was ever injured. We have tried him in every way; but his mind is a perfect blank. Strange, is it not?'

'Very strange,' assented Ben, who, we need hardly say, was listening with breathless interest.

'His brain is injured, no doubt,' continued the elder; 'for his skull was fractured. The doctor says it is to be hoped that he will never recover his memory; for if he does, he will probably go mad, and do some more mischief before he dies. It is a strange case.—Here we are! just having a friendly drink at parting.' This was in reply to one or two of the party who came to interrupt the lengthened gossip, and the conference was broken up.

Often, during his eastern trip, did Ben recur to the strange story he had heard, and often did he debate with himself whether or not he should tell his wife what he had learned; but he thought it better on the whole to be silent. It was with a great feeling of relief, however, that he found, upon his return to Cincinnati, that Morede was absent, having just left to accompany Mr Bynnes in his inspection of a property in Colorado.

In about a week after this time, Mr Showle received a letter from Mr Bynnes announcing the almost sudden death of Morede! 'And we had

a bad time with him,' said the writer. 'Perhaps it was because we came to Colorado that he all at once got back his mind; but whatever it was, he woke one morning like a fiend or a wild Indian. He raved about the mines, talked of horrible things he had done; said the fellows here would tremble even now at Rube Steele's name; and we have found out that he, or some one like him, was known in these parts as Rube Steele, a year or two back. Tell Mr Creelock that he was frantic against him. He was sensible enough in other things; but he was always calling for his pistol, and vowed that he would shoot Ben Creelock on sight! Told me that Ben was the man who had broken his skull and had set the Vigilantes on his friends. I tell you, Abel Showle, it was real frightful, and we were all glad when he died; though my heart ached for him, when I recollected the bright, clever boy he was; his mother's only son, too. But he is gone now; and bad as he may have been, I don't think we will tell Ruth of his later life, as he had caused her a deal of misery, and she don't need to think any worse of him.\*'

The kindly, shrewd old merchant's advice was followed; and Ruth Creelock, although she did not feign passionate grief for the half-brother who had so injured all who ought to have been dear to him, yet spoke of him with a softened feeling, which must have been changed had she known of the deadly enmity which once existed between the dead man and her husband.

## MISS MARRABLE'S ELOPEMENT.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

MISS MARTHA MARRABLE, a spinster lady of five-and-fifty, is the last of her race. Her only brother, Mr Clement Marrable, never married, and died twenty years ago at Baden-Baden, whither he had gone to drink the waters; and her two sisters, Maria and Lætitia, although they did marry, did not live to become middle-aged women. The elder, Maria, after becoming the wife of Mr Langton Larkspur, of the firm of Scrip, Larkspur, and Company, bankers, of Threadneedle Street, gave birth to a single child, a daughter, who was named Lucy; and the younger, Lætitia, having been led to the altar by Mr Septimus Allerton, of the firm of Allerton, Bond, and Benedict, brokers, of Pancake Lane, presented her husband with twin girls, of whom one only—and she was called Amy—survived her extreme infancy. It is therefore not astonishing that Miss Martha Marrable, a well-to-do woman without family ties, is exceedingly fond of the daughters of her two dead sisters. She usually has them to stay with her at least twice a year—once in the early summer at her house in Grosvenor Street; and once in the autumn at the seaside, or in Italy, whither she goes occasionally, accompanied—to the great wonder of the foreigners—by a courier, a man-servant, two maids, eleven boxes, and a green parrot. And as she is very kind to her nieces, and denies them nothing, it is not surprising that they are fully as fond of her as she is of them. But Miss Martha Marrable is growing old; whereas Miss Lucy Larkspur and

Miss Amy Allerton are both young, and intend to remain so for some years to come. It is not, therefore, to be expected that the three ladies should invariably think exactly alike on all subjects. And indeed, I am happy to say that there are not many women who do agree with Miss Marrable upon all questions; for although she is as good-hearted an old spinster as ever breathed, she is, unfortunately, a man-hater.

I have looked into the dictionary to see what the verb 'to hate' signifies, and I find that it means 'to despise,' or 'to dislike intensely.' Let it not, however, be supposed that the word 'man-hater' is a stronger one than ought to be applied to Miss Marrable; for I am really not quite certain that it is altogether strong enough. She regards men as inferior animals, and looks down upon them with lofty contempt. 'Who,' she once said to her niece Lucy, 'has turned the world upside down, filled it with poverty and unhappiness, and deluged it with blood? It is Man, Lucy. If woman had always governed the earth, we should have had no Cæsar Borgias, no Judge Jefferieses, no Bonapartes, and no Nana Sahibs.' And yet Miss Martha Marrable can never see a vagrant begging in the street without giving him alms. The truth is, that although she detests and despises man, she pities him; just as she pities the poor idiot whom she sometimes sees grinning and gibbering by the wayside in Italy.

These being her sentiments, Miss Marrable has not, of course, many male acquaintances. She is on good, but not affectionate terms with her widowed brothers-in-law, Mr Langton Larkspur and Mr Septimus Allerton. She once a year invites her man of business, Mr John Bones, of Cook's Court, to dine with her and them in Grosvenor Street; and she is civil to the rector of her parish, and to the medical man whom she would call in to attend her in case of illness. Yet Mr Larkspur once told Mr Allerton that this feminine dragon had had a violent love-affair when she was nineteen; and Mr Allerton—whose connection with the Marrable family is of much more recent date than that of Lucy's father—actually declared that he could well believe it. If, however, Miss Marrable did have a love-affair in her youth, I am not inclined at this time of day to cast it as a reproach in her teeth. Boys will be boys; and girls, I suppose, will be girls, though they may live to see the error of their ways, and be none the worse for their follies. One thing is certain, and that is, that at the present time, and for at least five-and-twenty years past, Miss Martha Marrable has ceased to dream of the tender passion. She still occasionally talks vaguely of going up the Nile, or of visiting the Yellowstone Region, ere she dies; but she never contemplates the possibility of getting married; and I believe that she would as soon think of allowing a man to believe that she regarded him with anything but polite aversion, as she would think of going into business as a steeple-jack, and learning to stand on one leg on the top of the cross at the summit of St Paul's Cathedral.

And yet Miss Martha Marrable was last year the heroine of a terrible scandal; and many of her misanthropic female friends have never since been able to completely believe her professions of

\* For a similar case of lapsed memory, see Carpenter's *Mental Physiology*, 4th edition, pp. 460-465.



hatred of man. The affair gave rise to many whispers, and was even, I understand, guardedly alluded to, with just and virtuous deprecation, in the columns of the *Woman's Suffrage Journal*, as a terrible but happily rare instance of womanly weakness and frivolity; and since the true story has never been told, I feel that it is only fair to tell it, and by telling it, to defend Miss Marrable from the dastardly charges that have been made against her established reputation for good sense and unflinching contempt of the rougher sex.

Towards the end of August, Miss Marrable and her two nieces left London for North Wales, and after a long and tiresome journey, reached Abermaw, in Merionethshire, and took rooms at the *Cors-y-Gedol Hotel*. They were accompanied, as usual, by the two maids and the green parrot; but the courier and the man-servant, being males, and their services not being imperatively required, they were left behind in London. Lucy had just celebrated her twenty-third birthday, and Amy was just about to celebrate her twenty-first; and—although I am sorry to have to record it—I am by no means astonished that they were both in love. Lucy, during the whole of the previous season, had been determinedly flirting with a designing young artist named Robert Rhodes; and Amy, younger and less experienced than her cousin, had been carrying on, even more sentimentally, with Mr Vivian Jellicoe, who, being heir to a baronetcy, found that position so arduous and fatiguing, that he was quite unfitted for any active occupation of a laborious character. Of course Miss Marrable knew nothing of these affairs. Had she suspected them, she would perhaps have not taken her nieces with her to Abermaw; for it happened that at that very watering-place, Sir Thomas Jellicoe and his son Vivian were staying when the three ladies, the two maids, and the green parrot arrived. But no foresight on Miss Marrable's part could have prevented Mr Robert Rhodes from following Lucy to North Wales. That adventurous artist had made up his mind to spend the autumn in Miss Larkspur's neighbourhood; and even if Miss Marrable had carried off her elder niece to Timbuctoo or the Society Islands, Mr Rhodes would have gone after the pair by the next train, steamboat, diligence, or caravan available.

Upon the morning, therefore, after Miss Marrable's arrival at Abermaw, she and her nieces were comfortably installed at the *Cors-y-Gedol Hotel*; while at the *Red Goat*, close by, Sir Thomas Jellicoe and Vivian occupied rooms on the first floor, and Mr Rhodes had a bedroom on the third.

In the course of that afternoon, Miss Martha Marrable, accompanied by her nieces, and followed at a respectful distance by the two maids, walked in the sunshine upon the hard sands that stretch, for I do not know how many hundred yards at low water, between the rocky hills behind the little town and the margin of Cardigan Bay. The weather was hot and sultry, and the unrippled sea looked like molten lead in the glare. Much exercise was therefore out of the question; and ere long, the three ladies sat down on the seaward side of a rush-grown sandhill to read, leaving the two maids to stroll farther if they chose to do so, and to explore at their leisure the unaccustomed wonders of the seashore.

Miss Martha having arranged her sunshade to her satisfaction, opened a little volume on *The Rights of the Slaves of England*, while Lucy devoted herself to one of Ouida's novels, and Amy plunged deep into Keats. In five minutes *The Rights of the Slaves of England* fell heavily to the sand; and in three minutes more, Miss Marrable was emitting sounds which, but that I know her to be a woman who has no weakness, I should call snores. From that moment, Lucy and Amy, as if by common consent, read no more.

'Lucy,' said Amy mysteriously to her cousin, 'I have seen him.'

'So have I,' said Lucy.

'What a curious coincidence!'

'Not at all. He told me that he intended to follow us.'

'What! Vivian told you?'

'O no! Bother Vivian! You are always thinking of Vivian. I mean Robert.'

'He here too!' exclaimed Amy. 'I meant Vivian. I saw him half an hour ago, with his father.'

'Well, I advise you not to let Aunt Martha know too much,' said Lucy. 'If she suspects anything, she will take us back to London this afternoon.'

Miss Marrable murmured uneasily in her sleep. A fly had settled on her chin.

'Hush!' exclaimed the girls in unison, and then they were silent.

Not long afterwards, they caught sight of two young men who were walking arm-in-arm along the sand, a couple of hundred yards away.

'Look! There they are!' whispered Lucy. 'Aunt must not see them. We must go and warn them.' And, stealthily accompanied by her cousin, she crept away from Miss Marrable, and ran towards the approaching figures.

I need not describe the greetings that ensued. Such things are the commonplaces of seaside encounters between young men and young women who have likings for each other, and they have been described a thousand times. Suffice it to say that, a few minutes later, Lucy and Robert were sitting together under the shadow of a bathing-machine, while Amy and Vivian were confidentially talking nonsense a dozen yards off. More than half an hour elapsed ere the girls returned to Miss Marrable; but fortunately the excellent spinster was still murmuring sleepily at the fly on her chin; and when she awoke, she had no suspicion that she had been deserted by her charges. As she walked back with them to the hotel, nevertheless, as if with a strange intuitive comprehension of danger in the air, she held forth to them upon her favourite topic—the unfathomable baseness of man; and gravely warned them against ever allowing themselves even for a single moment to entertain any feeling, save one of polite aversion to the hated sex.

Thus matters went on for a week or more, Lucy and Amy meeting their lovers every day in secret, and Miss Marrable suspecting nothing. Although she knew Sir Thomas Jellicoe and his son, she treated them, whenever she encountered them, with such freezing courtesy, that they did not seek her society. As for Robert Rhodes, she did not know him; and he therefore escaped her lofty slights.

But in due time a crisis arrived; and in order

that the full bearings of the situation may be properly understood, I must briefly explain the characters of Miss Martha Marrable's undutiful nieces.

Lucy Larkspur has but little romance in her composition; she has strong feelings, but not much sentiment; and she is one of those girls who are perfectly open with their hearts. She loved Robert Rhodes, and, as she knew quite well that he also loved her, she made no secret to him of her affection for him. Amy Allerton, on the other hand, is, and always has been, sentimentally inclined. She believes, rightly or wrongly, that it is a very charming thing to

Let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek;

and she would as soon have thought of permitting Vivian Jellicoe to think that she loved him, as of attempting to win and woo the Sultan of Turkey. The consequence was that Miss Marrable, who fondly imagined that she knew all the thoughts of her elder niece, trusted her much more than she trusted her younger. She regarded Lucy as an open book that might be easily read, and Amy as a kind of oracular voice that, while saying or appearing to say one thing, might mean exactly the opposite. Miss Marrable was destined to discover that she was to some extent wrong in her estimate, so far, at all events, as Lucy was concerned; and her discovery of her error was, I grieve to say, accompanied by a good deal of pain and mortification.

Ten days had passed; and the two pair of lovers had made considerable progress. Amy, it is true, had not declared herself to Vivian, who, being a bashful young man, had, perhaps, not pressed her sufficiently; but Lucy and Robert understood one another completely, and were secretly engaged to get married at the earliest opportunity. Vivian's bashfulness could not, however, endure for an unlimited time. One morning, he and Amy found themselves together on the rocks behind the town, and the opportunity being favourable, he screwed up his courage, told her that he had never loved any one but her; and obtained a coyly given promise that she would be his.

Natures like Amy's, when they once take fire, often burn rapidly. On Monday, she became engaged to Vivian Jellicoe; on Tuesday, Vivian begged her to name a day for the wedding, and she refused; and on Wednesday, Vivian, knowing the peculiar sentiments of Miss Martha Marrable, and doubtful also, perhaps, whether his father would not throw impediments in the way of his early marriage, proposed an elopement; and Amy, with some hesitation, consented.

When she returned from her secret meeting with her lover, she of course confided her plan to her cousin. 'How foolish you are,' said Lucy; 'you know that your father would not have you do that for the world; and you will make an enemy of Aunt Martha, who is like a mother to us girls.'

'But she would never agree to our marrying, if we consulted her,' objected Amy; 'and if she knew anything of our plans, I am sure that she would manage to frustrate them. She is a dear old thing, but— Well, she is peculiar on those points.'

'I have told you what I think,' said Lucy, with an assumption of wisdom that was perhaps warranted by her superior age. 'Don't be foolish.'

But Amy was already beyond the influence of counsel. She persisted in her intention, and even claimed Lucy's sympathy and assistance, which, of course, Lucy could not ultimately withhold.

Ere an elopement can be successfully carried out, in the face especially of the jealous watchfulness of a man-hating spinster lady of middle age, numerous preparations have to be made; and, in the case of Vivian and Amy, the making of these preparations involved correspondence. Amy, therefore, bribed one of her aunt's maids to act as a go-between; and the maid in question, with a fidelity that is rare, and at the same time a treachery that, I fear, is common in her kind, promptly carried Vivian's first letter to her mistress.

Miss Martha Marrable without scruple tore open the envelope and angrily perused its contents. 'MY OWN AMY,' ran the audacious communication—'Let us settle, then, to go on Wednesday. At nine o'clock in the evening, a carriage-and-pair shall be ready to take us to Harlech, where you can stay for the night with the Joneses, who are old friends of ours; and on Thursday by mid-day we shall be married, and, I trust, never afterwards parted again. We can arrange the details between this and then. But write, and tell me that you agree.—Your ever devoted  
VIVIAN.'

#### • A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE POLECAT.

Of the several interesting animals which constitute the weasel tribe in the British Isles, not the least noteworthy is the polecat. It is at once the largest and most predaceous of the three most common *mustelidæ*, and one of the greatest natural enemies of game with which preservers have to contend, and at the same time a most persevering and successful poultry-yard thief. It is, notwithstanding all these unfavourable traits in its character, but scantily known as far as its appearance and general mode of existence are concerned; gamekeepers, for obvious reasons, not wholly unconnected with the animal's bodily discomfort, seeming to possess almost a monopoly of information concerning the natural characteristics and habits of this somewhat sturdy varmint.

The polecat is popularly supposed to be, as far as outward form goes, a larger type of stoat, while actually it is a very different-looking animal, although possessing the peculiar formation of body and liness of limb so typical of the weasel tribe. In several details it offers some not inconsiderable difference from the generality of weasels. The somewhat more thickly set head and the bushy tail are the most prominent divergences. But taken as a whole, its appearance imbues one with the idea that it might form a very satisfactory connecting link between the *mustelidæ* and the *felidæ*—the weasels and the cats. Hence, probably, its name. In colour, polecats vary to some extent, on account of the nature of their furry covering. This consists of two lengths of fur; the one—which

lies close to the skin—being thick and woolly, of a pale yellowish brown; and the other, long and of more hair-like texture, a bright deep brown, darkening into a shiny black. As these two furs do not grow and are not shed simultaneously, but are regulated in this respect by the seasons, it is sufficiently obvious that superficial observation of these animals at different times of the year might lead one to suppose that polecats were of various and irregular colouring.

The polecat is yearly becoming rarer and rarer in the more cultivated districts of the country; while its numbers are also slowly but seemingly very surely diminishing in those parts which the hand of man has permitted to remain in a state congenial to its tastes and habits. We need not be at any pains to enumerate the districts throughout the United Kingdom where it is still to be found, because, when the nature of the haunts which it loves are presently set forth, such districts will naturally suggest themselves. The stoat and the weasel are both to some extent gregarious; but the polecat seems to prefer a more solitary mode of existence; and it rarely happens that if some few of them are found to frequent any particular spot, many more of their kind have taken up their abode in the near neighbourhood. The polecat chiefly haunts small dark fir-woods, where the surface is rough and broken, and much overgrown with tangled and inhospitable brake. If such a clump of trees be situated at the corner of a field or along some irregular farm-road, it has additional recommendations. In the hilly uncultivated parts, the streams invariably pursue a troubled course through rough and broken ground, where large boulders and low thickly bristling brake alternate with gorse and bracken-covered level ground. Here the polecat also finds a congenial haunt, away from the abodes of man, and in a situation where provender, in the shape of rabbits and hares and winged game, is likely to be plentiful and easily obtained. When nothing else will grow on the steep and barren hillside, large areas of oak are often planted, not to grow into large spreading trees, but only into oak-coppice, which may afford oak-bark for the tanner, and firewood for the dwellers in the country. Amongst this copse the polecat has many inducements to form its lair, and there it will find many animals and birds upon which to prey. In fact, it is not particular as to its haunts, if it can only be situated in rough and tree-grown parts, where it may obtain that security from observation and molestation which seems a necessity of its existence.

The actual lair of the animal may be anywhere—in any crevice of a rock, in a hollow tree or hole in the ground; but the place where its young are born and reared, is chosen after seemingly greater deliberation, and with an evident object. It prefers for this important purpose a burrow in the soil, and as a rule, adapts to its use and occupation that of some departed rabbit. Failing this, it will be at evident pains to scoop out a burrow for itself; though this is but a poor affair beside the convenient and more secure subterranean dwelling usually formed by the ubiquitous and nimble rodent in question. But if rabbit-burrows be scarce, and the polecat disinclined for burrowing, it will perforce seek

out some warm, secure nook amongst the interstices of some boulders, or beneath some irregular heap of large stones collected by the industrious agriculturist, and set about forming its lair in that. This lair resembles to some extent the breeding-place formed by the rabbit, but is usually distinguishable from that by the greater regularity and evenness with which the dry leaves, dry grass, moss, and the like are formed and worked together to afford a suitable receptacle for the young when born. These are usually five or six in number, occasionally more, not unfrequently less. The months of May and June seem to be about the time when they are brought forth; but they rarely make their appearance above ground till some time after they are born. It is uncertain whether, while the young are being reared, the male becomes the sole provider of food; but we fancy not, and that when the female can snatch an occasion, she exercises her predatory desires in common with her mate.

Polecats are not by any means night-hunters, although, no doubt, they filch a good deal of their prey under cover of the darkness. Their favourite time for hunting seems to be the early morning; and as soon as they leave the shelter of their domain they, as a rule, set off for some rabbit-burrow—whether tenanted or not is immaterial—and indulge in a run through its winding tunnels. After this, they will get to some hedgerow, and hunt it down. If there be any old palings or a gate adjacent, they are sure to stop and rub themselves against the woodwork; and if several of the varmint be together, they may throw off their sober exterior, and indulge in a little play; and then they set off in serious fashion to obtain their food, which they draw, as a rule, in small portions from many victims. Like all the weasel tribe, the polecat seems to possess an extreme and bloodthirsty rapacity. It is never content to capture and kill sufficient for its own immediate use, but will destroy often as many birds and animals in one day as would serve it for a week, nay, oftentimes for a month's sustenance. Hence the large amount of damage this predaceously inclined little creature will commit. The catalogue of what is to its taste in the shape of birds and animals is a long one—all kinds of furred and feathered game, poultry even, to turkeys; rats and some kinds of mice; frogs, eels, and fish. The rabbit, where plentiful, is its most common victim, for it finds bunny a somewhat easy capture in its burrow, where, lying probably unconscious of impending danger, it may suddenly find the enemy at its throat, whence in a few seconds the marauder will have sucked its life-blood.

Possessed of powers of scent far keener than any hound, the polecat can and will track hares long distances in their wanderings, and eventually effect their capture. Upon the little nut-brown partridge or the more sober-looking grouse it will steal in the early dawn or at 'even's stilly hour;' and sometimes, before the former is aware of the polecat's presence, it will have, by a sharp irresistible bite into its brains, transferred it and perhaps several others beyond the reach of the sportsman's gun. Being at need a strong and rapid swimmer, the polecat has often been known to take eels and other fish from the streams; but unless other food be scarce, it

usually refrains from entering the unstable element in search of food. Amongst poultry, its operations are often wholesale, and must be disheartening to a degree to the industrious henwife; for, as we said before, it does not confine itself to supplying its actual wants, but, given the chance of some wholesale killing, it indulges its cruel instincts apparently more for the pleasure than for the necessity of the thing. It is this habit, common to all the animals and birds coming under the definition 'vermin,' which renders them so extremely destructive. One thing may be said in the polecat's favour, which is, that it is a very determined enemy of the rat, although the latter's fierceness often prevents the former from bringing to a successful conclusion any crusade it may have opened against it. But the polecat is all the same a most courageous little animal; and its fierceness when attacked, the pluck with which it will fight against superior odds, and the wonderful amount of activity it can bring to bear, prove it to be no mean enemy for a terrier of two or three times its size. Moreover, it does not disdain when 'cornered,' or when its progeny are threatened, to attack human beings. Under the circumstances, it is a dangerous creature to deal with, its bite being very painful and lasting.

In addition to these qualities for attack, the polecat is possessed of a peculiar and very disagreeable means of defence. This consists in the secretion of a liquid substance of disgustingly fetid odour, which the animal has the power of emitting at will. This it uses in case of attack chiefly by men or dogs; and as we fancy it is as objectionable and intolerable to its canine as to its human enemies, the benefit it derives from this possession may be better imagined than described. Owing doubtless to this habit, the animal frequently goes by the name of fougart in England, and fougart in Scotland.

No one who has any actual knowledge of the habits of the polecat can come to any other conclusion than that it is a most destructive animal, and one whose presence is not to be tolerated, much less desired, either in the game preserve or in the neighbourhood of the poultry-yard; and yet one of the most ridiculous of superstitions obtains amongst many farmers and country-people as to this animal. It is said to be capable of appreciating hospitality, and acting in accordance with the unwritten laws of such, so that if one encourage the animal and afford it shelter, it will refrain from destroying the live-stock of the person who so amiably entertains it. This is, one must admit, a very pretty little piece of nonsense. But, notwithstanding this, polecats are unmistakably becoming fewer and fewer every year, and we shall soon see it a very rare animal.

#### AN OLD, OLD STORY.

A CASUAL meeting—one of merest chance;  
An introduction—bows, a smile, a dance.  
'Twas thus we met; and little dreamed I then  
He would be more to me than other men.  
Of course I thought him handsome, bright, and gay;  
But so were others—he not more than they.  
My heart, that might the future have revealed,  
Was stilled and sleeping, all its secrets sealed.

To meet so coolly seems a mystery now;  
To part so gaily—ah, I wonder how!  
To clasp his hand, to lean upon his arm,  
Yet no soft flutterings fill me with alarm;  
To stand beside him, close beside his heart,  
Nor dream that of my own it formed a part—  
'Twas all so natural! Oh, we little knew  
What fate was shaping out betwixt us two;  
What each to each, what heart to heart might be,  
What I should be to him—what he to me.

A moment when I first had dared to feel  
Emotions which my pride would fain conceal,  
When sudden thoughts across my mind were cast,  
And sudden flutterings made my heart beat fast;  
When fancies strange as sweet, and sweet as strange,  
Sought shy admittance, through my heart to range.  
O timid hopes, soft doubts, and tender fear!  
O coy concealment from the one most dear!  
O burning blushes that unbidden rise!  
O faltering tongue, and traitorous tell-tale eyes!  
O sweet anxiety, and pleasing pain,  
To love—to love; and not to love in vain!  
To watch his eye, and half in wonder see.  
'Twas always brightest when it fell on me;  
To mark, when by my side, his tender tone,  
His hand's soft pressure when it held my own;  
O thus to watch, and wait for him to tell,  
What my heart whispered that it knew full well!

A summer evening, calm, and bright, and fair;  
A moonlit garden, he beside me there;  
My trembling hand above my heart was pressed,  
To calm its thrills of happy, sweet unrest.  
I longed so much his tale of love to hear,  
Yet when he spoke was filled with fluttering fear—  
A fear lest I might all unworthily prove  
Of his affection true, of his deep love;  
And something of my fears he seemed to know,  
His manly voice had grown so soft and low.  
Ah! what a tale he whispered in my ear,  
So hard to answer, but how sweet to hear!  
I could not answer; all my heart seemed filled  
With language, but my recreant tongue was stilled.  
And oh! so tender was his melting mood!  
He clasped my hand—the clasp I understood;  
He sought my eyes—but oh! I dared not raise  
Those little tell-tales to receive his gaze;  
'One little word,' he said, with fond caress.  
I spoke; that word, that little word was—'Yes!'

A morning when the sunshine seemed to be  
The fairest thing on this fair earth to me,  
For—so at least old tales and stories run—  
The bride is blessed whom it shines upon.  
Assembled friends with presents rich and rare;  
A laughing group of girlish bridesmaids fair;  
A father—mother, clasping to their heart  
The darling child with whom they fear to part,  
The daughter who, like timid bird caressed,  
Prepares to flutter from the parent nest.  
And dearer, dearest to that blushing bride  
Is he whose place till death is by her side.  
Ah, ever side by side, and hand in hand,  
And heart to heart, henceforth those twain must stand.

Then many a fond caress mid tearful smiles;  
Bells pealing, holy altar, flower-strewn aisles;  
A wreath—a snowy robe—a bridal veil—  
A happy bride, who tells this 'old, old tale!'

FLORENCE NIXON.

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## INTERNATIONAL FORESTRY EXHIBITION, EDINBURGH, 1884.

IN this age of International Exhibitions, which, when usefully directed, form what the newspapers pleasantly call 'a wholesome mania,' it is well to inquire into the causes, more or less urgent, which call these undertakings into being—the good they are expected by their promoters to effect not only to the towns or countries in which they are held, but to all the nationalities who take part in them; and the probable results of their success, if they are successful. It is of course open to objectors to deny the soundness of all these premises, and to question the logical deduction of their usefulness, in the case of all the projected Exhibitions which are brought under their notice. And when—as is almost necessarily the case—an appeal is made to the pockets of the public in the initiatory stage of the undertaking, objectors are not few in number, and not particularly partial, or even moderate, in the nature of their criticisms. Within due bounds, indeed, it is well that it should be so. Exhibitions got up mainly or entirely for the purpose of advertising any particular branch of trade, may be advantageous to that trade individually; but the end and object is not so much an harmonious and wholesome impetus to trade and manufacture generally, as a rivalry more or less rancorously conducted amongst the exhibitors.

The prospectus, classification, and other papers relating to the proposed Forestry Exhibition to be held in Edinburgh in the months of July, August, and September 1884 are now before the public; and it may be useful to inquire how the idea was suggested, and whether or not it is likely to be worked out with advantage to the community at large.

The primary cause which appears to have called forth the project has been no sudden or ephemeral one. To grasp it rightly, we must go back for at least a score of years, and carry our readers

with us to the government of our Eastern Empire. There we shall find that a long course of unrestricted spoliation and waste had denuded the banks of rivers in proximity to the seaboard of all their protecting vegetation. The river-sources, far up in the inaccessible hills, had indeed been safe from the inroads of the timber merchants, and had been preserved from too rapid evaporation by the virgin forests which surrounded them. But in the low country the trees could be easily cut and floated down to the coast during the annual floods. A country deprived of its trees is doomed to drought; and India soon began to suffer from the reckless destruction of its forests. The officials of the government, while fully aware of the vast waste of capital and revenue going on under their eyes, were quite unable successfully to cope with it. They therefore delegated their duties to subordinates, who in many ways winked at, if they did not countenance the continuance of the evils which they were supposed to counteract and uproot. The absolute necessity of a higher-paid and more capable class of officials, whose duty should be confined to the conservancy and replanting of the forests, forced upon the government of India the formation of a Forest Department.

But when it was sought to construct this Department from the resources of Great Britain—the natural nursery for Anglo-Indian officials—these were found wholly inadequate; and more humiliating still, there was not even the means necessary to train efficient forest officers. It was decided by the government, and tacitly conceded by the public, that Great Britain could not supply finished cadets for the Forest Department of India. And from that day to this, young men with a smattering of botany have been packed off to the Forest seminaries of France and Germany for the peculiar education required.

It is not now our object to show how the government of India has suffered in the interval by the want of a proper system of forest training in Great Britain. Waste and spoliation went on,



of course, uncontrolled. But we think that the *raison d'être* of a Forestry Exhibition will now be tolerably apparent to at least the majority of our readers. Indeed, the wonder is that Great Britain has so long remained quiescent under the implied reproach of neglecting what is not only a useful but a profitable branch of estate management. This reproach, which had long weighed on the minds of all those who had the good of the country at heart, at length found public expression at the meetings of the principal Societies of Scotland who represent the landed interest of the country, and resolutions were passed pledging their members to the support of a Forestry Exhibition.

Meanwhile, the great success of the Fisheries Exhibition in London had induced the executive Committee there to try and achieve for other industries similar benefits to what they had conferred on the fishermen of England. And they, too, pitched upon forestry as a branch of science well worthy of encouragement. But when it was represented to them that the same idea, first mooted in Scotland, had already assumed practical shape there, they courteously gave way, and conceded to Scotland the well-deserved right of holding in her capital the first Forestry Exhibition of Great Britain.

Nearly all the foreign powers and the representatives of our colonial and Indian empire are to be found in the list of those who have joined the undertaking as members. And the following letter, which has been sent to our diplomatic representatives abroad, rightly expresses the consensus of official and public opinion on the merit of the undertaking :

(CIRCULAR-COMMERCIAL.)

FOREIGN OFFICE, October 27, 1883.

The attention of Her Majesty's government has been directed to a project for an International Exhibition of Forestry to be held in Edinburgh in the summer of 1884, the organisers of which are desirous of securing the co-operation therein of such foreign countries as the matter may concern. There is reason to believe that the proposed Exhibition, for which the necessary funds have been guaranteed, will be influentially and ably supported. The object is one which in the opinion of Her Majesty's government deserves every encouragement, scientific forestry having hitherto been much neglected in this country ; and I have therefore to request that you will bring the Exhibition in question to the notice of the government to which you are accredited, as being one in which their participation might be attended with advantage to both countries. I inclose for communication to the proper quarters copies of programme and other documents connected with the proposed Exhibition, which have been supplied by the Committee.

I am, with great truth, your most obedient humble servant,

Signed (for Earl Granville)

EDMOND FITZMAURICE.

With this letter, we may fitly close the contemplation of the causes which have led to the idea of a Forestry Exhibition being held in Great Britain. They are, in fact, briefly summed up in the short but comprehensive dictum, which, we

fear, cannot be contradicted or gainsayed, 'scientific forestry having hitherto been much neglected in this country.' And the inverse of this proposition leads us by no indirect steps to the consideration of the good results which may be expected to accrue from the Exhibition, if it is successfully conducted.

To the capital of Scotland, a country lying between the two great fields of the 'lumbering' interest of the world—the one in Northern Europe, and the other on the continent of America, the results, if only from the influx of visitors, whether these are scientifically disposed or otherwise, can hardly fail to be beneficial. But there are wider interests involved. The landed proprietor anxious to utilise his present wastes and to make up for deficient rents by profitable planting—the political economist inquiring into new sources of revenue—the botanist uncertain of the right names and uses of some of his specimens of timber or of flowers—the geologist, the sportsman, and the naturalist, will find here a common ground of instruction and amusement. For we may hope to see gathered together the forest products of the world, carefully examined and authentically named ; the various descriptions of machines used in different countries for preparing timber for constructive purposes ; the timber slips placed on the hills, the sluices, dams, and embankments formed on the rivers for the transporting of wood by land or by water ; the mechanical appliances used for moving growing trees, and the saw-mills for cutting them into sections ; when felled. Here, too, will be exhibited the various textile fabrics manufactured from bark ; materials for the making of paper ; tanning and dyeing substances ; drugs and spices ; gums, resins, wood-oils and varnishes. Another section will embrace botanical specimens, fungi and lichens, forest entomology and natural history ; with fossil plants and the various trees found in bogs.

The literature of the subject will be illustrated by the Reports of Forest schools, the working plans of plantations, which show the age of the various woods on an estate, and the stage of growth at which they may most profitably be thinned or felled. Remarkable or historical trees will be represented by paintings, photographs, and drawings ; and there will be sketches of the usual forest operations.

Collections of forest produce, specially illustrating the sources of supply, and the methods of manufacture in different provinces, with accompanying Reports, are solicited by the Committee. And essays on all subjects touching on the value of growing trees or timber are invited to competition for prizes. Here, again, is opened a very wide field of useful inquiry for all those interested in the planting of woods in our own or foreign countries ; for the cultivators of cinchona and other barks in our Crown colonies ; for wood-engravers, whose supply of hard wood for the purposes of their trade is now very limited ; for ship-builders, anxious to get a substitute for teak, or to obtain an increased supply of that most useful timber ; and for all who use wood or forest produce in any of the many forms of manufacture in which they are applied.

We may not enter into any further categorical enumeration of the purposes and objects of the

Forestry Exhibition of 1884; for, if the contemplation of the great cause which primarily led to the idea of the undertaking has brought us insensibly to the enumeration of the good that may be expected to accrue from its successful issue, it seems needless to insist that the probable results of that success will benefit the commercial interests and the scientific knowledge of the world at large. [Particulars of the Exhibition may be obtained from Mr George Cadell, secretary, 3 George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh.]

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XX.—PAVED WITH GOLD.

It was not probable that Mr Hadleigh would object to his son being endowed with a fortune by a wealthy uncle, whatever might be his feelings towards the donor. He would no doubt have been ready with congratulations if the endowment had come from any other quarter. As the case stood, Philip anticipated some difficulty in reconciling him to the arrangement, unless he should succeed in making the two men forget and forgive that old feud. However, there would be time enough to consider these details after the consultation with the solicitors.

He found Mr Hawkins and Mr Jackson together in the senior partner's room—a rare circumstance for any client to find them so, for acting separately, they might cancel or amend opinions after private conference without loss of prestige. On the present occasion Philip's affairs had been the subject of discussion.

'Let me offer you my best congratulations, sir,' said Mr Hawkins, a thin, grave-looking old gentleman in speckless black broadcloth, and with gold-mounted glasses on his prominent nose.

'Accept the same from me, Mr Hadleigh,' interjected Jackson. He was a sharp gentleman of middle age, with small mutton-chop whiskers, and dressed in the latest City fashion—for there is a City fashion, designed apparently to combine the elegance of the west end with a suggestion of superhuman 'cuteness.'

'Thank you, both. I must be a lucky fellow when you say so.'

'In the course of my experience,' said Mr Hawkins solemnly, 'I have never known a young man start in life under such favourable auspices. We wish you success, and we believe you will find it difficult to fail.'

'It is wonderful what a fool can do,' said Philip, laughing; 'but I will try not to fail. At present, I am a little in the dark as to the terms of the proposed arrangement, and Mr Shield referred me to you for the particulars.'

'The particulars are simple,' the lawyer proceeded slowly, as he turned over a number of papers on which various notes were written. 'In the first place, I have great—very great—pleasure in informing you that a sum of fifty thousand pounds has been paid into your credit at the Universal Bank; and a second sum of the same amount will be at your command whenever you may have occasion for it, provided Mr Shield is satisfied with the manner in which you have disposed of the first sum.'

'This is scarcely the kind of arrangement I

expected. I had a notion that it was to be a partnership,' said Philip.

'The arrangement is so simple and so complete, Mr Hadleigh, that you will have no difficulty in comprehending every detail presently.' Mr Hawkins went on leisurely, as if he enjoyed prolonging the agreeable statement he had to make. Mr Jackson nodded his head at the close of every sentence, as if thereby indorsing it. 'We have often read in story-books of rich uncles coming home to make all their friends comfortable. You have the exceptional experience of finding a rich uncle in reality—one who is resolved to pave your way with gold, as I may express it.'

'But what does he want me to do with all this money?' asked Philip, desirous of bringing the loquacious old gentleman to the point.

Mr Hawkins was not to be hurried. Like a connoisseur with a glass of rare wine, he was bent on making the most of it. Every symptom of eagerness on Philip's part added zest to the palate; and he was graciously tolerant of his client's impatience.

'As regards the partnership, that will come afterwards. In the meantime, he desires you to consider this handsome fortune as absolutely at your own disposal. He imposes no conditions. You are free to give up all thought of profession or trade, and to live as you please on the income of this capital, or on the capital itself, if you are so inclined.'

'That, of course, is nonsense. He must wish me to do something.'

'Certainly; and although he imposes no conditions, he has expressed two wishes.'

'And what are they?'

Mr Hawkins polished his eye-glasses and consulted his notes. Mr Jackson nodded his head pleasantly, as if he were saying: 'Now it is coming, you lucky dog.'

'The first is,' Mr Hawkins went on, 'that you should enter into commerce: the second is, that you should take time to consider well in what direction you will employ your capital and energy—time to travel, if you are inclined, before deciding. Then, when you have decided, he will find whatever capital you may require beyond that already at your command. But there is to be no deed of partnership. You are to be prepared to take the full responsibility of your own transactions.'

Philip was silent. It required time for the mind to grasp the full meaning of this proposal. That it was a magnificent one, he felt; indeed it was the magnificence of it which perplexed him. He was to be hoisted at once into a prominent position in the commercial world, although he was without experience of business, and was not conscious of possessing any special aptitude for it. His father knew him better than his uncle did, and had declared him unfitted for commercial pursuits.

He mentioned these objections to his uncle's plan; but the lawyers only smiled at the idea of a man even thinking of such disqualifications as obstacles to his own immediate gain.

'I have known many men who were slow enough to give away a fortune,' said Mr Hawkins, emphasising his words by rubbing his bald head with the eye-glasses, as he gazed almost reproach-

fully at this singular young man; 'but I never before met a person who was slow to accept one.'

'I daresay; but this position is a little curious. You may set aside at once the project that I should take the money and do nothing for it. Mr Shield's wish is sufficient to bind me to go into trade of some sort; but in doing so, I may make ducks and drakes of his gift in no time.'

'My dear sir, money always makes money if it be guided with even moderate prudence; and I give you credit for possessing that quality to a sufficient degree.'

Philip bowed in acknowledgment of this good opinion.

'Besides, Mr Shield does not mean that you should be set adrift without rudder or compass. He will be always ready to advise; and I need not say that you may always command our best attention. Also he would expect you to appoint some competent person as your manager, who would be capable of directing the course of your affairs.'

'Ah—Wrentham would be the man, if we could only make it worth his while to join me.'

'We have no doubt, from what we know of Mr Wrentham, that he would consider it much to his advantage to undertake any charge with which you may be disposed to intrust him.'

'I must have time to think over it all,' said Philip, whilst a thousand visions were dancing before his mind's eye, like the dazzling spray of sparks struck from iron at white-heat by a blacksmith's sledge-hammer.

'Certainly, certainly. It is especially mentioned that you are to take whatever time you may require to settle how you shall proceed. Mr Shield is anxious to see you begin operations, but he has no desire to hurry you.'

'I will write to him as soon as I see my way. I suppose this is all you have to tell me?'

'There is only one other trifling matter. I hope we have made you clearly understand that Mr Shield does not insist upon anything. He merely expresses a wish.'

'And I have told you how I regard his wishes—as fixed conditions of my being thought worthy of all this generosity.'

'He is emphatic in desiring that you shall not regard them as conditions, but as mere indications of what he would be most pleased to see you do.'

'Well, what is the remaining wish or condition? It is all the same what we call it.'

'It is, that in the event of your entering into business, he would like you to remember how much more freely and independently a man may act when unshackled by domestic ties. In short, he would like you to remain a bachelor for the first two or three years, until you have firmly established your position.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Philip in a soft crescendo scale; whilst Mr Jackson nodded and grinned, as if there were a good joke somewhere. 'I cannot promise that.'

'No promise is required; and Mr Shield would not consider it binding if you made it.'

'I am not likely to make it,' was the reply, with a hesitating laugh; 'but this may seriously affect my decision.'

Mr Hawkins was unable to conceive any

possible decision except one, and was again gravely effusive in his congratulations. Mr Jackson, shaking hands with Philip at the door, expressed his unqualified approval of the whole scheme in one short phrase: 'You are a lucky dog.'

Philip was not sure whether he was a lucky dog or not. His uncle's proposal was liberal and generous beyond all expectation; but there was something—he did not know what—about it that was perplexing. Probably, it was the fact that for the first time he was brought face to face with the necessity of deciding promptly in what course his whole future was to be directed. Hitherto there had been no hurry; and at the time when thoughts of Madge had brought him to serious consideration of how he could most rapidly win a position for her, the invitation from his uncle had arrived. The final decision was again postponed, as it was his duty to obey that call for his mother's sake.

Now his future had been decided for him; and the prospect was in every way a tempting one. There would have been no hesitation on his part, but for the strange position which his father and Mr Shield occupied towards each other. The question Philip had first to settle with himself was, how he should act in order to bring about a reconciliation between them. He knew that if he could accomplish this, he would fulfil his mother's dearest wish—an object nearer his heart than even the possession of a fortune.

As for business, although he had no special inclination for it, he did not dislike it. He had heard and read of millionaires—their struggles and victories, as desperate and as glorious as any recorded in the history of battlefields. Life and honour were as much at stake in doing the daily work of the world as in shooting down the foes of the nation or the foes of the nation's policy. Our merchants, our inventors, our educators, our labourers, were the true soldiers, and their victories were the enduring ones. There was the great enemy of mankind, Poverty, with his attendant demons Ignorance and Laziness, still to conquer; and there were legions of starving people crying out to be led against him. Vast territories lay untilled, vast resources of earth, air, and water still unused, to be called forth to content and enrich the hungry and poor. What noble work there was for men to do who had sufficient capital at command!

He had never before speculated upon such a career. Now that it was presented to him, his imagination was stirred by thoughts of the great deeds that were yet to be done to bless humanity and ennoble life.

(To be continued.)

## S U A K I M.

THE intense interest with which all eyes have been turned upon the Soudan—that is, Country of the Blacks, or Negroland—gives a special value now to any information about that region, particularly if it refer to such towns as Khartoum, or that named at the head of this paper. The former place has been pretty fully described of late in the newspapers, while little has been told us of the latter beyond actual war-news. This is

the greater pity, as Suakim possesses a good deal of historical interest, and Khartoum does not.

Suakim—the word is spelt in a variety of ways—is not only one of the most important towns of Nubia, but the chief port of the Soudan and of the whole western coast of the Red Sea. It came into the possession of Egypt in 1865 by cession or purchase from Turkey—along with Massowah and one or two other towns and the districts around them—and now appears to be regarded by the British government and every one else as an integral part of the Egyptian dominions. Similar subjection of Suakim to Egypt, as we shall presently see, existed in very remote times. The town proper lies on a small island about eight miles and three-quarters in diameter—almost as long as the little bay in which it is placed, a mere tongue of water separating it from the mainland.

Crossing the inlet southwards to the mainland, we step into the large suburb called El Gâf, with a much larger population than the insular town, very irregular streets, and the houses mere native (Bishareen) huts. There is also a very lively bazaar, and, in the north-west of the place, the barracks, one section of which, a few years ago, was armed with three pieces of cannon. In the outskirts are the wells—surrounded by gardens and date plantations—which supply the people with drinking-water, although, from the nearness of the wells to the sea, this is brackish, and would scarcely be considered palatable by foreign troops. El Gâf is really an oasis; all round it, save seawards, extend many miles of salt and arid wilderness. Indeed, the whole distance from Suakim to Berber—two hundred and eighty miles inland—is for the most part desert, the route garnished here and there with wells of water and encampments of the wandering Bishareen, who, with the Haddendowa, a similar set of people, possess the whole wilderness from east of the first cataract of the Nile up to Kassala and the boundaries of Abyssinia. These tribes, though sometimes called Bedouin, whom in many respects they resemble, are really a very different people. Bedouin, proper are Arabs of the Semitic, while the Bishareen are of the Hamitic family.

The chief articles of export are cotton, gum-arabic, cattle, hides, butter, tamarinds, senna leaves, and ivory. The imports consist of cotton goods, iron, wood, carpets, weapons, steel, and fancy wares. Berber in the east, and Kassala in the south, are the great centres for all the caravan traffic of Suakim, which is also the port on the one side for the whole Soudan—an inland country as large as India—and on the other side, for Arabia. Hence it is much visited by Mohammedan pilgrims to Mecca, their port of Jeddah occupying a corresponding position on the Arabian to that which Suakim does on the African coast. Twenty years ago, from three to four thousand slaves per annum were shipped from here to Jeddah, and though this monstrous traffic has been much crippled of late years by the Egyptian government, out of regard for English feeling, it is to be feared that it is not yet extinct. Oddly

enough, Hassan Mousa Akad, one of the ring-leaders in Arabi's recent rebellion, and the greatest slave-merchant in Egypt, was exiled to this very slave-port of Suakim, hence his complicity in the Soudan disturbances is not unnaturally suspected. The total population of the town and suburb is estimated by Schweinfurth—one of our greatest authorities—at from eleven to thirteen thousand. The port is now in regular communication with Suez by steamer—four days' journey—and with Europe by telegraph. The Egyptian governor (Mudeer) and vice-governor (Wakeel) live at Suakim, and the budget for the district in 1882 was—income, £25,945; expenditure, £20,492—thus being one of the few districts of the Soudan which yielded a surplus.

In ancient times, the whole of what we may call the Suakim seaboard—extending northwards along the coast as far as a line drawn from the first cataract, and southwards as far even as Bab-el-Mandeb—was known as the Troglodyte country. The Troglodytes, as the name implies, dwelt in caves, were by occupation herdsmen, and often uncivilised and wretched in the extreme. A graphic picture of the hard life of another Troglodyte people, dwelling in the rocky fastnesses east of Jordan, is preserved for us in the thirtieth chapter of the book of Job. 'For want and famine,' it says, 'they are solitary; fleeing into the wilderness in former time desolate and waste. Who cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper roots for their meat. They were driven forth of men (who cried after them as after a thief), to dwell in the cliffs of the valleys, in caves of the earth, and in the rocks.'

Perhaps the Troglodytes of the Nubian shore were a superior stock of their kind; at anyrate, they appear to have been impressed into the army of the ancient Pharaohs, and to have shared in the first invasion of the kingdom of Judah, and the first spoliation of Solomon's Temple. The name of the Pharaoh of that time was Shishak, and two accounts of his expedition have come down to us: one is in the historical books of Scripture (2 Chronicles, xii., also 1 Kings, xiv.); and the other, remarkably enough, is by Shishak himself. That of the Egyptian king is contained in the famous hieroglyphic inscription on the walls of the temple of Karnak at Thebes, in Upper Egypt, a great part of which is still legible, after the lapse of nearly three thousand years! The book of Chronicles tells us with what an immense army of charioteers, cavalry, and infantry, Shishak overran Judea. He marched against it 'with twelve hundred chariots, and threescore thousand horsemen: and the people were without number that came with him out of Egypt; the Libyans, the Sukkiims, and the Ethiopians.' Of these three allies, the first are probably the Libyans (as in Daniel, xi. 43), and the last the same as the modern Abyssinians. For the middle name of 'Sukkiims,' the old Greek translation of the Bible—made by Jews a century or two before the birth of Christ—substitutes the word *Troglodytes*, the very people of the Nubian coast whom we have been considering, and who are now known as Bishareen. But yet more, Pliny the elder, an old Latin writer, who died A.D. 79, mentions, in his enumeration of places on this Troglodyte coast, a town called Suche, which, according to the general opinion of scholars, is

identical with the modern port of Suakim, at present (while we write) governed by an English admiral, and its fortifications manned by British sailors and marines.

## MISS MARRABLE'S ELOPEMENT.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

MISS MARRABLE, who, when she received this love-letter, was sitting in her bedroom, was thunderstruck. At first, she thought of going to Amy and charging her with baseness and ingratitude; but after some reflection, she decided to let matters, for the time at least, take their course, and to confound the schemes of the rash couple by means of a grand stroke at the final moment. She went, however, at once to Lucy, in whom, as I have said, she had great confidence, and told her all.

'How foolish of her,' said Lucy.

'Yes, my dear! how foolish, and how wicked!' assented Miss Marrable. 'I feel it my duty to prevent the carrying out of this mad plan, and also to make Amy suffer for her folly. I shall therefore send her this letter; and allow the hare-brained pair to mature their schemes.—And what, Lucy dear, do you think that I propose to do? You will never guess. Listen! Amy and I are of much the same height. I shall personate her by concealing—ahem—my face, and drive away with this vile young man; and then, when he believes that he has left me far behind, I shall overwhelm him with shame and confusion.'

Lucy could not help laughing. 'That would really be good fun, aunt,' she said. 'Yes, send the letter to Amy; and by all means let matters take their course for the present.'

Miss Marrable did send the letter; and Amy duly received it, unsuspectingly; but five minutes later, Lucy revealed the whole plot to her, and threw her into the deepest trepidation.

Here, however, Lucy's superior coolness came in most usefully. 'You need not despair,' said the elder cousin. 'If aunt thinks of having fun with you and Mr Jellicoe, why not turn the tables, and have fun with her? You must find some other way of carrying on your correspondence; but at the same time answer this letter by the old medium. Your answer will of course fall into aunt's hands. You must mislead her, and then—'

'But,' objected Amy, 'how am I to make matters turn out properly?'

'Listen!' said Lucy. 'Aunt proposes to personate you. Very well. Put off the time of your elopement, say, for half an hour; and meantime Mr Jellicoe must find some one to personate him. My idea is for aunt to elope with the billiard-marker, and so give you time to get away. Do you see?'

Amy could not at first grasp the significance of this bold proposition; but when she succeeded in doing so, she was delighted with it.

'I shall tell Mr Rhodes,' said Lucy, when she had sufficiently explained the plan; 'for I know that he will gladly help you; and Mr Jellicoe can talk it all over with him and have the benefit of his advice.'

'But what will aunt say when she discovers

how we—how you—have deceived her?' asked Amy.

'Ah!' said Lucy slyly, 'I must talk about that too with Mr Rhodes. But never fear!' And she went off to rejoin Miss Marrable, who was still much flurried.

Later in the day, Lucy met Robert on the beach, and told him what had happened. 'And now,' she said in conclusion, 'I am going to make a dreadful proposition to you. We must also elope together!'

'I am sure I don't mind,' said Mr Rhodes. 'After hearing your news, I was going to propose as much myself. It would take you out of the reach of your aunt's reproaches, when she finds out the trick that has been played upon her.'

'You are a dear old love!' cried Lucy with enthusiasm. 'I wouldn't for the world have Amy made unhappy; and I feel that I must help her, although I don't approve of elopements. Now go and talk to Mr Jellicoe; and don't forget to have the licenses ready. Perhaps Mr Jellicoe can arrange for both Amy and me to sleep that night with the Joneses, whoever they may be; or perhaps, after all, we had better not go there, since aunt knows of that part of the scheme.'

'I daresay,' said Robert, 'that I can arrange for both of you to sleep at the Browns at Llanytlid. They have a large house, and, curiously enough, my sister Dora, whom you have often met in town, is staying there with them; so you will have a companion and sympathiser. And now I will go and talk to Jellicoe.'

I need not follow in detail the progress of the new scheme of double elopement. Suffice it to say that the bogus correspondence destined to mislead Miss Marrable, was steadily kept up; that Amy and Vivian found other means of safely communicating with one another; that the Browns were written to; that the licenses were obtained; that three carriages-and-pairs were engaged, one to call at the hotel at nine o'clock p.m., and two at half-past; that coachmen were liberally feed; and finally, that the billiard-marker at the *Cors-y-Gedol*, a spruce young fellow of some education, was bribed, at considerable cost, to personate Vivian Jellicoe and to run away with Miss Marrable.

At length, Wednesday morning arrived; and with it came the last of the billet-doux that were to fall into the cunning spinster's hands. One of them had been composed by Vivian and Robert, and written by the former on pink paper, folded billet-doux-wise. It ran as follows:

MY OWN AMY—I have satisfactorily arranged everything. The carriage will be at the door of the hotel at nine o'clock. I shall not show myself, for your aunt may be about. Be careful, therefore, to avoid her; and enter the carriage as quickly as possible. In order that there may be no mistake, I have told the driver to wear a white choker round his neck. I hope that you will be punctual. Everything depends upon punctuality. Till nine o'clock, good-bye.—Your most devoted

VIVIAN.

Miss Marrable, after reading this note, re-folded it as usual, and took care that it reached Amy. Then, with the consciousness that she was about to perpetrate a great and good action, she sat down in her own room, and waited for



Amy's reply to be brought to her by the treacherous maid. The note, which was very brief, came to Miss Marrable in less than half an hour. 'DEAR VIV,' wrote Amy, 'I will be ready, and will look out for the white choker.—Your loving A.'

In spite of the ordeal which was before her, the good old spinster was perfectly calm and unflurried. At one o'clock she made a very hearty luncheon; at half-past two she took her nieces for a walk, and talked to them with extraordinary affability about the emancipation of women; and at half-past six she appeared at the *table d'hôte*, and, just as if the occasion were an ordinary one, complained of the soup being too peppery, the fish too cold, and the mutton too underdone. Her coolness was admirable. Lucy and Amy, on the other hand, could scarcely conceal their excitement and agitation. They each looked at least a hundred times during dinner at the clock upon the mantel-piece; and they each started and turned red whenever the noise of carriage-wheels without was heard. After dinner, Miss Marrable went again to her room and began to make her preparations.

'How sad it will be,' she thought to herself, 'for poor young Jellicoe when I discover myself and overwhelm him with reproaches. Men are but poor creatures. Perhaps he will faint. Yes; I will take my salts-bottle.' She wrapped herself in an ulster belonging to Amy, and having shrouded her face in a thick veil, took a seat at her window, which happened to be immediately above the front-door of the hotel.

Meantime, Edward Griffiths the billiard-marker was ill at ease. He knew Miss Marrable by sight, and looked forward with terror to the prospect of an encounter with her at close quarters. Nevertheless, he had Vivian Jellicoe's five-pound note in his pocket, and he was determined to see the affair bravely through. He felt, however, that his natural bravery would not be sufficient to support him; and he therefore, at about six o'clock, began to swallow a succession of potent doses of whisky-and-water, with the object of laying in a stock of Dutch courage. Whether the whisky was bad or the water was too powerful, I cannot say; but at ten minutes to nine, when Vivian Jellicoe arrived to give final directions and counsel to his substitute, he found Edward Griffiths decidedly the worse for liquor. Fortunately the young fellow was neither quarrelsome nor noisy in his cups. His main ambition seemed to be to go to sleep in peace; and no sooner had Vivian bundled him into one corner of the carriage, which was in waiting in the stable-yard, than Mr Griffiths incontinently slumbered. The carriage was then driven round to the front-door of the hotel. Miss Marrable, from her post of vantage, saw it, and, remarking that the coachman wore a white choker, descended at once, and listened, as she went, outside Amy's room, to satisfy herself that that young lady had not forestalled her. The porter with alacrity opened the carriage-door. In the dark shadows of the interior, Miss Marrable caught sight of the figure of a man; and making sure that all was right, she entered at once. An instant later she was being whirled northward along the lonely Harlech Road.

Half an hour afterwards, two other carriages left the hotel, but in the opposite direction. In

one of them were Lucy and Mr Rhodes; and in the other, Amy and Mr Jellicoe. It was nearly midnight ere they arrived at the Browns' house at Llanyltid; but the Browns were all up and waiting for them, and the two runaway couples were warmly welcomed, and hospitably taken care of.

Miss Marrable was less fortunate. As soon as the carriage in which she sat had been driven beyond the lights of the town, she threw aside her veil, and gazed with magnificent scorn towards the dim form upon the seat in front of her. The look eliciting no response of any kind, Miss Marrable ventured to cough, at first gently, and then with considerable violence; but still the figure took no notice.

'This is exceedingly strange,' thought the spinster lady. 'I must adopt more active measures.' And with great tenderness, she prodded Mr Griffiths with the point of her umbrella. The billiard-marker groaned in his sleep. 'Mr Jellicoe!' she exclaimed in her deepest and most threatening tones. She had counted upon this exclamation producing an instantaneous and astonishing effect upon her companion; and she was wofully disappointed when he merely groaned again.

'Gracious!' she said to herself: 'he is ill. He would never go on like that, if he were not ill. The fright has been too much for him. Oh, how sorry I am! These men are such weak creatures. I must stop the carriage!' And, throwing down the sash of the window, she put out her head and cried to the driver to pull up his horses. But the driver, like the billiard-marker, had been very liberally fed; and he was determined that nothing should stop him until he reached Harlech; he therefore cracked his whip, to drown Miss Marrable's voice, and drove down the next hill at a pace which threatened to shake the carriage to pieces.

'Stop, stop! For goodness' sake, stop!' shouted Miss Marrable; but finding that her words were not listened to, she drew in her head, and strove to revive the wretched man in front of her. She held her salts-bottle to his nose; she chafed his hands; she fanned his brow; and she allowed his feverish head to rest upon her shoulder; but she could not awaken him.

'If he should die!' she thought. 'I intended to frighten him; but not so much as this. Oh! this is terrible!' And once more she tried to prevail upon the driver to stop; but in vain. The sight of distant lights, however, gave her at length some satisfaction. The carriage entered a long avenue, the gate of which lay ready opened for it; and about an hour and a quarter after leaving Abermaw, it drew up before the Joneses' house near Harlech.

With a sigh of relief, Miss Marrable threw open the door and sprang out, to find herself in the presence of half-a-dozen people who were congregated upon the steps.

'Quick!' she cried; 'don't ask questions! He is ill; he is dying. Take him out!'

The Joneses, who had not been prepared for the apparition of a middle-aged spinster, and who were expecting Mr Jellicoe and Miss Allerton, were somewhat astonished.

'Who is inside?' asked Mr Tom Jones, the son and heir of the family.

'Oh! Mr Jellicoe! Be quick! For mercy's sake, be quick!'

'You don't mean it!' cried Tom, rushing to the carriage to succour his friend. But an instant later he burst into a violent fit of laughter. 'Why, it's not Jellicoe at all!' he said. 'It's Griffiths, the billiard-marker from the *Cors-y-Gedol*; and he is hopelessly drunk. Nice companion, indeed!'

Miss Marrable is, as I have already said, a woman without weaknesses. On hearing this announcement, however, she fainted away. When, thanks to the kind attentions of the female members of the Joneses' family, she revived, she indignantly charged those estimable people with having deliberately plotted her discomfiture; and she insisted upon at once returning to Abernaw; but the carriage (and Griffiths) had gone; so Mr Jones, senior, who grasped the situation, volunteered to drive Miss Marrable back to the *Cors-y-Gedol Hotel*; and by twelve o'clock, or shortly afterwards, she was again in her own room. It was then that she learned of the desertion of Lucy and Amy. I need not describe how she received the news, and how she declared that her abandoned nieces should never again behold her face; nor that, although she is a woman without weaknesses, she passed the greater part of the remainder of the night in violent hysterics. She telegraphed next day to Mr Larkspur and Mr Allerton; and reparing to the *Red Cow*, furiously denounced Sir Thomas Jellicoe as the basest and most heartless of men!

Three weeks afterwards, however, the edge of her anger had worn off. Lucy and Amy were married. It was foolish, but, perhaps, it was not wholly inexcusable; and thus reasoning, Miss Marrable, in the goodness of her heart, determined to gradually receive them back into her favour. But she has never wholly forgiven Lucy for suggesting the substitution of the billiard-marker for Vivian Jellicoe.

'My dear,' she says, when she retells the story of her drive to Harlech, 'the wretched man was perfectly saturated with whisky, and I really don't know what he might not have done if I hadn't kept my eye steadily on him. But beneath my gaze he cowered, my dear, positively cowered! I never saw a savage brute so completely tamed.'

And to this day Miss Marrable believes that but for her Eye, the billiard-marker might—horrid thought!—have run away with her too.

### A CURIOSITY IN JOURNALISM.

In the case of such a curiosity in official journalism as the *Police Gazette*, formerly known as the *Hue and Cry*, the public will be interested to learn a little more than the newspapers have briefly announced about the changes made in it by government authority. The paper itself, which was commenced shortly after the formation of the metropolitan police force in 1828, is not allowed to circulate beyond constabulary circles; but its efficiency of management unquestionably concerns the general community. Previous to the year 1828, the metropolis, like other centres of population, was under the care of the old parochial Watch, who, as corrupt as they were feeble, became an absolute street nuisance. Far from being a terror to evil-doers, their notorious negligence and inefficiency enabled the midnight

burglar or daring footpad to pursue his criminal avocation with comparative impunity. Peel's Act introduced a greatly improved régime; and the new police, nicknamed after their originator, were for a long time popularly known as 'Peelers.' The newly established force required new methods of working, and one of these was the starting of an official newspaper which, though it is perhaps the only one the public never see, has nevertheless often done them good service, and is now to be made of still more value.

It is probably known to few that there exists in connection with the Detective department at Scotland Yard a regular printing establishment, from which sheets are issued four times a day containing information as to persons 'wanted,' current offences, property stolen, lost, or found. A daily list of property stolen is also printed, and distributed to all licensed pawnbrokers. Particulars received from country constabulary forces are inserted in these publications, which are carefully read at parades and studied by the detectives. This, however, only applies to the metropolis; and a strong desire has long prevailed at headquarters to make that larger medium of publicity, the *Police Gazette*, more useful as a means of intercommunication between the whole of the two hundred and ninety police forces of the kingdom. Until the beginning of the present year, that wretched print had shown scarcely any progress or improvement since it was commenced. Its direction has hitherto been nominally in the hands of the chief clerk (at Bow Street police court. In the past, much of its space has been wasted by the frequent repetition of details as to trifling cases; and no systematic arrangements were made for the widespread circulation of the paper among those for whom it is specially intended. The editorship has now been committed to Mr Howard Vincent, director of criminal investigations, who will be assisted by Chief-inspector Cutbush of the executive department at Scotland Yard. It is to the initiation of Mr Vincent that the improvements now made are chiefly due; and it may be remembered that in his presidential address to the Repression of Crime Section of the recent Social Congress at Huddersfield, that gentleman explained his intentions. The proposals he made were so favourably received, that subscriptions amounting to nearly one thousand pounds were placed at his disposal. These, however, have not been needed, as it happens that the improvements have been accompanied by an actual reduction of expense; and the Home Secretary has determined that the costs, limited within a certain moderate sum, shall still be borne entirely by the public funds.

In addition to being much better printed, the new *Gazette* already shows decided improvement both in the selection and arrangement of its contents. For convenient reference, particulars are not only grouped according to the usual categories of crime, but are now classified under special headings for the various districts to which cases belong. Illustrations have also been introduced as a new feature. These take the form of woodcuts from photographs of persons 'wanted' on various charges, or of valuable articles stolen. The first number of the *Gazette* contains the likeness of several criminals of whom

the authorities are in pursuit. In one instance, so as to aid identification, the subject is shown not only with beard and moustache, but also as he would appear when clean shaved. Some of these faces, it is true, seem decent and commonplace enough, such as one sees almost every hour of the day in the public streets; but others, 'an index of all villainy,' are unmistakably those of dangerous characters whom none of us would like to meet alone in a quiet road on a dark night. But it is in the police album\* that we can best study the variety of expression by which the human countenance can betray every shade of criminal depravity.

Meantime our business is only with the *Gazette*, which, among other changes, has altered its days of publication. Hitherto it has been issued three times every week; but now that the space is more carefully utilised, twice a week is found sufficient. The War Office and Admiralty have always had the privilege of inserting in its pages a list and description of deserters from the army and navy. In future, the Tuesday's issue will be entirely devoted to these matters; and when it is known that last year the total number of deserters was only one short of six thousand, it may be inferred that the weekly list does not leave much space to spare in a small four-page paper. The Friday's issue extends to eight pages, and is reserved exclusively for police information, with the exception of two pages now set apart by contract for advertising purposes. As far as increased circulation is concerned, arrangements have been made to send supplies of the *Gazette* not only to every police force in the United Kingdom, but also, through the government offices, to the guardians of the peace in the British colonies and India. From the public generally, the *Gazette* is withheld.

The early issues of the *Gazette*, especially between 1829 and 1831, bear significant testimony to the labour disturbances and political excitement which immediately preceded the passing of the great Reform Bill. Every number was then largely occupied with royal proclamations in the cause of order, and offers in Lord Melbourne's name of government rewards for the arrest of incendiaries and disturbers of the public peace. Again we are on the eve of parliamentary reform, but without any symptoms of rioting; and the improved columns of the *Hue and Cry* are now left more free for ordinary police information as to the appearance and lawless doings of the 'incorrigible' class.

#### THE MONTH:

##### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

FROM the Report issued by the Committee appointed to consider the best way of rebuilding the houses at Casamicciola destroyed in the recent earthquake, we learn that that terrible catastrophe occasioned the deaths of no fewer than two thousand three hundred and thirteen persons, and injury to seven hundred and sixty-two more. Although these unfortunates did not all actually belong to the island, there were

among them only fifty-four who could be called foreigners. It will probably be found advisable to rebuild the ruined habitations on the pattern adopted in certain places of Central America, where earthquakes are common. The houses there are built of such light materials, that when a shock comes, they rattle down like a veritable house of cards, and can almost be rattled together again as easily when the danger has for the time passed. In London and some other of our cities and towns, the houses are so shamefully run up that a very mild shock of earthquake would suffice to shake them to pieces.

We are apt to look upon these jerry-built houses as the result of competition and the continual cry for cheap houses. On the other hand, we regard our cathedrals as solid monuments to the more honest work of former times. But this notion must be dispelled. The Peterborough Cathedral architect has been examining the foundations and piers of the tower of that fabric, which it will be remembered he some time ago reported to be in a dangerous condition, and they turn out to be as perfect an example of jerry-building as could be found in our own enlightened times. The piers were found to consist of a thin facing of stone, the interior being filled in with small rubble-stone and sandy earth. He tells us that 'it is impossible to conceive a worse piece of construction, and it is equally impossible to understand how it is that these piers have stood so long.' The piers have simply been enabled to hold together by the strength of their exterior clothing. It is some small satisfaction to the modern householder that dishonest building has not been invented for his especial torment, but was practised as long ago as the fourteenth century.

Another far more valuable relic of the past is, as we recently indicated, exciting attention on account of its decaying condition. Westminster Abbey, which may justly be regarded as the most important ecclesiastical building in the kingdom, is wasting away piecemeal under the effects of London smoke and atmospheric agencies generally. The sum required for its restoration is estimated at eighty thousand pounds, and this is probably short of the real amount which will be required to do the work effectually. For such a national purpose, the purse of the nation ought undoubtedly to be responsible.

The complete Report of Professor Hull's labours, as chief of the little band of scientific explorers who have just returned from a geological survey of Palestine, will be looked forward to with unusual interest, for he brings back with him materials for constructing a far more complete map than has ever before been possible. The ancient sea-margins of the Gulfs of Suez and Akabah have been traced at a height of two hundred feet above their present surfaces—indicating that the Mediterranean and Red Seas have been at one time in natural connection with one another. Professor Hull believes that this was the case at the time of the Exodus. The terraces of the Jordan have also been examined, the most important of these ancient margins being six hundred feet above the present level of the Dead Sea. Besides his scientific Report, the learned Professor is preparing a popular account of his pilgrimage, which will duly appear in the Transactions of the Geological

\* For an account of this interesting repository of crime, see 'The National Album' in *Chambers's Journal* for October 18, 1879.

Society. His journeyings will cover much of the same ground traversed nearly fifty years ago by David Roberts, whose drawings of the places visited aroused so much interest at the time, and which have never since been surpassed.

Not very many years ago, a map of Africa presented in its centre a blank space, which was explained to inquiring children as indicating a country so hot that nobody had been there or could live there. This benighted region has now an atlas all to itself. Under the auspices of the Geographical Society, Mr. Ravenstein has just completed their map of Eastern Equatorial Africa; it is of large size, and contains altogether twenty-five sheets. He will now commence a similar work for Western Africa, and has proceeded to Portugal in order to take advantage of the materials in the possession of that government bearing upon the subject. This work is also undertaken for and at the expense of the Geographical Society.

The official Report of the late census in British Burmah is not without interest to dwellers in Britain. Only two languages had to be used in the process of enumeration—namely, Burmese and English. The people at first thought that the strange proceedings heralded the advent of a new tax, and one tribe fled across the frontier so as to be out of the way. Another idea that occurred to the people was that the English made use of human heads for inquiring into the future. But these difficulties having been smoothed over, the census was taken satisfactorily. British Burmah is, roughly speaking, of the same area as Great Britain and Ireland, with a population less than that of London. This population, under British rule, has doubled in twenty years, and there is every sign of its continued increase. The males are far in excess of the females, and what seems a very important key to the wonderful prosperity of the country is the fact that there are ten acres of cultivated land for every eight persons living in it.

It is reported that Baron Nordenskiöld, whose recent explorations in and around Greenland aroused so much interest in scientific circles, is contemplating a voyage next year to the south polar regions. The cost of the projected expedition is nearly two hundred thousand pounds, but this seemingly large sum will include the expense of building a ship of special construction, to meet the requirements of the explorers.

International courtesies are so very few and far between, that when one occurs it is worthy of the most honourable mention. Many years ago, a band of English Arctic explorers abandoned their ship, the *Resolute*, for it was hopelessly frozen into the ice-pack. The ship, however, at last floated free, and was taken by an American whaler to New York. The gallant Americans thereupon put the vessel into splendid order, and presented her to Queen Victoria. It was but the other day that the old ship was broken up, when a desk was made from her timbers and presented to the American President. The British government have now presented the *Alert*, which has also seen Arctic service, to the United States government for the use of the Greeley relief expedition. The ship has long ago been strengthened with teak for protection against the ice, and is thus well fitted for the purpose in view.

The recent experiments at Folkestone once more proved the value of throwing oil on troubled waters, the efficacy of which operation in stormy weather we described last month. In addition to the oil-shell there mentioned, another invention falls to be noticed, by which the same gun from which the oil-shell is discharged may be also employed for projecting a heavy solid cylindrical shot, to which is attached a flexible tubing. Upon firing the gun, the shot is carried a long distance out to sea, pulling the tube after it. The shot sinks to the bottom, and the tube thus anchored can be used with a pump for forcing the oil to any spot in the neighbourhood. This contrivance, like that of the oil-shell, is the invention of Mr. Gordon.

The preparations for the International Health Exhibition to be opened in London in May next, proceed very rapidly. The eight water-companies which supply London, and which just now are being so roundly abused on the score of overcharges, will exhibit the various apparatus employed by them for the supply, filtration, &c., of water. They will also combine in erecting an immense fountain in the grounds, the jets of which will be brilliantly illuminated at night by electricity.

An American paper gives an interesting account of the manufacture of 'Yankee sardines,' which may be explained to the uninitiated to mean small herrings preserved in oil and flavoured with spices, to imitate the sardines of French preparation. To begin with, the fish are laid in heaps on long tables, where they are rapidly cleaned and decapitated by children. The herrings are then pickled for one hour, to remove a certain tell-tale flavour which they possess, after which they are dried. The next operation is to thoroughly cook them in boiling oil; and finally, they are packed in the familiar square tins, and duly furnished with a French label, such as, 'Sardines à la Française,' or, 'A l'huile d'olive.' The free, or rather the true translation of this latter inscription would be, 'cotton-seed oil,' and, sad to say, not always of the first quality.

A paper dealing with an outbreak in a German town of that terrible disease known as trichinosis was recently read before the French Academy of Medicine. It is worthy of attention as going far to prove that this disease, usually contracted by the consumption of unwholesome pork, is avoidable, if the ordinary precaution of thoroughly cooking the food be resorted to. In the case in question, more than three hundred persons were attacked with the disease, and of these nearly one-sixth died. It was proved beyond question that all the victims ate the meat absolutely raw, it being the custom to chop it fine and to spread it like butter on slices of bread. One single family, which consumed some of the same meat in the form of cooked sausages, exhibited no trace of the disease. It may be mentioned that a certain dose of alcohol exercised a most favourable effect in diminishing the virulence of the complaint.

A new system of railway signals which is worked by electricity, instead of by mechanical leverage, has lately been experimented upon with great success, but like most other things of an electrical kind, its ready adoption must depend upon its expense as compared with that of the older-fashioned plant. Hitherto, the ordinary

electric magnet has been found unequal to this class of work, principally because its power of attraction is only great when very near the object to be attracted, and also because its impact on its armature is so violent as to lead to risk of deranging the apparatus employed. By use of what is known as the long-pull electro-magnet, recently invented by Mr Stanley Currie, these difficulties have been obviated, and signals of every kind can be worked most perfectly through the medium of conducting wires. The system has been at work for the past two months at Gloucester, and is being adopted experimentally in other directions.

The volcano at Krakatoa will long be remembered, if only on account of the wide area over which its products have been distributed. To say nothing of the dust particles which are supposed to have found their origin there, and which are credited with having been the active cause of our late gorgeous sunsets, undoubted volcanic particles have lately been found at Philadelphia. By melting and evaporating the snow upon which these tiny fragments were found, a residue of solid particles was apparent, which the microscope at once pronounced to be of a volcanic nature. It seems difficult to believe that solid matter could thus be carried in the air for four months, during which it must, if it came from Krakatoa, have covered the enormous distance of ten thousand miles. Another supposition is that the volcanic particles found at Philadelphia may have been wafted thither from Alaska, in the north-west corner of North America, where a great eruption has occurred. According to our authority, a submarine volcano shot up there last summer, and has already formed an island in the Behring Sea, from eight hundred to twelve hundred feet high. It is therefore possible that volcanic dust may have found its way, from this source, to the southern states of America, and even to Great Britain. The enormous distances traversed by these glassy particles may be thus accounted for: when steam is forced through a mass of glassy lava, the molten material is shot up with it in the form of thin filaments, just like spun glass. These, like so many pieces of spider web, would be borne aloft by the air for a very long period.

It seems only yesterday that iron furnace slag was looked upon as a waste product, for which no possible use could be found. It is now made into bricks, into cement, into wool-packing for steam-boilers, and more recently it has been found a most effective material for making all kinds of vases and other things of an ornamental nature. For this purpose, the slag is freed of its coarser particles, mixed with a certain quantity of glass and colouring matter, and when in a molten condition, is stirred about so as to present a veined appearance. It is then moulded into various forms, and is ready for sale.

We lately had an opportunity of visiting the Fine Art Loan Exhibition at Cardiff, which has been opened for three months, for the purpose of collecting funds in aid of the projected Cambrian Academy. The Exhibition includes works by some of our most eminent artists, both living and deceased, as well as a collection of such articles as can be grouped under the head of Art. But a novel feature of the Exhibition is its complete array of tele-

phonic and telegraphic apparatus. By the co-operation of the telegraphic authorities, communication has been opened up by telephone between the Exhibition and Swansea, a distance of fifty-two miles. Not only is speech quite easy over this distance, but the voices of those acquainted with one another are readily recognised. At the time of our visit, the apparatus was connected with the theatre at Swansea, and we had the curious experience of listening to chorus, band, and solo voices, which were rendering a popular opera more than half a hundred miles away.

Mr J. C. Robinson, in the course of an interesting article contributed to the *Times* on the conservation of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures, concludes with a recommendation which all owners of valuable oil-paintings should take note of. He strongly advocates the use of glass as a covering for such pictures, and is glad to see that the practice of thus framing them is on the increase. 'This plan,' he says, 'almost entirely obviates the necessity for the periodical rubbing up and cleaning the surface of pictures with the silk handkerchief or cotton-wool, inasmuch as the protecting glass, and not the painted surface of the picture, receives the rapidly accumulating deposit of dust and dirt.' But even this he considers to be only a half-measure. The back of the picture should be stretched over with a damp-resisting sheet of india-rubber or American cloth, for it requires protection only second to the painted face of the canvas.

In presenting the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society to Mr A. Common for his wonderful photographs of celestial objects, the President of that honourable body gave a most interesting history of the medallist's gradual progress in the difficult work in which he so much excels. Mr Common commenced work with a modest reflecting telescope of five and a half inches; but he was not satisfied until he had obtained one measuring no less than three feet across its mirror. He has also turned his earnest attention to the clockwork for driving the instrument, so that as the busy world turns on its axis, the objects focused remain stationary. This is highly necessary, when it is remembered that sometimes a star photograph occupies as much as an hour and a half in the taking, even with the most sensitive plates. This long duration of the action of the feeble light from stars so remote that they cannot be seen by the naked eye, has the effect of impressing the chemical surface so that the invisible is pictured! It is evident that a new field of research is thus opened out; and the President did well in pointing out what great services can be rendered to knowledge by the amateur worker who, like Mr Common, has the means and the ability to employ his time so well.

In these days of oleomargarine, bosch butter, and other mixtures which are supposed to furnish excellent substitutes for the genuine article, it becomes highly necessary to have some means of distinguishing the true from the false. A contribution to microscopical science towards this end is a test discovered by Dr Belfield of Chicago, which will at once identify a fat if it consist either of lard or tallow. Pure lard crystals exhibit thin



rhomboidal plates, while those of tallow are quite different, and are of a curved form somewhat resembling the italic letter *f*.

A paper on the Ventilation of Theatres was lately read by Mr Seddon at the Parkes Museum of Hygiene, London. In some crowded theatres, the air has been said by a competent authority to be more foul than that of the street sewers. The intensely heated air would seem to act as a kind of pump, and to extract the vitiated atmosphere from the drains below the building. The successful introduction of the electric incandescent system of lighting to more than one metropolitan theatre has done much to mitigate the evil complained of; but it is quite certain that the ventilation of public buildings generally does not receive the attention which it so imperatively demands.

Another important consideration that is too often neglected is the acoustic properties of public buildings. Even in the last great work which has, after years of labour, been finished in London—we refer to the new law-courts—complaints are constant from those who have to work in them, of the great difficulty both in making their voices heard and in appreciating what is said by others. Public speakers whose duties carry them to various towns and cities throughout the kingdom, know very well that it is the exception, and not the rule, to find a room which is comfortable to speak in. Either the voice falls dead and flat, as if absorbed by a screen of wool; or it reverberates from every wall with such confusing echoes, that the syllables must be uttered with painful deliberation. A Committee appointed by one of our learned Societies to inquire into the reason why some rooms should be acoustically perfect, while others are quite the reverse, would do a vast amount of good. Until such an inquiry is set on foot, architects will continue to design buildings in which this necessary property is quite neglected.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### INTERESTING NOTES ON TROUT-LIFE.

At a recent meeting of the Scotch Fisheries Improvement Association, held at Edinburgh, Mr Harvie-Brown communicated some notes on trout-life, which the Association considered of so much scientific interest, that it was resolved to engross them in the minutes. The notes are as follow:

'The subject of coloration of flesh of trout is a much more intricate one than at first appears. I know of trout holding largely developed spawn in June and July in a loch in Sutherland, whose flesh is not pink only, but bright red like a salmon's, and yet are not fit to be eaten. I know, also, in a limestone burn the very finest trout, which on the table are perfectly white in the flesh, whatever size they grow to; but in another limestone burn from the same sources, or nearly so, the trout are quite different in appearance externally, but equally white in flesh and equally delicious for eating.

'I put a quarter-pound trout, along with others, into a previously barren loch. In two years some of these trout attained to four and a quarter

pound-weight, developed huge fins and square or rounded tails, lost all spots, took on a coat of dark slime, grew huge teeth, and became *feroces* in that short time. The common burn trout, taken from a very high rocky burn up in the hills, in two years became indistinguishable from *Salmo ferox*. The first year they grew to about a pound, or a pound and a half, took on a bright silvery sheen of scales, were deep and high shouldered, lusty and powerful, more resembling Loch Leven trout than any others. This was when their feeding and condition were at their best; but as food decreased, and the trout rapidly increased in number, spawning in innumerable quantities, and with no enemies, the larger fish began to prey on the smaller, grew big teeth, swam deep, and lost colour, grew large fins and a big head, and became *Salmo ferox* so called. In two years more the food-supply became exhausted; and now the chain of lochs holds nothing but huge, lanky, kelly-looking fish and swarms of diminutive "black nebs," neither of the sorts deserving of the angler's notice. The first year they were splendid fish—rich and fat. Now they are dry and tasteless.'

### LABOUR AND WAGES IN AUSTRALIA.

It would appear from the latest statistics that during the past few years wages have risen in some trades, and in a few only, have fallen. In the skilled branches of labour especially the tendency has been upwards, and the same thing is also noticeable in agricultural labour. For example, the rates for married couples on stations have risen from fifty-five to sixty-five pounds in 1876 to sixty or eighty pounds in 1883. The wages of farm-labourers have risen to fifty pounds or thereabouts, while only in the case of country blacksmiths have wages declined, the rates for such being now seventy-five to eighty pounds per annum. The colony is stated to be capable of readily absorbing any amount of skilled agricultural labour, especially that of the handy kind, without affecting the current rates of wages. Agricultural labour is in more demand than artisan labour, and good industrious hands would do excellently, as compared with the same class in England, both in regard to food and pay. With regard to other occupations, the following rates are paid on the New South Wales railways: clerks, two hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds per annum; foremen, five pounds ten shillings to three pounds seven shillings per week; draftsmen, four pounds fifteen shillings per week; timekeepers, three to two pounds per week; fitters, 12s. 4d. to 8s. per day; blacksmiths, 12s. 8d. to 10s. 4d. per day; turners, 12s. 2d. to 10s. 2d. per day; pattern makers, 11s. 10d. per day; brass-moulders, 11s. 4d. per day; plumbers, 11s. to 10s. per day; tinsmiths, 11s. to 10s. per day; brass-finishers, 9s. 6d. to 9s. per day; carpenters, 11s. 6d. to 8s. per day; painters, 11s. to 9s. 8d. per day; strikers, 7s. 4d. to 7s. per day; and cleaners, 7s. per day. The working day in the case of many trades does not exceed eight hours.

### THE RUSSIAN CROWN ESTATES.

While so much is written of the internal economy of Russia, many will be surprised to hear of the extraordinary extent of the lands which form the

estates of the Crown. The extent of the possessions of the Russian emperor may be gathered from the fact that the Altai estates alone cover an area of over one hundred and seventy thousand square miles, being about three times the size of England and Wales. The Nertchinsk estates, in Eastern Siberia, are estimated at about seventy-six thousand six hundred square miles, or more than twice the size of Scotland and Wales put together. In the Altai estates are situated the gold and silver mines of Barnaul, Paulov, Smijov, and Loktjepp, the copper foundry at Sasoum, and the great iron-works of Gavrilov, in the Salagirov district. The receipts from these enormous estates are in a ridiculously pitiful ratio to their extent. In the year 1882 they amounted to nine hundred and fifty thousand roubles, or a little more than ninety-five thousand pounds; while for 1883 the revenue was estimated at less than half this sum, or about four hundred thousand roubles. The rents, &c., gave a surplus over expense of administration of about a million and a half of roubles, or about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. On the other hand, the working of the mines showed a deficit of over a million; hence the result just indicated. A partial explanation of this very unsatisfactory state of things is to be found in the situation of the mines, which are generally in places quite destitute of wood, while the smelting-works were naturally located in districts where wood abounds, sometimes as much as three hundred and four hundred miles distant from the mines. The cost of transport of raw materials became considerable in this way. By degrees, all the wood available in the neighbourhood of the smelting-works became used up, and it was necessary to fetch wood from distances of even over one hundred kilometres. Formerly, the mines were really penal settlements, worked by convicts, who were partly helped by immigrants, whose sons were exempted from military service on the condition of working in the mines. But since the abolition of serfdom this system has been quite altered, and there is now a great deal of free labour on the ordinary conditions.

#### HYDROPHOBIA—IMPORTANT EXPERIMENTS.

M. Pasteur, who has already made so many valuable discoveries in connection with diseases that are propagated by germs, has, in his own name and that of his assistants, MM. Chamberlan and Roux, communicated to the French Academies of Sciences and Medicine the results of his experimental inoculations with the virus of rabies. He finds that the virus may remain in the nervous tissues without manifestation for three weeks, even during the summer months. Virulence is manifested not merely in the nervous tissues, but in the parotid and sub-lingual glands. The granulations observed in the fourth ventricle, when in a state of virulence, are finer than the granulations in the fourth ventricle when in a healthy state, and they can be coloured by means of aniline derivatives. The virus of rabies injected into the veins or beneath the skin produces paralytic rabies, while inoculations into the spinal cord or the brain produce the paroxysmal form. Inoculations with quantities of the virus too small to be effective, have no preservative influence

against subsequent inoculations. Whether the virus is propagated by means of the nervous tissues or by absorption through the surfaces of the wound, has not been ascertained. Finally, the experiments have shown that the protective 'attenuation' of the virus is possible. The energy or the nature of the virus varies in each species of animals. By passing the virus through different animals, 'cultures,' or varying qualities of virus, are obtained, whose precise effects can be predicted. Thus a 'culture' has been obtained which certainly kills a rabbit in five or six days, and another which certainly kills a guinea-pig in the same time. Other things being equal, the virulence varies inversely with the duration of the incubation. M. Pasteur and his assistants have good reason to believe that by means of a special culture they have succeeded in making twenty dogs absolutely proof against rabid inoculations. M. Pasteur, with his usual caution, asks for a little longer time before finally pronouncing on the condition of the dogs in question. To devise a means of making the dog proof against rabies is, of course, to devise a means of almost certainly preserving man (including children) from this frightful disorder; for hydrophobia is almost invariably communicated to man and other animals by the bites of rabid dogs.

#### THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

An interesting experiment was commenced just after Christmas last by the District Railway Company, on the short branch line which connects Kensington and Fulham, passing through Earl's Court and Walham Green. On the 2d of January last, the carriages running on this short line were lighted for the first time, each with a small Swan burner, inclosed in a little glass globe; and although only a very small coil of fine wire, thin as a hair, shaped something like a letter U, was employed, the light was so brilliant and steady that the smallest print could be read by it easily. The experiment lasted about a fortnight or three weeks, and was worked from a luggage van attached to the rear of the train, and fitted up for the purpose. This experiment is interesting, and the result has been most successful, not a slip, nor a hitch of any kind, having occurred; while the reports as to cost are, it is understood, perfectly satisfactory.

Let us hope that this beautiful system of lighting may speedily be introduced on the different railways throughout the country; and especially on the District line of the Metropolitan Railway, where the bad blinking gas is so terribly trying to those who have to make two journeys a day by it, and who desire to employ the time of transit with their book or their paper, which becomes a work of difficulty under the present gas arrangements, but which may possibly be explained by one word, 'economy;' for it is a well-established fact, patent to all, that gas is light and brilliant enough for most purposes, provided a proper and sufficient quantity is used.

#### DISSECTION AFTER DEATH.

Amongst the strange institutions which have been started within the last few years is that

of 'The Society for Mutual Autopsy,' which commenced its existence in Paris in the year 1876. No balloting or any elaborate system is necessary to become a member. A proper introduction with a fee of five francs suffices, and an engagement to will your body to the Society for the purpose of dissection after death. In order to prevent the friends and relatives of the dead from frustrating the intentions of the testator, by disposing of the corpse in the usual manner, a proper legal form has been drawn up and inscribed in the Rules. This Society, which consists of about two hundred members, a dozen of whom are ladies, contains amongst its members many men eminent in the medical world in Paris, as well as distinguished in science and art. The theory of the founders is, that in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining for post-mortem examinations any other subjects but those of the lowest classes, whose faculties are naturally warped or otherwise undeveloped, much benefit must accrue to science by an opportunity being given for the dissection of persons of cultivated understanding, and particularly by making observations on the brain. Between twenty and thirty of the members of this Society generally dine together once a month at a restaurant near the Halles, where they pass a congenial evening, although there is a touch of ghastliness in the gathering. When one of their community is missing at the banquet, instead of lamenting over his departure, every one listens with rapt interest to the surgeon's explanation of the post-mortem examination he has made.

#### PREVENTION OF BLINDNESS IN INFANCY.

The Manchester and Salford Sanitary Association recently issued a paper, based upon the directions of the Society for the Prevention of Blindness. From it we learn that one of the most frequent causes of blindness is the inflammation of the eyes of new-born babies. Yet this is a disease which can be entirely prevented by cleanliness, and always cured if taken in time. The essential precautions against the disease are: (1) Immediately after the birth of the baby, and before anything else is done, wipe the eyelids and all parts surrounding the eyes with a soft dry linen rag; soon afterwards wash these parts with tepid water before any other part is touched. (2) Avoid exposing the baby to cold air; do not take it into the open air in cold weather; dress the infant warmly, and cover its head, because cold is also one of the causes of this eye-disease. When the disease appears, it is easily and at once recognised by the redness, swelling, and heat of the eyelids, and by the discharge of yellowish white matter from the eye. Immediately on the appearance of these signs, seek the advice of a medical man; but in the meantime, proceed at once to keep the eyes as clean as possible by very frequently cleansing away the discharge. It is the discharge which does the mischief. The cleansing of the eye is best done in this way: (1) Separate the eyelids with the finger and thumb, and wash out the matter by allowing a gentle stream of lukewarm water to run between them from a piece of rag or cotton-wool held two or three inches above the eyes. (2) Then move the eyelids up and down and from side to side in a

gentle rubbing way, to bring out the matter from below them; then wipe it or wash it off in the same manner. This cleansing will take three or four minutes, and it is to be repeated regularly every half-hour at first, and later, if there is less discharge, every hour. (3) The saving of the sight depends entirely on the greatest care and attention to cleanliness. Small pieces of clean rag are better than a sponge, as each rag is to be used once only, and then burnt immediately; sponges should never be used, except they are burnt after each washing. (4) A little washed lard should be smeared along the edges of the eyelids occasionally, to prevent them from sticking. Of all the mistaken practices which ignorance is apt to resort to, none is more ruinous than the use of poultices. Let them be dreaded and shunned as the destroyers of a new-born baby's sight. Tea-leaves and sugar-of-lead lotion are equally conducive to terrible mischief, stopping the way, as they do, to the only right and proper course to be taken.

#### CARD-TELEGRAMS.

Great as have been recent improvements in our postal service, we have yet to learn something from the Parisians, whose system of Card-telegrams is worthy of notice. The cards are of two kinds—namely, yellow similar to our own, and blue, which, when secrecy is desired, may be closed. By dropping the card into the Card Telegram Box at the nearest telegraph office, it is shot through one of the pneumatic tubes which are now being extended all over Paris, and is delivered at its destination within half an hour. Fifty to seventy words can be written on the card, the cost of which is threepence. It is further intended to permit of cards being dropped into the boxes up to fifteen minutes of the departure of the mail-trains, a boon which merchants in Great Britain may well envy.

#### HOW AND WHERE THE HERRING SPAWNS.

According to a contemporary, we learn that Professor Cossar Ewart, Edinburgh University, convener of the Scientific Investigation Committee of the Board of Fisheries, was at the beginning of March at the well-known fishing-ground off the coast of Ayrshire known as the banks of Ballantrae, when some interesting investigations were made into the nature of the sea-bottom and spawn deposited on that famous herring-bed. The banks were dredged from a depth of eight to twenty-two fathoms. At a depth of eight to eleven fathoms the bottom was composed of clean gravel, with very little seaweed; beyond the eleven fathoms, clay, mud, and shell. On the stones lifted by the dredge, portions of herring spawn were found firmly attached to the surface of the stones in different stages of development, the more advanced manifesting, in lively action, the embryo herring. Spawn was also taken from the living herring and placed on glasses in hatching-boxes, and these also showed the eggs in progress of development. From a small stone of a few inches of surface as many eggs were found, as, if allowed to arrive at maturity, would have yielded crans of herrings. The information obtained by Professor

Cossar Ewart, during his recent dredgings, will be of the greatest importance in throwing light upon a hitherto but imperfectly understood question in natural history.

The banks in the evening presented a scene of lively interest, for as the sun began to set, a school of at least forty whales and porpoises began to play, and, circling around the margin of the fishing-banks, rose and fell in graceful plunges, their black fins and backs rising in curves for a moment, and then disappearing, while the porpoises made wild leaps many feet clear out of the water. Their presence was accounted for next morning, when a good many of the seine trawlers entered Loch Ryan and Girvan with from one to three hundred baskets of herrings each.

Professor Cossar Ewart has since had some more successful dredgings. He has also made some important discoveries regarding natural and artificial spawning, and deposited live herring and a quantity of spawn in the aquarium at Rothesay.

#### A FLOURISHING FRUIT-FARM.

At Toddington, in Gloucestershire, there has been going on for a few years the cultivation of fruit on a very large scale; a fruit-farm of five hundred acres having been planted by Lord Sudeley, and which, we are glad to know, has proved so successful, that its area is about to be enlarged to the extent of other two hundred acres. An enormous number of fruit-trees of many kinds has been planted, along with thousands of currant-bushes, whilst upwards of a hundred acres of the land are devoted to the growth of strawberries. A noteworthy feature of the scheme consists of a market being found for the smaller fruits on the ground on which they have been grown. In other words, Lord Sudeley has, with great foresight, erected a suite of boiling-houses and packing-rooms, which have been let to an enterprising person, who manufactures genuine jams and jellies from the fruit grown at Toddington. In fruit-preserving, the English and Scotch boilers—and the latter class have largely increased during the last few years—have a great advantage over their brethren of the continent and the United States, because of the greater cheapness of the sugar, which is required in large quantities. It is to be hoped that the example set by Lord Sudeley will be speedily followed by some of his territorial brethren. As a nation, we could manage to consume much more fruit than we do at present, if we could obtain it at a moderate price. In the orchards at Toddington have been planted as many as thirty-two thousand plum-trees, nine thousand damson trees, and three thousand nine hundred pear and apple trees, while there are no fewer than two hundred and twenty-eight thousand black-currant bushes.

#### THE GRAPE AND PEACH IN AMERICA.

The old saying about the inutility of carrying coals to Newcastle receives a new rendering in the fact that vine plants are being brought from America to replenish the vineyards of France, which have been in some instances devastated by the phylloxera. Grapes

are now extensively grown in the United States both for dessert and wine-making. A lady who has recently been travelling in California, where the grape family is wonderfully numerous, and many of the vines exceptionally prolific, sometimes obtaining a 'luxuriance which sounds almost incredible'—this lady—C. F. Gordon-Cumming—tells us, among other facts, of bunches of grapes which have been found to weigh as high as fifty pounds! The vineyards of Colonel Wilson, in the neighbourhood of the garden-city of Los Angeles, cover two hundred and fifty acres of ground, and the grapes yield one thousand gallons of wine to the acre. In another vineyard, there grow upwards of two hundred varieties of grapes; and in the cellars of its proprietor are stored two hundred thousand gallons of grape-juice, ripening into wine, of which many kinds are made in the state of California. Need it be said that grapes in these regions are cheap—a hatful can be purchased for a few cents! Only think of the above-named Colonel Wilson having 'two and a half million pounds of grapes, hung up by their stalks, to keep them fresh for the market'! That fine fruit, the peach, is equally cheap in the peach-growing districts of the United States. The annual value of the American peach-crop is estimated at eleven and a half million pounds sterling. In some seasons, peaches are so abundant, that, to prevent their being lost, they are used in immense quantities for the feeding of pigs. Cannot this fruit be utilised for consumption in Europe? Supplies of the fresh fruit might be sent to us in the refrigerated chambers of the steamboats.

#### BOOK GOSSIP.

ONE of the most interesting books of travel issued of late years is that entitled, *Arminius Vambery: His Life and Adventures* (London: T. Fisher Unwin), which is now in the third edition. This Hungarian traveller is a man of rare courage and will, and possessed of high literary accomplishments; and the narrative of his wanderings in various capacities in Asia and Europe is told with a graphic and picturesque power which is extremely captivating.

Vambery, who was born in 1832, had a singularly hard up-bringing, and the story of his early years is quite as interesting as his later adventures in foreign lands. His father died a few months after the birth of the boy, leaving the family in extremely poor circumstances. When he was twelve years of age—up to which time, from lameness, he could only walk with the help of a crutch—his mother thought him old enough to shift for himself. He had previously been three years at school, where he had drawn attention upon himself by his precocity. But the inexorable poverty of his parent stood in the way of further education, and at twelve he was apprenticed to a ladies' dressmaker, but only stayed long enough in this employment to learn to stitch two pieces of muslin together. He left the shop of the 'dress-artist,' and did a little teaching in the family of an innkeeper, 'occasionally waiting on thirsty guests.' When he had saved up eight florins, he hastened from the Island

of Schütt, where he had spent his years, to a gymnasium in the vicinity of Pressburg, and here began a strange struggle for existence and education. His money was just sufficient to buy the necessary books, and he had to depend on the kindness and charity of others for his food. Seven different families each gave him one day in the week a free meal, adding to it something for breakfast and luncheon; and he got the cast-off clothes of the wealthier school-boys. Notwithstanding all drawbacks, he made great progress in his studies, and took a high place in the Latin class—he was indeed able at fourteen years of age to speak Latin with considerable fluency. We cannot follow his career further, but can with confidence commend the singular story of his life and adventures to all readers, both young and old.

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Literature and angling would seem to have something in common. The number of books that have been written on the 'gentle art,' and that by men of striking ability, is too well known to require enumeration. To this list we must now add *Sprigs of Heather, or the Rambles of 'Mayfly' with old Friends*, by the Rev. John Anderson, D.D., Minister of Kinnoull. Mr Anderson is a veteran angler, and is able to look back to days spent by the river-side with the great Christopher North, and with others who, though of less note in the angling and literary world, were still such as to afford to the author the opportunity of telling many amusing and characteristic stories regarding them. He is, as many, perhaps most, anglers are, delighted with the scenes of rural beauty into which his pursuits have led him, and he describes them with the pen of a ready and accomplished writer, and with somewhat of poetic fervour. Mr Anderson is a strong advocate of fly-fishing, and almost scornfully speaks of those who use bait, as 'ground-fishers,' and the like. We are not sure but his indignation on this point is misplaced, as all bait-fishing is not done in muddy or discoloured water, and perhaps as much skill is required to fish successfully a small clear stream with worm as with fly. Stewart and other well-known anglers have long since acknowledged this. In other respects, however, Mr Anderson's little volume is such that lovers of the rod and line will find it entertaining reading.

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Those who love Scottish music and Scottish dances will hail with pleasure the appearance of two handsome volumes entitled, *The Athole Collection of Dance Music of Scotland* (Edinburgh: MacLachlan and Stewart). These volumes have been compiled and arranged by Mr James Stewart Robertson (Edradynate), who has done his work in a most efficient manner. He, as an unprofessional musician, apologises for having undertaken such a work, 'which, he says, was only done by him because he did not expect, from the disfavour into which, for the present, Scottish music and dances have unfortunately fallen, that any professional musician, competent for the task, 'could be induced to devote the time, and to run the chances attending the production of such a work.' So far as Mr Robertson's execution of the work is concerned, no such apology

was required; while his devotion to the task which he has so satisfactorily accomplished renders his services to his country almost patriotic. He has selected his airs with admirable taste and skill, and the two volumes contain within them specimens of almost every characteristic of Scottish dance music. No better or more acceptable present could be sent from Scotch folks at home to Scotch folks abroad than this *Athole Collection*.

#### AMONG THE DAISIES.

Lay her down among the daisies,  
With the fringes of her eyes,  
Softer than their silver petals,  
Closed for blissful reveries.  
Fold her little hands in whiteness  
As in prayer on her breast;  
Fear not for their folded lightness  
On the heart unmoving pressed,  
For that heart of angel brightness,  
Tired so early, lies at rest.

Tired so early!—when the dawning  
Glimmered white-winged through the room,  
And the skies were half awaking,  
Half in fading starlit gloom,  
From the heaven of the starlight  
Came the angels of the dawn;  
And the morning winds were sighing,  
And the curtains eastward drawn,  
And her sleeping face looked brighter,  
And a whispering sob said—'Gone!'

All the daisies were unfolding  
In the fields, where never more  
Shall the rapture of her child-life  
Run in shout and laughter o'er.  
Tired so early!—she has gathered  
All her gladness in swift space,  
She has sung her song and ended,  
Childlike turning pleading face  
Back to home when joys are weary—  
Toward the one familiar place.

Lay her low among the daisies:  
Angels knew her more than we;  
They have led her home from wandering,  
Tired with earthly revelry.  
And above her daisied pillow  
Let her simple tale be told:  
Here the Lover of the lilies  
Bade a little blossom fold;  
He that wakes the flowers shall wake her,  
White as snow, with heart of gold.

HELEN ATTERIDGE.

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## GOLD.

THE fable of Midas, whose touch transformed even his food into gold, testifies that the ancients felt the limits, while they adored the virtues of the wonderful metal. Since the morning of the world, gold has been the chief object of desire of mankind; and it is highly probable that a very large percentage would still make the same selection as the son of Gordius, were the opportunity afforded, even with the knowledge of all it implied. For from the days of Midas until now this gold,

Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;  
Heavy to get and light to hold,

has been

Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,  
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;  
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old  
To the very verge of the churchyard mould.

No other material object has retained in a like degree the united devotion of man in all ages. And not merely because gold is the synonym of money. By money we mean that by which the riches of the world can be expressed and transferred. But money may exist in various forms. It may be rock-salt, as in Abyssinia; cowries and beads, as in Africa; tobacco, as formerly in Virginia. Gold is greater than money, because gold includes money, and makes money possible. Upon gold rests the whole superstructure of the wealth of the world. Let us consider for a moment why this is, and how this is.

And first of all, it is desirable because it is scarce. Abundance begets cheapness, and rarity the reverse. That is most valuable which involves the greatest amount of effort to acquire. But we must not jump from this to the conclusion that were gold to become as plentiful as iron, and be as easily obtained, it would recede in value to the equivalent of iron, bulk for bulk. Gold has an intrinsic value superior to that of all other metals because it has *useful* properties possessed by

none other. It is more durable than any, and is practically indestructible, as Egyptian excavations and Schliemann's discoveries in Greece have shown. It may be melted and remelted without losing in weight. It resists the action of acids, but is readily fusible. It is so malleable that a grain of it may be beaten out to cover fifty-six square inches with leaves—used in gilding and in other ways innumerable—only the twenty-eight thousand two-hundredth of an inch in thickness. It is so ductile that a grain of it may be drawn out in wire five hundred feet in length. The splendour of its appearance excels that of all other metals. Its supereminent claims were symbolised by the Jews in the golden breastplates of the priests, as they are by the Christian in his highest hopes of a Golden City hereafter. We signalise the sacredness of the marriage-tie with the gold-ring.

Professors of what Carlyle called the 'dismal science' have not unfrequently expressed a contempt for gold; but in doing so, they have regarded it merely as the correlative of money. As money, according to them, is merely a counter with little or no intrinsic value, therefore gold has no intrinsic value beyond its adaptability in the arts. John Stuart Mill held that were the supply of gold suddenly doubled, no one would be the richer, for the only effect would be to double the price of everything. Stanley Jevons went so far as to say that the gold produced in Australia and California represented 'a great and almost dead loss of labour.' He held that 'gold is one of the last things which can be considered wealth in itself,' and that 'it is only so far as the cheapening of gold renders it more available for gilding and for plate, for purposes of ornament and use other than money, that we can be said to gain directly from gold discoveries.' Another writer, Bonamy Price, asserts that it is a 'wonderful apostasy,' a 'fallacy full of emptiness and absurdity,' to suppose that gold is precious except as a tool. We might multiply quotations all tending to show that while a certain class of philosophers admit a limited value in gold as a

metal, they claim that it loses the value immediately it is transformed into a coin.

This contention is not tenable in reason. It is directly against the concentrated faith of the ages. Gold is desirable for the sake of its own special virtues, and it becomes additionally valuable when employed as the medium of exchange among nations. It is because of the universal desire of nations to possess it, that it enjoys its supremacy as money. By its comparative indestructibility it commands and enjoys the proud privilege of being the universal standard of value of the world. It is, therefore, elevated, instead of being degraded, by the impress of the mint stamp, for to its own intrinsic value is added that of being the passport of nations. This is a dignity attained by no other metal. It has been urged that the government guarantee of a solvent nation stamped upon a piece of tin, or wood, or paper, will form a counter quite as valuable as gold for a medium of exchange. So it might, but the circulation would only be within certain limits. A Scotch bank-note is passed from hand to hand with even more confidence than a sovereign—in Scotland. But take one to England and observe the difficulty and often impossibility of changing it. The pound-note is worth a sovereign, but its circulating value is local. Even with a Bank of England note, travellers on the continent occasionally experience some difficulty in effecting a satisfactory exchange. But is there a country in the most rudimentary condition of commerce, where an English sovereign, or a French napoleon, or an American eagle, cannot be at once exchanged at the price of solid gold?

It is true that a nation may form a currency of anything, but only a currency of the precious metal can be of universal circulation; and that is simply because the metal is precious.

Now, when Bonamy Price said that gold is only wealth in the same sense as a cart is—namely, as a vehicle for fetching that which we desire, he said merely what could be said of wheat or cotton, or any other product of nature and labour usually esteemed wealth. You cannot eat gold, nor can you clothe yourself with wheat; and the trouble of Midas would have been quite as great had his touch transformed everything into cotton shirts. Wealth does not consist in mere possession, but in possessing that which can be used. Wheat and cotton constitute wealth, because one can not only consume them, but in almost all circumstances can exchange them for other things which we desire. But they are perishable, which gold is not—at least for all practical purposes. At the ordinary rate of abrasion, a sovereign in circulation will last many years without any very perceptible loss of weight. Gold, as a possession, is a high form of wealth, because one can either use it or exchange it at pleasure. The fact of there being cases where a man would give all the gold he possesses for a drink of water, does not prove that gold then becomes valueless, but simply that something else has become for the time-being more valuable.

Again, if it be true, as Jevons says, that gold is one of the last things to be regarded as wealth, and the labour expended in its production almost a dead loss, and therefore a wrong to the human race, the world should be very much

poorer for all the enormous production of the last half-century. On the contrary, the world has gone on increasing in the appliances of wealth, in conditions of comfort, and in diffusion of education.

The addition to the world's stock of gold has permitted the creation of an enormous amount of gold-certificates, as bank-notes and bills of exchange may be regarded, the existence of which has facilitated commercial operations which otherwise would not have been possible. In theory, we exchange our coal and iron for the cotton, wheat, &c., of other countries; but as we cannot mete out the exactly equal values in 'kind,' we settle the difference nominally in gold, but actually in paper representing gold. But the gold must nevertheless exist, or the operation would be impossible. It is as when a man buys, let us say, five hundred tons of pig-iron in Glasgow. He does not actually receive into his hands five hundred tons of iron, but he receives a warrant which entitles him to obtain such iron when and how he pleases. Though the purchaser may never see the iron which he has bought, the iron must be there, and producible at his demand. On the faith of the transaction, he knows that he has command over five hundred tons of iron; none of which may perhaps, save the 'sample,' have come under his cognisance.

Of course there is no complete analogy between an iron warrant and a paper currency, but it serves for the moment as a simple illustration. To discuss the differences would lead us beyond the design of the present paper.

Probably one great reason why gold so early in the history of the world assumed its leading position as a standard of value is, that it is found in a pure state. So also is silver, which is the nearest rival of gold. Primitive races used these metals long before the art of smelting was discovered. These two metals were both rare, both found pure, both easily refined, both admitting of a splendid polish, both malleable and ductile, both durable. Silver is more destructible than gold, less durable, less rare, and even less useful in some respects. It has, therefore, always had a lower value than gold.

It has been shown by several writers, among whom may be named William Newmarch and Professor Fawcett, that up to the year 1848, the world had outgrown its supplies of the precious metals, and that commerce was languishing for want of the wherewithal to adjust the exchanges of communities. Previous to that year, the principal sources of supply were South America, the West Coast of Africa, Russia in Europe and Asia, and the islands of the Malay Archipelago. According to the calculations of M. Chevalier, the total production of both gold and silver from these sources between 1492 and 1848 was equal in value to seventeen hundred and forty millions sterling. The importation of gold, however, was small; and the total stock of the metal in Christendom in 1848 is estimated to have been only five hundred and sixty millions sterling. The production since that year has been very remarkable. Most of us are familiar with the gilded obelisks or pyramids erected in various International Exhibitions to illustrate the bulk of gold yielded in different quarters of the globe; but these things only arrest the eye

for the moment. Let us look at the figures. In 1848 Californian gold began to come forward; and in 1851 the Australian fields were opened. Between 1849 and 1875 the production of the world is estimated at six hundred and sixteen millions sterling, so that in twenty-seven years the stock of gold was more than doubled. The average annual supply previous to 1848 was eight millions sterling; in 1852 the production was thirty-six and a half millions sterling. An Australian authority estimates the yield of the colonies from 1851 to 1881 as two hundred and seventy-seven millions sterling; and Mr Hogarth Patterson gives the total production of the world between 1849 and 1880 as seven hundred and ten millions sterling. The old sources of supply have not, we believe, increased in yield, so, if we calculate their production on the average at eight millions annually, we shall easily arrive at the donation of the American and Australian mines.

The statisticians of the United States Mint estimate that the total production of gold in the world during the four hundred years ending in 1882 was ten thousand three hundred and ninety-four tons, equal in value to £1,442,359,572. During the same period the production of silver was one hundred and ninety-one thousand seven hundred and thirty-one tons, of the value of £1,716,463,795. On the basis of the last three years, the average annual production of gold in the world is now twenty-one and a half millions sterling. Taking 1881 as an illustration, the largest contributors were—

United States.....	£6,940,000
Australasia.....	6,225,000
Russia.....	5,710,200
Mexico.....	197,000
Germany.....	48,200
Chili.....	25,754
Colombia.....	800,000
Austria.....	248,000
Venezuela.....	455,000
Canada.....	219,000

We need not give the smaller contributions of other countries. There are twenty gold-yielding countries in all, but eight of them yield an aggregate of little over half a million sterling.

As regards the employment of gold, it is estimated that fifteen million potunds-worth annually is required for ornament and employment in the arts and manufactures. This, on the production of 1881, would leave only six and a half million pounds-worth for coining purposes each year.

No greater proof of the universal desire of man to possess gold could be afforded than by the heterogeneous mass of peoples who flocked to the gold-diggings. Men of every colour, of every religion, and from every clime, were drawn thither by the attraction of the yellow metal. It is not too much to say that nothing else could have concentrated on one object so many diverse elements. And it may be said further, that but for the discoveries of gold, the rich wheat-plains of California and the verdant pastures of Australia might have been lying to this day waste and unproductive.

Mr Hogarth Patterson has attempted to prove that to this increase in our supplies of gold is due the unparalleled expansion of the com-

merce of the world within the present generation. We do not need to accept this extreme view, while we can clearly perceive that the volume of gold has not proved the dead-weight to strangle us, which other writers had predicted. Mr Patterson may to a certain extent be mixing up cause and effect, but he is nearer the truth than those who refuse to consider gold as one of the first elements of wealth.

But the increase in the supply of gold has had another effect. It has, concurrently with an increase in the production of silver, helped to reduce the relative value of the latter metal. The consequences are curious. Previous to 1816, silver was what is termed a legal tender in England to any amount; but in that year the sovereign was made the sole standard of the pound sterling. In other words, if one man be owing another, say, a hundred pounds, the latter is not legally bound to accept payment doled out in either silver or copper. Other countries have since de-monetised silver, which has thus become so depreciated in relation to gold, that Mr Leighton Jordan, in an able book called *The Standard of Value*, affirms that the interest on the National Debt has now to be paid in a currency fifteen to twenty per cent. more valuable than was in the option of the lender prior to 1816. According to the bi-metallists, the de-monetisation of silver has depreciated the metal, and unduly appreciated gold, or at all events has prevented the cheapening of the latter metal, which should have resulted from the greater abundance of silver.

Against the plea for a dual standard there is a great deal to be urged. The question, however, is too wide to be entered upon at this stage, and we will content ourselves with stating one great objection to bi-metallism, and that is, that it would be inoperative unless its adoption were universal; and that so deeply is gold rooted in the affections of mankind, the universal adoption of silver also, is practically hopeless. Into the world of commerce, into the arena of industry, into the storehouses of wealth, 'tis Gold which buys admittance.'

## BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

### CHAPTER XXI.—DREAMS.

AND there was a night of happy wonderment at Willowmere—for, of course, it was to Madge that Philip first carried his story of the Golconda mine which had been thrown open to him. The joy of Ali Baba when the secret of the robbers' cave was revealed to him was great—and selfish. He thought of what a good time he would have, and how he would triumph over his ungracious brother. Philip's joy was greater; for his treasure-trove set him dreaming fine dreams of being able to 'hurry up' the millennium. On his way from the city his mind was filled with a hailstorm of projects of which he had hitherto had no conception.

Naturally his imagination grew on what it fed; and as he earnestly strove to shape into words his visions of the noble works that could, would,

and should be done in the near future, his pulse quickened and his cheeks glowed with enthusiasm.

They were in the oak parlour; the day's work done; and the soothing atmosphere of an orderly household filling the room with the sense of contented ease. Aunt Hussy was sewing, and spoke little. Uncle Dick smoked one of his long churchwardens—a box of which came to him regularly every Christmas from a Yorkshire friend—and listened with genial interest, commenting in his own way on Philip's schemes.

After the first breathless moment of astonishment, Madge's eyes were as bright with enthusiasm as her lover's: her face was alternately flushed and pale. She approved of everything he said; and she, too, was seeing great possibilities in this new Golconda.

'The world,' quoth Philip, 'is big enough for us all; and there is work enough for everybody who is willing to work. It is not work which fails, but workers. We have classified and divided our labour until we have fallen into a social system of caste as rigid as that of the Hindu, but without his excuse. Men won't turn their hands to whatever may be offered nowadays. They clamour that they starve for want of a job, when they mean that they cannot get the job which pleases them best. Everybody wants exactly what is "in his line," and won't see that he might get on well enough in another line till he found room again in his own.'

'Human nature has a weakness for wanting the things it likes best, and that it's most in the way of doing,' said Uncle Dick, pressing down the tobacco in the bowl of his pipe with a careful movement of the left hand's little finger.

'But human nature need not starve because it cannot get what it likes best,' retorted Philip warmly. 'If men will do with their might what their hands can find to do, they will soon discover that there is a heap of work lying undone in the world.'

And so, taking this principle as the basis of his argument, he went on to expound his views of the future conservative democracy of Universal Co-operation.

The first step to be taken was to start some enterprise in which every class of workmen should find employment—the skilled mechanic and the unskilled labourer; the inventor, the man of brains, and the mechanical clerk; the spinner, the weaver, the tailor; the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker—all would be required. Their banner would bear the homely legend, 'Willing to work,' and no man or boy who enlisted under it should ever again have a right to say: 'I have got no work to do.'

There would be no drones in the hive; for every man would reap the full reward of what he produced according to its market value. No man should be paid for spending so many hours daily in a fixed place. That was an erroneous system—the incubator of strikes and of the absurd rules of trades-unions, by which the dull sluggard

was enabled to hold down to his own level the quick-witted and industrious. Every man should have a direct interest in doing the best he could, and the most he could or the most he cared to do. Hear him!—the young heart beating with the fond hopes which others have proved so futile; and Madge listening with a smile of joyful conviction and confidence.

'Another thing we shall sweep away altogether—the petty deceits—the petty strivings to overreach another by lies and tricks of trade, as they are called.'

'And how may you be going to do that, I'd like to learn?' was the sceptical query of the yeoman.

'By making men feel that it isn't worth while to tell lies or invent tricks.'

'Seems to me you want to invent a new world,' said Uncle Dick, a placid wreath of smoke encircling his brow, and a contented smile intimating that he was pretty well content to take things as they were.

'Not at all,' rejoined Philip. 'I only want to bring the best of this world uppermost.'

'But doesn't the best find its own way uppermost?' interposed Aunt Hussy; 'cream does, and butter does.'

'So does froth, and it ain't the best part of the beer, mother,' said Uncle Dick with his genial guffaw; 'and for the matter of that, so does scum.'

'They have their uses, though, like everything else,' was the dame's prompt check.

'Not a doubt, and there's where the mystery lies: things have to be a bit mixed in this world; and they get mixed somehow in spite of you. There ain't nobody has found out yet a better plan of mixing them than nature herself.'

That was the counter-check; and Madge gave the checkmate.

'But Philip does not want to alter the natural order of things: he only wants to help people to understand it, and be happy in obeying it.'

This pretty exposition of Philip's purpose seemed to satisfy everybody, and so it was an evening of happy wonderment at Willowmere.

As he was about to go away, Aunt Hussy asked Philip how his uncle looked.

'Oh—a good hearty sort of man,' was the somewhat awkward answer, for he did not like to own even to himself that he had been somehow disappointed by the appearance and manner of Mr Shield; 'but awfully quick and gruff. You will like him, though.'

'I like him already,' she said, smiling.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—HOME AGAIN.

Three passengers and the newspapers were brought to Dunthorpe station by the early London train on Wednesday morning. One of the passengers was a tall old gentleman, with straight silvery hair, a clean-shaven fresh face, and an expression of gentle kindness which was habitual. But there was a firmness about the lips and chin which indicated that his benevolence was not to be trifled with easily. He stooped a little, but it was the stoop of one accustomed to much reading and thinking, not of any physical weakness, for his frame was stalwart, his step steady and resolute.

He asked the porter who took his travelling-bag in charge if there was any conveyance from Kingshope waiting.

'There's only one fly, sir, and that's from the *King's Head* for Mr Beecham. That you, sir?'

'Yes.'

'Then here you are, sir: it's old Jerry Mogridge who's driving, and he can't get off the seat easy owing to the rheumatics. The Harvest Festival is on at Kingshope to-day, and there wasn't another man to spare. But you couldn't have a surer driver than old Jerry, though he be failed a bit.'

Mr Beecham took his place in the fly; and after inquiring if the gentleman was comfortable, old Jerry drove away at an easy pace—indeed, the well-fed, steady-going old mare could not move at any other than an easy pace. A touch of the whip brought her to a stand-still until she had been coaxed into good-humour again. It was the boast of the *King's Head* landlord that this was a mare 'safe for a baby to drive.'

There was something in Mr Beecham's expression—an occasional dancing of the eyes—as he gazed round on the rich undulating landscape, which suggested that he had been familiar with the scene in former days, and was at intervals recognising some well-remembered spot.

September was closing, and stray trees by the roadside were shorn of many leaves, and had a somewhat ragged, scarecrow look, although some of them still flaunted tufts of foliage on high branches, as if in defiance of bitter blasts. But in the Forest, where the trees were massed, the foliage was still luxuriant. The eyes rested first on a delicate green fringed with pale yellow, having a background of deepening green, shading into dark purple and black in the densest hollows.

The day was fine, and as the sun had cleared away the morning haze, there was a softness in the air that made one think of spring-time. But the falling of the many-coloured leaves, and the sweet odours which they yielded under the wheels, told that this softness was that of the twilight of the year; and the mysterious whisperings of the winds in the tree-tops were warnings of the mighty deeds they meant to do by sea and land before many days were over.

'You have been about Kingshope a long time?' said Mr Beecham, as the mare was crawling—it could not be called walking—up a long stretch of rising ground.

'More'n eighty year, man and boy,' answered old Jerry with cheerful pride. 'Ain't many about as can say that much, sir.'

'I should think not. And I suppose you know everybody here about?'

'Everybody, and their fathers afore 'em.' As Jerry said this, he turned, and leaning over the back of his seat, peered at the stranger. Then he put a question uneasily: 'You never 'longed to these parts, sir?'

'No, I do not exactly belong to these parts; but I have been here before.'

'Ah—thought you couldn't have 'longed here, or I'd have known you, though it was ever so many years gone by,' said old Jerry, much relieved at this proof that his memory had not failed him. 'Asking pardon, sir, I didn't get right hold of your name. Was it Oakem, sir?'

'Something of that kind,' said the stranger, smiling at the mistake. 'Beecham is the name.'

'Beecham,' mumbled Jerry, repeating the name several times and trying to associate it with some family of the district. 'Don't know any one of that name here away. May-happen your friends are called by another.'

'I have no friends of that name here.'

'Hope it ain't makin' too bold, sir, but may-happen you're a-goin' to stay with some of the Kingshope families?'

'I am going to stay at the *King's Head*, for a few days,' Mr Beecham replied, good-naturedly amused by Jerry's inquisitiveness; but wishing to divert his garrulity into another channel, he put a question in turn: 'Shall we be in time for the Harvest Service in the church to-day?'

'Time and to spare—barrin' th' old mare's tantrums, and she don't try them on with me. You'll see the whole county at the church to-day, sir. Parson's got it turned into a reglar holiday, and there's been mighty fine goings-on a-deckin' the old place up. Meetings morn and even, and a deal more courtin' nor prayin', is what I says. Hows'ever it's to be a rare thanksgivin' time this un, and the best of it is there's someat to be thankful for.'

Jerry nodded confidentially to the stranger, as if he were letting him into a secret.

'Is that such a rare occurrence?'

'Well, sir,' replied Jerry cautiously, and peering round again with the manner of one who is afraid of being discovered in the promulgation of seditious doctrines, 'there be times when it is mighty hard to find out what we are to be thankful for, when the rot has got hold of the taters, and them big rains have laid wheat and barley all flat and tangled, and the stuff ain't barely worth the cuttin' and the leadin' and the threshin', and wages ain't high and ain't easy to get—they be times when it takes parson a deal of argyfyng to make some people pretend they're grateful for the mercies. But Parson Haven knows how to do it, bless ye. He gives 'em a short sermon and a long feed, and there's real thanksgivin' after, whatevs'ever the harvest has been like.'

Jerry chuckled with the pleasures of retrospection, as well as of anticipation, and made a great ado putting on the skid as they began to descend towards the village.

Mr Beecham listened to this gossip with the interest of an exile returned to his native land. Whilst everywhere he meets the signs of change, he also finds countless trifles which revive the past. Even the comparison of what is, with what has been, has its pleasure, although it be mingled with an element of sadness. The sweetest memories are always touched with tender regret. We rejoice that sorrow has passed: who rejoices that time has passed?

He watched with kindly eyes the people making their way across the stubble or round by the church. The latter was a sturdy old building with a solid square tower, that looked as if it had foundations strong enough to hold it firmly in its place whatever theological or political storms might blow.

Old Jerry Mogridge had reason to be proud of that morning's work, and made his cronies of the taproom stare with his descriptions of the strange gentleman's friendly ways and liberal hand.



After seeing his rooms at the *King's Head*, Mr Beecham sauntered slowly towards the church. When he reached the porch, he paused, as if undecided whether or not to enter. The people had assembled and the bells had ceased ringing. He passed in, and despite the courtesy of an ancient verger, who would fain have given the stranger a conspicuous place, he took a seat near the door.

The ordinary aspect of the inside of Kingshope church was somewhat bare and cold-looking: at present it was aglow with sunbeams and rich colours. The pillars were bound with wisps of straw and wreaths of ground ivy, while the capitals were sheaves of wheat and barley, with a scarlet poppy here and there, and clusters of dahlias of many hues. On the broad window ledges, half-hidden in green leaves, lay the yellow succulent marrow, the purple grape, the ruddy tomato—bright-cheeked apples and juicy pears: giant sunflowers and ferns guarded the reading-desk; and on the altar was a pile of peaches and grapes, flanked by early Christmas roses—deep-red, orange, white and straw-coloured.

But the pulpit attracted most attention on this bright day. Madge and Philip had been visited by an inspiration; and, with the vicar's sanction and the aid of Pansy and Caleb, had carried it into effect. The entire pulpit and canopy were woven over with wheat and barley, giving it the appearance of a stack with the top uplifted. Round the front of the stack-pulpit were embroidered, in the bright scarlet fruit-sprays of the barberry, the opening words of the anthem for the day, 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.' There was a feeling of elation in the air, to which the organist gave expression by playing the Hallelujah Chorus as the opening number. And then it was with full hearts and vigorous lungs that all joined in the hymn,

Come, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of harvest home.

As he listened to the voices, rising and falling in grateful cadence, old times, old faces, old scenes, rose out of the midst of the past, and the stranger dreamed. Was there any significance to him in what he saw and heard? Was it not a generous welcome to the wanderer home? Home! His thoughts shaped themselves into words, and they were sung in his brain all the time he sat there dreamily wondering at their meaning:

'Home again, in the twilight of the year and of my life.'

He could see the Willowmere pew, and his eyes rested long on Dame Crawshaw's placid face; still longer on that of Madge. On the other side he could see the Manor pew, which was occupied by the three ladies, Alfred Crowell and Philip. Mr Hadleigh and Coutts were not there. Coutts considered it hard enough to be expected to go to church on Sunday (he did not often go); but only imbeciles, he thought, and their kin—women—went on a week-day, except on the occasion of a marriage or a funeral.

Mr Beecham's gaze rested alternately on Philip and Madge. They occupied him throughout the service. He retained his seat whilst the people were passing out, his eyes shaded by his hand, but his fingers parted, so that he could observe the lovers as they walked by him. He rose and

followed slowly, watching them with dreamy eyes; and still that phrase was singing in his brain:

'Home again, in the twilight of the year and of my life.' But he added something now: 'It is still morning with them.'

## INDIAN SNAKES.

### A REMINISCENCE.

WE have it on good authority, apropos of the climate of India and the chances of life there, that the British soldier who now serves one year in Bengal encounters as much risk in the mere fact of dwelling there, as in fighting three battles such as Waterloo (see Dr Moore's *Health in the Tropics*); and that the mortality amongst children up to fifteen years of age is eighty-four per thousand, as against twenty-two per thousand in twenty-four large towns of England. Statistics such as these tell their own tale. A soldier's life, as compared with a civilian's, whether official or unofficial, is by no means an unhealthy one, regulated as it is by all that experience and scientific sanitation can suggest. But what, after all, are the risks to life in a battle such as Waterloo? We can form some notion of this by a sort of analogy, if we are content to accept the statement of Marshal Saxe, said to be a high authority on such matters, who lays it down as a truth, that for each man killed in battle the weight of an average-sized man is expended in lead. This is said to have been verified at Solferino, where the Austrians fired eight million four hundred thousand rounds, and killed two thousand of the enemy, which gives four thousand two hundred rounds per man killed. Taking a bullet at one ounce weight, we have four thousand two hundred ounces, or over eighteen stone—about equal to one average man and a half; so the Marshal was under the mark. If these figures are reliable, it would seem that in battles, as with pugnacious dogs, there is noise out of all proportion to the amount of damage done; and the risks to life in war, as compared with those incidental to ordinary life in Bengal, need not seriously alarm us. The weapons of precision now in use have wrought a change, perhaps, to the great saving of lead. Still, these are stubborn figures to deal with; and a mortality of eighty-four per thousand children, and a proportionately high rate for adults, in the Indian plains, shows that, all precautions notwithstanding, the white man in the tropics or under an Eastern sun is in the wrong place.

It is estimated that nine to ten thousand natives are killed annually in Bengal alone by snakes; and throughout India, at a rough calculation—probably very much under the mark—twenty thousand persons lose their lives from this cause every year. There is no perceptible diminution in the number of these deadly reptiles; on the contrary, they are seemingly increasing, notwithstanding that government puts a price on the head of every snake

destroyed; and small though the reward may be, indigent peasants are not slow to avail themselves of it, and a snake that ventures to show itself rarely survives the discovery. The cry of *Sámp!* (snake) has a magical effect on the most apathetic and inert of natives.

Those whose experience of snakes is acquired in the 'Zoo,' can form but a faint idea of the rapidity with which the indolent-looking ophidian can move when so inclined; and were one to escape from its glass cage in that interesting collection, the agility of its movements would only be equalled by that of the astonished spectators towards the outer air. Were the habits of the snake family more aggressive and less retiring than they are, this sprightliness would be inconvenient beyond measure; and but for this tendency to shun man and escape from him at all times, the bill of mortality, which Sir Joseph Fayrer has shown us is frightfully large, would be infinitely greater than it is. Happily, self-preservation is an instinct as strong in serpents as in the hares of our fields.

But to return to the European in India and his share of risk incurred. There are obvious reasons why so large a percentage of our Aryan brethren fall victims. Barefooted and barelegged, and with that belief in *kismet* (fate) which, sometimes to his advantage, oftener to his prejudice as a man of the world, imbues the soul of 'the mild Hindu,' he trusts his bronzed nether limbs unhesitatingly in places where snakes are known to abound, and it is only a question whether or not he happens to touch one. With that sublime indifference to the danger, acquired by custom and a familiarity with it from his babyhood, he coils himself up, with or without his scanty garment of cotton stuff, on the bare earthen floor of his mud-hut, or beneath the spreading branches of a tree, and falls into a sleep, from which neither mosquitoes nor the chorus of predatory jackals, nor the screech-owls in the branches above, can rouse him. Many a time, perhaps, he has seen a snake killed on that very spot. But what does it matter to Ramcherrun or Bojoo? Are not snakes in other places too? In one minute he is snoring out the watch of night. He dreams of his rice and paddy fields, mortgaged at ninety per cent. interest, and ever likely to remain so; he dreams of his *mahájon* (banker), whose superior knowledge of the three Rs enabled that rascal to so circumvent his neighbours. Then he turns over, and rolls quietly on the top of the deadly *krati*; or stretching out his brown hand, grasps the tender back of a passing cobra, which bites him, and he dies! The gods had it so. His time was come—*kismet!* *kismet!!* Toolsi Kándoo is re-thatching his house, and in uplifting the old rotten grass, squeezes a roof-snake (*sankor*) reposing therein, which resents the intrusion with its sharp teeth, and Toolsi is gathered to his fathers. Then there is Sirikisson Beldar cutting bamboos for his new roof, or the jungle grasses which are to furnish his house with matting, and the foe is molested, and makes his bite felt—before retreating to safer quarters. Gidari Teli has gone in the gloaming

or in the darker night to fill his *lota* at the village well hard by, and returns only to tell his child-wife to run for the *byd* (native doctor), who will apply his nostrums, and the Brahmin to sing his incantations and perform sundry mystical rites whilst he, poor Gidari, passes away to the happy land. But even of white men there are few indeed who, after some years in the Indian plains, return home without a lively recollection of one or more escapes, for which at the moment they were thankful to Providence.

In large towns like Bombay or Calcutta, snakes are not unknown; whilst in and about the bungalows of most, if not all country stations, they are common, and pay visits to these habitations at inconveniently short intervals. There are few bungalows the thatched roof of which is not the occasional abode of one objectionable species—the *sankor*, or roof-snake; whilst round about, in the hollows of old trees, or beneath the flooring of the rooms, or in the garden hard by, come at intervals specimens more or less dangerous to human life. It will serve to show the nature of the danger from this source, if I relate a few of my own personal experiences during a residence of some years in Bengal.

Of the many snakes killed by me—some hundreds—I retain the liveliest recollection of the first my eyes beheld. I was then living in a small three-roomed bungalow, the flooring of which was almost on a level with the ground outside. Amongst other annoyances, the place was infested with rats; and being so low, the number of little toads that made free use of every room was incredible. My *sweeper* would in a short time fill and refill a *gylah* (a sort of round earthen pot capable of holding more than a gallon) up to the brim with toads. We called them frogs, but they were really toads of a jumping kind; and the only thing to be said in their favour was their capacity for swallowing mosquitoes, beetles, and other kinds of creeping and flying insects. But as a set-off against this advantage comes the fact that snakes with equal avidity swallow, and relish toads, and are ever in quest of these dainty morsels. The rats, however, troubled me most. They destroyed my shoes, drank up the oil of my night-lamp—a very primitive arrangement, known as the *tel-buttee*, that carries one back to the time of Moses—sometimes extinguishing the light in the process; and made sad havoc of my cotton-stuffed pillows, the contents of which I would often discover, after an absence of a few days from home, strewn about the floor, and the pillow-cases ruthlessly destroyed; and it was not an uncommon thing to find a fat rat, which had effected an entrance through the mosquito curtains, nibbling away within an inch of my nose as I lay in bed. They held high revels in an old sideboard stored with sundry eatables, and so loud was the noise amongst the crockery therein, that often I had to get up and put the rebels to flight. In desperation, I determined one night to try what smoke would do to keep them out. Accordingly, I placed a piece of smouldering brown paper in the cupboard, watching, stick in hand, for the first rodent that should be caught in the act of sliding down the leg-supports on which this piece of furniture stood. I had not long to wait. Out came rat No. 1, and met his death on the spot. Chuckling over my

success, I stood expectant of No. 2; but in place of him, came a brown snake about twenty-four inches long, close to my bare feet. This was much more than I bargained for. My stick was down on him in a second; but, unluckily, so was the *tel-buttee*, held in the other hand; and the brown snake and I were together in total darkness, a most unpleasant predicament for both of us.

I knew nothing of the habits of this or any other specimen of the snake family, so that, as a matter of course, a bite, to be followed by death in fifteen minutes, seemed to me quite inevitable! And I did, on the spur of the moment, about the very worst thing I could have done under the circumstances, that is, groped for the door at all hazards, and shouted for a light. It was five minutes before this could be obtained; the sleeping Hindu will stand a lot of waking, and is some time collecting his wits from the realms of slumber; and the snake was gone. We found a hole in the corner of the room, through which the experienced eyes of my servants at once discovered he had made his exit. But as this only led into an inner wall dividing the rooms, I had the discomfort of knowing that he shared my bungalow, and would certainly come again some other day. And so he did—or one like him—three days later, and was squeezed to death in the hinges of the door, and in broad daylight.

My next snake, I remember, was a large cobra—whose bite is certain death. Being fresh to the country, and determined not to be imposed upon, I had not grown to the habit of handing over all my belongings to the care of native servants, of whose language I scarcely knew a word, and of whose integrity and honesty I had heard none but the worst reports; and I strove manfully to keep a tight hand over everything and every one, and, from personal observation, to know how I stood in regard to supplies and household requisites of all kinds; and in particular, for financial reasons, to guard jealously my stock of wines and beer—expensive commodities in the East, and apt to disappear miraculously. In a word, I kept the keys of my own stores, and did not intrust them absolutely, as I afterwards saw the wisdom of doing, to my *khangsama* (butler); and it was my custom then to issue a certain number of bottles of wine or beer or tinned meats, &c., from out the *go-down* or storeroom, as occasion required. One end of the bungalow veranda was bricked up, to form a small storeroom for such commodities; and it had ever been my custom to enter this somewhat dark chamber with caution, owing to its being rather a favourite haunt of scorpions and centipedes; and the latter being my pet aversion, I always kept a sharp lookout. On one occasion, however, I was pushing aside a large empty box which had contained brandy, when, to my horror, I saw a large snake reposing therein. Escaping with great rapidity, he coiled at bay on the floor, with hood expanded and eyes glistening savagely at me. Seizing the box, I threw it at him and on him; whilst my servant ran to the other end of the veranda for a stick, with which he was soon and easily despatched. On another occasion, I remember, in opening a bathroom door, a small but deadly snake, by some means or other perched on the top of it, fell straight on to my wrist, and thence to the floor; and similarly, whilst seated

one morning on a pony, inspecting some repairs in an outbuilding used as a stable, the same species of snake fell from the bamboo and thatch of the inner roof right on to my head, thence to my left arm and the saddle-bow, and so to the ground, where he escaped in some straw. Some time later, in picking up a handful of fresh-cut grass to give a favourite Cabul horse, I felt something moving in my hand; and dropping the grass, out wriggled a *krait*, a snake that for deadly poison ranks nearly next to the cobra.

I have heard of snakes, though I have never seen one, lying concealed beneath bed-clothes and under pillows. Twice, however, on awaking in the morning I have found that I have been honoured with the company during the night of an adder in my bedroom; and one morning, on taking my seat at my writing-desk, I discovered a very large cobra—nearly four and a half feet long—lying at full length at my feet close against the wall. He made for the open door, and I killed him in the veranda with a riding-whip; whilst the natives, as usual in such emergencies, were rushing wildly about, and searching in the most unlikely corners for a more effective weapon. It was always a salutary habit of mine, for which I have to thank the sagacity of an old and faithful attendant, to shake my riding-boots, preparatory to putting a foot into one—to eject a possible toad ensconced therein; or, as would frequently happen, old Ramcherrun boldly thrust his bronze fingers in for the like precaution; and when there happened to be a toad or frog inside, how the old rascal used to make me laugh at the precipitate way in which he would withdraw his hand, exclaiming, with a startled countenance: '*Kuchh hai bhitar!*' (There is something inside.) On one occasion, as luck would have it, he adopted the shaking process, when out dropped a small snake, which I identified as a roof-snake (*sankor*). After this, I took care where I put my boots and shoes at night, and Ramcherrun, where he put his fingers.

Snakes are frequently found in what would seem to be the most unlikely places. As an instance, a lady of my district very nearly put her hand on a live cobra in reaching an ornament from the mantel-piece; the reptile was lying quietly next the wall, behind a clock. How he got there, was a mystery never solved. A friend of mine, who had set a country-made wooden trap for rats, caught a cobra instead, much to the horror of his *mehthur* (sweeper). But, more curious still, a snake was discovered by a lady whom I knew, a few years ago, on a drawing-room table of a station bungalow. It was of a small venomous species, and was hiding beneath a child's picture-book. On this occasion, the lady on taking up the book was bitten; but after suffering considerable pain, recovered.

Some very odd notions and superstitions regarding snakes obtain amongst the natives. There is a large snake called the *dharmin*, said to be a cross between the cobra and some other species. It is said to refrain from biting; but when pursued, strikes with its tail, which, according to the natives, can inflict painful and even dangerous wounds; and the belief obtains that this snake is quite innocuous on Sundays and Thursdays! It is considered unlucky to speak of any venomous snake by its proper

name—nicknames or roundabout expressions being considered preferable; just as the correct word for cholera morbus is avoided, as in the highest degree dangerous to employ, and likely to bring the disease. Many natives who walk about after dusk repeatedly strike the ground before them with their *lathee* (a bamboo staff), and go at a slow pace; and the *dak*-runners or rural postmen, who run stages of five or six miles carrying the mail-bags, invariably carry a number of loose iron rings on their shoulder-pole, to make a jingling sound as they trot along. There are several versions of the object of this; the primary object being no doubt to scare away snakes and other noxious animals; but the noise also gives warning to the next stage-runner of the approach of the mail-bags.

Snakes are said to avoid approaching a naked light or flame of any kind. This is an error, as I have more than once discovered, and very nearly to my cost. I perceived, on one occasion, almost encircling the oil-lamp on the floor of one of my dressing-rooms, what appeared to be a stream of spilt oil as it were staining the matting; and I was in the act of lowering the candle which I carried, for a closer inspection, when the dark line moved off within three inches of my shoeless feet. It was a black snake, three feet long, called the *bahrá sámp*, literally *deaf adder* or snake.

Strange as it may seem, there are people—few though they may be—who never saw a snake in India. I was lately solemnly assured by a friend who had spent three years in the Mofussil, frequently camping out, that he had never once seen one dead or alive. At one bungalow where I resided a few years—a bungalow admirably situated, and well raised from the ground—I killed, or saw killed, during three months of one monsoon rains, between eighty and ninety poisonous snakes on the premises, of which more than one-third were either in the rooms or the veranda. My successor, who lived there about twelve months, encountered no more than four snakes! He was succeeded by a man who, in June, July, and August, killed over one hundred. One bungalow in a station may be infested with them, whilst another, a couple of hundred yards off, is completely free. Places the most likely-looking for the habitation of snakes, on account of jungle and dense vegetation close by, are often the most free of them. And so it often is with those pests the mosquitoes. Vast numbers of fowls are destroyed by snakes, and the cook-room is a place which seemingly has great attractions. The largest cobras I ever saw I have killed—sometimes shot—in the *bawarchi-khāna* (cook-house).

I have spoken of the fondness of snakes for frogs and toads. There is a well-known cry of a very plaintive and peculiar description often heard, especially during the rains, uttered by these unfortunate frogs when being set at by a snake. 'Beng bolta hai, kodárwand!' (A frog is shouting) was the information frequently imparted to me by my little servant-boy Nubbee, as I lay beneath the punka enjoying my post-prandial cigar, ever ready, as he knew me to be, to kill the snake and save the frog. Out we would sally, he holding my kerosene table-lamp, and I armed with a polo-stick; and we rarely failed to find amongst

the bushes adjacent to the bungalow the object of our search—a krait or a *ghoman* (cobra) besetting a terrified frog, that had not shrieked in vain, and which, by a timely rescue, lived to return to the bosom of its family once more.

## A WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE.

### IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It had been raining steadily all day. It was still raining as I stood at the corner of a great London thoroughfare on that wretched November night. The gutter babbled, the pavement glistened, humanity was obliterated by silk and alpaca; but the night-wind was cool and fresh to me, after a day spent in a hot police court, heavy with the steam of indigo-dyed constables, of damp criminals, and their frowsy friends and foes. I was later than usual. That was why I stood hesitating, and turning over and over the few shillings in my pocket, painfully gathered by a long day's labour as a young and struggling legal practitioner. I thought of my poor little sick wife, waiting so longingly for me in the dull lodgings miles away. I also considered the difficulty of earning two shillings, and the speed with which that sum disappeared when invested in cabs. I thought of the slowness and uncertainty of the 'bus, crowded inside and out; again of the anxious eyes watching the clock; and my mind was made up. I called a hansom from the rank just opposite to me, and jumped in, after giving my directions to so much of the driver as I could make out between his hat and his collar.

I felt tired, hungry, and depressed; so that I was glad to drop off to sleep, and forget weariness and worry for a little while; and I remained unconscious of bad pavement and rattling rain, blurred glass and misty lights, until the stoppage of the cab roused me. Thinking that I had arrived at my journey's end, and wondering why the glass was not raised, I smote lustily on the roof with my umbrella. But the voice of the driver came down to me through the trap in a confidential wheeze; and at the same time I saw that there was a great crowd ahead, and heard that there were shouts and confusion, and that my cab was one of a mass of vehicles all wedged together by some impassable obstacle.

'Policeman says, sir,' explained cabby, 'as there's bin a gas main hexploded and blowed up the street, and nothin' can't get this way. There's bin a many pussons hinjured, sir. I'll have to go round the back streets.'

'All right,' I replied. 'Go ahead, then.'

Down slammed the trap; the cab was turned and manœuvred out of the press; and I soon found myself traversing a maze of those unknown byways, lined with frowsy lodging-houses and the dead walls of factories and warehouses, which hem in our main thoroughfares. I was broad awake now, excited by the news of the accident, speculating on its causes, and thinking of the scenes of agony and sorrow to which it had given rise, and of my own fortunate escape. The hansom I was in was an unusually well-appointed one for those days. It was clean and well cushioned; it had a mat on the floor instead of mouldy straw. Against one side was a metal match-holder, with a roughened surface; bearing,

as the occasional street lamps showed me, the words 'Please strike a light. Do not injure the cab.' On each side of the door, was a small mirror, placed so as to face the driver; so that I could see reflected therein, through the windows, those parts of the street which the cab had just passed.

We careered up one dreary lane and down another, until, having just turned to the left into a rather wider thoroughfare, we were once more brought up. This time it was a heavy dray discharging goods at the back entrance of a warehouse. It was drawn up carelessly, occupying, in fact, more room than it should in that ill-lighted place. We were almost into it before we could pull up. To avoid accident, the cabman threw his horse half across the road; and in this position proceeded gently but firmly to expostulate with the drayman after the manner of cabmen on such occasions. The surly fellow would take no notice, and made no attempt for some minutes to give us room. I was too listless to interfere, and lay back in the cab, leaving the driver to get over the difficulty as he might.

In the right-hand glass, owing to our slanting position across the road, I could see reflected, a few yards off, the corner of the street out of which we had just turned, with the lamp which stood there, and above the lamp the name of the street, which, though reversewise on the mirror, I made out to be 'Hauraki Street.' The queer name attracted me; and I was wondering what colonial experiences could have led the builder to select it, when I saw the reflected figure of a man come into the light of the lamp along the road in which we stood. He was young, but dishevelled and dirty, and evidently wet through. His clothes, bad as their condition was, looked somehow as if their wearer had been, or ought now to be, in a better condition of body than his present one. He stared desolately about him for a while, as if to see whether there could be any other creature so miserable as to be lounging purposelessly about, without an umbrella, in such a place on such a night. A neighbouring clock struck eight, and he seemed to turn his head and listen till the clangour ceased. Then he inspected the sleeves of his coat, as people always do when unduly damp, and drew one of them across his forehead, taking off his hat for the purpose, as though hot from exercise. Then he carefully produced from inside the sodden and melancholy hat a folded piece of paper and a clay-pipe. He filled the pipe from the paper, restored the latter to the hat, and put the hat on his head. Then he looked helplessly at the pipe. I guessed that the poor wretch had neither a match nor a penny to buy one. A thought seemed to strike him. He looked up suddenly at the lamp, and I saw his face for the first time. I am an observer of faces. This one was peculiarly short and broad, with a projecting sharp-pointed chin, a long slit of a mouth, turned down at the corners; as it was now half open in perplexity, it disclosed a conspicuous blank, caused by the loss of one or more front teeth. The eyes were small and dark, and half-shut with a curious prying air. This was all I noticed; for now the man began awkwardly and laboriously to 'swarm' the lamp-post; evidently with the view of getting a light for his pipe. Having got about half-way to the top, he

incautiously stopped to rest, and instantly slid to the bottom. Patiently he began all over again; and I now saw that if he was not altogether tipsy, he was something very like it. This time his efforts were so ill-judged that he caved in the melancholy hat against the cross-bar of the lamp; and the last I saw of him as my picture vanished at the whisking round of the hansom, he was blindly waving his pipe at the lamp-glass, his head buried in the wreck of his hat, as he vainly endeavoured to introduce the pipe through the opening underneath, and beginning once more to slide impotently down the shaft.

I got home without further adventure in time not to be missed by my little invalid; but for several days the queer street-name abode with me, as the merest trifles will haunt an over-anxious mind, such as mine then was. I repeated it to myself hundreds of times; I made it into a sort of idiotic refrain or chorus, with which I kept time to my own footsteps on my daily tramps. I tried to make rhymes to it, with indifferent success; and altogether it was some weeks before the tiresome phantom finally departed.

Also, I often wondered whether the drenched young man with the crushed hat had managed to get a light after all.

Twelve years had gone, and with them my troubles—such troubles at least as had been with me at the time of the beginning of this story. I was now a prosperous solicitor, with a large and varied practice, and with a comfortable home on the northern heights of London, wherein to cherish the dear wife, no longer sick, who had been my loving companion through the years of scarcity. The firm's practice was a varied one; but personally I devoted myself to that branch of it in which I had begun my professional life—the criminal law. In this I had fairly won myself a name both as an advocate and a lawyer—often very different things—which tended to make me a richer man every day. And I am glad to be able to say that I had added to this reputation another yet more valuable—that of being an honourable and honest man.

Late one afternoon, as I sat in my office after a long day at the Central Criminal Court, making preparations for my homeward flight, a stranger was shown in to me. He sat down and began his story, to which I at first listened with professional attention and indifference. But I soon became a trifle more interested; for this, as it seemed, was a tale of long-deferred vengeance, falling after the lapse of years upon the right head; such as we lawyers meet with more often in sensational novels—of which we are particularly fond—than in the course of practice.

Some dozen years ago, he said, there had lived in a remote suburb of London an elderly maiden lady, named Miss Harden, the only daughter of a retired merchant skipper, who had got together a very tolerable sum of money for a man of his class. Dying, he had left it all to his only living relative and friend, his daughter; and on the interest thereof she managed to live comfortably, and even to save quite a third of her income. These moneys she—being, like many maiden ladies, of a suspicious nature—always declined to invest in any way,



but kept them in an oaken cupboard in her sitting-room, which cupboard she was accustomed to glorify for its impregnable nature, when the danger she ran by keeping so much money about the house was represented to her. Perhaps she was fortified in her obstinacy by the consideration that she was not entirely alone and unprotected, though most people thought that such protection as she had was worse than none. It consisted in the presence of an orphaned nephew, to whose mother, on her deathbed, Miss Harden had solemnly promised that she would never forsake the child. She had been as good as her word, and better—or worse; for she had treated the boy with such foolish indulgence that he had grown up as pretty a specimen of the black-guard as could be found in the neighbourhood. After being expelled from school, he had never attempted to improve himself or earn his own living in any way, except by betting (and losing), and by making free with certain cash of his first and only employer; which questionable attempt at providing for himself would certainly have led to his being for some time provided for by his country, but for the tears and prayers of his aunt, and the sacrifice of a round sum out of her hoardings. From that time he lived with her, and she cherished and endured him as only women can. Scolding him when he came home tipsy at night, putting him carefully to bed, and forgiving him the next morning, only to scold and put him to bed again the same evening; so, with little difference, went on their lives for years.

But at last this loving patience began to wear out, and as the aunt got older and more irritable, the nephew's little ways caused louder and more frequent disagreements. One morning, things came to a climax. She caught him actually trying to set free the imprisoned secrets of the impregnable cupboard with a pocket-knife. Being interrupted and violently abused—the old lady was very ready with her tongue—he turned and struck her. She did then and there what she had threatened. Often of late; ordered him out of the house, and what was more, saw him out. There was rather a scene at the street-door, and the lookers-on heard him say, in answer to her vows that she would never see him again, 'When you do see me again, you'll be sorry enough;' or words to that effect. The last time he was known to have been in the neighbourhood was about three o'clock that afternoon, in a public-house close by, which he used to haunt. He was then in a maudlin state, and was descanting to a mixed audience on his wrongs and on the meanness of his relative. He further produced the knife with which he had attempted the cupboard, and was foolish enough to say that 'he wished he had tried it on the old woman herself, and he would too, before the day was out.'

All this greatly amused his rough hearers, who supplied him well with liquor, and generally kept the game alive, until the landlord, becoming jealous of the reputation of his house, turned him out of doors. From that moment he disappeared; but the same night a horrible murder was committed. The aunt had sent her one servant out for half an hour. The girl left at a quarter to eight, and returned at a quarter

past, to find the poor old maid lying dead on the floor, while the oak cupboard was open and empty. Screaming with horror, the girl called in help; and one among the crowd that filled the house before the police came picked up on the floor a knife, which he identified as the very one which the nephew, whom he knew well, had exhibited that afternoon at the public-house. He repeated this evidence at the subsequent inquest, and it was confirmed by many others who knew both the knife and its owner. A verdict of wilful murder was returned against the nephew, whom we will call John Harden, but who had disappeared completely and entirely. Inquiries, advertisements, and the minute description of him which was posted, together with the offer of a heavy government reward for his apprehension, throughout the three kingdoms—all were useless. In the course of time the affair died out, except as an occasional remembrance in the minds of those who had been most intimately connected with it.

But on the afternoon of the very day on which the stranger waited upon me, John Harden had been recognised in the Strand by my informant. He wore a well-fitting suit of dark clothes, and was, in fact, the confidential servant of a retired Australian millionaire, who had come to England to spend the rest of his days there. On being addressed by his name, he had at first appeared surprised, though in no way alarmed; but almost immediately admitted that he had formerly gone by that name, though he had for years borne another. His accuser straightway gave him into the custody of the nearest constable, charging him with the murder. Then indeed the unfortunate man showed the greatest horror and disturbance of mind, protesting that he did not even know his aunt was dead; that he had intended to go and see her as soon as he could be relieved from attendance on his master; that he had even written to her several times, but having received no reply, had concluded that she was determined to renounce him entirely. He was locked up at the station for the night, and was to be brought before the magistrate in the morning; and my informant's object in coming to me was to instruct me to prosecute, not being content to leave that duty to the police. He was, it seemed, the very man who had, as already stated, picked up the knife with which the murder had been committed; and he expressed himself as being extremely anxious that justice should be done, and that the murderer should not escape. He stated that, though badly enough off twelve years ago, he had since succeeded in trade; that he knew the poor old lady well, having done many an odd job about the house for her; and that he was willing, for justice' sake, to put his hand as reasonably far into his pocket as could be expected. As he sat opposite to me, his face burning with indignation, I could not help thinking that it would be well for the country and the lawyers if all citizens were as prompt as my new client to spend their means in exposing and punishing crime in which they had no individual interest. I said something to this effect, and my remarks were received with a proper pride, tempered by modesty. 'He hoped he knewed his dooty as a man, and tried to do it.'

It so happened that I was obliged to leave town

next day, to attend to certain matters connected with an estate of which I was a trustee, in another part of the country. I told him this, adding that the magistrate would certainly send the case for trial, and that I should be back in town in time for the next Old Bailey sessions, and that I would be responsible that the case should receive proper attention in the meantime. He merely said that he left the matter in my hands, and that if I said it would be all right, he was content, and so departed, engaging to attend to have his evidence taken down next morning. I went to the office of a brother practitioner on whom I knew I could rely, handed him my written instructions, requested him to take up the case and work it until my return, and then did what every business man should be able to do—wiped the subject altogether out of my mind for the present.

#### LITERARY SELF-ESTIMATES.

THE question, Can an author rightly criticise his own work? has been variously answered. Gibbon emphatically says in his Autobiography that a writer himself is the best judge of his own performance, since no one has so deeply meditated on the subject, and no one is so sincerely interested in the event. Samuel Johnson did not go quite so far as this. In his Life of Dryden, he writes that, in the preface to one of his plays, Dryden 'discusses a curious question, whether an author can judge well of his own productions; and determines, very justly, that of the plan and disposition, and all that can be reduced to principles of science, the author may depend upon his own opinion; but that in those parts where fancy predominates, self-love may easily deceive. He might have observed, that what is good only because it pleases, cannot be pronounced good till it has been found to please.'

Certainly, from some points of view, nobody can be a better judge of an author's productions than the author himself. He alone knows fully the difficulties he had to contend with; he alone knows the places where he wrote with full knowledge and deep insight, and the places where he wrote carelessly and with no clear understanding; he alone can tell exactly how much he owes to other writers, and how far his work is the result of his own toil and thought. But that merciful dispensation of providence which prevents us from seeing ourselves as others see us, frequently so far affects an author's judgment of his own writings, that it has become almost a commonplace of criticism that the greatest of writers occasionally prefer their own least worthy works. They are apt to measure the value of what they have done not by its intrinsic merit, but by the difficulty of doing it; and knowing the pains it has cost them, and being, as Hazlitt says, apprehensive that it is not proportionately admired by others, who know nothing of what it cost them, they praise it extravagantly. Moreover, severe criticism often tempts an author to praise some neglected work of his above what he is conscious to be its real deserts; just as, when her chickens are attacked by the kite, the fond hen rushes straightway to defend the one which seems most in danger.

Milton's preference of *Paradise Regained* to

*Paradise Lost* has often been instanced as an example of the false judgments writers form of their works. As a matter of fact, however, this opinion attributed to Milton is overstated. As has recently been pointed out by Mr Mark Pattison, all we know about the matter is, that Milton 'could not bear to hear with patience' that it was inferior to *Paradise Lost*. Of a writer who formed the most exaggerated and erroneous notions about the merits of his works, no better example could be given than Southey. He was indeed, as Macaulay remarked in his Diary, arrogant beyond any man in literary history; for his self-conceit was proof against the severest admonitions, and the utter failure of one of his books only confirmed him in his belief of its excellence. When William Taylor asked him who was to read his massive quartos on Brazil, he replied: 'That one day he should by other means have made such a reputation that it would be thought a matter of course to read them.' About *Kehama*, he wrote: 'I was perfectly aware that I was planting acorns while my contemporaries were planting Turkey beans. The oak will grow; and though I may never sit under its shade, my children will.' To one of his contemporaries, he writes in 1805: 'No further news of the sale of *Madoc*. The reviews will probably hurt it for a while; that is all they can do. Unquestionably the poem will stand and flourish. I am perfectly satisfied with the execution—now, eight months after its publication, in my cool judgment. William Taylor has said it is the best English poem that has left the press since *Paradise Lost*. Indeed, this is not exaggerated praise, for there is no competition.' On another occasion Southey writes: '*Thalaba* is finished. You will, I trust, find the *Paradise* a rich poetical picture, a proof that I can employ magnificence and luxury of language when I think them in place. One overwhelming propensity has formed my destiny, and marred all prospects of rank or wealth; but it has made me happy, and it will make me immortal.' In a letter written in 1815, he modestly remarks that nothing could be more absurd than thinking of comparing any of his pieces with *Paradise Lost*; but that with Tasso, with Virgil, with Homer, there might be fair grounds of comparison! Nor did he think more meanly of himself as an historian, for he predicted that he would stand above Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon; nay, he went even further, and challenged comparison with the Father of History. 'I have flattered myself,' he says, 'that my *History of Brazil* might in more points than one be compared to Herodotus, and will hereafter stand in the same relation to the history of that large portion of the new world as his *History* does to that of the old.'

Southey's friend and admirer, Walter Savage Landor, resembled him in the exalted notions he entertained of the value of his own productions. 'I have published,' he says in the conversation with Hare, 'five volumes of *Imaginary Conversations*; cut the most of them through the middle; and there will remain in the decimal fraction enough to satisfy my appetite for fame. I shall dine late, but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select.' 'Be patient!' he says in another place. 'From the higher heavens of poetry it is long before the radiance of the

brightest star can reach the world below. We hear that one man finds out one beauty, another man finds out another, placing his observatory and instruments on the poet's grave. The worms must have eaten us before we rightly know what we are. It is only when we are skeletons that we are boxed, and ticketed, and shown. Be it so! I shall not be tired of waiting.' Knowing, he again writes, that in two thousand years there have not been five volumes of prose (the work of one man) equal to his *Conversations*, he could indeed afford to wait. If conscious of earthly things, we fear he may be waiting still.

With better reason than Southey and Landor, Wordsworth nourished in his breast a sublime self-complacency, and, in spite of adverse criticisms, wrote calmly on, 'in the full assurance that his poems would be unpopular, and in the full assurance that they would be immortal.' To a friend who wrote condoling with him about the severity with which his poems were criticised in the *Edinburgh Review*, he replied: 'Trouble not yourself about their present reception; of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny? To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think, and to feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous—this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform long after we—that is, all that is mortal of us—are mouldering in our graves.' Again: 'I doubt not that you will share with me an invincible confidence that my writings, and among them these little poems, will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, wherever found, and that they will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men happier and wiser.'

Byron, to whom Macaulay denied the possession of any high critical faculty, was no better judge of his own poetry than he was of other people's. His *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* he thought inferior to his *Hints from Horace*, a feeble imitation of Pope and Johnson, which he repeatedly designed to publish, and was withheld from doing only by the solicitations of his friends, whom, to his astonishment, he could never bring to think of the matter as he did. Scott, who had few of the weaknesses common to literary men, was free from any tendency to unduly estimate his own writings. He always said that his poetry would never live, and was not to be compared with that of many of his contemporaries. He felt that though Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley were then comparatively neglected, the time would come when they would be recognised as having possessed more of the sacred fire of inspiration than he. 'I promise you,' he says in an epistle to an old friend, 'my oaks will outlast my laurels; and I pique myself more on my compositions for manure, than on any other compositions to which I was ever accessory.' This was, of course, in great part badinage. But he repeatedly, both in writing and conversation, placed literature below some other professions, and especially the military, of whose greatest representative then living, the Duke of Wellington, his admiration knew no bounds.

'There are two things,' said Dr Johnson to Reynolds, 'which I am confident I can do very

well: one is an introduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner; the other is a conclusion proving from various causes why the execution has not been equal to what the author promised to himself and the public.' The Doctor was, on the whole, a very honest critic of his own productions. 'I showed him,' writes Boswell, 'as a curiosity that I had discovered, his translation of Lobo's Account of Abyssinia, which Sir John Pringle had lent me, it being then little known as one of his works. He said: "Take no notice of it," or, "Don't talk of it." He seemed to think it beneath him, though done at six-and-twenty. I said to him: "Your style, sir, is much improved since you translated this." He answered with a sort of triumphant smile: "Sir, I hope it is." On one occasion, when some person read his *Irene* aloud, he left the room, saying he did not think it had been so bad. Reviewing the *Rambler* late in life, he shook his head, and said it was 'too wordy.'

A good specimen of honest, manly self-criticism is afforded by a letter of Sydney Smith's to Jeffrey, who had written to him complaining that he treated grave subjects in too jocular a vein. 'You must consider,' he writes, 'that Edinburgh is a very grave place, and that you live with philosophers who are very intolerant of nonsense. I write for the London, not for the Scotch market, and perhaps more people read my nonsense than your sense. The complaint was loud and universal about the extreme dullness and lengthiness of the *Edinburgh Review*. Too much, I admit, would not do of my style; but the proportion in which it exists enlivens the *Review*, if you appeal to the whole public, and not to the eight or ten grave Scotchmen with whom you live. . . . Almost any one of the sensible men who write for the *Review* could have done a much wiser and more profound article than I have done upon the Game Laws. I am quite certain nobody would obtain more readers for his essay on such a subject, and I am equally certain that the principles are right, and that there is no lack of sense in it.'

Macaulay also may be ranked among the writers who have formed correct judgments of their own works. 'I have written,' he wrote with great candour, to Macvey Napier, 'several things on historical, political, and moral questions, of which, on the fullest reconsideration, I am not ashamed, and by which I should be willing to be estimated. But I have never written a page of criticism on poetry or the fine arts which I would not burn if I had the power. I leave it to yourself to make the comparison. I am sure that on reflection you will agree with me. Hazlitt used to say of himself, "I am nothing if not critical." The case with me is directly the reverse. I have a strong and acute enjoyment of great works of the imagination; but I have never habituated myself to dissect them.' Not less sound was his estimate of his great History. A fortnight before its publication, he wrote in his Diary: 'The state of my own mind is this: when I compare my own work with what I imagine history ought to be, I feel dejected and ashamed; but when I compare it with some Histories which have a high repute, I feel re-assured.' At a subsequent

stage of the publication, he writes: 'I dawdled over my book most of the day, sometimes in good, sometimes in bad spirits about it. On the whole, I think that it must do. The only competition, so far as I perceive, it has to dread is that of the two former volumes. Certainly no other History of William's reign is either so trustworthy or so agreeable.' The following entry is interesting: 'I looked through —'s two volumes. He is, I see, an imitator of me. But I am a very unsafe model. My manner is, I think, and the world thinks, on the whole a good one; but it is very near to a bad manner indeed, and those characteristics of my style which are most easily copied are the most questionable.'

Of all classes of writers, perhaps the most vain are amateur poets and great classical scholars. An amusing instance of conceit in one of the former class is given in Cyrus Redding's *Recollections*. Once meeting with Colton, the author of *Lacon*, they entered into conversation, and Colton invited him to his house, and quoted many lines from a poem he was composing called *Hippocritsy*. 'Now,' said he, 'do you think any lines of Pope more euphonical than these?'

His conceit at first surprised Redding; but seeing his weak side, he flattered him. 'Really, they are very good, and very like'—

'There, sir; I think these will convince you I write verses of some merit.'

This anecdote reminds one of a certain amateur versifier whom Thomas Davidson, the 'Scottish Probationer,' once met with in his peregrinations, who used to read to his suffering auditor long poems of his own composition. When Davidson did violence to his conscience by praising any of them, the poetaster complacently remarked: 'Yes, it's capital.' How differently puerile vanity like this affects one, from the lofty words some great writers have used of their own works. How fine, for example, is the address of Bacon: 'Those are the Meditations of Francis of Verulam, which that posterity should be possessed of, he deemed their interest.' Horace, in one of his finest odes, says of himself: 'I have erected a monument more durable than brass, and more lofty than the regal height of the pyramids.' In a similar strain, Shakspeare writes in one of his sonnets:

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments,  
Of princes, shall outlive this lofty rhyme;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.

It would fail us to repeat all the anecdotes that might be told of the vanity of scholars. Richard Bentley, whom Macaulay calls the greatest scholar that has appeared in Europe since the revival of learning, always spoke, wrote, and acted as if he considered a great scholar the greatest of men. In the preface to his edition of Horace, he describes at some length the characteristics of the ideal critic, and pretty plainly indicates that he regarded himself as that model individual. If, in scholarship, Samuel Parr was inferior to Bentley, his vanity was at least equally colossal. 'Shepherd,' he once said to one of his friends, 'the age of great scholars is past. I am the only one now remaining of that race of men.' 'No man's horse carries more Latin than mine,' he one day observed to an acquaintance with whom he was out riding. In signal

contrast to the opinions these two worthies entertained of themselves was the verdict which Porson, the greatest Greek scholar England has seen, passed on himself. Being once asked why he had produced so little original matter, he replied: 'I doubt if I could produce any original work which could command the attention of posterity: I can only be known by my notes; and I am quite satisfied if, three hundred years hence, it shall be said that one Porson lived towards the close of the eighteenth century who did a good deal for the text of Euripides.'

### BURIED ALIVE.

Of all the horrible and appalling calamities that can befall mortal man, we can imagine none more ghastly than that of being buried alive, and well authenticated records have placed beyond a doubt that it has occasionally happened. The case of the lady whose ring, cut from her finger by midnight violators of her tomb, was the means of saving her from a dreadful fate, has been often told. Her son, the eminent Dr L—, born many years after his mother had been buried, was the physician and friend of the family of the writer, one of whose earliest recollections is the hearing the story from the lips of an aged relative, while forming one of a group of small listeners gathered round and hanging with bated breath on the narration. Children love to have the same stories told over and over again in the same words. They like to know what is coming—to watch with thrills of expectation for each detail. And these details, graphically given by one who had them from the very actors in the scene, were weird and vivid. The vault at midnight—the cutting off of the finger—the ghastly terror of the ruffians, when the dead woman sat up in her coffin and blood began to flow—the familiar knock coming to the house-door in the dead of night, heard by terrified maids, who, thinking their mistress's ghost was there, buried their faces, trembling, in their pillows. The bereaved husband lying sleepless in his grief, heard it too, and started at the sound. 'If my dear wife were not gone,' he thought, 'I should say that was her knock;' and when, more faintly, it again smote his ear, rising at last and going to the door, he was confronted by the resuscitated woman. All this was listened to with an interest intensified by the fact of its being true.

A curious coincidence respecting this event is that an exactly similar story is recorded in the annals of the family of the Earls of Mount-Edgecumbe. In them we read that the mother of Richard Edgecumbe, created first Baron in 1742, being at the time young and childless, died, apparently, at their seat, Cothele, near Plymouth. She was buried with a valuable ring on her finger: and the cutting this off by violators of the tomb, as in the case of Mrs L—, restored her to consciousness. Five years afterwards, she gave birth to a son.

In the year 1838, a remarkable instance of burying alive occurred at Cambray, in France. M. Marbois, a farmer residing at Sisoy, in that neighbourhood, had reared a large family, and acquired by his industry and good conduct, wealth

and consideration, so that he was chosen principal churchwarden of his parish, and appointed deputy-mayor. He had lived in harmony with his family, until the subject of a marriage his eldest son wished to contract, became the cause of a quarrel, and brought on fierce disputes between him and his children. Marbois was a man of violent passions; opposition made him frantic; and on one occasion, when the dispute ran higher than usual, he became so infuriated that he rose up and pronounced a fearful malediction upon his family. No sooner had the words passed his lips, than his whole frame suddenly collapsed; his face grew livid, his eyes fixed, his limbs stiffened, and he fell to the ground. Medical aid was called in; but all pulsation had ceased. Soon the body became cold, and his death was decidedly pronounced—the cause, a stoppage of the heart's action produced by violent excitement. This occurred on the 13th of January; and on the 16th the interment took place. There had been a severe frost, and the extreme hardness of the ground prevented the grave from being properly dug. It was therefore left shallow, with the intention of deepening it when the thaw should come. By the 23d the ground became sufficiently softened, and men were set to work to raise the body and finish the grave. On lifting the coffin, they fancied that they heard a sigh, and on listening attentively, they found the sounds of life repeated. Breaking open the coffin, and perceiving that faint actions of pulsation and respiration were going on to a certain extent, the men hurried off with the body to the house of the parish doctor, by whose efforts Marbois was at last restored to consciousness.

When the resuscitated man was able to recall what had taken place, he became overwhelmed with contrition, regarding the fate from which he so narrowly escaped as the deserved punishment of his sin. He sent for the clergyman of Sisoy, whom he entreated to mediate with his children, expressing his anxiety to make his peace with them and to recall his malediction. The result was a return to mutual understanding and the re-establishment of harmony in the household.

The distinguished physician Sir Henry Marsh, used to describe an event which occurred at the beginning of his medical career, many years before he had reached the eminence to which he afterwards attained. He was called in by the family doctor—a country practitioner—to attend upon Colonel H——, struck down suddenly by apoplexy. The fit was a severe one. All efforts to save the sick man proved unavailing; he never rallied, and at the end of a few days, to all appearance breathed his last. On the morning of the funeral, the two medical attendants deemed it right, as a last attention, to go and take leave of the remains of their patient before the coffin was screwed down. The family doctor, a jovial florid personage, on whom professional cares sat lightly, had been a friend, and oftentimes boon-companion, of the deceased. A bottle of port and glasses stood on a table near the coffin.

'Ah, my poor friend!' he said, pouring out a bumper and tossing it off; 'this was his favourite drink. Rare wine, too. He knew what was good, and never spared it. Many a generous glass we have had together. I'll drink another to his memory,' he cried; and another, and

another followed, until the wine rapidly gulped down, and at so unwonted an hour, began to tell upon the man, and make his eyes glisten and his speech grow thick.

'Why should you not pledge me now for the last time?' exclaimed the excited doctor, while he approached the corpse, and, to Sir Henry's inexpressible disgust at such revolting levity, pressed the glass to the pale lips. The contents went down the colonel's throat!

Sir Henry stood amazed; his eyes, which he was turning away from the unbecoming spectacle, were riveted on the corpse.

The jovial doctor, sobered in a moment, staggered back. 'Can a dead man drink?' he cried.

'Give him more—more!' exclaimed Sir Henry, recovering his presence of mind and seizing the bottle.

A tinge so slight that only a medical eye could have detected it, began faintly to suffuse the white face. The doctor tore away the shroud and placed his hand upon the heart. There was no movement; but they lifted the body out of the coffin and proceeded to adopt the measures proper for resuscitation.

Meanwhile, the hearse stood at the door; the funeral guests were assembling outside—carriages arriving; while within, all was commotion and suspense—servants hurrying to and fro fetching hot bricks, stimulants, restoratives, in obedience to the doctors' commands; the latter plying every means skill could devise to keep the flickering spark of life from dying out; and the startled family, half paralysed by the sudden revulsion, standing around, gathered in anxious, silent groups.

Breathlessly they watched for tidings. For a long time the result seemed doubtful—doubtful whether the hearse before the door, the gaping coffin, the graveclothes lying scattered about and trampled under foot, all the grim paraphernalia of death, hastily discarded in the first wild moment of hope—might not yet be needed to fulfil their mournful office. But no! Breath, pulsation, consciousness, were slowly returning.

Colonel H—— was given back to his family and home, filling again the place that it was thought would know him no more. And not until five-and-twenty years had passed away after that memorable morning, were his friends summoned—this time to pay him the last tribute.

A young officer returned from China related, apropos of burying alive, the following experience.

'On our passage home,' he said, 'we had in the transport, besides our own troops, a large draft of French soldiers. Disease soon broke out among the closely packed men, and deaths were of daily occurrence. The French dealt summarily with their dead. As soon as a poor fellow had breathed his last, he was stripped, a twenty-pound shot tied to his heels, and his body thrust through a porthole into the sea. John Bull's prejudices rebelled against such rapid proceedings. When we lost any of our comrades, they were allowed to lie for twelve hours covered with the Union-jack, and the burial service was read over them before they were committed to the deep. One day, a French sergeant, who had just fallen a victim to the pestilence, was brought



up on deck in the sheet in which he had died, to be thrown overboard. The twenty-pound shot had been fastened to his feet and the sheet removed, when, in pushing him through the port-hole, he was caught by a protruding hook or nail at the side, and stuck fast. A few more vigorous thrusts sent the body further through; and in so doing, the flesh was torn by the hook, and blood began to flow. The attention of the bystanders was attracted to this; and, moreover, they fancied that they saw about the corpse other startling symptoms. "The man's alive!" flew from mouth to mouth. In an instant, willing hands were pressing eagerly to the rescue, and before the body could touch the water, it was caught and brought up on deck.

'The French sergeant was one of the soundest men on board the transport-ship when we landed.'

#### CAMEO-CUTTING.

The best American artist in cameo-cutting has recently, says a contemporary, been interviewed upon his costly art. He was found pounding up diamonds with a pestle and mortar. This, he explained, was not the only costly part of cameo-making, which takes eyesight, a great deal of time and patience, and years of experience. Then the onyx stones, from which the cameos are made, are expensive, costing sometimes as much as fifty dollars. The choicest have a layer of cream-coloured stone on a dark chocolate-coloured base. But many persons like the red, orange, black, or shell pink stones just as well. They are found in the Uruguay Mountains and in Brazil. The onyx is a half-precious stone of the quartz family. It is taken to Europe, and cut into oval or oblong shapes, and Americans have to pay ten per cent. duty to get it through the custom-house. The cameo-cutter turned to his lathe by the window, and, rubbing some of the diamond dust, which he had mixed with sperm oil, on the end of a small drill, began his work. He was making for a cabinet piece a large cameo, two by two and a half inches, one of the largest ever cut, of an old gentleman in Germany, whose portrait was placed before him. 'I have one hundred and twenty-five of these soft iron drills,' he remarked; 'they are made soft so as to catch the diamond dust, which is the only thing that will cut a cameo. A cameo is indestructible, except you take a hammer and smash it. It is an old art, and was practised by the Romans, Greeks, and Egyptians. Dr Schliemann found some cameos in good preservation that were probably three thousand years old. It takes several weeks to cut a large piece like this. Afterwards, it has to be polished with tripoli, first being smoothed with emery and oil, using the lead instruments similar to those for cutting. It is easier to cut a profile than a full-face portrait. Some people prefer intaglios, in which the portrait is depressed instead of raised. They are made on sards and cornelians, the former being a dark-reddish brown, and the latter a clear red. They are harder to make than cameos. I have to take impressions of the work in wax as I go on. I usually cut portraits from photographs, but sometimes have done them from life, and also from casts of dead persons.' Among portraits which the artist had cut are those of ex-President

Hayes, Mrs Hayes, William Cullen Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Peter Cooper, and others. A large cameo copy of Gerôme's 'Cleopatra before Caesar' was valued at fifteen hundred dollars.

#### ANGEL VISITORS.

In the graveyard gray and chill,  
Veiled in shadow, hushed and still,  
'Neath one drooping cypress tree—  
They are laid, my darlings three—  
Merry Robin, brave and bold;  
Baby May, with locks of gold;  
Darling Dolly, shy and fair,  
With the grave-dust on her hair.  
Now their joyous feet no more  
Patter o'er the cottage floor;  
Still they hover near, I know—  
Lovely spirits, white as snow!

Ringling sounds of boyish mirth  
Never round my childless hearth  
In the morning light are heard,  
Welcoming the early bird;  
In the evening, drear and long,  
Never maiden's vesper song  
Bids discordant voices cease,  
Fills the slumberous hush with peace;  
Yet when bowed in tearful prayer,  
Lo! they mount the silent stair!  
Whispering, fluttering, to and fro—  
Lovely spirits, white as snow!

Heavenly wisdom in their eyes,  
Downward from the starlit skies,  
On the moonbeams pale they glide,  
Smiling angels side by side!  
Folded in their loving arms,  
Swiftly fade life's vague alarms.  
When I feel their flowery breath  
Fan my cheek, I long for death.  
How my heart in rapture sings,  
Listening to their rustling wings,  
Making music sweet and low—  
Lovely spirits, white as snow!

When the faint, uncertain glow  
Of my taper burning low,  
Dimly shows each vacant place,  
Treasured curl and pictured face,  
With a world of longing pain,  
Empty hands are clasped in vain!  
Then lie patient on my knee,  
Till they come, my darlings three!  
Bidding earthly sounds grow dumb,  
In their shimmering robes they come,  
Wondering at their mother's woe—  
Lovely spirits, white as snow!

When I slumber, they are near,  
Whispering in my dreaming ear,  
Shedding beams of heavenly light  
From their pinions silvery bright!  
Ah! such holy truths they speak,  
Kissing lip, and brow, and cheek!  
'Peace!' they murmur o'er and o'er;  
'We are with you evermore!  
Angels count the mourner's hours;  
Every cross is crowned with flowers.'  
God has taught them this, I know—  
Lovely spirits, white as snow!

FANNY FORRESTER.

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## NATURE AROUND LONDON.

Most people have the impression that to enjoy country sights and sounds, and all the peaceful rural beauties and bright hues of an English landscape, one must go a long way out of London. Mr Richard Jefferies, in his recent volume, *Nature near London* (Chatto and Windus), has, with his admirable power of nature-painting, shown this to be a mistake. About twelve miles from the great metropolis there are to be found small picturesque villages lying in the heart of leafy copses, and rural lanes imbedded in greenery, and filled with bird and insect life. Here the wayfarer, weary with the dust and smoke of London, may inhale an atmosphere laden with resinous and balmy scents, and stretch himself in the cool grass beside streams beloved by the angler, where patches of forget-me-nots gem the greensward with their soft turquoise-blue, and the yellow flag hangs out in the bright summer sunshine its gay streamers of gold.

Mr Jefferies tells us regarding one of these tiny brooks, that he watched season after season a large trout that lay in a deep pool under the shadow of a great beech-tree. For nearly four years, in shadow and sunshine, he observed this veteran of the finny tribe as he lay meditatively watching the world outside from the quiet depths of his snug pool. The noisy little sedge-birds chattered overhead, and the patient anglers cast their lines with crafty care by the side of the brook; but no bait they could use had any charm for him. At length, by slow degrees, there came to be a comparative friendliness and confidence between the trout and the patient watcher who stood so still and silent by the edge of the pool. Sometimes the trout would venture out of the shadow, and raising himself over a dead branch that lay in the water, display all his speckled beauties in the ripple and sunshine. At last, one bright summer morning, an end came to this quaint friendship. An awful revolution occurred in the quiet life of the brook—the water was dammed up and let off

by a side-hatch, in order that some large pipe might be laid down; and the big trout, with his lesser brethren, fell a victim to the predatory instincts of a party of navvies. Our author looked in vain next day into the still depths of the beech-tree pool; his finny friend was gone, and the place looked empty and dull without him.

It is impossible to describe to any one who has not experienced it for himself, how much the near neighbourhood of London enhances all the beauties of the country, and brings out the sweet scents of the fields and hedges. In the cool dewy mornings, the honeysuckle trailing along the hedgerows perfumes the air all around, and mingles with the delicious scent of the bean and hay fields. In these woodland copses, nature has opened her flowery cornucopia and poured out her treasures with a liberal hand. Here one stumbles upon a clump of wild-roses, with their delicate pink glow and faint sweet perfume; there, a few steps farther bring you to a lime-tree laden with blossoms, and you feel the whole perfumed air heavy with the slumberous hum of the bees busy overhead. Rabbits dart out and in from under the green palm-like fronds of a great clump of brake-fern; the woodpeckers call to each other; the jays screech from the leafy lanes; wood-pigeons coo from the depths of the copse-wood. There is no blank of silence, no absence of the companionship of living things, no lack of vivid interest for any one who can scan with an intelligent eye the pages of nature's great book.

Away over the rippling hayfields, the lark, mounting upwards, a tiny speck in the cloudless blue of the summer sky, makes the air quiver with the glad thrilling notes of his morning song; and down in the leafy hollow of the copse, where the brook murmurs gently beneath the overhanging boughs, the blackbird trills his mellifluous flute-like notes. Birds, our author says, abound. 'In some places, almost every clod has its lark, every bush its songster.'

One particular lane, with a high hedge bordered with elm-trees, had four or five nightingales; and

a copse near it resounded in the season with the cheerful call of the cuckoo. Magpies, which have become scarce in many places throughout the country, are plentiful near London, where some birds are also found which, in many country districts, are but rare and occasional visitors, such as the blackcap, shrike, and gorgeous kingfisher. To a student of bird-life, such spots as a little wood, which our author christened Nightingale Copse, cannot fail to prove a perfect paradise. It was a favourite resort not only of nightingales, but of other migratory birds—chiff-chaffs, willow wrens, golden-crested wrens, fieldfares, &c. In the fields bordering the highway, partridges abounded; and Mr Jefferies counted on one occasion as many as seventeen young pheasants all feeding together on the wheat-stubbles. Nor is the ear the only sense which is charmed in these woodland copses—in the hedgerows, and under the straggling trees and bushes which border the woods, flowers abound, gleaming out in the sunshine from between the tall grasses with a sudden surprise of vivid colour; or spreading like enamel over the short turf; or intertwining their gay garlands with the clustering masses of creeping bramble. Each flower has its own peculiar habitat, where it flourishes luxuriantly. There are patches of the yellow rock rose, of the cranesbill, of the sweet purple wild thyme, of the starry white stitchwort, of the campion and yellow snapdragon; while stately and tall under the shadow of the birch-trees, the foxglove hangs out to the rustling breeze its lovely bells of clouded purple. Nor is heath awanting; 'the open slopes beyond Sandown are covered with heath, growing so thickly, that even the narrow footpaths are hidden by the overhanging bushes of it. Beneath and amid the heath, what seems a species of lichen grows so profusely as to give a gray undertone to the whole.'

In autumn, this stretch of heath blazes out into a deep glory of purple, so rich and full, that it seems to give the very atmosphere a glow of purple light. Beyond the heath, there are fir-woods, stretching to the east and west; while southwards, the heath melts into the soft green of corn and meadow lands, with scattered clumps of trees. The open slopes among the straggling firs, which dot like sentinels the borders of these pine-woods, are covered with forests of tall ferns, amid which the browsing cows are lost to sight, and only reveal their whereabouts by the tinkling music of the small bells suspended to their necks.

Adders are common in these woods, and are sometimes killed for the sake of their oil, which some folks consider a specific for deafness. It is procured by skinning the adder and taking the fat and boiling it; the result being a clear oil, which never thickens even in the coldest weather. It is applied by pouring a small quantity into the ear, exactly in the same manner as the poison was poured into the ear of the sleeping king in *Hamlet*. Squirrels abound in these copses, and so do weasels and stoats.

In some fields christened by our author Magpie Fields, because he one day saw ten magpies all together in one of them, herbs abound which are in request among herbalists for medicinal purposes. One of these is yarrow. One day, looking at some mowers at work in a hayfield, he saw a

man in advance of the others pulling up the yarrow plants as fast as he could and carefully laying them aside. Asking him why he did so, he answered, that although it seemed such a common weed, it was not without its value, for that a person sometimes came and took away a whole trap-load of it. The flowers were boiled, and mixed with cayenne pepper, and were then used as a remedy for colds in the chest. Dandelions are also in request; the tender leaves are pulled in the spring, and taken away in sackfuls to be eaten as salad. There are also hellebore and blue scabious; and the rough-leaved comfrey; and borage with its reminiscences of claret-cup; and groundsel, dear to the owners of pet birds; and knotted figwort, and Aaron's rod; and a whole tribe of strongly scented mints and peppermints. The belief in these simples, which made the reputation in the middle ages of many a wonder-working doctor and village witch, is fast dying out in the country districts, where the agricultural labourers scarcely know one herb from another; but it flourishes still around the mighty and enlightened metropolis. The herb self-heal is to be found in many hedgerows of many harvest-fields, as well as on the stubbles near London; but very few reapers now would know it if they saw it, or ever think of applying it to any accidental cut or gash.

In the harvest and turnip-hoeing seasons, picturesque bivouac fires dot the fields and lanes. These do not owe their existence to parties of pleasure-seekers, who go a-gipsying under the greenwood tree, but are rather the outcome of a hard struggle for the means of subsistence. They belong to wandering Irish labourers, who move about from farm to farm wherever they can get work, sleeping in barns or outhouses, and in fine weather doing their cooking in the open air. Nothing can be more unlike the populace of the vast adjacent metropolis than these agricultural labourers, native or imported. Look at the ploughman in the furrows yonder, with his stolid characterless face, vacantly regarding the team of three stately horses before him. Intent day by day on the earth beneath his feet, he sees, or at least notices little else. 'His mind imbibes the spirit of the soil,' and cannot rise beyond. When the plough stops, he takes out his bread and cheese; and as he munches away, his eyes fall on the sunbeams glittering on the roof of the Crystal Palace; but the sparkling reflection awakens no train of thought in his uncontentplative soul; he takes no interest except in the furrows at his feet; although near London, he is not of it.

In the collection of English pottery in the Museum is preserved the simple rustic memory of these tillers of the soil, the men who, centuries ago, ploughed like this simple countryman these beautiful English acres, scattering the seed over the furrows in the green flush of spring, and garnering the golden grain beneath the mellow skies of autumn. It is curious that so much of the unwritten history of our race should be preserved by so frail a thing as earthenware. These jugs and mugs, with their quaint mottoes and ornamentation, carry the spectator back to the sports and habits of a bygone age.

'May the best cock win,' recalls a brutal sport now almost unknown. The frog at the bottom of the jug is a rebuke to the too greedy toper;

while the motto on another cup shows that there were grumblers even in the good old days, and that times were hard then as well as now :

Here's to thee, mine honest friend,  
Wishing these hard times to mend.

Beyond the woodlands and valleys which Mr Jefferies has described so happily, are the vast South Downs, hidden in masses of gray mist. These wide sheep-walks are seemingly endless in their extent. They are profusely covered with flowers in their season, with patches of furze, and with short thick grass, amid which the wild thyme luxuriates, spreading out into soft cushions of purple which might make a seat for a king, and permeating with its aromatic fragrance the whole keen air of the uplands. The furze is full of bird-life. Only game has decreased with the increase of cultivation; and with the decrease of game, foxes have become fewer. A few years ago, they were so abundant, that a shepherd told our author that he had sometimes seen as many as six at a time sunning themselves on the precipitous face of the cliffs at Beachy Head. They ascend and descend the precipice by narrow winding-paths of their own with the greatest ease and in perfect safety, unless a couple have a quarrel on one of the narrow rock-ledges, when fatal results often ensue—one or both toppling over.

'Lands of gold,' says our author, 'have been found, and lands of spices and precious merchandise; but the South Downs are the land of health. There is always the delicious air, turn where you will; and the grass, the very touch of which refreshes.' Besides all this, there is the peculiar beauty which gives its chief charm to all elevated situations, the interest of the panorama which spreads around and beneath—the distant trees which wave in the freshening breeze; the gleam of light which brings out into strong relief the warm bit of colouring supplied by the tiled roof of yonder farmhouse; the flashes of sunshine which brighten up the gloom, and chase the shadows across the swelling uplands and green low-lying meadows beyond.

Seen in the shifting lights and glooms of a breezy autumn day, this lofty, lonely spot seems a land of enchanted beauty, which holds the spectator spellbound, till masses of cloud, rolling up from the sea, throw deep purple shadows over the peaceful landscape, and warn him that darkness is about to fall over the flower-spangled slopes and gleaming sea beyond.

## BY MEAD AND STREAM.

### CHAPTER XXIII.—CHANGES.

THE arrival of a stranger in Kingshope was not such an unusual occurrence as to attract much particular attention. The villagers were accustomed in the summer to frequent visits of bands of 'beanfeasters' or 'wayzegoose' parties, as the annual outings of the employees of large city firms are called. On these occasions there were athletic games on the common, pleasant roamings through the Forest, and high revel in the *King's Head* or the *Cherry Tree* afterwards. Then there were itinerant photographers, negro minstrels, and

gypsy cheap Jacks, with caravans drawn by animals which may be best described as the skeletons of horses in skin-tights—working the Forest 'pitch' or 'lay'—these being the slang terms for any given scene of operation for the professional vagrant. The bird-snarers and the pigeon-flyers seemed to be always about. In the hunting season there were generally a few guests at the *King's Head*; and so, although every new visitor underwent a bovine stare, he was forgotten as soon as he passed out of sight.

Mr Beecham's ways were so quiet, that before he had been a week in the place, he had glided so imperceptibly into its ordinary life that he seemed to be as much a part of it as the parson and the doctor. His presence was of course observed, but there was little sign of impertinent curiosity. It was understood that he was looking about the district for a suitable house in which to settle, or for a site on which to build one. This accounted for his long walks; and there was nothing remarkable in the fact that his peregrinations led him frequently by Willowmere, and sometimes into the neighbourhood of Ringsford Manor.

Although his ways were so quiet, there was nothing reserved or mysterious about them. The object which had brought him to Kingshope was easily comprehended; he entered into conversation with the people he met, and took an interest in the affairs of the place—the crops, the weather, and the prospects of the poor during the coming winter. Yet nothing more was known of his antecedents than that he came from London, and that he visited the city two or three times a week. He dressed plainly; he lived moderately at the inn—not like one who required to reckon his expenses carefully, but like one whose tastes were simple and easily satisfied.

The general belief was that he had belonged to one of the professions, and that he had retired on a moderate competence, in order to devote his time to study of some sort. He himself said nothing on the subject.

One of the first acquaintances he made was Uncle Dick, who adhered to the kindly old country custom of giving the time of day to any one he met in the lanes or saw passing his gates. The first salutation of the master of Willowmere induced Mr Beecham to make inquiries about the district, which led to future conversations. These would have speedily introduced the stranger to the farmhouse and its mistress; but hitherto he had not availed himself of the cordial invitation which was given him. He was apparently satisfied with the privilege of going over the land with Uncle Dick, inspecting his stock and admiring his horses, and thus speedily developing a casual acquaintance-ship into a friendship. On these occasions he had opportunities of seeing and conversing with Madge, and she formed as favourable an opinion of him as her uncle had done.

'Has he ever said what made him think of coming to settle hereabout?' inquired the dame one day, after listening to their praises of the stranger.

'Never thought of asking him,' replied Crawshay, wondering if there was anything wrong in having neglected to put such a natural question.

'He mentioned that some friends of his lived near here at one time,' said Madge, 'and that he had always liked the Forest.'

'Has he spoken about any family? Is he married? Has he any children?'

'Why, mother, you wouldn't have me go prying into what doesn't concern us!' was Crawshay's exclamation. 'It does seem a bit queer, though, that he seems to have nobody belonging to him.'

Aunt Hussy thought it very queer; and when Philip came next, she asked him to describe Mr Shield to her again.

'He must have changed very much since I last saw him,' she said thoughtfully. 'I scarcely know what put it into my head, but this Mr Beecham is much more like what I should have fancied your uncle would grow into, than the gentleman you describe. But foreign parts do seem to alter people strangely. There was neighbour Hartopp's lad went away to California; and when he came back ten years after, it took his own mother two whole days before she would believe that he was himself. Yes, foreign parts do alter people strangely in appearances as well as feelings.'

It was regarded by the little group as a good joke that Aunt Hussy should have formed the romantic suspicion that the stranger in the village might be her old friend Austin Shield. They did not know anything of the confidential letter. She had said nothing about it yet, and her conscience was much troubled on that account.

'It's wrong to keep a secret from Dick,' she kept saying to herself. 'I know it is wrong, and I am doing it. If harm come of it, I shall never forgive myself; I hope others may be able to do it.'

She regarded with something like fear the enthusiasm with which Philip spoke of the social revolution he was to effect by means of the wealth placed at his command. Yet it was a noble object the youth was aiming at. Surely wealth could do no harm, when it was used for the purpose of making the miserable happy, of showing men how they might prosper, and teaching them the great lesson, that content and comfort were only to be found in hard work. The scheme looked so feasible to her, and was so good, that she remained silent lest she should mar the work. She bore the stings of conscience, and prayed that Philip might pass safely through the ordeal to which he was unconsciously being subjected. He talked of the bounty of his uncle, and she was uneasy, knowing that this bounty might prove his ruin, although she was quite unable to see how that could come about as matters looked at present. She was simply afraid, and began to understand why preachers often spoke of gold as a fiend—the more dangerous because it appeared as the agent of good. Then there was the coming of this stranger at the same time that Philip met his uncle in London. Of course there was nothing

to associate the two in her mind except the period of their arrival. But she was puzzled.

'There is not the slightest resemblance between the two men, I assure you,' Philip said; 'but there is this strong resemblance between my uncle as he is now and as he was, by your own account, when you knew him long ago—he is as odd in his ways as ever. He will not discuss anything with me except by letter. That, you might say, was no more than prudent, as it can leave no room for dispute as to what we say to each other.'

'He wants to make you careful,' said the dame, with some feeling of relief; for this arrangement seemed to prove that he was desirous of helping Philip to pass the test.

'But, besides, he will scarcely see me at all; and when he does, he is as short with me and in as great a hurry to get rid of me as he was on the first day I called on him. When I try to explain things to him, he says: "All right; go your own way. If you want me to consider anything, you must write it out for me." I don't mind it now, having got used to it; but sometimes I cannot help wondering'—

Philip checked himself, as if he had been about to say something which he suddenly remembered should not be spoken even to his dearest friends.

'Well?' queried Uncle Dick, looking at him along the line of his churchwarden pipe as if it were a gun and he were taking aim. 'What are you stopping for? You can't help wondering at what?'

'Only at his droll ways,' answered Philip. 'I should have thought that risking so much money in my hand, he would have been anxious to have the fullest particulars of all that I was doing with it.'

'So should I, lad. What does your father say about it?'

'Nothing more than that he will want to speak to me one day soon. He is not pleased.'

'There don't seem to me much to be not pleased about.—Eh, mother?'

'We'll see after a bit,' answered the dame, cautiously, but smiling. 'We don't know yet whether Philip is to prove himself a very wise man or'—

'Or a fool,' interrupted Crawshay, with one of his hearty laughs.

'Nay, Dick; not that. Philip will never prove himself a fool; but he might do worse—he might prove himself a sensible man doing foolish things.'

The stranger who provoked this discussion went on in his calm way, seeking what apparently he could not find, but always with a pleasant smile or a kindly 'good-day' to the people he met in the fields and lanes.

One of his favourite halting-places was at the stile which gave access from the roadway to the Willowmere meadows. On the opposite side of the road were the willows and beeches, bordering the river. Four of the latter trees were known as the 'dancing beeches,' from the position in which they stood, as if they had suddenly halted whilst whirling round in a country-dance; and when the wind blew, their branches interlaced and creaked in unison, as if they wanted to begin the dance again. This was a famous trysting-



place, and in the summer-time the swains and their maidens would 'wander in the meadows where the May-flowers grow.' This is the burden of a rustic ballad which you would often hear chanted in the quiet evenings. It served the double purpose of supplying the place of conversation and of agreeably expressing the thoughts of the singers. Uncle Dick sometimes saw and heard them; but with kindly indifference to his clover, he would shake his head and turn away, remembering that he, too, had once been young.

Mr Beecham resting on the stile could, by an easy movement of the head, command nearly the whole of the hollow in which the village lay; and looking upward, could catch glimpses of Willowmere House peering through the apple and pear trees of the orchard.

After the lapse of years, how new it all looks, and yet how old; how changed, and yet familiar. There is the church, the same gray weather-beaten pile, in spite of the vicar's manful efforts to get it put into a state of thorough repair. The vicar himself is the same cheery good friend in gladness, and the sympathising comforter in sorrow; his hair is almost gray now, and his figure is inclined to be rotund; but he is still the same. There are, however, new gravestones in the churchyard, and they bear the names of old friends. Their places in the world have been easily filled up; their places in the memory of the survivors never can be. Ay, there is change indeed.

But here is the golden autumn, its lustre slowly growing dim under the touch of approaching winter; there are the green fields and the red ploughed lands—they are just as they looked long ago, although his eyes see them through the sad haze which separates him from the past. There are the sounds of the cattle, the ripple of the river, and the rustle of the trees—sounds to which he gave no particular heed in the old time, and now they are like the voices of welcoming friends.

So the present steps by us; pain and sorrow plant milestones on our way; by-and-by the eye glances tenderly backward and over them, and in old age we hear the voices of our youth.

'Good-afternoon, Mr Beecham. Do you think it will rain?'

He lifted his head, and bowed to Madge and Philip as they were about to pass over the stile. He looked up at the sky.

'I am afraid it will rain; but you will be home before it begins, I think.'

Philip gave her his hand; she mounted the three foot-worn wooden steps and descended on the meadow side.

'I hope you will always have a strong hand to help you over the stiles, Miss Heathcote,' he said, smiling; but there seemed to be as much of earnest as of jest in his meaning.

'I believe she may fairly count upon that, Mr Beecham,' answered Philip.

'The pity is, we so seldom find what we count upon,' said Mr Beecham, shaking his head.

'Then we must make the best of what we do find,' replied Philip cheerfully, 'and scramble over somehow without a helping hand.'

The two passed on at a smart pace up the meadow, Mr Beecham looking after them with a dream in his eyes.

Overhead, on this afternoon, was a sky gloomy and threatening; but on the horizon were rivers of pale golden light, giving hope and courage to the weary ones who were like to faint by the wayside. Suddenly a white light relieved the gloom immediately above, and the golden rivers were lashed with dark promontories; but still, the farthest point was light. Again suddenly a white glory burst through the gloom, dazzling the eyes and breaking the clouds into fantastic shapes, which fled from it like the witches of evil fleeing before the majestic genii of good. Another change, and all gradually toned down into the soft repose of a calm evening, bearing the promise of a pleasant day to follow.

'I have lived alone too much,' muttered Mr Beecham with a long-drawn breath, which is the only approach to a sigh ventured upon by a man past middle age; 'and my own morbid broodings make me superstitious, showing me symbols in everything. I hope this one may turn out well, however.'

Philip and Madge had disappeared by this time, and Mr Beecham walked slowly on to the village.

When the young people reached the homestead, Madge announced that Philip had come to tell them something very important, which he had refused to reveal until they should be in the house.

Aunt Hussy glanced uneasily from one to the other; but seeing no sign of disturbance on either face, her uneasiness passed away. She concluded that it was some jest with which Philip had been teasing Madge.

'I have seen Mr Shield again to-day,' he began, 'and I have received new instructions from him.'

'He is not going to send you off to Griqualand, after all?' queried Madge quickly.

'O no; but maybe you would prefer that he should order me off there, rather than tell me to take chambers in town.'

'Chambers in town! What can that be for?'

'Well, he was as short and bustling as ever; he never seems to have time to discuss anything. "That's what I want," he says; "if you don't like it, write, and tell me why." All he said about it was that he desired me to feel independent.'

The uneasy expression reappeared on Aunt Hussy's face.

'Have you consented to make this change?' she asked quietly.

'I could see no objection; and in several ways the arrangement will be convenient. I made it clear that it was not in any way to be considered as a step towards separating me from my family. He said I could please myself as regarded my family—he had nothing to do with that. . . . Do you not like it, Madge?'

The clear eyes looked wistfully in his face. 'No, Philip; I do not like it. But perhaps Mr Shield is right; and it may be as well that you should have the experience of being away from us for a time at least.'

'Living away from you! Why, I shall be here as often as ever!'

She said nothing; and Aunt Hussy put the apparently irrelevant question:

'Have you seen Mr Beecham to-day, Madge?'

'We saw him by the stile at the foot of the meadow as we passed.'

Aunt Hussy, with evident disappointment, abandoned the droll fancy which had for a time possessed her mind.

### SOME QUEER DISHES.

If, in England, a man was pushed to discover a new animal food, it would, I think, be a long time before he hit upon bats as at all likely to furnish him with a desirable addition to his table, even if their diminutive size did not place an insuperable obstacle in the way of their being so utilised. But in many of the South Sea Islands where the flying-fox—a species of bat, fifteen inches or so across the wings—is common, it is used as food by the natives, and its flesh is by no means to be despised even by epicures. This animal, frugivorous in his tastes as a rule, does not for all that turn up his nose at a plump moth or a succulent beetle when they chance to come in his way; but he usually confines himself to fruit—ripe bananas of the best quality and plenty of them being about his mark; and dreadful havoc he and his friends would make in the banana gardens, if the natives—well aware of his habits—did not hasten to bind quantities of dead leaves round the ripening fruit, and so preserve it from his attacks. It would seem absurd to a stranger to the country to be informed that such an insignificant animal as a bat could seriously threaten the fruit-harvest in countries where it is so abundant; but he would change his opinion when informed that the flying-foxes often settle in hundreds in any likely plantation; and as they always destroy very much more than they consume, the loss and inconvenience they cause to the natives may be properly estimated.

The bat in question is not so strictly nocturnal in his habits as his English brother; and although he usually sallies out at sunset, yet I have often noticed them sailing about in broad daylight, provided the weather was dull and overcast; the flight is even and regular, very like that of a rook, and not in the least resembling the extremely erratic mode of progression affected by our native species. If in their manner of flying—a few steady flaps and then a long sail—they remind one of the rook, they also resemble our old friend in their habit of assembling together at bedtime, when they all retire to roost on the same grove of trees, and hang head downwards with their wings wrapped round their bodies, looking like a collection of large cobwebs.

It must not, however, be supposed that the meeting and subsequent proceedings take place in silence; the contrary is the case; and an immense amount of chattering is carried on for a considerable time, when no doubt all the affairs of the day are duly discussed, as well as other matters amatory and otherwise. In the old heathen times, the rookeries were strongly tabooed by the priests; and even to the present day, the natives, more especially the old men, have an evident aversion to interfere with the sacred trees, a feeling which does not in the least prevent them from killing all the bats they can in other places.

The natives prepare them for food by first cutting off the wings and then passing the body through the fire, to remove the fur, and with

it the strong foxy smell with which it is impregnated. It is then carefully scraped, split open, and afterwards grilled on the coals spitchock fashion, when it is ready for consumption; and is capital eating, having a rich gamy flavour something between a hare and a woodcock.

I was so much encouraged by the success of my first essay at bat-eating, that I afterwards had a pie made of several I had shot, and from my previous experience, rather looked forward to a good dinner; but when the pastry was cut open, I was grievously disappointed by finding that the fetid odour peculiar to the live animal had survived the cooking—from being unable to escape from the pastry—rendering it utterly uneatable, and so for the future contented myself with bat *au naturel*—that is, native fashion.

The above-mentioned animal is very common in Australia, and is quite as great a nuisance among the orchards there as he is in the islands; but it will be some considerable time, I fancy, before our colonial brothers utilise him in the kitchen.

I don't suppose that many people—at least English people, who are tolerably prejudiced in their way—have ever voluntarily gone in for a cuttle-fish or octopus diet, as they are horribly weird, uncanny animals to look at; and few, I opine, would feel inclined to make a 'square meal' off the shiny creatures, at least until other more prepossessing kinds of food remained to be tried. Nevertheless, throughout the whole of the Pacific, including Japan, all the different varieties of cuttle and octopus are regarded as a *bonne bouche* of peculiar excellence; and both in its capture and preparation, the natives display considerable ingenuity. I remember once, when sailing in the tropics, seeing one morning the deck of our little schooner nearly covered with that very elegant little cuttle-fish called the 'flying-squid.' The sea had been very rough during the night, and I could never properly ascertain whether the squid had come on board of their own accord, attracted by the light—as the men affirmed—or had been left there by a heavy sea we had shipped just before daylight. Anyway, our cook, a smart Maltese, at once set to work to collect them, and then, much to the disgust of the sailors, who are the most prejudiced of mortals, he forthwith proceeded to cook them for the cabin table, and sent us down dishes of squid both curried and fried that were much approved of by all who partook of them; and proved a delightful change after the long course of 'salt junk' and tinned soup and bouillie that the slow sailing of our little craft had obliged us to adopt.

These fish were about six inches long, had large brilliant eyes of a set expression, and were furnished with a pair of flippers or wings. They also—unlike any other kind of fish that I am acquainted with—rejoice in a couple of tails, in lieu of the orthodox number. The body, almost transparent, was of a delicate olive brown. Altogether, they were pretty little things, and tasted even better than they looked.

I am now about to introduce my readers to a dish of octopus prepared *secundum artem* by a South Sea native. The octopus is by no means, without proper apparatus, an easy animal to lay hold of; on the contrary, it demands all the cunning of the most experienced South Sea fisher-

man to wile him from his haunts in the coral and to secure a good number for a feast.

But here is my Tongese friend Fakatene, just about to launch his *hamatefna*, or fishing-canoe; and we cannot do better than accompany him on his trip, and lend a hand in catching the fish we are to partake of. But first, just notice how ingeniously his tiny vessel is constructed out of timber of the bread-fruit tree. This tree does not, so far south—we are in about twenty-three degrees five minutes south—attain to any great size, and the timber, therefore, is proportionately small and scarce, which accounts for the small size of the pieces used. The hull, you notice, is pretty well in one piece, except that queer-shaped bit so artfully let in near the bows, and so close-fitting all round that even a penknife could not be introduced between the seams; and were it not for the difference in the grain of the wood, the ingenious patch would never be detected. The top sides are formed of several small planks neatly sewn on to the hull with sinnet, and joined in the same manner to one another; and yet, with all this patching, she exceeds in beauty, in the grace of her lines, and in her extreme buoyancy in the water, the finest four-oar ever turned out by Searle in his most palmy days.

Fakatene is pleased with our admiration of his highly prized canoe, and takes some pains to explain that she was moulded on the lines of the bonito, one of the swiftest of fishes. Not such a bad idea that, we consider, for a poor native; but one that we intellectual white men are much too proud, not to say too conceited, to follow; so we go in for all kinds of scientific curves and angles, with the result that our builders are constantly producing craft that will neither pull nor sail, and that would have been a disgrace to Noah himself, or even to prehistoric man.—But to return to our canoe. She is provided with an outrigger called a 'thama,' to prevent capsizing; with a carved-wood bailer, in case we ship a sea or make any water from the working of the seams; also with a long three-pronged fish-spear, a few lines, a bamboo of fresh water; and last, but not least, with the inevitable fire-stick, or smouldering twist of tapa cloth, to furnish a light for our friend's *seluka* (cigarette). Off at last; and Fakatene, who poled swiftly over the shallow part of the reef, has taken to his paddle, and coasting along the island for some distance, we soon come to a favourable spot for our purpose; so we drop anchor—a large stone—and business commences.

The octopus dwells in holes in the reef, keeping only a portion of his body exposed, so that, while he can look out for his prey, he can at the same time quickly withdraw within his hole, directly his dread enemy the shark appears, who is always foraging about the reefs in search of adventurous cuttles.

Now, I must tell you that the octopus, although partial enough to crabs, is particularly fond of the inhabitant of the spotted cowrie or ear-shell, so common in our shops; and so Fakatene, well aware of this fact, has prepared a cunning bait, artfully constructed of a number of small plates of the shell fastened together in such a manner that while similar in appearance to the real thing, yet, being much heavier, and not containing any air, sinks at once, which a real shell would not

do. Our friend now lowers his line, with the shell-bait attached, until it touches the bottom, and then raising it a few inches off the ground, jerks it gently up and down. Presently, a pull on the line shows that the fish has taken the bait; more jerking on the part of the native; which the octopus replies to by at once throwing out a fresh arm. The jerking still continues; until the fish, dreading the escape of his prey, lets go his hold of the rocks, and wraps the whole of his body round the shell; when the native, perceiving that his line is no longer fast to the ground, gently hauls up the line, and finally deposits an immense octopus in the bottom of the canoe. Our new friend no sooner finds himself caught, than he lets go the deceptive bait, and with his great goggle eyes staring hard at nothing in particular, sprawls about in the most awkward fashion, at the same time giving vent to a species of grunt, until at last he finally retires into the darkest corner he can find, and collapses into a lump of grayish-looking jelly, about a third part of his apparent size when in motion.

Having by the same means secured several more fish, we return to land, when the canoe is duly housed, and Fakatene disposes of the octopi by turning them inside out and hanging them up to dry in the sun, having first carefully saved all the sepia left in the fish, as this is esteemed a great luxury, and an indispensable ingredient in preparing the sauce.

When the cuttle is to be cooked, it is first of all carefully cleaned and scraped, when all the outer skin, including the hideous-looking suckers, comes off. The fish is then cut in pieces, and having been tied up in a banana-leaf, is baked in an oven for a considerable time in conjunction with cocoa-nut milk and a certain proportion of the inky-hued sepia above mentioned, and which, as is well known, is made use of by the fish when alive to obscure the water when escaping from the pursuit of its enemies. It takes some time to cook octopus properly, as it is naturally tough and stringy; but when well prepared, it is one of the most delicate and luscious dishes I ever tasted; and, singular to say, the cooking converts the tripy, stringy-looking substance into a solid meaty food, bearing a curious resemblance to lobster both in taste and colour, only rather firmer in texture; a most unlooked-for occurrence in such dissimilar articles.

## A WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE.

### IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

WHEN I got back to town, the sessions were only a week off; so the first thing I did was to call on the solicitor in charge of my murder case, in order to learn from him how it stood, and to take it off his hands. The magistrate, of course, had sent the prisoner for trial. When I came to read the depositions, the case against him seemed perfectly simple, and as conclusive as circumstantial evidence could make it. The crime had not occurred so long ago but that a diligent search had unearthed several witnesses. The servant-girl, who had now become the wife of a dairy-man in the immediate neighbourhood, was found. She proved the bad conduct of young

Harden, and the ill-will which gradually grew up between him and her former mistress. She also spoke to his ejection from the house on the day of the murder, and to his threats at the street-door. She swore to the knife, which had been in the possession of the police ever since, as having belonged to the prisoner. There were other witnesses to the same facts; and the landlord, my client, and several others, proved the flourishing of the identical knife and the ominous words in the public-house. To complete the chain, the man who had instructed me proved the finding of the knife in the room where the murder was committed; and two or three witnesses remembered being by his side and seeing him stoop down and pick it up. These, with the final facts of his sudden disappearance and changes of name, appeared both to me and to my friend to be capable of being spun into a rope quite strong enough to swing John Harden out of the world.

'But,' said my solicitor-friend, 'the queerest thing of all is that no one is going to appear for the prisoner.'

'No one to appear for him?'

'No one. Young Elkin holds a watching brief on behalf of the prisoner's master, and that is all. He said Harden had been in Mr Slocum's—that's his master—service for over seven years, behaving extremely well all the time. He was invaluable to his old master, who is something of an invalid. He had turned religious, and was disgusted at his former wicked life.'

'But I suppose he has money—or, at anyrate, if Slocum is so fond of him, why doesn't he pay for the defence?'

'Why, it seems that his notion of religion forbids Harden to avail himself of worldly arts. Slocum is only too anxious to retain some one; but Harden won't have it, and no one can persuade him. Says he is in the hands of a Higher Power, and it shall be given him what he shall speak, and all the rest of it. He wanted to make a speech to the magistrate; but Slocum, by Elkin's advice, did manage to induce him to hold his tongue for the present, and say he would reserve his defence. Of course they hope he will come to his senses before the trial. But I don't know how that will be. I never saw such an obstinate pig. Only gave in to his master about not speaking because the poor man began to whimper in court!'

The main part of my work had been done for me, and it only remained to bespeak copies of the depositions, see the witnesses, and make sure that they intended to say at the Old Bailey substantially the same things as they had said at the police court—a most necessary precaution, the imagination being so vivid in people of this class that they are very likely to amplify their tale if possible—and prepare the brief for the prosecuting counsel. This done, I had but to let things take their course.

When the day of the trial came, I was betimes in my place at the Central Criminal Court, having various other cases in hand there. The prisoners, as is customary, were first put up and arraigned—that is, had the substance of their several indictments read over to them—and were called on to plead 'guilty' or 'not guilty.' These disposed of, the case for John Harden was called, and I looked

at him with some curiosity. No sooner had I done so than I knew that his was a face upon which at some time or other I had looked before, and of which I had taken note. It is a useful peculiarity of mine that I never forget a face to which I have once paid any attention, and I can generally recollect the place and circumstances under which I last saw it. But here the latter part of my powers failed me. I knew the face well, but could not imagine when and where I had beheld it. I even knew that I had seen the man bare-headed, and that he was not then, as now, bald on the crown. The thing worried me not a little. In the meanwhile, John Harden was being put up to take his trial for the murder of Agatha Harden.

'I, m' lud, appear to prosecute in this case,' said my counsel, starting up and down again like the blade of a knife.

'Does nobody appear for the prisoner?' asked the judge.

'I understand, m' lud, that the prisoner is not represented,' said counsel, appearing and disappearing as before.

'My lord,' said an agitated voice from the body of the court, 'I have used all possible efforts'—

'Silence!' proclaimed the usher.

'Who is that?' inquired the judge, looking over his spectacles.

'My lord, I am this foolish fellow's master; and I am perfectly convinced'—

'I cannot hear you, sir. If the prisoner wishes to have counsel assigned to him for his defence, I will name a gentleman, and will take care that the prisoner shall have due opportunity for his instruction; and if you desire to give evidence on his behalf, you can do so.—Prisoner, is it your wish that counsel be assigned to you for your defence?'

Harden had been standing with his head slightly bent, and his clasped hands resting on the rail of the dock. He now looked up at the judge, and replied in a grave and impassive voice: 'My lord, I wish no help but the help of God. I am in His hands, and I am an innocent man. If He sees good to deliver me, He will do so. Who am I, that I should interfere with His work?'

'You appear to me,' said the judge gently, 'to be under an unfortunate delusion. You say rightly that you are in God's hands; but that should not hinder you from using such instruments for your deliverance as he offers you. Once more I will ask, do you now desire to be represented by counsel?'

'I do not, my lord.'

'So be it.—Now, Mr Clincher.'

Rising once more, counsel for the prosecution proceeded to open his case. It was clear and straightforward, put concisely and tellingly, and embraced the facts which the reader already knows. He then called his witnesses; and as each after each left the box, it was easy to see from the faces of the jury that things were likely to go hard with the prisoner. Always, in answer to the inquiry, 'Do you wish to put any questions to this witness?' Harden replied: 'No, my lord. He has said the truth, for all I know.'

So smoothly did the trial run its course, that only one incident called for remark. This was

when my client got into the box; and so indecently eager did he appear to be to procure the conviction of the prisoner, that he twice called down upon himself a severe rebuke from the judge, for persistently volunteering irrelevant statements to Harden's prejudice. And when counsel at length said, 'That, m' lud, is my case,' and sat down, but little doubt remained as to the prisoner's fate. I still sat with my gaze fascinated by the set face in the dock, trying—trying to remember when and where I had last looked upon it.

'Do you propose, prisoner, to call any witnesses?' asked the judge.

'Only my master, my lord—Mr Slocum. He'll speak for me, and he'll say, I know, that I'm not the man to kill any living thing.'

'Very well.—And now, before calling him, do you desire to address the jury?'

The interest of the case, which, except for that interest which is inseparable from a trial for murder, had slightly flagged, revived now that a human being was virtually at grips with death. For what had just passed meant that there was no defence or attempt at a defence, that the jury must convict, and that the man must die, without hope of mercy for so cowardly and ungrateful a murderer. There was not a sound in the court. It was late in the afternoon, and the winter sun was setting. Its rays lit up the crimson hangings, the scarlet robes of the judge, the intent faces, all looking one way, the drooping head and white composed countenance of the prisoner—the man standing up there in full health and strength, and whose life was going down with the sun.

'I have but a few words to say, my lord and gentlemen. I didn't do it. I was bad enough, and maybe cruel enough in those days, to do it; but I didn't. I was so drunk and so mad, my lord and gentlemen, that I might have done it if it had happened earlier in the day, unknown almost to myself, and be standing here rightly enough. But I *know* I couldn't have done it, and why? Because I was miles away at the time. My poor aunt, as I've heard from what has been said, must have been killed between a quarter to and a quarter past eight in the evening. Well, at eight o'clock I was at least five miles off. If I'd done it directly the girl went out of the house—as she says, at a quarter to eight—it isn't according to reason that I could have broke open the cupboard, took the money, and got five miles off in a quarter of an hour.' He stopped, and drew the cuff of his coat across his forehead.

'Where *had* I seen him before? Where and when had I seen him do that very action?'

'O gentlemen, I couldn't have done it! I couldn't, bad as I was! I know, now, how bad that must have been—the mercy of God has been upon me since those days—but bad as I was, I owed her too much, and knew it, to have hurt her in any way. Won't you believe me? I tell you I was miles away at the time—miles away. Who can tell us you're saying true? you will ask. No one, I suppose. Not a soul was near me that I knew, to come here and speak the truth for me this day. But I know the same God that saved Daniel can save me from a sorry end, if it is His will to do it—if not, His will be done! I'm keeping you too long, only saying the same over and over again. I'll just tell you how it

was, and I've done, and you must do as duty bids you.'

Another pause. The silence of death, or rather of a deathbed. The faces in the distance of the darkened court shimmered through the gloom, like those of spectres waiting to welcome a coming shade. Then the gas-light burst forth, and all sprang into sudden distinctness, and there was a general half-stir as of relief.

'Oh, isn't there one here that can speak for me? Is there any one who remembers the great gas-main explosion in — Street that year?'

There was again a stir, and a more decided one. Clearly there were many in court who remembered it. I did, for one. And remembering it, I seemed as one in a tunnel, who sees the glimmer from the distant opening, but can distinguish no feature of the landscape beyond.

'I was there—that night. It was the night of the day I was turned out of doors—the night of the murder. How I came to be there, so far from my aunt's neighbourhood, I don't know, but I found myself working hard, helping to lift the stones and timber of the house-fronts that were blown in, and getting the poor crushed people out. I worked a long time, till I was like to drop; and a policeman clapped me on the back and gave me a word of praise and a drink of beer out of a can. I wonder where that policeman is now, and if he'd remember?'

He did not respond, wherever he might be. No one to help—no friendly plank to bridge over the yawning grave. What was it, this that I was trying so hard to recall?

'I wandered off after that into the by-streets. I knew those parts well. I had had a comrade who used to live there, and many a wicked and foolish prank we'd played thereabouts. The beer I had just drunk on an empty stomach had muddled me again a bit, but I was quite sober enough to know every step of the way I went, and remember it now. I turned up Hoadley Street, and then to the left along Blewitt Street; and just when my aunt must have been struggling with the wretch that took her life, whoever it was, I heard a clock strike eight. I did, gentlemen, and I suppose I never thought of it since; but now I remember it as clear as day. I was standing at the time at the corner of Hauraki Street.'

It all came back to me in a moment! I heard the patter of the rain on the cab-roof—I saw the gleam of the infrequent lights on the wet flags—I listened to the objurgations of the cabman at the obstructing dray—I took note of the reflection in the mirror, the queer street-name which would not rhyme so as to make sense. The strokes of the clock striking eight were in my ears. I saw the lamp at the corner, and the man underneath looking up at it—the man with the short broad face, the sharp chin, the long thin mouth turned down at the corners, and the blank in the front teeth—the innocent man I was hounding to his death—the prisoner at the bar!

As I sprang to my feet, down with a crash went my bag full of papers, my hat and umbrella, so that even the impassive judge gave a start, and the usher, waking up, once more proclaimed 'Silence!' with shocked and injured inflection. Heedless of the majesty of the law, I beckoned to my counsel, and as he leaned over to me in



surprise, I whispered earnestly in his ear. I never saw the human face express more entire astonishment. However, seeing that I was unmistakably in earnest, he merely nodded and rose to his feet.

'Your lordship will pardon me,' he said, 'for interfering at this stage between the prisoner and the jury; but I am instructed to make a communication which I feel sure will be as astounding to your lordship and the jury as it is to myself. I think I may say that it is the most surprising and unprecedented thing which ever occurred in a court of justice. My lord, the solicitor who instructs me to prosecute tenders himself as a witness for the defence!'

## OUR HEALTH.

BY DR ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

### II. FOOD AND HEALTH.

FROM the point of view of the political economist, the idle man has no right to participate in the food-supply of the active worker. Whatever may be the correctness and force of the arguments which the economist may use by way of proving that the non-worker and non-producer has no right to participate in the ordinary nutritive supply of his fellows, the physiological standpoint assumes another and different aspect. The idle man grows hungry and thirsty with the regularity of the man who works. He demands food and drink as does his energetic companion; and the plea that idleness can need no food-support, may be met in a singularly happy and forcible fashion by a plain scientific consideration. In the first instance, the idle man might, by an appeal to science, show, that whilst he apparently spent life without exertion, his bodily functions really represented in their ordinary working an immense amount of labour. Sleeping or waking, that bodily pumping-engine the heart does not fail to discharge its work, in the circulation of the blood. The rise and fall of the chest in the sleeping man remind us that it is not death but his 'twin-brother sleep,' that we are observing. If we make a calculation respecting the work which the heart of a man, idle or active, performs in twenty-four hours, we may discover that it represents an amount of labour equal to one hundred and twenty foot-tons. That is to say, if we could gather all the force expended by the heart during its work of twenty-four hours into one huge lift, such force would be equal to that required to raise one hundred and twenty tons-weight one foot high. Similarly, the work of the muscles of breathing in twenty-four hours, represents a force equal to that required to lift twenty-one tons one foot high. These are only two examples out of many, which the ordinary work and labour of mere vegetative existence, without taking into consideration any work performed—in the popular sense of the term—involves.

We thus discover that, apart altogether from the every-day labour of life, in which brain and muscles engage, an immense amount of work is performed in the mere act of keeping ourselves alive. Nowhere in nature is work performed without proportionate waste, or wear and tear

of the machine that works. This dictum holds quite as true of the human body as of the steam-engine. And as the engine or other machine requires to be supplied with the conditions necessary for the production of force, so the living body similarly demands a supply of material from which its energy (or the power of doing work) can be derived. As the engine obtains the necessary conditions from the fuel and water it consumes, so the living body derives its energy from the food upon which it subsists. Food in this light is therefore merely matter taken from the outside world, and from which our bodies derive the substances required for the repair of the waste which the continual work of life entails. In the young, food serves a double purpose—it supplies material for growth, and it also affords substance from which the supply of force is derived. In the adult, whilst no doubt, to a certain extent, the food supplies actual loss of substance, it is more especially devoted to the performance of work, and of maintaining that equilibrium or balance between work and repair, which, as we have seen, constitutes health.

Viewed in this light, the first important rule for food-taking is founded on the plain fact, that in the food we must find the substances necessary for the repair of our bodies, and for the production of the energy through which work is performed. Food-substances in this light fall into two well-marked classes—namely, into *Nitrogenous* and *Non-nitrogenous* substances. Another classification of foods divides them into *organic* and *inorganic*, the former being derived from animals and plants—that is, from living beings—while the latter are derived from the world of non-living matter. Thus, animal and plant substances represent organic foods; while water and minerals, both of which are absolutely essential for the support of the body, represent inorganic food materials. It would appear that from living matter alone, do we obtain the materials for generating force. The inorganic water and minerals, however, appear to be absolutely necessary for the chemical alterations and changes which are continually taking place within the body.

Adopting the classification of foods into the *Nitrogenous* and *Non-nitrogenous* groups, we discover examples of the first class in such substances as *albumen*, seen familiarly in white of egg and other substances; *gluten*, found in flour; *gelatin*, obtained from hoofs and horns; *legumin*, obtained from certain vegetables; *casein*, found in milk; and allied chemical substances. These substances possess a remarkable similarity or uniformity of composition. It would appear that in the process of digestion they are reduced to a nearly similar state, and on this account they can replace one another to a certain extent in the dietaries of mankind.

The nitrogenous foods have often been popularly termed 'flesh-formers,' and doubtless this name is well merited. For, as the result of experiment, it would seem that the chief duty performed by the nitrogenous parts of our food is that of building up and repairing the tissues of the body. They also produce heat, through being chemically changed in the blood, and thus aid in the production of force or energy. But it would also appear tolerably certain, that in a

complex fashion the nitrogenous parts of our bodies assist or regulate in a very exact manner the oxidation or chemical combustion of the tissues.

It should be noted that nitrogenous foods are composed chemically of the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen; the presence of the last element giving the characteristic name and chemical features to the group. Most of these foods in addition contain small proportions of sulphur and phosphorus.

An interesting advance in our knowledge of the part played by nitrogenous foods in the work of the body was made, when an idea of Liebig was overthrown by later experimentation. Liebig supposed that the nitrogenous foods required first to be actually converted into tissue—that is, into bodily substance—before their energy or work-producing power could be liberated. In this view, muscular force, through which we move, was believed to be dependent on the changes, destructive or otherwise, which take place in the muscles. The substance called *urea*, chiefly given off as a waste product by the kidneys and chemically representing nitrogenous waste, was in Liebig's view regarded as representing the results of muscular force which had been exerted. But two scientists, Fick and Wislicenus of Zurich, proved, by a laborious series of personal experiments in mountain ascents, that a non-nitrogenous diet will maintain the body for a short time during the performance of severe work, no great increase in the amount of *urea* given off being noticed. The work in question was proved to have been performed on the carbon and hydrogen of the food consumed. These experiments have led to the now accepted view, that a muscle, instead of losing substance during work and thus wasting, in reality consumes nitrogen, and grows. The exhaustion of the muscle is dependent not so much on chemical waste, as on the accumulation within it of the waste products of other foods. The muscle, in other words, is merely the agent whereby so much energy, derived from the food, is converted into actual and applied force. Did muscle really waste, as Liebig supposed, the heart's substance would be entirely consumed by its work of one week!

Such being the functions and nature of nitrogenous foods, we may now glance at the non-nitrogenous division. Four groups of foods are included in this latter class—namely (1) Starches and sugars, or 'amyloids' as they are often termed; (2) fats and oils; (3) minerals; (4) water. The *starches and sugars* include not merely starch and sugar, as ordinarily known, but various gums, and certain acids, such as lactic and acetic acids. Starch, as in bread, is a most important food. These foods appear to go directly to maintain animal heat, and to give energy, or the power of doing work, to the animal frame. The heat-producing powers of starches and sugars are certainly inferior to those of the fats and oils. But starches and sugars can be converted into fat within the system; and hence persons who suffer from a tendency to obesity are warned to exclude these foods from their dietaries. Starches and sugars likewise appear to assist in some measure the digestion of nitrogenous foods. That *fats and oils* are heat-producing foods is a fact taught us by the common experience of mankind

that northern nations consume the greatest proportion of fat. The heat-producing powers of fat have been set down at two and a half times as great as those of starch and sugar; and there is no doubt that, in addition to assisting in the conversion of food into body substances, the fatty parts of our food also assist in the work of removing waste matters from the body. Fat, in addition, being chemically burned in the blood, gives rise to the force which we exert in ordinary muscular work.

The *mineral* parts of our food play an important part in the maintenance of the frame. We thus require iron for the blood, phosphorus for the brain and nerves, and lime for the bones; whilst a variety of other minerals is likewise found in the blood and other fluids of the frame. The uses of the mineral constituents of our body are still a matter of speculation. Small as may be the quantity of certain minerals required for the support of the body, serious health-derangement may result when we are deprived of these substances. Thus, scurvy appears to be a disease associated with the want of the mineral potash in the blood; and the cure of this disease is therefore accomplished when we supply to the blood those mineral elements which have previously been deficient. Common salt, or chloride of sodium, as it is chemically termed, although not entering into the composition of the body, appears to form an important part of all the secretions; and there can be little doubt that this mineral aids the formation and chemical integrity of the gastric juice of the stomach.

*Water* forms the last item in the list of non-nitrogenous foods. Of all foods, perhaps, water is the most important, seeing that it is a substance which, in the absence of all other nourishment, can sustain life for a period numbering many days. Thus, whilst a man dies in from six to seven days when deprived of solid food and water, life may be prolonged to as many as sixty days on water alone. The high importance of water as a food is abundantly proved, when we discover that it constitutes about two-thirds of the weight of the body; that it enters into the composition of the brain to the extent of eighty per cent.; that the blood consists of nearly eighty per cent. of water; and that even bone contains ten per cent. of this fluid. Entering thus into the composition of every fluid and tissue of the body, and being perpetually given off from lungs, skin, and kidneys in the ordinary work of life, there is little wonder that water assumes the first place amongst foods. Regarding the uses of water as a food, we see that it dissolves and conveys other foods throughout the system; that it assists in removing waste products; and that it also takes a share in regulating the temperature of the body through its evaporation on the skin.

Having thus considered the chemistry of foods, we may now pass to discuss the natural rules which science describes for the health-regulation of life in the matter of diet. A primary rule for food-taking is that which shows that, for the due support of the body, we require a combination of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous foods. This fact is proved by the consideration that milk, 'nature's own food,' on which the human

being grows rapidly in early life, is a compound of both classes of foods. So also, in an egg, from which is formed an animal body, we find a combination of the two classes. Death results if we attempt to feed on either class alone; and as the body consists of both classes of substances, the justification for the combination of foods is complete. Man can obtain the required combination of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous foods from animals alone, from vegetables alone, or from animals and vegetables combined. The water, of course, which is an absolutely essential feature of all dietaries, is regarded as an additional item. In regulating the dietary of mankind, it is found that the food of nations is determined largely, or completely, by their situation on the earth's surface. Thus, the northern nations are largely animal feeders; whilst the southern peoples of the world are to a great extent vegetarians. Individual experience and taste produce amongst the units of a nation special proclivities in the way of diet. But we can readily see that mankind, with that elasticity of constitution and power to avail themselves of their surroundings, can adapt themselves to their environments, and become animal feeders, vegetable feeders, or subsist on a mixed dietary at will. This is the true solution of the vegetarian controversy. It is climate and race which determine the food of a nation. It is individual intelligence, liking, and constitution which determine variations and departures from the dietaries of the race.

The relations between food and work naturally present themselves as topics of the highest importance. In determining the standard of health, it is clear that from our food alone, we can obtain the energy or power of work required for the discharge of the duties of life. An interesting point therefore arises regarding the differences which are entailed by varying conditions and amounts of labour. Dr Letheby tells us that an adult man in *idleness* requires, to obtain from his food for the support of his body, 2·67 ounces of nitrogenous matter and 19·16 ounces of non-nitrogenous matter per day. If the individual is to participate in *ordinary labour*, the amount of nitrogenous matter obtained from his food must be increased to 4·56 ounces, while the non-nitrogenous must be represented by 29·24 ounces. In the case, lastly, of *active labour* the amount of food required must be increased to 5·81 ounces of nitrogenous, and 34·97 ounces of non-nitrogenous matter.

Dalton gives the following as the quantity of food, per day, required for the healthy man, taking free exercise in the open air: meat, sixteen ounces; bread, nineteen ounces; fat or butter, three and a half ounces; water, fifty-two fluid ounces. It ought to be borne in mind that these amounts of food represent the diet for a whole day compressed, so to speak, into a convenient and readily understood form. Another calculation, setting down the daily amount of food required by an adult, at nitrogenous matter three hundred grains, and carbon at four thousand grains, shows that these amounts would be obtained from eighteen ounces of bread; one ounce of butter; four ounces of milk; two ounces of bacon; eight ounces of potatoes; six ounces of cabbage; three and a half ounces of cheese; one ounce of sugar; three-quarters of an ounce of salt; and water

(alone, and in beverages) sixty-six and a quarter ounces—a total of no less than six pounds fourteen and a quarter ounces. Summing up the question of the amounts of food required by a healthy adult daily, and *excluding water in all forms as a matter of separate calculation*, it may be said that four and a half ounces of pure nitrogenous matter would be required in addition to three ounces of fatty food, fourteen ounces of starch or sugar, and one ounce of mineral matter. An ordinary adult consuming in twenty-four hours, food items equal to those contained in one pound of meat and two pounds of bread, may be regarded as consuming food of sufficient amount for ordinary work. When the work is increased, the diet must naturally be increased likewise. We find that persons in active employment require about a fifth part more nitrogenous food, and about twice the quantity of fat consumed by those engaged in light work; the sugars and starches remaining the same.

An interesting practical calculation has been made regarding the amounts of different foods required to perform a given and fixed piece of work. Taking the work performed by the German observers already named, as a standard, namely, that of raising a man's weight (one hundred and forty pounds) ten thousand feet high, it has been found that the amounts and cost of various foods required for the performance of this work is as follows: Bread, 2·345 pounds, cost 3½d.; oatmeal, 1·281 pounds, cost 3½d.; potatoes, 5·068 pounds, cost 5½d.; beef-fat, 0·555 pounds, cost 5½d.; cheese, 1·156 pounds, cost 11½d.; butter, 0·693 pounds, cost 1s. 0½d.; lean beef, 3·532, cost 3s. 6½d.; pale ale, nine bottles, cost 4s. 6d.

The proportion of the different food-elements in an ordinary dietary has been set down as follows: nitrogenous matter one, fats six, starches and sugars three; and these proportions appear to be represented with singular exactness in the ordinary dietaries which experience has recommended to mankind. Excess of food in the matter of nitrogenous elements tends to induce diseases of an inflammatory and gouty nature, and likewise leads to fatty degeneration of the tissues. When, on the other hand, there exists lack of nitrogenous substances, the individual experiences weakness, want of muscular power, and general prostration. The healthy mean is that in which the proportions of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous food are maintained as above indicated.

In the construction of dietaries, a few practical hints remain for notice. Thus, as regards sex, the dietaries of women are usually, in the case of the working-classes, estimated at one-tenth less than those of the opposite sex. Age has an important influence in determining the amount and quality of food. The growing body consumes more food, relatively to work and weight, than the adult, inasmuch as it requires material for new tissue. An infant under eight or nine months should receive no starch whatever in its dietary, because it is unable to digest that substance. Health is naturally a condition in which the question of foods assumes a high importance, and various dietaries, as is well known, are adapted for the cure of disease. The relation of food to work has already been alluded to, and statistics detailed; but it may be added that the brain-worker

requires his food in a more readily digestible form, and also in smaller bulk and in more concentrated shape, than the muscle-worker or ordinary labourer. What has been said concerning foods will tend to show how wide is the field which the subject of nutrition occupies. It may only here be added, that the education of the individual in health laws and in the science of foods and food-taking, forms the only sure basis for the intelligent regulation of that all-important work—the nourishment and due support of the frame in relation to the work we perform and to every circumstance of life.

#### THE COMMON-SENSE OF SUPERSTITIONS.

OUT of a medley of magpies, May cats, broken looking-glasses, crickets, village cures, lucky days, and tumbles up-stairs, there dawns a hint towards the solving of a very puzzling problem. The problem is, not why these things are called lucky or unlucky, but how it is that multitudes grow up in every generation to believe the same absurdities, and that still in this world of common-sense such items of uncommon nonsense keep their character for 'coming true.' How is this, and where do the secret links exist between the sense and the nonsense? If any one takes the trouble to gather together about a hundred rustic superstitions and old beliefs of quackery, the reason of the character for 'coming true'—that is, the reason of the traditional hold upon the people—will presently begin to be plainly written across the whole medley, dawning by degrees, just as writing in acid might dawn upon an apparently blank missive held to the heat.

Most superstitions are signs of ill-luck. This in itself is a tell-tale fact. Unlucky omens are so numerous, that no believer could escape them for long; and in all likelihood he observes not only the unlucky signs, but his ill-luck following. The truth is, that the magpie on his path had no connection with his loss of money; and on his wedding-day, his bride's unlucky glance in the looking-glass after she was fully arrayed, had nothing to do with her discontent as a wife; nor need the servant who broke the looking-glass have cried, looking forward to seven years of ill-luck. In all three cases, as all the neighbours knew, the ill-luck came. But it came because of the prepossessed frame of mind that observed and discounted these signs. The superstitious character lacks those practical and courageous qualities which wrest luck from fortune and make the best of life. The omens of ill-luck have come to the fortunate as often; but they were never noticed, because they who were cheerily fighting the battle had better use for their time. At this moment, the present writer knows of no household more radiantly prosperous than one in which the largest looking-glass was broken a few days after a move to their newly-built home; and no marriage more replete with happiness than a Saturday marriage, though proverbially Saturday's marriage 'has no luck at all.' Of course,

neither the prosperous household nor the well-matched pair were of that languid and timid mind that takes nervous note of superstitions.

But, it may be objected, there are signs of good luck too, though not so many. Certainly; and there is no truth better known than that courage commands success, and such courage in exceptional cases may come from a very trivial encouragement. There is a country superstition that if a man sets off running and runs round in a circle, when he hears the cuckoo for the first time, he will never be out of work till spring comes again. But the man who valued steady work would exert himself in a more sensible direction than unproductive circle-running, and be safe from idle days. Again, if a tumble up-stairs is lucky, the predisposition to luck is in the person who will be active and quick enough to run up the staircase. Another good omen, the turning of a garment inside out in dressing, though it seems to tell of the slovenliness that will not succeed, has probably an origin that indicated something better; it is a country saying, and it might well refer to the hurry and awkwardness of rising without artificial light before day—a habit likely to help the farmer's household to good fortune. Or as proof of the real nature of many good signs which time has perverted into superstitions, can we doubt that the crickets which chirp round the hearth for luck were first noticed there because crickets, as a rule, only come to a warm and cosy fireside—the kind of hearth that marks a happy cottage home?

A simple grain of common-sense like this must have been the origin of many senseless observances. It was necessary to guard ladders from being knocked down, so superstition began to warn the passers-by: if the children went under the ladder, they would not grow; if girls went, they would have no chance of being married within the year; and if a man passed under, he would be hanged—in memory of the criminal's ladder under the gibbet.

To take another original grain of common-sense. Warnings against carelessness assumed the form of omens. To spill the salt was unfortunate; or in some country places, to spill new milk; or in parts of Southern Europe, to spill the oil. Leonardo da Vinci painted spilt salt near Judas in his famous 'Last Supper.' It is one of the most widespread of ill omens, though in different places there are shades of difference; for instance, in Holland it betokens a shipwreck.

Beside the superstitious disposition being what we may call an unlucky disposition, and beside the germ of encouragement that makes its own success out of some 'good signs,' and the atom of original prudence that still exists in some so-called bad omens, there are two other reasons why superstitions still keep hold of the people by a reputation for 'coming true.' These two reasons cover a great deal of ground in our theory of explanation. The first is the vague character of forecasts. For instance, we all know the rhymes about the luck of birthdays, which country-people of different shires repeat rather variously. One Scottish version is:

Monday's bairn is fair of face;  
Tuesday's bairn is full of grace;  
Wednesday's bairn is a child of woe;  
Thursday's bairn has far to go;

Friday's bairn is loving and giving;  
 Saturday's bairn works hard for a living;  
 But the bairn that is born on the Sabbath day,  
 Is lively and bonnie, and wise and gay.

Contrast with this the English version :

Born of a Monday, fair in face;  
 Born of a Tuesday, full of God's grace;  
 Born of a Wednesday, merry and glad;  
 Born of a Thursday, sour and sad;  
 Born of a Friday, godly given;  
 Born of a Saturday, work for your living;  
 Born of a Sunday, never shall we want—  
 So there ends the week, and there's an end  
 on 't.

Any superstitious rustic who, from the page of the cottage Bible, dug out the deep secret of the day of his birth, would easily find the rhyme true of himself for any day of the week. Any country girl would trust it was true, if she was born on a Monday. And who that came on a Tuesday would confess himself graceless? But about Wednesday's bairn there seems to be a difference of opinion among the prophets: one rhyme predicts 'a child of woe;' the other says, 'merry and glad;' while a third, well known in Devonshire, says, 'sour and grum;' and thereby, from self-contradiction, the old rhyme goes down like a house of cards. But all the rhymsters are agreed that Saturday's child works hard for his living—as no doubt the children of every other day of the week work too, in the sphere of labouring country-life in which these old sayings are known. And as variable as this forecast there are many others; for every firm believer in superstition has a secret satisfaction in proving it true; and which of us is there that could not read our life as the interpretation of any forecast, since we all can look at the bright or the dark side, having known alike the good and the evil days?

\* The other reason for the reputation for truth is, that, for credulous folk, unlucky omens are too terrible to be put to the test. If they were freely tried, they would be detected as a mental tyranny, a popular fraud; and in a few generations would be remembered by the rustic classes, only as the learned now remember the foolish excitement of their forefathers in science, seeking the Elixir of Life and the Philosopher's Stone. If dinner-parties of thirteen were to become the fashion, we should not see, as we often see now, the cautious arrangements of Christmas invitations, or even the timid compromise of bringing in a side-table to accommodate the thirteenth. But which of the credulous would dare to test these things? It reminds the writer of a doubt—still unsolved—whether the taste of parsley would cause a parrot to drop down dead. Parsley as a parrot-poison was heard of in childhood, not as a superstition, but as a physical fact. What if it were true? The *if* was too terrible. We had visions of our feathered gray 'Prince Charlie' seizing the green stuff in his hooked beak, and rolling off the perch in mortal agonies. So we disbelieved, but coward-like avoided the chance, just as all the world avoids thirteen at table.

As to superstitious cures, some of them contain slight elements of medicinal value; but most depend upon that influence upon the nerves which is well known to be capable of giving energy for a time and allaying pain. Some of

the old cures were decidedly disagreeable and troublesome. The native of Devonshire who wanted to get rid of a wart was solemnly enjoined to steal a piece of meat, and after rubbing the wart with it, throw it over his left shoulder over a wall. The Hertfordshire villager, when afflicted with ague, might be cured if he would go to Berkhamstead, where oak-trees grew at the cross-roads; and after pegging himself by a lock of hair to the trunk of one of these trees, he was to give a vigorous jump, and rid himself at once of the ague and the tuft of hair. The loss of the hair was so painful, and the loss of the ague so doubtful, that the Berkhamstead folks many years ago ceased to go to 'the cross-oaks.' The ague, the toothache, and dog-bites were the subject of many charms. In the former two maladies, a nervous impression might go far to cure; and in the last, a charm against hydrophobia would protect the simple believer from the great peril that is in a brooding fear of madness. The ludicrous cures were a legion in themselves. It seems heartlessly unkind to give a poor dog the measles; but many an old nurse took a lock of hair from the nape of the sick child's neck, made a sort of sandwich of it between bread-and-butter, and watched at the door to transfer, or fancy she had transferred, the measles to a stray dog—probably a stray dog, because only an ill-fed animal would take her bread. Equally unkind was it to strive to give our dumb friend the whooping-cough; but by the same process, with a bunch of hair and a piece of meat, the nurse could be guilty of that absurdity as well.

Have any of our readers ever encountered a toad with the whooping-cough? The Cheshire toads ought to be sometimes found crowing and whooping and in need of change of air; for the superstitious Cheshire woman whose child has the cough, knows that she has only to poke a toad's head into her child's mouth to transfer the whooping-cough to the toad. Query, Is the disease also transferred—and in that case, what are the alarming results—when the victim of whooping-cough gets rid of it by being passed nine times under and over a donkey? The cure for rickets is to pass the child under and over the donkey nine-times-nine turns. This was actually done in London as late as 1845; when a man and a woman, solemnly counting, passed the unfortunate child under and over the unsuspecting moke eighty-one times, in the midst of an admiring crowd. If there was one pass more or less, the charm would fail—a broad enough hint of the excuses that could be made when such cures as these were sought in vain. The eighty-one turns must have confused the counters' arithmetic, as no doubt the child had personal objections, and lifted its voice aloud; and sore must have been the trial even to the patience of a donkey.

So, to sum up, we would suggest that superstitions keep their false character for truth, firstly, because those who observe them therein prove their own leaning towards ill-luck; secondly, because forecasts are vague, and interpretations can be traced somehow in the chances of life; thirdly, because the penalty of ill omens is so dreaded, that the credulous shrink from putting them to the test; fourthly, because there are



nervous cures, and love-charms, and dreams, in which anxious consciousness points right—the wish being father to the thought; fifthly, victims of superstition are secretly pleased when (by chance) an unlucky omen comes true, and have a satisfaction even in relating their misfortunes; while, since no one tells of the cases that do *not* come true, every chance fulfilment is a new rivet in the chain that ought long ago to have fallen to pieces.

### NOXIOUS MANUFACTURES.

THERE is just now a most wholesome activity in regard to the national health, and the public are peculiarly interested in the various details of our sanitary machinery. Of this, by no means the least important department is that instituted under the Alkali Works Regulation Act, 1881, or, in other words, the inspection of noxious works and factories. In connection with the pollution of rivers, this is an old grievance; but too little has hitherto been done to realise or to remedy the evil in its general effects upon the public health. So greatly, too, have works prejudicial to health increased of late years, that their inspection has been decided upon none too soon. Probably, it will never be known how far the death-rate has been influenced by this cause. It is, however, one of the unavoidable penalties of civilisation that we should live under unwholesome conditions of life.

A multitude of influences injurious to health spring into active existence with the development of commerce and the growth of luxury. Most of these are evident enough. All the elements, indeed, are equally guilty. The earth, air, fire, and water, are allied against civilised humanity; and modern science is constantly bringing to light disagreeable facts in this connection. We have long lived in the comfortable belief that Mother Earth was the great purifier. The reverse is, it seems, nearer the truth. Years after the germs of infection have been consigned to the ground, they have been disinterred, and found to be not a whit diminished in virulence. Archæologists should, we are told, beware of handling newly found relics, lest, perchance, they should contract some archaic disease. Even mummies, it appears, in spite of their venerable respectability, are objects of legitimate suspicion! Fire, too, has a dreary catalogue of sins to answer for. It not only robs us of much of the oxygen, of which those of us who live in the towns have so scanty a supply, but it gives us in exchange unconsumed carbon in quantities which fill the air with smut. In smoke alone it furnishes us with food for reflection—and digestion—and probably will continue to do so for some time to come.

Again, water is the most insidious enemy of all. The most indispensable of the elements—and we are reminded of our obligations to it pretty frequently—it is credited with doing the greatest harm. In league with unnatural substances, it has developed such an affinity for

noxious matter that it appears that nothing short of boiling can possibly enable us to drink it with any security. To most people, cold boiled water will not seem a very attractive beverage, but it has the advantage of being in many ways a safe one.

The air, too, is anything but true to the trust committed to her charge. We have long confidently believed in her good-will. Our sewers, drains, and chimneys discharge their pestilent exhalations into the air; but instead of carrying these away into space, she receives them only to bestow them upon us again.

The outlook is indeed gloomy, and unless we make some progress in sanitary science, it is not a little difficult to see how we are to continue to support the burden of civilised existence.

In this connection, it is reassuring to know that something is being done to lessen these ominously numerous artificial dangers. The works which come within the scope of the Alkali, &c. Works Act, 1881, are very injurious to life. The manufacture of alkalies, acids, chemical manures, salt, and cement, alike involve processes prejudicial to health. More than one thousand of these were visited by the inspectors, appointed in pursuance of the above Act, during the year 1882; and it is interesting to know that some intelligent means are being devised whereby the offensive character of these manufactures may be diminished. To take a single cause of mischief. The manufacture of alkalies and acids has long been conducted in such a way that the proportion of noxious matter which was allowed to escape into the chimney, or atmosphere, often reached from twenty to forty grains per cubic foot of air, twenty being a not uncommon amount. The maximum amount which might be allowed to escape with impunity has been estimated at four grains per cubic foot; and it is a very important feature of the Act that it has been instrumental in reducing this very considerably. In the alkali works proper the escape has been brought down to two grains, while in some cases it is under one. The sulphuric acid works alone are now conspicuous for their failings in this important respect, the average escape in those examined during the year being 5.5. Again, chemical manure-works have long been a pregnant source of annoyance to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood in which these are carried on.

It is, curiously enough, the smaller establishments of the kind which are the most harmful. The larger works have long employed the most complete processes, because the escape of effluvia would otherwise have been so great, that it would have speedily aroused hostile action on the part of the public. The imposition of preventive measures in the case of the smaller works—in many of which no precautions whatever have hitherto been adopted—is attended with some difficulty, since it involves an expenditure which would in some cases be almost prohibitive. It appears, indeed, that no maximum of escape can be fixed in works of this kind, and all that remains to be done is to render it compulsory that processes should be adopted for washing out such gases as are soluble, and for burning those which are more susceptible to such a method of treatment. Since such pernicious agents as fluorine compounds escape during the action of sulphuric acid upon

phosphates, the question is one of some urgency. Again, another cause of complaint is the escape of sulphuretted hydrogen during the process of making sulphate of ammonia. In the larger gas-liquor-works the gas is burned, and converted into sulphuric acid in lead chambers; while in others it is passed through oxide of iron; and both these methods are perfectly satisfactory when properly carried out. Again, the discharge of sulphurous or muriatic gases evolved in extracting salt from brine is an evil which has remained unremedied almost down to the present time. Not the least curious feature of this question, too, is the fact that many of the products of distillation are so valuable that it is more than mere neglect to throw them away in the form of noxious gases. It is unnecessary to describe here the state of the salt districts. They might serve as a type of the abomination of desolation. The combined effect of the gases and the soot, which pours forth in prodigious volumes and from the chimneys of nearly a hundred salt-works in Cheshire alone, is most deplorable.

The only possible conclusion from this Report is that we are still far behindhand in these matters. We have, for instance, long continued to burn coal on the same principle, and are very slow to believe in any of the new methods which have been and are continually being introduced. Yet not only is black smoke very much more injurious to animal and vegetable life than when it has been rendered colourless by burning, but it is peculiarly wasteful. It has long been known that many valuable commodities could be obtained from coal; and but too little progress has hitherto been made in this direction. It is, then, all the more interesting to know that in some works in the north of England the gases from the blast furnaces have been cooled and washed, and ammoniacal salts obtained in such quantities as to make the process economical; while by the 'Young and Beilby' process it is contended that not only can the fuel be consumed for nothing, but that there will be several shillings a ton profit.

So far as manufactures are concerned, there certainly seems to be no valid reason why the rule that they must consume their own smoke should not be much more freely enforced. In the case of the alkali trades, which have long been in a very bad state, it is, of course, an unfortunate time to suggest the necessity for the outlay of more capital in improved works. But the exigencies of the public health are paramount, and needlessly offensive processes cannot be tolerated much longer. Such a case as that reported from Widnes, where waste heaps of offensive matter, consisting chiefly of sulphur and lime, are allowed to accumulate, although the sulphur could be extracted at a profit, and so prevented from poisoning the streams for miles around, is certainly difficult to explain. The drainage from these heaps alone is estimated as carrying away twelve tons or seventy pounds-worth of sulphur a day. But perhaps as soon as some satisfactory system for eliminating the sulphur has been hit upon, this will be remedied. We have certainly much yet to learn in sanitary science. The old theories are one by one being exploded, and it will no longer do for us to poison the air we breathe, under the pleasing impression that its purifying

properties are inexhaustible. Civilisation has made such strides that she has succeeded in overturning the equilibrium of nature. The equilibrium must be restored.

#### TRIMMING THE FEET OF ELEPHANTS.

The feet of elephants kept for show purposes are trimmed two or three times a year. The sole of an elephant's foot is heavily covered with a thick horny substance of material similar to the three toe-nails on each foot; and as it grows thicker and thicker, it tends to contract and crack, often laming the animal. Barnum the American showman recently subjected his elephants to the trimming process at one of the towns where he was exhibiting. With a knife about two feet long, great pieces of horn, six inches by four, and a quarter of an inch thick, were shaved off. Often pieces of glass, wire, nails, and other things are found imbedded in the foot, which have been picked up during street parades. Sometimes these irritating morsels work up into the leg and produce a festering sore. A large nail was found imbedded in the foot of one of the elephants, which had to be extracted with a pair of pincers, and the wound syringed with warm water. During the operation, the huge creature appeared to suffer great pain, but seemed to know that it would afterwards obtain relief, and therefore bore it patiently, and trumpeted its pleasure at the close. Three times around an elephant's front-hoof is said to be his exact height.

#### SONNETS OF PRAISE.

##### THE VALES.

THE nestling vales lie sheltered from rough winds,  
As little babes in tender keeping grow,  
Some narrow gorge each flowery limit binds;  
Thus we from childish eyes hide elder woe.  
The vales are thick with corn, with plenty shine;  
Thus should the children smile in sunny glee,  
For One hath blessed them with a love divine,  
The untried pilgrims of life's stormy sea.  
Though rough winds cannot enter, gentle rain  
Refreshes the green vale, till springs arise,  
Their source the snow-clad hills; so age should gain,  
By gentle teaching childhood's eager eyes.  
Rain fills the pools, the thirsty vale is blest;  
Thus should the children thrive, by love caressed.

##### THE MOUNTAINS.

The lofty mountains with their snowy crests,  
God's ensigns, praise their Lord throughout the land;  
Their heights, which few can reach, in human breasts  
Inspiring awe, yet quake beneath His hand.  
Oft 'twixt their summits and the lower earth,  
The wreathing cloud-mists roll, alone they dwell  
As sight-dimmed age. Our cries of pain or mirth  
Molest them not; thus age with deadening spell  
Benumbs our ears, yet near each lonely peak  
Sing mountain birds, sunbeams each summit crown.  
From highest heaven thus God's saints may seek  
Refuge in thoughts divine, though long years drown  
Earth's sounds; on mountain crest reposed the Ark,  
Our home above shines clear, as earth grows dark.

M. P.

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## SUDDEN FORTUNES.

Few things are so fascinating to read as stories of fortunes suddenly made. They lend to the adventures of miners in gold or diamond fields an interest possessed by enterprises of no other kind; they also impart a most seductive glamour to accounts published in continental newspapers of prize-winners in big lotteries. When the French annual state lotteries were abolished in 1837, a writer of some distinction, M. Alphonse Karr, protested energetically against what he called a hardship for the poor. His defence was curious. 'For five sous,' he said, 'the most miserable of beings may purchase the chance of becoming a millionaire; by suppressing this chance, you take away the ray of hope from the poor man's life.'

Almost any man can relate from his own experience tales of suddenly acquired wealth; and by this we do not mean the riches that may be inherited through the death of a relative, or those which are won by speculation. The professed money-hunter who succeeds on 'Change is like the sportsman who brings home a good bag—his spoils, though they may be large, are not unexpected. But there is the man who goes out without any thought of sport, and returns with a plump bird that has dropped into his hands; or the man who, wandering on the seashore, picks up a pearl. It is with persons of this description that we may compare those lucky individuals who, awaiting nothing from fortune, are suddenly overwhelmed by her favours. A few examples of such luck may induce the reader who sees no signs of wealth on his path just yet, never to despair.

At the beginning of 1870, the Hôtel des Réservoirs at Versailles for sale. It was the largest hotel in the city; but as Versailles had become a sleepy place, almost deserted in winter, and only frequented in summer by casual tourists and Sunday excursionists, the landlord had scarcely been able to pay his way. The hotel was disposed of in January for a very low figure,

and the new proprietor entered upon his tenancy on the first of April. He soon repented of his bargain. The season of 1870 brought fewer excursionists than usual; and when, in the middle of July, war was declared against Germany, all the landlord's chances of recouping himself during the months when foreign tourists abound, seemed gone, so that he had serious thoughts of reselling the house. Within eight weeks, the whole of his prospects were altered. The French were defeated, Paris was invested, Versailles became the headquarters of the invading armies, and suddenly the Hôtel des Réservoirs entered upon a period of such prosperity as doubtless could not be matched by the records of any other hostelry. From the middle of September till the following February it was the lodging-place of Grand Dukes and Princes, as many as it would hold; whilst its dining-rooms were resorted to by all the wealthiest officers in the German forces. As the siege operations kept troops in movement at all hours, meals were served at every time of the day and night. Three relays of cooks and as many of waiters had to be hired; and the consumption of wines, spirits, and liqueurs beggars all reckoning. Princes and rich officers going into action or returning from victory are naturally free with their money; every triumph of German arms was a pretext for banquets and toasts. In fact, from the 1st of October to the date when the occupation of the city ceased—a period of about one hundred and thirty days—the average number of champagne bottles uncorked every day exceeded five hundred! As the Prussians held Rheims, the landlord was enabled to renew his stock of champagne as often as was necessary; but he could not renew his stock of Bordeaux—the Bordelais being in French hands, so that towards the end of the war he was selling his clarets at fancy prices.

The Germans marched away in February; but still the Hôtel des Réservoirs' marvellous run of luck continued. In March the Communist insurrection broke out; the National Assembly transferred its sittings to Versailles,

which was proclaimed the political capital of France; and during the second siege of Paris the hotel was crowded with ministers, foreign ambassadors, deputies, and other persons of note. The result of all this and of the steady custom which the hotel received so long as Versailles remained the seat of government, was that the landlord, who was at the point of ruin in 1870, retired in 1875 worth one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, after selling the hotel for three times what he had paid for it. We may add that in 1870 other very fine hauls of money were made by hotel-keepers in cities which the German armies occupied, and at Tours and Bordeaux, which were successively the seats of the French Government of National Defence.

But it will be objected that such fortunes as war, revolutions, and other great commotions bring to the few, in compensation for the ruin which they scatter among the many, are not to be met with in lands enjoying profound peace like England. Well, there are local convulsions too in England. An obscure village becomes the scene of a murder or a railway accident; an inquest is held; reporters are sent down from London; idlers by the trainful come to view the spot where the mishap occurred; and the village public-house, which had been doing a poor business, all at once finds itself taking gold and silver like a first-class London *buffet*. Such things happen pretty often; indeed, Fortune now and then knocks at houses whose inmates, from sheer bewilderment or stupidity, do not know how to take advantage of her unexpected visit. We have the recollection of a publican in a village on the Great Western line who positively spurned a chance of handsome gains thrown into his way by a snowstorm. An express train had got snowed up in the night; with infinite difficulty, by reason of the darkness, the passengers crawled out, and made across the fields for a public-house about a mile distant; but on arriving there, they met with anything but a hospitable reception. The landlord had been roused from sleep; he could not serve drink, he said, because it was past hours; he had no spare-room for travellers; there was only one ounce of tea in his house; and so forth. In the end, most of the benighted party found a refuge at the vicarage. Had the landlord been a more astute fellow, he might have secured some valuable patrons that night, for there were wealthy people among the passengers; and two of them had to linger for more than a week in the village, having fallen ill.

Let us now leave publicans, and come to stories of sudden professional advancement. All young doctors know what uphill work it sometimes is to establish a practice. Years will often elapse before a doctor gets any return for the money which his friends invested in obtaining his diploma. On the other hand, a single fortunate case may bring patients by the score. About twenty years ago, a young doctor who had been established three years in London without making an income, lost heart, and determined to emigrate to Australia. He sold his small house and furniture, paid his passage-money, and a week before his ship was to sail, went into the country to say good-bye to his parents. Having to change trains at a junction, he was waiting on the

platform, when a groom in a smart livery galloped up to the station, and calling excitedly to a porter, handed him a telegraphic message for transmission. From some remarks exchanged between the two men, the young doctor understood that the Duke of —, a member of the Cabinet, had fallen dangerously ill, and that an eminent physician in London was being telegraphed for. The groom added that he had ridden to the houses of three local doctors, who had all been absent, and that 'Her Grace was in a terrible way.'

The young doctor saw his opportunity, and at once seized it. 'I am a medical man,' he said to the groom; 'and I will go to the Hall to offer my assistance till another doctor arrives.'

The groom was evidently attached to his master, for he said: 'Jump on my horse, sir, and ride straight down the road for about four miles; you can't miss the Hall; any one will tell you where it is.'

The doctor went, was gratefully received by the Duchess, and happened to be just in time to stop a mistake in treatment of the patient, which might have proved fatal if continued for a few hours longer. The Duke was suffering from typhoid fever; and when the eminent physician arrived from town, he declared that the young doctor's management of the case had been perfect. The result of this was, that the latter was requested to remain at the Hall to take charge of the patient; and his name figured on the bulletins which were issued during the next fortnight, and were printed in all the daily newspapers of the kingdom. Such an advertisement is always the making of a medical man, especially when his patient recovers, as the Duke did. Our penniless friend received a fee of five hundred guineas; took a house at the West End, and from that time to this has been at the head of one of the largest practices in London.

Curiously enough, his sudden rise was indirectly the means of bringing another needy young doctor to great fortune. Having abandoned his emigration scheme, our friend had made a present of his ticket to a former fellow-student of his, a shiftless sort of young man, who was loafing about town, with no regular work or prospects. This ne'er-do-weel had never thought of leaving the mother-country, and he accepted the ticket rather with the idea of making a pleasant voyage gratis than of settling at the antipodes. But on the way out, an epidemic of smallpox occurred among the passengers; the ship's surgeon died; and the emigrant doctor, stepping into his place, displayed such skill and devotion that he won golden opinions from all on board. As often happens with men of good grit, the sudden call to noble work and great responsibilities completely altered his character, and he became thenceforth a steady fellow. On landing at Sydney, he was presented with a handsome cheque by the agents of the Steamship Company for his services, and soon afterwards was, on their recommendation, appointed physician to the quarantine dépôt. This position put him in the way of forming a first-rate private practice and of winning municipal honours. He is now one of the most prosperous men in the colony, and a member of the colonial legislature.

Talking of sea-voyages reminds us of a barrister who has owed professional success to the mere lucky, or let us say providential, hazard which sent him out on a trip to China. Having lived three or four years in chambers without getting a brief, he was almost destitute, when a friend of his who was in the tea-trade offered him a free passage to Shanghai and back on condition of his transacting some piece of business there. On the passage out, the barrister had many conversations with the captain, who chanced to have lately given evidence at Westminster in a lawsuit which was of great importance to the shipping interest. But he had been disgusted with the 'stupidity,' as he called it, of the judge and counsel in the case, when talking of maritime and commercial customs; and he exclaimed: 'Why don't some of those lawyers who mean to speak in shipping cases, study our ways a little?' These words struck the young barrister, who, after thinking the matter over for a few days, resolved to live at sea for a while.

On his return to England, he sought for a situation as purser or secretary on board one of the great ocean steamers, and in this capacity made several trips. Then he successively tried expeditions on board whalers, vessels engaged in the cod and herring fisheries, &c.; in fact, he led a sailor's life for rather more than three years, picking up a full acquaintance with the manners, customs, grievances, and wants of those who had their business in the great waters. On going back to the bar, he almost at once got briefs in the Admiralty Court; and becoming known to solicitors as an expert on shipping questions, his professional fortune was made.

We might quote several cases similar to this one where special knowledge, sometimes acquired by accident, has put men in the way of getting highly honourable and well-paid positions on the newspaper press. A gentleman who is now a distinguished leader-writer on one of the London dailies, got his situation in consequence of having broken his leg while travelling in Germany. He was laid up for months in lodgings, and there became intimate with a Russian refugee, who taught him the Russian language and instructed him thoroughly in Muscovite politics. This occurred at the beginning of the Eastern imbroglio in 1876; and when the patient was getting better, he sent to a London paper a series of letters which exhibited such a familiarity with Russian affairs, that they attracted general notice. He was soon asked to go to St Petersburg as special correspondent; and from that date all things prospered with him. At the time when he broke his leg, he was about to accept a clerkship in a merchant's office, where he would have had small chance of making any figure in the world.

But we fancy we can hear people exclaim that talent well directed is pretty sure to make a man's fortune, so that it is never surprising to hear of clever men growing rich. True; but nevertheless there are chances for those who are *not* clever. We have heard of a man who had two thousand pounds a year left him because he was civil to an infirm old lady in church, finding the hymns for her, setting her hassock, &c. He did not know her name; but she took care to ascertain his, and when she died, he found that she had bequeathed

to him the bulk of her property 'as a reward for his patient kindness.' A clergyman of our acquaintance obtained a living of good value from a baronet in Norfolk for no other reason than that he was the only curate within ten miles round who had not applied for it when it fell vacant. And another clergyman whom we know got a still better living for having refused preferment offered to him under circumstances derogatory to his dignity. He was a fair singer; and a vulgar plutocrat who had invited him to dinner promised to give him a living if he would sing a comic song at dessert. The quiet rebuke which the young clergyman administered made the plutocrat ashamed of himself, so that the next day he proffered the living with a letter of apology; but the living was refused, the clergyman stating that it would be impossible for him to forget the circumstances under which it was first tendered. This was the more honourable, as the clergyman was very badly off. Another patron, hearing of what he had done, appointed him to a benefice, as a testimony of his admiration.

We may conclude with a story of a man who was suddenly made rich because of his great stupidity. He was the only dull man in a bright-witted family, and going to dine with a wealthy relative who had a horror of fools, he made so many silly remarks, that the old man cried in exasperation: 'I must do something for you, for you'll never do anything for yourself. If I don't make a rich man of you, you'll become a laughing-stock to the world and a disgrace to your family.'

## BY MEAD AND STREAM.

### CHAPTER XXIV.—THE WORK.

PHILIP spoke lightly to Madge about the 'chambers in town;' but he was not quite satisfied with the arrangement, when she told him frankly that she did not like it. He confessed that the idea pleased him chiefly because it would give him a sense of independence, which he could never experience so long as he remained at Ringsford and the family continued to be in the same mood as at present. Very little had been said to him there, beyond a few expressions of curiosity on the part of the girls, and a cunning question from Coutts as to what guarantee Uncle Shield could give for the wealth he professed to possess.

'The amount he promised to place at my disposal is in the bank,' Philip answered; 'and that, I fancy, would be sufficient, Coutts, to satisfy even you.'

Coutts nodded, was silent, and began privately to speculate on the possibility of ingratiating himself with this mysterious relative, who seemed to have discovered the mines of Golconda.

Nothing more was said. Mr Hadleigh enjoined silence on the subject until he should please to speak; and he had done so with a sternness which effectually checked the tongue even of Miss Hadleigh, who, being 'engaged,' felt herself in some measure released from parental authority.

The consequence was that there had grown up a feeling of constraint, which was exceedingly irksome to the frank, loving nature of Philip;



and yet he could not divine how he was to overcome it. He could not tell whether this feeling was due to his own anxiety to reconcile two opposing elements, or to the unspoken irritation of the family with him for having leagued himself with their enemy. It never occurred to him that any one of them could be jealous of his good fortune.

However, this new arrangement seemed to offer an opportunity for making the position clear. Standing apart from the influence of his family, he would be able to consider all the circumstances of his position with more calmness and impartiality than would be otherwise possible.

At the same time, he was a good deal perplexed by the conduct of Mr Shield, and was gradually beginning to feel something like vexation at it. There was the difficulty of seeing him, and then the impossibility of getting him to discuss anything when he did see him. Mr Shield was still at the *Langham*; and if Philip called without having made an appointment, he was either sent away with some excuse, which he knew to be nothing more than an excuse, or there was a great fuss of attendants entering and leaving the room before he was admitted. On these occasions Philip was conscious of an atmosphere of brandy-and-soda; and several times his uncle had been served with a glass of this potent mixture during their interviews, brief as they were. It was to this weakness Philip had been about to refer, when speaking to Dame Crawshay, and to it he was disposed to attribute much of his uncle's eccentricity of conduct.

But he was always the same roughly good-natured man, although short of speech and decided in manner.

'Once for all,' he said gruffly, when Philip made a more strenuous effort than usual to induce him to discuss the scheme he was elaborating; 'I am not a good talker—see things clearer when they are put down on paper for me. You do that; and if there is anything that does not please me, I'll tell you fast enough in writing. Then there can be no mistakes between us. Had enough of mistakes in my time already.'

And notwithstanding his peculiarly jerky mode of expressing himself in talking, his letters were invariably clear and to the point. They formed, indeed, a bewildering contrast to the man as he appeared personally, for they were the letters of one who had clear vision and cool judgment. But as yet Philip had not found any opportunity to approach the subject of a reconciliation with his father. He kept that object steadily in view, however, and waited patiently for the right moment in which to speak.

Wrentham was well pleased that Mr Shield should keep entirely in the background; it left him the more freedom in action; and he was delighted with his appointment as general manager for Philip. His first transaction in that capacity was to sublet his offices in Golden Alley to his principal. This saved so much expense, and there were the clerks and all the machinery ready for conducting any business which might be entered upon. Wrentham had agreeable visions of big prizes to be won on the Stock Exchange. He was confident that the whole theory of exchange business was as simple as A B C to him; and only the want of a little capital had prevented

him from making a large fortune long ago. His chance had come at last.

Here was this young man, who knew almost nothing of business, but possessed capital which he desired to employ. He, Martin Wrentham, knew how to employ it to the best advantage. What more simple, then? He should employ the capital; instead of dabbling in hundreds, he would be able to deal in thousands, and in no time he would double the capital and make his own fortune too!

But when the time came for Philip to unfold the project which he had been quietly maturing, the sanguine and volatile Wrentham was for an instant dumb with amazement, then peered inquiringly into the face of the young capitalist, as if seeking some symptoms of insanity, and next laughed outright.

'That's the best joke I have heard for a long time,' he exclaimed.

'Where is the joke?' asked Philip, a little surprised.

'You don't mean to say that you are serious in thinking of investing your capital in this way?' Wrentham's hilarity disappeared as he spoke.

'Perfectly serious; and Mr Shield approves of the idea.'

'But you will never make money out of it.'

'I do not know what you may mean by making money; but unless the calculations which have been supplied to me by practical men are utterly wrong, I shall obtain a fair percentage on the capital invested. I do not mean to do anything foolish, for I consider the money as held in trust, and will do what is in my power to make a good use of it.'

'You want to drive Philanthropy and Business in one team; but I never heard of them going well in harness together.'

'I think they have done so, and may do so again,' said Philip cheerfully.

'You will be an exception to all the rules I know anything about, if you manage to make them go together. If you had five times the capital you are starting with, you could make nothing out of it.'

'I hope to make a great deal out of it, although not exactly in the sense you mean.'

Wrentham passed his hand through his hair, as if he despaired of bringing his principal to reason.

'What do you expect to make out of it?'

'First of all, beginning on our small scale, we shall provide work for so many men. By the system of paying for the work done, rather than by wages whether the work is done or not, each man will be able to earn the value of what he can produce or cares to produce.'

'You will not find half-a-dozen men willing to accept that arrangement.'

'We must make the most of those we do find. When the advantages are made plain in practice, others will come in fast enough.'

'The Unions will prevent them.'

'It is a kind of Union I am proposing to form—a Union of capital and labour. Then, I propose to divide amongst the men all profits above, say, six or eight per cent. on the capital, in proportion to the work each has done. I believe we shall find plenty of workmen who will understand and appreciate the scheme.'

Wrentham was resting his elbows on the table and twisting a piece of paper between his fingers. He had got over his first surprise. The one thing he understood was, that Philip would hold obstinately to this ridiculous ideal of a social revolution until experience showed him how impracticable it was. The one thing he did not understand was, how Mr Shield had agreed to let him try it.

'I admire the generous spirit which prompts you to try this experiment; it is excellent, benevolent, and all that sort of thing,' he said coolly; 'but it is not business, and it will be a failure. Every scheme of the same sort that has been tried has failed. However, I shall do my best to help you. How do you propose to begin?'

Philip was prepared for this lukewarm support; he had not expected Wrentham to enter upon the plan with enthusiasm, and was aware that men of business would regard it as a mere fancy, in which a good deal of money would be thrown away. But he was confident that the result would justify his sanguine calculations.

'I am sorry you cannot take a more cheerful view of my project, Wrentham; but I hope some day to hear you own that you were mistaken. We shall begin by buying this land—here is the plan. Then if we get it at a fair price, we shall proceed to erect two blocks of good healthy tenements for working-people. We shall be our own contractors, and so begin our experiment with the men at once. Take the plans home with you, and look them over; and to-morrow you can open negotiations for the purchase of the land.'

Wrentham's eyes brightened.

'Ah, that's better—that's something I can do.'

'You will find that there are many things you can do in carrying out the work,' said Philip, smiling.

The general manager was restored to equanimity by the prospect of a speculation in land. The young enthusiast went his way, contented with the thought that he had taken the first step towards a social reform of vast importance.

The same afternoon the agents for the land in question received a communication from a solicitor inquiring the terms on which it was to be sold.

## THE HOMING PIGEON.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

'LET it off at Leicester, sir.'

My train had already started, when the speaker—an earnest-faced, enthusiastic-looking working-man—breathless with running, leapt on to the step, and after a hurried glance round the compartment, popped a paper bag into my arms and disappeared.

'Let it off at Leicester?' What did the man mean? Did he take me for one of the Fenian brotherhood? Had he handed me an 'infernal machine' with which to destroy Leicester railway station? I was taken aback for a moment, but only for a moment, for something rustled inside the bag, and I 'keeked' in at a corner.

'You're there, are you?' I said *sotto voce*, as the bright, inquiring eye of a blue homing pigeon met my gaze.

The man's meaning was plain enough now. Leicester was our first stopping-place. I was to throw the bird up there—which I duly did—and knowing the hour the train was due there, its owner could thus judge of its flying powers from the time it took to regain the loft in London.

By many people, it is believed that the homing pigeon is guided in its wonderful flights by some *special instinct*; others think that sight alone is the bird's guide. In the far-distant past, long before railways, telegraphs, or telephones were dreamt of, pigeons were used to convey intelligence of all kinds from distant quarters; and even in our own day and in times of peace, homing or carrier pigeons are found exceedingly useful as message-bearers in a hundred ways needless to name.

In time of war, their utility can hardly be over-rated. The 'Paris pigeon-post' of the Franco-German war of 1870-71 is well known. During the siege, when the gayest city in the world was closely beleaguered by the Prussians, and all communication with the outside world was totally cut off, homing pigeons brought to Paris by balloons, found their way back to Tours and other places, bearing with them news of the beleaguered city. How welcome they must have been to the thousands of people who had friends and relatives in Paris at that time! The messages carried by the pigeons were written or printed, then photographed on thin paper, the words being so reduced in size that it required the aid of a powerful magnifier to decipher them. These tiny documents were carried in small sealed quills, carefully fastened to the centre tail-feathers. From the very moment of the arrival of the first homing pigeon, the Paris pigeon-post was firmly established as an institution; and in times of war among all civilised nations, the aerial *voyageur* will in future doubtless play a most important part.

We have already in England a large number of clubs devoted to pigeon-flying or pigeon-racing; but it is in Brussels that the sport is carried out to the fullest extent. In Belgium alone, there are at this moment nearly twenty-five hundred clubs, and every town, village, or district in the whole country goes in for its weekly race. The birds are sent off on the Friday or Saturday by special trains, and are liberated in clouds of thousands on the Sunday mornings, two, three, four, or even five hundred miles from home.

I know many people in this country who have as their special hobby the breeding and flying of pigeons in a private way, quite independent of clubs—people who never go very far away from home without taking a pigeon or two along with them, to send back with news of their safe arrival, or their success or non-success in matters of business. I had the following told me by a friend, and have no reason to doubt the truth of it. A gentleman of rather shy disposition came down from London to a town not a hundred miles from Warwick, bent on proposing to a young lady, with whom he was greatly in love. She was the daughter of a well-to-do landowner, and a fancier of Antwerp carriers. The Londoner, however, lacked the courage or opportunity of popping the question. He was bold enough, though, before taking leave, to beg the loan of one of his lady-love's pets, just 'to tell her of his

safe arrival in town.' The bird returned from London the same day; and in the little quill, it bore to its mistress a message—that, after all, might more simply and naturally have been conveyed by lip—to wit, a declaration and a proposal. A more artful though innocent way of getting out of a difficulty could hardly have been devised. It was successful too.

The homing pigeon of the present day is not only remarkably fond of the cot and scenes around it wherein it has been bred and reared, but fond of its owner as well, and exceedingly sagacious and docile. The power of wing of this bird is very great, and emulates the speed of the swiftest train, over five hundred miles being done sometimes in less than twelve hours.

Now, although, in our foggy and uncertain climate, we can never hope to attain such results in pigeon-flying as they do in Belgium or sunny France, still, the breeding and utilising of these useful birds deserve far more attention than we in this country give them. It is in the hope that some of the readers of this *Journal* may be induced to adopt the breeding and flying of these pigeons as a fancy or hobby, that I now devote the rest of this article to a few practical hints about their general management.

I should say, then, to a beginner, join a club, by all means, if there be one anywhere near you. If there is not, and you are energetic enough, why, then, start one; or, independent of all clubs, make your hobby an entirely private one. Now, before doing anything else in the matter, you must have a proper loft or pigeonry for your coming pets. This should be placed as high as possible, so that the birds, from their area or flight, may catch glimpses of the country all round, and thus familiarise themselves with it.

The loft should be divided into two by means of a partition with a door in it, each apartment having an outlet to the area in front. The one room is devoted to the young birds, the other to the old. Without illustrations, it is somewhat difficult to describe the area or trap and its uses, but I will try. In its simplest form, then, it is a large wooden cage—with a little platform in front of it—that is fixed against the pigeons' own private door to their loft. At the back of the cage is a sliding-door, communicating with the loft, and in command of the owner of the pigeons; and another in the front of the cage. It is evident, then, that if you open the back-door, the bird can get into the area from the loft; and if you open the front one as well, he can get out altogether, to fly about at his own sweet will. Returning from his exercise when tired, if both trap or sliding-doors are open, he can pass right through the cage into the loft; if only the front-door is open, he can get no farther than the interior of the cage or area. But independent of these trap-doors, there are two little swing-doors, called bolting-wires—one in front of the cage, and one behind, that is, betwixt the area and the loft. The peculiarity of these swing-doors is this: they are hinged at the top, and open *inwardly*, being prevented from opening outwardly by a beading placed in front of them at the foot. Well, suppose a bird to have just arrived from off a journey, and alighting on the little platform, found the sliding-door shut, it would immediately

shove against the door, which would swing open, permitting the bird's entrance, and at once shut again against the beading, and prevent its exit. In the same way, through the back bolting-wires, a pigeon could enter the area, but could not return to the loft in that way, nor get out through the bolting-wires in front. When a bird returns home from a journey, the exact time of its arrival may even, by a very simple contrivance attached to the external bolting-wires, be signalled to the owner.

The breeding compartment should have around the walls nesting-boxes, I might call them, or divisions, four feet long, two and a half feet high, and about two feet wide; these ought to be barred in front, with a doorway, to put the pigeons through for breeding purposes, and two earthenware nest-pans in each, hidden from view behind an L-shaped screen of wood. In the loft are pigeon-hoppers and drinking-fountains, as well as a box containing a mixture of gravel, clay, and old mortar, with about one-third of coarse salt; the whole wetted and made into a mass with brine.

About twice a week, a bath is greatly relished by the birds; but care should be taken not to leave the floor of the loft damp. Old lime and gravel should be sprinkled about. The food of the homing pigeon is not different from that of any other pigeon, and consists chiefly of beans, small gray peas, with now and then, by way of change, a little wheat, tares, rice or Indian corn. Soft food may sometimes be given also, such as boiled rice or potato, mixed with oatmeal.

The drinking-water should be changed every day, and the fountain frequently well rinsed out. The greatest cleanliness should prevail in the loft. Everything should be clean and sweet and dry, and there should never be either dust or a bad smell. Green food may be given when the birds cannot get out to supply themselves. It should be given fresh, and on no account left about the loft to decay. Never let the hoppers be empty, and see that the grains are not only good, but free from dust as well.

Next as to getting into stock. There are two or three ways of doing this. It is sometimes possible to get the eggs, which may be placed under an ordinary pigeon. Good old birds may be got—a few pairs; but they must, of course, be kept strict prisoners, else they will fly away. The best plan, however, of getting into stock is that of purchasing young birds as soon as they are fit to leave the mother. These must be put in the loft, but not let out for a week or two, although they should be permitted to go into the area and look around them, to get familiar with the place. After some time, they may be permitted to go out and fly around. If good, they will return; if of a bad strain, they are as well lost. But training should not begin until the bird is fully three months old, and strong. The young birds are first 'tossed' two or three hundred yards from their loft. If they have already become familiar with their home surroundings, they will speedily get back to the cot. Toss them unfed, flinging them well up in an open space; and repeat this day after day for some time; then gradually increase the distance, to a quarter of a mile, half a mile, and a mile, and so on to five, ten, up to fifty or a hundred miles of railway. The tossing should

be done on a fine day, at all events never on a foggy one.

Birds may be sent to station-masters at different distances along the line to be tossed, the basket in which they have been carried being sent back as a returned empty, with the exact time at which the birds were let out marked on the label by the station-master or porter. When this plan is adopted, it is of course necessary to write to the station-master first, and get his permission to send birds to him for the purpose of being tossed.

I have purposely avoided saying anything about the points and properties of homing pigeons; it is good wing you want, more than shape of head or face, although there ought always to be a skull indicative of room for brains. It is wing you want, I repeat, strength, health, and strain. Why I put the last word in italics is this: I consider that it is essential to success, and cheapest in the long-run, to breed from a good working strain. The rule holds good in the breeding of all kinds of live-stock. So the reader, if he intends to take up the homing-pigeon hobby, will do well to see that he gets birds of a *good working stock* to begin with.

A pigeon is not at its best till it is two years of age; care should be taken, therefore, not to attempt too much with them the first year of training. When a bird returns, treat it to a handful of nice grain, or even hemp; but during training, give nothing that is too fattening in large quantities. Great care and attention are required all the year round; exercise should never be neglected; they should be permitted to get out frequently during the day, or indeed, to have their liberty all day, taking precautions against the tender attentions of vagrant cats. The moulting season is a somewhat critical time, and so is the breeding-time; but this class of pigeons is, on the whole, hardy. Treat your birds with universal kindness, and they will certainly reward you.\*

## A WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE.

### IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

To say that there was a 'sensation' would feebly describe what followed. Every one in court sprang to his feet. The prisoner looked as if he had seen a ghost. There was a perfect hubbub of voices, as bar and jury talked among themselves, and my brethren at the solicitors' table poured questions upon me—to none of which I replied. Silence being restored, the voice of the judge—grave and dignified, but with a perceptible tremor—descended like vocal oil on the troubled waves of sound. 'Who instructs you, Mr Clincher?'

'Mr Bentley, my lord.'

The judge looked more astonished than ever. My name was familiar enough to him as a judge, and he had known it even better when, as a leading barrister, he had held many a brief from me.

'I am persuaded,' said he, 'that a gentleman of Mr Bentley's repute and experience has good reason for what he does. But so extraordinary and unheard-of—I will ask Mr Bentley himself

if he really considers that duty requires him to offer himself as a witness, and when and why he came to that conclusion?'

'My lord,' I replied, 'I am certain that, believing what I have had cause to believe within the last five minutes, I should be greatly to blame if I did not testify on oath to certain facts which are within my own knowledge. But if the prisoner chooses to call me as a witness, your lordship will presently understand why it is that, with all submission, I cannot at this moment, or until I am in the box, give my reasons. And I must add that the value of my evidence to the prisoner will greatly depend on his answers to certain questions which I wish, with your lordship's sanction, to put to him in writing. And if he answers me as I expect, I believe my evidence will put an end to the case against him.'

'Really, gentlemen of the jury,' said his lordship, 'this matter is assuming a more and more remarkable aspect. I hardly know what to say. That a prisoner on trial for his life should answer questions put to him in private by the prosecuting solicitor is the most extraordinary proposal, I am bound to say, which ever came under my notice. It is the more difficult for me to decide because the prisoner has not the advantage of counsel's assistance.—Prisoner, is it your wish that this gentleman should be called as a witness on your behalf? You have heard what he has said about certain questions which he wishes to put to you beforehand. Of course you are not bound to answer any such questions, and may nevertheless call him. What do you say?'

'I am in God's hands, my lord,' answered the prisoner, who was quite calm again. 'It may be that He has raised up a deliverer for me—I cannot tell. But I know that if He wills that I should die, no man can save me; if He wills to save me, nought can do me harm. So I am ready to answer any questions the gentleman wishes.'

'I propose,' said the judge, 'before deciding this extraordinary point, to consult with the learned Recorder in the next court.'

All rose as the judge retired; and during his absence I escaped the questions which assailed me from every side by burying myself in a consultation with my counsel. When he heard what the reader knows, he fully upheld me in what I proposed to do; and then threw himself back in his seat with the air of a man whom nothing could ever astonish again.

'Si-lence!' cried the usher. The judge was returning.

'I have decided,' said he, 'to allow the questions to be put as Mr Bentley proposes. Let them be written out and submitted to me for my approval.'

I sat down and wrote my questions, and they were passed up to the judge. As he read them, he looked more surprised than ever. But all he said, as he handed them down, was, 'Put the questions.'

I walked up to the dock and gave them into the prisoner's hands, together with my pencil. He read them carefully through, and wrote his answers slowly and with consideration. With the paper in my hand, I got into the witness-box and was sworn.

\* [An excellent article on the subject, with drawings of loft, &c., will be found in *The Field* for 23d Feb. last.—Ed.]

My evidence was to the effect already stated. As I described the man I had seen under the lamp, with my face averted from the prisoner and turned to the jury, I saw that they were making a careful comparison, and that, allowing for the change wrought by twelve years, they found that the description tallied closely with the man's appearance.

'I produce this paper, on which I just now wrote certain questions, to which the prisoner wrote the answers under my eyes. These are the questions and answers :

'*Question.* Were you smoking when you came up to the corner of Hauraki Street?—*Answer.* No.

'*Question.* Did you afterwards smoke?—*Answer.* I had no lights.

'*Question.* Did you try to get a light?—*Answer.* Yes, by climbing a lamp at the corner ; but I was not steady enough, and I remember I broke my hat against the crossbar.

'*Question.* Where did you carry your pipe and tobacco?—*Answer.* In my hat.

'Those answers,' I concluded, 'are absolutely correct in every particular. The man whom I saw under the lamp, at eight o'clock on the night of the murder, behaved as the answers indicate. That concludes the evidence I have felt bound to tender.' And I handed the slip of paper to the usher for inspection by the jury.

'Prisoner,' inquired the judge, 'do you call any other witness?'

'I do not, my lord.'

'Then, gentlemen,' said the judge, turning to the jury, 'the one remark that I shall make to you is this—that if you believe the story of the prisoner's witness, there can be little doubt but that the prisoner was the man whom the witness saw at the corner of Hauraki Street at eight o'clock on the night in question ; and if that was so, it is clear, on the case of the prosecution, that he cannot have committed this murder. I should not be doing my duty if I did not point out to you that the witness in question is likely, to say the least, to be without bias in the prisoner's favour, and that his evidence is very strongly corroborated indeed by the prisoner's answers to the written questions put to him. Gentlemen, you will now consider your verdict.'

'We are agreed, my lord,' said the foreman.

'Gentlemen of the jury,' sung out the clerk of arraigns, 'are you all agreed upon your verdict?'

'We are.'

'And that verdict is?'

'Not guilty.'

'And that is the verdict of you all?'

'It is.'

There followed a burst of cheering which the usher could not silence, but which silenced itself as the judge was seen to be speaking. 'John Harden—I am thankful, every man in this court is thankful, that your trust in the mercy and power of the All-merciful and All-powerful has not been in vain. You stand acquitted of a foul crime by the unhesitating verdict of the jury, and most wonderful has been your deliverance. You go forth a free man ; and I am glad to think that the goodness of God has been bestowed on one who has repented of his past sins, and who is not likely, I hope and believe, to be unmind-

ful of that goodness hereafter.—You are discharged.'

Had he been left to himself, I think the prisoner's old master would have climbed into the dock, with the view of personally delivering his servant out of the house of bondage. But he was restrained by a sympathetic constable, while John Harden was re-conveyed for a short time to the jail, to undergo certain necessary formalities connected with his release from custody. I volunteered to take charge of Mr Slocum, and took him to the vestibule of the prison, overwhelmed during the short walk by thanks and praises. We were soon joined by Harden, whose meeting with his master brought a lump into the throat even of a tough criminal lawyer like myself. I saw them into a cab, and they drove off to Mr Slocum's hotel, after promising to call on me next day, and enlighten me on certain points as to which I was still in the dark.

As strange a part of my story as any, has yet to be told. I had hardly got back to my office and settled down to read over the various letters which were awaiting my signature, when my late client (Harden's prosecutor) was announced. I had lost sight of him in the excitement which followed the acquittal. He did not wait to learn whether I was engaged or not, but rushed after the clerk into my room. He was ashen white, or rather gray, and his knees shook so that he could scarcely stand ; but his eyes positively blazed with wrath. Leaning over my table, he proceeded, in the presence of the astonished clerk, to pour upon me a flood of abuse and invective of the foulest kind. I had sold him ; I was in league with the prisoner. I was a swindling thief of a lawyer, whom he would have struck off the rolls, &c. ; until I really thought he had gone out of his mind.

As soon as I could get in a word, I curtly explained that it was no part of a lawyer's duty to try and hang a man whom he knew to be innocent. As he only replied with abusive language, I ordered him out of the office. The office quieted itself once more—being far too busy, and also too well accustomed to eccentric people to have time for long wonderment at anything—and in an hour I had finished my work, and was preparing to leave for home, when another visitor was announced—Inspector Forrester.

'Well, Mr Forrester, what's the matter now? I'm just going off.'

'Sorry if I put you out of the way, sir ; but I thought you'd like to hear what's happened. The prosecutor in Harden's case has given himself up for the murder!'

'What?' I shouted.

'He just has, sir. It's a queer day, this is. When I heard you get up and give evidence for the man you were prosecuting, I thought curiosities was over for ever ; but seems they ain't, and never will be.'

'How was it?'

'Well, he came into the station quite quiet, and seemed a bit cast down, but that was all. Said fate was against him, and had saved the man he thought to hang in his stead, and he knew how it must end, and couldn't wait any longer. I cautioned him, of course—told him to



sleep on it before he said anything; but make a statement he would. The short of it all is, that the idea of murdering the old lady for her money had come into his mind in a flash when he saw that poor drunken fool exhibiting his knife in the tavern. He followed him, and picked his pocket of the knife, and then hung about the house, meaning to get in after dark. Then he saw the girl come out and go off, leaving the door closed but not latched, the careless hussy! Then in slips the gentleman, and does what he'd made up his mind to—for you see the old woman knew him well, so he couldn't afford to leave her alive—gets the cash, and slips out. All in gold it was, two hundred and fifty pounds. When he heard that Harden couldn't be found, he got uneasy in his mind, and has been getting worse ever since, though he did well enough in trade with the money. Seems he considered he wasn't safe until some one had been hanged. So, when he recognised Harden, he was naturally down on him at once, and was intensely eager to get him convicted—which I noticed myself, sir, as of course you did, and thought it queer too, I don't doubt. He took too much pains, you see—he must employ you to make certain, instead of leaving it to us; whereas if he hadn't come to you, your evidence would never have been given, and I think you'll say nothing could have saved the prisoner.'

It was true enough. The wretched man had insured the failure of his own fiendish design by employing me, of all the solicitors to whom he might have gone!

I learned next morning, how Harden, after trying in vain to light his pipe on that memorable evening, had wandered for hours through the hard-hearted streets, until at daybreak he had found himself in the docks, looking at a large ship preparing to drop down the river with the tide. How he had managed to slip aboard unseen and stow himself away in the hold, with some idea of bettering his not over-bright fortunes in foreign parts. How he had supported his life in the hold with stray fragments of biscuit, which he happened to have in his pockets, until, after a day or two of weary beating about against baffling winds, when they were out in mid-channel, the usual search for stowaways had unearthed him. How the captain, after giving him plenty of strong language and rope's-end, had at length agreed to allow him to work as a sailor on board the vessel. How on landing at Sydney he had gone into the interior, taken service with his present master—under another name than his own, wishing to disconnect himself entirely with his former life—and by honestly doing his duty had attained his present position.

By the light of this narrative, that which had puzzled me became perfectly clear—namely, how it was that he had contrived not only to get so entirely lost in spite of the hue and cry after him, but also to remain in ignorance of his aunt's fate.

My client was tried, convicted, and executed in due course; his plea of guilty and voluntary surrender having no weight against the cruel and cowardly attempt to put an innocent man in his place.

When I last saw John Harden, he was married to a serious lady, who had been his late master's

housekeeper, and was possessor of a prosperous general shop in a country village, stocked by means of the money which Mr Slocum had generously left him.

## COIN TREASURES.

MAN is a collecting animal. It would be absurd to ask what he collects; more to the point would it be to ask what he does *not* collect. Books, pictures, marbles, china, precious stones, hats, gloves, pipes, walking-sticks, prints, book-plates, monograms, postage-stamps, hangmen's ropes; the list might be increased indefinitely.

What is it that impels us to heap up such treasures? We say 'us,' because we are convinced that few escape untouched by the disease. It may be dormant; it may possibly never show itself; but it is there, and only wants a favourable conjunction of circumstances to bring it to life.

Of all the forms of the collecting mania, few have been so long in existence as that of coins, and few seize us so soon. The articles are portable, nice to look at, and of some intrinsic value. Every one knows what a coin is, and when a lad happens to get hold of one struck, say, two hundred years ago, he naturally is impressed by the fact. Every one knows how easily the very young and the ignorant are taken by the mere age of an article. The writer dates his acquaintance with numismatics (the history of coins) from his receiving in some change a half-crown of Charles II. when he was eleven years old. It was worn very much, but it was two hundred years old, and that was enough. After that, a good deal of pocket-money went in exchange for sundry copper, brass, and silver coins, with the usual result. The collection was discovered to be rubbish; but experience had been gained, and that, as is well known, must be bought.

The numismatist can head his list of devotees by the illustrious name of Petrarch, who made a collection of Roman coins to illustrate the history of the Empire. He was followed by Alfonso of Aragon; Pope Eugenius IV.; Cosmo de' Medici; Matthias Corvinus, king of Hungary; the Emperor Maximilian I. The man dear to all book-lovers, Grolier, had his cabinet of medals; Politian was the first to study them with reference to their historical value. Gorlaeus succeeded him. Early in the sixteenth century, Goltzius the engraver travelled over Europe in search of coins, and reported the existence of about one thousand cabinets. Our own collections appear to have begun with Camden; he was followed by Sir Robert Cotton, Laud, the Earl of Arundel, both the Charleses, the Duke of Buckingham, and Dr Mead in the early part of last century. Later on, we come to the celebrated William Hunter—not to be confounded with his still greater brother, John—who left to the university of Glasgow his magnificent collection of Greek coins. Archbishop Wake, Dr Barton, Dr Brown,

and Dr Rawlinson formed cabinets of considerable extent and value, all of which found a resting-place in the colleges of Oxford. All these, however, were surpassed by Richard Payne-Knight, who was born in the middle of the last century, and formed the finest collection of Greek coins and bronzes that had ever been brought together. It was valued at fifty thousand pounds, and he left it to the nation. The catalogue drawn up by himself was published in 1830 by the Trustees of the British Museum.

At the date of this magnificent legacy, our national collection of coins was of no importance; but since then, by purchase and bequest, it has so greatly increased its stores, that it undoubtedly stands on an equality with the French national collection, long above rivalry. Donations during the lifetime of the owner, too, are not unknown. In 1861, Mr De Salis made the nation a present of his extensive cabinet of Roman coins. In 1864, Mr E. Wigan called one morning on Mr Vaux, the keeper of the coins and medals, and producing a case, told him that was his cabinet of Roman gold medals. Would he be good enough to examine it carefully, and choose for the Museum what he thought best? Needless to say, no scruples were made by the head of the department; consultations were held with the staff, with the result that two hundred and ninety-one were chosen, representing a value, at a modest computation, of nearly four thousand pounds. In 1866, Mr James Woodhouse of Corfu left to the nation five thousand six hundred and seventy-four specimens of Greek coins, mostly in the finest preservation; of these, one hundred and one were gold, two thousand three hundred and eighty-seven silver, three thousand one hundred and twenty-eight copper, and fifty-eight lead. That year was particularly fruitful in acquisitions, for no fewer than eleven thousand five hundred and thirty-two coins were placed in the national cabinets.

But it is impossible that mere donations could be depended on. In every sale, the British Museum is a formidable competitor, and if, as not unfrequently happens, it is outbidden by a private collector, it has the advantage of an institution over a person, in that it lives longer, and often has the opportunity of acquiring what it wants at the dispersal of the cabinet of its rival. One of the most important purchases ever made was that of the collection of the Duc de Blacas in 1867, for which government got a vote of forty-five thousand seven hundred and twenty-one pounds. Amongst its treasures were some two thousand Greek and Roman coins, chiefly gold.

All good and rare specimens gravitate naturally to the chief museums of Europe, which would thus stand in the way of a private individual forming a cabinet, were it not for the fact, that finds are continually taking place, either unex-

pectedly or in consequence of excavations in ancient countries. Only the other day, we noticed the sale of a large lot of medieval coins at Paris, which had been discovered when pulling down some ancient buildings. During the German excavations at Olympia, extending over six years, some six thousand pieces of all ages from 500 B.C. to 600 A.D. were brought to light. These, however, became the property of the Greek government, and are not likely to come into the market. Some of the finds are most extraordinary. In 1818 were fished up out of the river Tigris two large silver coins of Geta, king of the Edoni; a Thracian people of whom we know only the name, and whose king's name is all that we have to tell us of his existence. These are now in the British Museum, and are especially interesting as being the earliest pieces we have stamped with a monarch's name. Their date is placed prior to 480 B.C. We have seen a coin of Philip Aridæus, successor of Alexander the Great, struck at Mitylene, which was found in the roots of a tree which was being grubbed up in a park in Suffolk. The incident was inquired into at the time, and no doubt seems to have arisen as to the fact of its having been found as alleged. Nearly twenty years ago, General Philips discovered at Peshawur twenty milled sixpences of Elizabeth. There was a tradition in the place that an Englishman had been murdered there a very long time before, and the tomb was shown. It is naturally inferred, therefore, that the coins had belonged to him, or how else explain the find? When the railway was being made from Smyrna to Aidin, a few dozen very ancient coins were turned up, which were all sold at once at a few shillings each; but the dealers hearing of this, soon appeared on the spot, and the original buyers had the satisfaction of reselling the coins at four or five pounds apiece.

Smyrna is, as the most important city of Asia Minor, naturally the headquarters of the dealers in Greek antiquities. Mr Whittall, a well-known merchant there, had formed a very fine collection of coins which was dispersed in London in 1867, and fetched two thousand seven hundred and twenty-nine pounds. When excavating at the base of the colossal statue of Athena, in her temple at Priene, Mr Clarke found five tetradrachms of Orophernes, supposed to be the one who was made king of Cappadocia by Demetrius in 158 B.C. These were absolutely unique. In Cyprus, some years ago, the British consul at Larnaca obtained a large hoard, which had been discovered during some building operations. This was a particularly rich find, as amongst them happened to be no fewer than thirty-four undescribed pieces of Philip, Alexander the Great, and Philip Aridæus. Mr Wood, when excavating on the site of the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, came upon a lot of more than two thousand coins of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In 1876, some workmen, when digging, came upon a vase containing, amongst other relics of antiquity, some fifty electrum staters of Cyzicus and Lampsacus, all of the end of the fifth century B.C. Only a few years ago, in that most out-of-the-way part of Central Asia, more than a hundred miles beyond the Oxus, was discovered a hoard of coins chiefly of the Seleucidæ, dating from the third

century B.C.—showing how far, even in those early days, trade had been carried. A few of them, too, were unknown pieces of Alexander the Great. Without being prepared to go into exact particulars, we should imagine that a find in 1877 of twenty-nine thousand eight hundred and two Roman coins in two vases in Blackmoor Park, Hampshire, was one of the most extensive ever known.

That coins are interesting, as giving us portraits of those who have made some show in the world, is undoubted. It is equally true that by their means we are made acquainted with the existence of kings and kingdoms of whom history has left no records. The fact of a Greek kingdom of Bactria occupying that even yet comparatively unexplored region, half-way between the Caspian and the Himalaya, was revealed to the world only some fifty years ago by the finding of coins bearing portraits and legends of the Greek-speaking rulers. An extremely large silver piece in the British Museum, supposed to belong to a period anterior to 480 B.C. and struck by the Odomanti of Thrace, a tribe of whom we know nothing, was found at Ishtib. In the same collection is a large silver coin of the Orrescii, an unknown Macedonian people, which was found in Egypt, along with a very early drachma of Terone, and a large decadrachm of Derronikos, a king unknown to history. These are supposed to have been carried to Egypt by some of the soldiers of Xerxes, during their retreat from Greece after the battle of Plataea.

The greatest sale of coins by public auction, we should imagine, was that of Lord Northwick, in December 1859, and April 1860. The former consisted of Greek coins only, and produced eight thousand five hundred and sixty-eight pounds; the latter, of Roman and later pieces, fetched three thousand three hundred and twenty pounds. The Greek coins were especially fine and rare, and some of them unique. One, a large piece of Camarina, bearing as reverse a nymph carried by a swan, a specimen of highest Greek art, went for fifty-two pounds to the British Museum. A splendid piece of Agrigentum, with reverse of the monster Scylla, fetched one hundred and fifty-nine pounds. A coin of Cleopatra, queen of Syria, daughter of Ptolemy VI. of Egypt, and wife successively of Alexander I., Demetrius II., and Antiochus VII., and mother of Seleucus V., and the sixth and seventh Antiochi—all kings of Syria—was bought by the British Museum for two hundred and forty pounds. It is said to be the only one known. Altogether our national collection obtained one hundred specimens at a cost of nine hundred pounds. Lord Northwick had lived to a great age; but up to the last he preserved his faculties, and indulged his passion for ancient art by buying and exchanging objects. His pictures, statuary, everything, in fact, came to the hammer after his death. The years between 1790 and 1800 were spent by him in Italy, and he gained his early initiation into antiquities under the eye of Sir William Hamilton, the well-known ambassador at Naples. His first purchase is said to have been an after-dinner frolic in the shape of eight pounds for a bag of Roman brass coins. He and Payne-Knight bought and divided the fine collections of Prince Torremuzza and Sir Robert

Ainslie—for the latter of which they gave eight thousand pounds. Since his lordship's sale, there has been nothing to approach it. Fine though small cabinets have not been wanting, however, and the enthusiast can always find something with which to feed his passion. At Huxtable's sale, in 1859, the collection fetched an unusually large sum. Hobler's Roman cabinet of brass coins was sold for one thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine pounds; Merlin's, containing one hundred and forty-one lots of Greek and Roman, produced eight hundred and seventy-eight pounds; Sheppard's Greek, nineteen hundred pounds; Huber's, containing some hundreds of unpublished Greek, three thousand; Ivanoff's, three thousand and eight pounds; Bowen, one thousand five hundred and fifty-three pounds; Brown, three thousand and twelve pounds; Sambon, three thousand one hundred and forty-eight pounds; Exereunetes, containing several supposed to be unique, one thousand four hundred and twenty-one. The Sambon sale is memorable for the fact that a brass medallion of Geta, of the intrinsic value of twopence, was knocked down at five hundred and five pounds!

Every one who has read the *Antiquary*, whether bibliomaniac or not, can enjoy the glowing description by Monkbarrow: 'Snuff Davie bought the *Game of Chess*, 1474, the first book ever printed in England, from a stall in Holland, for about two groschen, or twopence of our money. He sold it to Osborne for twenty pounds and as many books as came to twenty pounds more. Osborne resold this inimitable windfall to Dr Askew for sixty guineas. At Dr Askew's sale, this inestimable treasure blazed forth in its full value, and was purchased by royalty itself for one hundred and seventy pounds.—Could a copy now occur,' he ejaculated with a deep sigh and lifted-up hands—'what would be its ransom!'

The progress of intelligence has affected coins in these days no less than books. It is only in the very out-of-the-way places that coins are to be picked up for a song. The chief hunting-ground, Asia Minor, is well looked after by the dealers, and the private collector has, of course, to pay them their profit. The increase in value may be gauged by the following instance: A gold coin of Mithridates, the size of our half-sovereign, fetched twenty-five guineas in 1777. In 1817 it came to the hammer, and was knocked down at eighty pounds to a well-known collector. Unfortunately for him, a duplicate soon afterwards appeared in a sale, and he had to pay ninety pounds for that. Later on still, a third turned up, and that fell to his bid at a hundred pounds. Yet a fourth came to light in 1840. The owner of the three bid up to a hundred and ten pounds, but had to give in to a bid of a hundred and thirteen pounds from a rival. Fancy his feelings! The rare brass medallions of Commodus, intrinsic value twopence or threepence, fetch up to thirty pounds, and the large pieces of Syracuse, the finest coins perhaps that we know of, regularly run up to fifty and sixty pounds. It is evident, therefore, that it is not every one who can indulge the passion for coin-collecting. At a little expense, however, electrotypes which are absolute fac-similes can be obtained from the British Museum, and this fact, which is not generally known, should result in the spread of a knowledge of

Greek art; for it must not be forgotten that in the early coinage of the Greek race the progress of art can be traced as completely as in any now existing remains.

## MY FELLOW-PASSENGER.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

To say that the real zest of an Englishman's delight in England and English home-life is only attained after residence or travel in other countries, is to quote something like a truism. To this influence at least was owing in great measure the feeling of quite indescribable pleasure with which, after a not altogether successful six months of big-game hunting in the interior of Africa—a very far-away country indeed in those days, when no cable communication existed with England—I found myself on board the good ship *Balbriggan Castle* (Captain Trossach), as she steamed slowly out of the Cape Town Docks on a lovely June evening in 187-, homeward bound. I had come from one of the eastern ports of the colony in sole occupation of a cabin; and though I knew we had taken on board a large number of passengers that afternoon, I was not a little put out to find, on going below, that the berth above mine had been filled, and that the inestimable blessing of solitude was to be denied me for the next twenty days or so. However, there was no help for it; and with the best grace I could command, I answered my fellow-traveller's courteous expressions of regret with a hope that the voyage would be a pleasant one. The new-comer was a tall, slightly-built, and strikingly handsome man, of about thirty, remarkable for a slow deliberative manner of speech, with which an occasional nervous movement of the features seemed oddly at variance. On a travelling-bag, as to the exact disposition of which he was especially solicitous, I caught sight of the letters P. R. in big white capitals. These being my own initials, the coincidence, though commonplace enough, furnished a topic of small-talk which sufficed to fill up the short time intervening before dinner, and ended, naturally enough, in the discovery of my new friend's name—Paul Raynor—given, as I afterwards remembered, with some little hesitation, but producing a much finer effect of sound than my own unmelodious Peter Rodd.

At dinner, I found my place laid opposite to Raynor; and thus, notwithstanding the claims of an excellent appetite and the desire to take stock of other passengers, I had again occasion to observe the painful twitching of the fine features, recurring with increased frequency as he, too, looked round at those about him, and seemed to scan each in turn with more than ordinary deliberation. The man interested me greatly; and as I listened to his conversation with some Englishmen near, and noted the dry humour with which he lit off the peculiarities of the worthy colonists we were leaving behind, I saw

at once that here at least was promise of relief to the monotony of the voyage, of which I should be constantly able to avail myself.

A sea like glass, and a temperature of unusual mildness for a June evening in those latitudes, drew every one on deck, and ensconcing myself in a pleasant corner just behind the too often violated legend, 'No smoking abaft the companion,' I proceeded to illuminate a mild Havana cigar, when I was joined by Raynor, with whom, after a good-humoured joke anent my unsuccessful attempt to obtain that solitude which the cabin could no longer afford, I renewed our conversation of the afternoon, passing from generalities to more personal matters, and sowing in a few hours the seeds of a friendship destined to grow and ripen with that marvellous rapidity only to be attained by the forcing process of life on board a passenger-ship.

Nothing could exceed the frankness of Raynor's own story, as he told it me in brief before we turned in that night. One of a large family of sons, he had conceived an unconquerable dislike to the profession of teaching, to which, in lieu of one of a more lucrative nature, he had found himself compelled to turn. The suggestion of a friend, that he should try his luck in the colonies, was hardly made before it was acted upon; and a few weeks found him in an up-country town at the Cape, where his letters of introduction speedily brought him employment in a well-known and respected house of business. Here he rose rapidly; and having, by care and occasional discreet speculation, saved a few hundreds, was now on his way home, with four months' leave of absence, professedly as a holiday trip, but really, as he admitted to me, to see what chances presented themselves of investing his small capital and procuring permanent employment in England. In answer to my question, whether his absence after so short a time of service might not conceivably affect his prospects in the firm, he replied, that his intention of remaining at home had not been communicated to any one; and that, should no suitable opening offer in England, he would, upon returning to the colony, resume his former position with Messrs —, whose word to that effect had been given.

'Do you know any one on board?' said I carelessly, when his short narration was over, and after I had in turn imparted to him a few dry and unrefreshing facts as to my own humble personality.

'Why do you ask?'

I was taken aback at the sharp, almost angry voice in which the words were uttered; but, strong in the harmless nature of my question, I replied: 'Because I thought I saw a man at the next table to ours at dinner trying to catch your eye, as if he knew you.'

'Daresay he did. One gets to know such an unnecessary lot of skunks in the colonies!' Uttering these remarkable words hurriedly and

in a tone of intense irritation, Paul Raynor strode away, and I saw him no more that night.

Our cabin was on the starboard side of the ship, and the morning sun streamed in and laid his glorious mandate upon me and all sluggards to be up and stirring. Raynor, who had the berth above me, seemed to have obeyed the call still earlier, for he was gone. Mounting, a little later, to the poop-deck, I arrived just in time to find him in conversation with the odd-looking little Dutchman I had noticed watching Raynor at dinner, and to hear the former say, in that queer-sounding Cape English, which, at a few paces distant, is hardly to be distinguished from Cape Dutch: 'My name is Jan van Poontjes; and I remember better as anything 'ow I met you six or five months ago by Pieteraasvogelfontein with young Alister of the Kaapstadt Bank, eh?' To which Raynor replied: 'I can only assure you again, sir, that you are mistaken. My name is Paul Raynor, and I have never had the honour of seeing you in my life before.' Turning on his heel, Mynheer van Poontjes shuffled away, expressing *sotto voce* his readiness to be immediately converted into 'biltong,' if he wasn't right about the '*verdomd Engelschmann*.'

Directly he caught sight of me, Raynor left his seat, and coming hastily forward, said: 'Mr Rodd, I owe you many apologies for my unpardonable rudeness of last night. I am blessed with the vilest of tempers, which, after years of effort, is not yet under my control. Will you forget the episode? Believe me, I shall not offend again.'

My answer need not be recorded. But it struck me as odd at the time, that when our reconciliation was complete, and we were pacing the deck for the short half-hour before breakfast, my companion made no reference whatever to the Dutchman's mistake, not even evincing the slightest curiosity to know whether Poontjes was the same man whose regards I had observed so intently fixed upon him. Possibly he was not aware that I had been a witness of the interview, or, as seemed more probable, he avoided alluding to a subject so directly tending to recall his extraordinary outburst of the previous night.

The voyage was a quiet one enough, in spite of the very large number of passengers. Three really charming sisters were undergoing a well-sustained siege at the hands of a dozen or so of the most presentable young men, and at least one engagement was shortly expected. Theatricals were projected; but fortunately the 'company' would not attend rehearsals, and we were spared. One or two concerts were got up, at which feeble young men complacently rubbed fiddle-strings with rosined bows, and evoked flat and melancholy sounds, expressing no surprise when subsequently complimented on their 'violin-playing.' An opulent but unlovely Jew from the Diamond Fields created a diversion by singing, without notice given, a song of the music-hall type—refrain, 'Oh, you ridic'ulous man, why dew yer look so shy!' &c.; and was genuinely hurt when the captain suggested his 'going for'ard next time he wanted an audience for *that* song.' Several ladies, of several ages, displayed their varied musical acquirements; and Raynor surprised everybody one day by giving us the

*Village Blacksmith* in a round clear baritone, of which no one imagined him to be the possessor.

During these first ten days at sea, Raynor had, apparently without any striving after popularity, established himself as a universal favourite. The children adored him from the first, thereby securing him a straight road to the mothers' hearts, who in their turn spoke warmly in his praise to the younger ladies on board. These last felt strongly his superiority to the other very ordinary young men, enjoyed his conversation greatly, and were perhaps the least bit afraid of him.

Raynor's fondness for and influence with children were altogether remarkable. Early in the voyage, a tiny trot of four had tripped and fallen sharply on the deck at his feet. As he lifted her ever so tenderly in his arms and stroked the poor little hurt knee, the child looked up at him through her tears and asked: 'Is you *weally* sorry?' 'Yes, indeed—I am, Nellie.' 'Then me's better,' came the little sobbing answer; and forthwith she nestled closer to him, and was comforted. This incident evidently produced a profound effect upon the other children playing near, who thereafter lost no opportunity of showing 'the tall man' that he might consider himself entirely one of themselves.

My own intimacy with him grew daily stronger, and our mutual friendship became so firm that we began to project various plans of business and pleasure for months to come in England. How often, in after-days, did I stop to think wonderingly of the man's earnestness, the intense absorption with which he would ponder upon the relative merits of different undertakings, each more certain than the last to make our fortunes! Was he for the moment actually deceiving himself? or did the habit of concentrated thought forbid him to discuss otherwise than gravely, projects of whose very initiation he alone knew the impossibility?

Raynor spent his money freely, though without ostentation; and I hardly knew whether to be surprised or not when he applied to me one day for a loan of twenty-five pounds, explaining that he had lost rather heavily at cards during the past few days, and having only brought a limited supply of ready cash for the voyage, he found himself for the moment rather inconveniently short. Fortunately, I was in a position to supply his needs; and when we went ashore at Madeira the next afternoon, he invested a small fortune in sweets, toys, and native gimcracks for his army of little friends on board, including an exquisite model of one of the quaint little Funchal carts, destined for a poor crippled lad amongst the passengers in the fore-part of the ship.

Four or five days later, and signs of the approaching end began to be visible in the shape of Railway Guides on the saloon tables, great ease in the procuring of hitherto impossible luxuries from the stewards, and the appearance on the scene of certain towzled officials not previously observed, but with 'backsheesh' writ plain on each grimy feature. Raynor and I had during the last few days matured our plans for the immediate future. These were to include a week in town, another on the river, some visits to friends, and, if possible, a few days with the grouse towards the end of August. After this, a tentative negotiation with a City House with a



view to the fruition of a certain scheme upon which my friend built great hopes.

Musing pleasantly upon these and other prospective delights, I turned in at ten o'clock, determined to get a few hours' good sleep before reaching Plymouth—where we expected to put in at four or five o'clock in the morning, to land mails and some few passengers—the rest going on with the ship to Southampton. I had not slept more than an hour or two at most, when I was awakened by a sensation, known to even the soundest of sleepers, as if something were going on near me of which I ought to know. Looking out half-dreamily from my berth, I saw that Raynor was standing in the cabin, a lighted taper placed on a small shelf near him. I was about to close my eyes, when I became aware that there was something unusual in his appearance and actions. Instead of undressing himself for the night, he stood half bent over a locker opposite, upon which was lying open the travelling-bag I have referred to as being the object of his special care at the outset of the voyage. From this he drew one after another a number of small brown packets, in size and look not unlike gun-cartridges—which, indeed, in the dim light of the taper, I took them to be—hurriedly passing them into the various pockets of a light overcoat I now noticed him to be wearing. Still drowsily watching his movements, I was surprised to see him unroll from a bundle of wraps a thick heavy ulster, and putting it on, proceed to transfer more of the queer little brown-paper parcels to the pockets of this second garment. I was now fairly awake, and with a perhaps rather tardy recognition of the unfairness of my espionage, I coughed an artfully prepared cough, so toned as to convey the impression that I had that moment come from the land of dreams.

'Hullo!' I said, with the uneasy drawl of somnolence, 'is that you?'

He started, and made a movement as if trying to stand full between me and the valise, as he answered: 'Yes; I am just putting away one or two things.' Then, after a moment's pause, during which I heard him lock and fasten the bag, 'I'm afraid,' he said, 'you will think me a terribly shifty fellow, Peter, but the fact is, I know those old people in Cornwall will never forgive me if I don't go and see them whilst I'm at home; and I'm equally positive that if I put it off now, I shall never get anywhere near them'—

'And so you've suddenly made up your mind to get out at Plymouth, and leave me to go on to town alone,' said I, interrupting, with a feeling of keener disappointment than I cared to show. 'I see it all. Never mind. I can bear it. I was born to suffer.'

'So you will say when I have finished,' was the laughing reply. 'After all, though, it is only putting off our little jaunt for a few days. Meanwhile, will you do me a favour? I cannot descend upon the old folks with a heap of luggage; and besides, this concern'—pointing to the valise—'holds everything I am likely to need. Therefore, I want you, like a good boy as you are, to pass through the Customs with your own things, my two portmanteaus which are in the hold, and take them up to town with you. Go to the rooms you spoke of, and I will join you in a week from to-day.'

'All right, you unblushing deserter. Have it as you will. But remember, if you are not at No. 91 Savile Street by Thursday evening next, I shall "cause your goods to be sold to defray expenses, and reserve to myself the right of deciding what to do with the proceeds," as the Tipperary lawyers have it.'

'Do; only keep something to remind you of the biggest scoundrel you are ever likely to know,' he replied, laughing again, but with a curious ring in his voice, of which, I think, I shall never quite lose the memory. Its effect at the moment was to set me thinking whether this new move of Paul's might not portend the upsetting of all our schemes.

'Here, Peter,' he went on—'here is what I owe you, with many thanks. You don't mind having it all in gold, do you? Those fellows have been giving me a very decent revenge at loo the last night or two, and this is the result!' holding up a handful of sovereigns, and proceeding to pour twenty-five of them with a horrible clatter into my washing-basin.

'Haven't you got any English notes?' I asked, wondering sleepily what I should do with all these sovereigns in addition to an existing small supply of my own.

'Not one,' answered Raynor. 'Now, go to sleep; and I'll come down and awake you when we're within anything like reasonable distance of Plymouth. It's no use turning in for the short time that's left, so I shall go up and smoke a pipe and watch for the first sight of the land of my birth.' He then went out into the soft air of the July night, looking strangely uncouth in a superfluity of wraps such as no man would throw about him only to meet the light breeze that just precedes a summer dawn.

A few hours afterwards, I was leaning over the taffrail waving good-bye to my friend as he stood near the wheel of the little tender that bore him and some half-dozen others to the shore. There had been a deep sadness in his eyes at parting; and the foreboding of the night before changed now to a chill conviction that Paul Raynor and I should meet no more.

'So your friend has just now landed already, eh?' said the voice of Mr van Pootjes, a gentleman with whom I had not exchanged a dozen words during the voyage, but who now, planting himself heavily on the deck-chair next mine, gave evidence of his intention to put a full stop to my enjoyment of the book which I was struggling to finish before delivering it to its owner that evening.

'Yes,' I replied wearily, wondering a little whether this worthy but slightly repulsive individual was going to stay long, and mentally laying plans of escape to meet the contingency.

'Well, now,' he continued, 'I dessay you consider your Mister Raynor a jolly fine feller, eh?'

Suppressing the instantaneous impulse to take the little boer by the collar and shake him, I answered: 'Mr Raynor is a friend of mine, as you are aware; and as I am not in the habit of discussing my friends with strangers, perhaps you will leave me to my book!'

'Strangers, eh! Stranger to you, per'aps, yes!'

but not stranger to Mister—what do you call 'im?—Raynor! Eh, I could tell you something!—

'Now, look you here, Mr van Poontjes,' I burst out; 'you have courageously waited to speak like this until Mr Raynor is no longer here to answer you. But I happen to have heard that gentleman inform you with his own lips that he had never set eyes on you until the day you met on board this ship; and therefore to say that you are not a stranger to Mr Raynor is equivalent to the assertion that Mr Raynor has told a lie. You had better not dare to repeat that statement either to me or to any other passenger on board. —Now, good-morning; and take care that mischievous tongue of yours doesn't get you into trouble yet!'

As the little crowd that these angry words had brought about us moved away, a few clustering inquisitively round the little Dutchman, my reading was once more postponed by Jack Abinger, the second officer, a man with whom Raynor and I had struck up something of a friendship. 'Hullo, Rodd,' he said, strolling up to where I sat, 'what's all the row about? I saw you from my cabin standing in the recognised attitude of the avenger, apparently slating Mynheer van Poontjes as if he were a pick-pocket.' After listening to my story of what had occurred, he said: 'Ah, a clear case of mistaken identity! But, I say, talking of Paul Raynor, it was a pity, as far as he was concerned, that we couldn't have got to Plymouth a day or two earlier.'

'What do you mean?' I asked surprisedly.

'Only, that he would have gone ashore a richer man by a good bit. Surely he told you what a bad time he's been having of it lately? Anybody else would have been stone-broke long ago. And last night, by way of a finish, that unspeakable little reptile, Barnett Moss, took a lot of money out of him at écarté. Never saw a man hold such cards in my life!'

'It's a good thing Paul was able to pay the little beast,' I said, trying to speak easily, and miserably failing, as I recalled what had passed between us the night before.

'Pay!' replied Abinger; 'I believe you! Why, Paul must have brought a perfect bank on board with him! I only hope he hasn't lost enough to spoil his holiday.'

'Never mind, Jack; he'll be all right. He has gone to stay with friends in Cornwall for a week—to economise, I expect.'

'A week!' shouted Jack. 'Why, I know I shouldn't be able to go ashore for the next year or two, if I had had his bad luck!' And he ran off on some duty or other, leaving me in perplexed and restless cogitation. If, as Abinger said, Paul had 'brought a perfect bank on board with him'—the words ran in my head—what could have been his object in seeking to produce exactly the opposite impression upon myself—even going so far as to borrow money during the voyage ostensibly to replace his losses—repaying the amount, too, at the very moment when his ill-luck had reached a climax, with a few light words about the 'revenge' which, as it now appeared, he had been so very far from obtaining? The whole affair was inexplicable and disquieting; and I was glad when the necessity for making my final

preparations left me little further time for thoughts which, do what I would, kept crossing the border-line into the hateful regions of doubt.

## A SKATING REGIMENT.

BY A NORWEGIAN.

THE following account of a Norwegian corps of soldiers, called in their language *skielober-corps*, as they existed some years since, will no doubt be interesting to readers of your *Journal*. Whether any changes have been made of late years, the writer is unable to say. The denomination *skielober* (skater) comes from *skie*, which signifies a long plank, narrow and thin, fastened upon the feet for sliding on the snow.

It is well known that during four or five months of the year Norway is covered with snow, which at a few leagues' distance from the borders of the sea is driven into such heaps as to render it impossible for the traveller to go out of the beaten track, either on foot or on horseback. It is even found necessary to clear this road after every fall of snow, which is done by means of a machine in the form of a plough, pointed at the front, and of a triangular shape. It is drawn by horses. It pierces and levels the snow at one and the same time, and thus opens a passable road. Notwithstanding these difficulties, hunting has at all times been the great sport and exercise of that country, formerly abounding in fierce animals, and still in deer and most kinds of smaller game. Hunting is indeed an occupation which appears to be in a peculiar manner prescribed to the inhabitants by the shortness of the days and the length of the winters. It is therefore natural that the Norwegian should have occupied himself from the earliest period about the means of quitting his hut and penetrating into the forest in every direction and with all possible speed. The *skier* or skates presented these means.

Let us figure in our minds two planks of wood as broad as the hand, and nearly of the thickness of the little finger, the middle underneath being hollowed, to prevent vacillation, and to facilitate the advancing in a direct line. The plank fastened under the left foot is ten feet in length; that intended for the right is only six, or thereabouts; both of them are bent upwards at the extremities, but higher before than behind. They are fastened to the feet by leather straps, attached to the middle, and for this purpose are formed a little higher and stronger in that part. The plank of the right foot is generally lined below with the skin of the reindeer or the sea-wolf, so that in drawing the feet successively in right and parallel lines with skates thus lined with skins, and very slippery in the direction of the hair, the skater finds them nevertheless capable of resistance, by affording a kind of spring when he would support himself with one foot in a contrary direction, as by such movements he raises up the hair or bristly part of the skin. It is affirmed that an expert skater, however loose and uncompact the snow may be, will go over more ground in an open place, and will continue his course for a longer time together, than the

best horse can do upon the trot over the finest and best paved road. If a mountain is to be descended, he does it with such precipitation, that he is obliged to moderate his flight, to avoid losing his breath. He ascends more slowly, and with some trouble, because he is compelled to make a zigzag course; but he arrives at the summit as soon as the best walker or foot-soldier, with this advantage, that however little consistence the snow may have acquired, he can never sink into it.

Experience has proved that in spite of the multiplied obstacles produced by the rigour of the winter, the Norwegians have often been attacked by their enemies in precisely such seasons; and from the above manner of going out to hunt, and undertaking long journeys, it was not at all surprising that the forming of a military corps of skaters should be thought of. The whole body consisted of two battalions, one stationed in the north, the other in the south. Its strength was nine hundred and sixty men. The uniform consisted of a short jacket or waistcoat, a gray surtout with a yellow collar, gray pantaloons, and a black leather cap. The skater's arms were—a carbine, hung in a leather belt passing over the shoulder; a large *couteau de chasse*; and a staff three yards and a half long, to the end of which is affixed a pointed piece of iron. At a little distance from the extremity it is surrounded by a circular projecting piece of iron, which serves principally to moderate his speed in going down-hill. The skater then puts it between his legs, and contrives to draw it in that manner; or he drags it by his side; or uses it to help himself forward, when he has occasion to ascend a hill; in short, he makes use of it according to the occasion and the circumstances in which he may be placed. Besides this, it affords a support to the firelock, when the skater wishes to discharge its contents. With such a rest, the Norwegian peasant fires a gun dexterously, and very seldom misses his aim.

The corps of skaters, to this service adds that of the ordinary chasseurs, of which they might be considered as making a part; they fulfil all the functions of those troops, and only differ from them by marching on skates. This gives them a considerable advantage over others. The skaters, moving with great agility, and, from the depth of the snow, being out of the reach of the pursuit of cavalry as well as infantry, are enabled with impunity to harass the columns of the enemy in their march, on both sides of the road, running little or no danger themselves. Even cannon-shot could produce little effect upon men spread here and there at the distance of two or three hundred paces. Their motions are besides so quick, that at the moment when it is believed they are still to be aimed at, they have disappeared, to come in sight again when least expected. Should the enemy be inclined to take his repose, this is the precise time for the skater to show his superiority, whatever may have been the precautions taken against him. There is no moment free from the attack of troops which have no need of either roads or bypaths; crossing indifferently marshes, lakes, and rivers, provided there be but ice and snow. No corps could be more proper in winter for reconnoitring and giving accounts of the enemy,

and, in short, for performing the functions of couriers. It may be conceived, however, that they find great difficulty in turning, on account of the length of their skates. This, however, is not the case; they make a retrograde motion with the right foot, to which the shortest plank is attached, and put it vertically against the left. They then raise the left foot, and place it parallel to the right, by which movement they have made a *half-face*; if they would face about, they repeat the *manœuvre*.

In the ordinary winter exercise, the skaters draw up in three ranks, at the distance of three paces between each file, and eight paces between each rank, a distance which they keep in all their movements—whenever they do not disperse—in order that they may not be incommoded in the use of their skates. When there is occasion to fire, the second and third ranks advance towards the first. Their baggage—kettles, bottles, axes, &c.—is conveyed upon sledges, or carriages fixed on skates, and easily drawn by men, by the help of a leather strap passing from the right shoulder to the left side, like that of a carabineer.

#### ECHOS.

OFFTIMES when Even's scarlet flag  
Floats from the crest of distant woods,  
And over moorland waste and crag  
A weary, voiceless sorrow broods;  
Around me hover to and fro  
The ghosts of songs heard long ago.

And often midst the rush of wheels,  
Of passing and repassing feet,  
When half a headlong city reels,  
Triumphant down the noontide street,  
Above the tumult of the throngs  
I hear again the same old songs.

Rest and Unrest—'tis strange that ye,  
Who lie apart as pole from pole,  
Should sway with one strong sovereignty  
The secret issues of the soul;  
Strange that ye both should hold the keys  
Of prisoned tender memories.

It maybe when the landscape's rim  
Is red and slumberous round the west,  
The spirit too grows still and dim,  
And turns in half-unconscious quest  
To those forgotten lullabies  
That whilom closed the infant's eyes.

And maybe, when the city mart  
Roars with its fullest, loudest tide,  
The spirit loses helm and chart,  
And on an instant, terrified,  
Has fled across the space of years  
To notes that banished childhood's fears.

We know not—but 'tis sweet to know  
Dead hours still haunt the living day,  
And sweet to hope that, when the slow  
Sure message beckons us away,  
The Past may send some tuneful breath  
To echo round the bed of death.

L. J. G.

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## POST-OFFICE LIFE-ASSURANCE AND ANNUITIES.

THE numerous aids which the government have from time to time afforded through the agency of the Post-office for the encouragement of thrift and providence amongst the poorer classes have generally been attended with so much success, that it is surprising to hear of even one exception in regard to such efforts. There is no doubt, however, as was pointed out two years ago in this *Journal*, that the existing scheme of Post-office Life-assurance and Annuities, which has been in operation since 1865, has sadly lung fire, and but little advantage has been taken of the system, as may be inferred from the fact, that although it has been established almost twenty years, the total number of policies for life-assurance issued during that period is not more than six thousand five hundred and twenty-four; while the number of annuity contracts granted during the same period is only twelve thousand four hundred and thirty-five. Taking the latest returns, too, we find that the life policies now existing have dwindled down to so low a number as four thousand six hundred and fifteen; while the number of annuity contracts now only reaches nine thousand three hundred and seventy-three. These figures at once show how trifling and unimportant have been the results from this branch of Post-office business; but perhaps the causes for this want of success are not far to seek, if we consider how circumscribed and restricted the present system is in its action.

It was but natural, therefore, that so energetic a reformer as Mr Fawcett should speedily turn his attention to this important subject, on taking the helm in the affairs of the great department over which he has so ably presided during the past four years. A select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed in 1882, of which the Post-master-general was chairman; and after thoroughly inquiring into the whole subject, that Committee unanimously recommended in their Report the

adoption of a scheme for the amelioration of the present system of Post-office Life-assurance and Annuities which had been put forward and explained to them by Mr James J. Cardin, the present Assistant-receiver and Accountant-general to the Post-office. An Act of Parliament was passed during the same session legalising the proposed changes; and as it is understood that the new system will be brought into operation on the first of May this year, it seems desirable, and indeed important, that the undoubted benefits and privileges that will accrue therefrom should be made known as widely as possible.

The essential feature of the new Post-office scheme for assuring lives and granting annuities is, that every person wishing to assure his or her life or to purchase an annuity through the Post-office shall become a depositor in the Post-office savings-bank—a plan that will offer to the public numerous facilities, and a large amount of convenience in respect of this kind of business, which have hitherto not existed. In the first place, the intending insurants or annuitants will in future be able for that purpose to go to any post-office savings-bank in the country—of which there are now over seven thousand. At present, life-assurance and annuity business can be transacted at only two thousand post-offices; but the intended system will at once place five thousand additional post-offices at the disposal of the public in this respect. In the next place, the cosmopolitanism of the savings-bank system will apply equally to the assurance and annuities business under its new conditions; and this it may be pointed out will prove an advantage of no mean order to the classes for whom Post-office Assurance and Annuities would appear to be chiefly designed, if it be remembered how frequently working-men move about from place to place. Under the present system, the insurant or annuitant is tied to the particular post-office at which the insurance or the contract for the annuity was originally effected, excepting by going through the formalities involved in giving notice to the chief office in London of a desire to change the place of payment

of the premiums, which by most persons of the classes concerned is regarded as a somewhat irksome job.

The great idea of the whole scheme seems to be to afford the public in respect of Post-office Assurance and Annuities a maximum amount of convenience with a minimum amount of trouble; and nothing could probably further this object more successfully than Mr Cardin's scheme of working the assurance and annuities business in with that of the savings-bank; for all the advantages and benefits which the public now enjoy in regard to the latter-named branch of the Post-office will be equally shared by those who intend to assure their lives or purchase annuities through the same department. Mr Fawcett, who is a true champion of the principles of thrift, has in all his schemes to this end recognised the supreme importance of simplicity in the necessary machinery, so far as the public at all events are concerned; and it was probably the fact of such simplicity being a predominating feature of the new insurance scheme that commended it so favourably to Mr Fawcett's mind.

Any person desiring to assure his life or to purchase an annuity through the Post-office, will first of all procure the form or forms applicable to his case, and such information as he may require from a post-office at which savings-bank business is transacted, the number of such offices in the United Kingdom being, as already stated, over seven thousand. On completion of the necessary preliminaries, which will be reduced to the smallest limits compatible with the safe conduct of the business, he will be furnished, if not already a Post-office savings-bank depositor, with a deposit book; and a deposit account will be opened in his name, and he will then be asked to authorise the transfer of the amount of all future premiums as they become due, from his savings-bank to his assurance or annuity account. He will pay into the savings-bank account thus opened such sums as he conveniently can from time to time; and these sums, together with any accumulations by way of interest, or from dividends on stock purchased under the savings-bank regulations, will form the fund from which the Post-office will take the premiums as they annually become due. So long, therefore, as the annuitant or insurant, as the case may be, takes care to have a sufficient balance in his savings-bank account when the premiums become due, he will have no further trouble in the matter. In the event of the balance being insufficient, the fact will be specially notified to him, and reasonable time allowed for making good the deficiency.

The advantage in this scheme which the classes for whom it is designed will probably best appreciate is the liberty, and consequent convenience, of paying the premiums not in one annual lump sum and on a specific date, but from time to time as may be agreeable to the insurant or annuitant, and in such sums as may at the time suit his

pocket. He may indeed save a penny at a time for his annual premiums by using the savings-bank stamp slip, which has spaces on it for twelve stamps, and which when filled up may be passed into the post-office. It is astonishing what benefits can be procured by the saving of only a penny a week. For instance, a youth of sixteen, by putting a penny postage-stamp each week on one of the slips referred to, might either secure for himself at sixty, old-age pay of about three pounds a year, or insure his life for about thirteen pounds; and if the saving commenced at five years of age, the old-age pay would be about five pounds a year. Another appreciable benefit which the new system will afford as regards payment is, that by allowing the premiums to be paid in as savings-bank deposits, the higher charges necessarily made when premiums have to be collected in regular periodical instalments will be saved to the insurant or annuitant, as the case may be.

To make a providence or thrift scheme at all successful it is of course essential that the general working of such a scheme should be adapted to the character of the classes whom it is intended to reach; and it is precisely in this respect that the new scheme of Post-office Assurance and Annuities would seem to succeed. As Mr Fawcett is himself ready to admit, the purchase of an annuity or the keeping up of a policy of insurance is at present a constant source of trouble to the person concerned. Attendance at a particular post-office is necessary for the payment of a premium, a special book has to be kept, and other rules have to be observed. All this will be changed under the new system; and when once the annuity has been purchased or the assurance effected, no further action on the part of the person concerned will be necessary. The premiums will be transferred at the chief office in London from his savings-bank account to his assurance or annuity account without trouble to him. He will thus be saved the task of remembering the precise amount of premium due or the particular day on which it is to be paid; and this arrangement will also abolish the necessity for a special insurance or annuity book.

The operation of the new scheme will, so far as can be seen, lead to some collateral advantages, of which not a few persons will be ready to avail themselves. A depositor, for instance, in the Post-office savings-banks, or a holder of government stock obtained through that medium, will be able to give authority to the Postmaster-general to use the interest or the dividends as the case may be, which may accrue, for the purposes of purchasing a life policy or an annuity, or both, as might be directed. Thus, as Mr Cardin tells us, a man at the age of thirty, with one hundred pounds deposited in the Post-office savings-bank, will be able to give an order directing that half the interest thereon shall be applied to the assurance of his life for fifty-three pounds



thirteen shillings and fourpence, and the other moiety to the purchase of a deferred annuity of eight pounds six shillings and eightpence, commencing at the age of sixty; and if his one hundred pounds were invested in government stock, the amounts of his life-assurance and his deferred annuity would be greater, as the dividends would be of greater amount than the interest received on a mere deposit.

It may be briefly pointed out that under the Act of Parliament for legalising the changes about to be wrought in the Post-office Assurance and Annuities system, some important alterations in the limits will be made. It has been long recognised that the present limits were ill adapted to the kind of business sought. The higher limits were too low, and the lower limits too high. The former will now be raised to the useful maximum of two hundred pounds; while the present lower limit of twenty pounds has been altogether abolished, so that an assurance can be effected or an annuity purchased for any sum below two hundred pounds. There will also be some beneficial changes as to the limits of age. There can be no doubt that the first steps taken by the young to make provision for the future act as a powerful incentive to greater efforts, and that thus an annuity or life policy of considerable amount is gradually built up. Mr Fawcett and the select Committee over which he presided, recognising this fact, felt that such beginnings of thrift could not be made too soon, and consequently recommended that the present limits of age which restrict life-assurance to sixteen, and the grant of annuities to ten, should be respectively reduced to eight and five years; and these proposals have been sanctioned by the Act. It should be added, that for obvious reasons, it was considered expedient to limit the amount of the assurance to be effected upon the life of a very young child; and the Act provides, therefore, that the amount shall not exceed five pounds on the life of a child between the ages of eight and fourteen years.

In conclusion, there can be no question that the changes which we have indicated here will prove of the greatest value, now that the importance of life-assurance and of making provision for old age is becoming more appreciated among the people. It is true, of course, that numerous benefit and friendly societies exist which offer various kinds of privileges; but from causes that are not far to seek, the poor have come to view such societies with a certain amount of distrust; and it is needful that the government should step in to render the poorer classes not only all the facilities at its command, but also that assurance as regards stability which alone a government department can impress on such classes.

We have attempted to show some of the principal advantages which will accrue from that system, and there is one more that should not be omitted. It is, that any person who may suddenly or unexpectedly become possessed of a certain sum of money may invest it in the Post-office, and by a single payment secure either an annuity in old age or a life-assurance. The advantage of being able to make a single payment is obvious; for it at once removes all further

trouble and anxiety from the mind of the person so investing his money as to the future; a reflection which, to most persons, must be a source of infinite satisfaction.

## BY MEAD AND STREAM.

### CHAPTER XXV.—A WORD IN SEASON.

THE suspicion which Philip now entertained regarding his uncle's habits rendered the letters received from him the more surprising—they were so calm, kindly, and firm. He did not receive many: Mr Shield preferred that his instructions should be conveyed to him by Messrs Hawkins and Jackson. There was one waiting for him, however, on the morning on which he took possession of his chambers in Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn.

Wrentham had tried to persuade him to take chambers in the West End, indicating Piccadilly as the most suitable quarter for the residence of a young man of fortune who was likely to mix in society. There he would be close to the clubs, and five minutes from every place of amusement worth going to.

But Philip had notions of his own on this subject. He had no particular desire to be near the clubs: he expected his time to be fully occupied in the enterprise on which he was entering. What leisure he might have would of course be spent at Willowmere and Ringsford. The chambers in Verulam Buildings were all that a bachelor of simple tastes could desire. They were on the second floor, and the windows of the principal apartment overlooked the green square. To the left were quaint old gables and tiles, which the master-painter, Time, had transformed into a wondrous harmony of all the shades and tints of green and russet.

Sitting there, with the noisy traffic of Gray's Inn Road shut out by double doors and double windows on the other side of the building, he could imagine himself to be miles away from the bustle and fever of the town, although he was in the midst of it. And sitting there, he read this letter from Mr Shield, which began as usual without any of the customary phrases of address:

'I now feel that you have begun your individual life in earnest; and I am glad of it. By this step you secure full opportunity to show us what stuff you are made of. As already explained, I do not intend to interfere with you in any way. I do not wish you to seek my advice, and do not wish to give any. Once for all, understand me—my desire is to test by your own acts and judgment whether or not you are worthy of the fortune which awaits you.

'When I say the fortune which awaits you, I mean something more than money.

'I hope you will stand the test; but you must not ask me to help you to do so. Circumstances may tempt me at times to give you a word of warning; but my present intention is to do my best to resist the temptation. You must do everything for yourself and by yourself, if you are to satisfy me.

'I admire the spirit which prompts your enterprise, and entirely approve of its object. But here let me speak my first and probably

my last word of warning. No doubt you are anxious to convince me that the capital which has been placed at your disposal is not to be thrown away; and it is this anxiety, backed by the enthusiasm of inexperience, that leads you into your first blunder. You calculate upon reaping from six to eight per cent. on your investment. I do not pretend to have gone thoroughly into the subject; but considering the kind of investment and the manner in which you propose to work it, my opinion is that if you count upon from two to three per cent., you will be more likely to avoid disappointment than if you adhere to the figures you have set down. At anyrate, you will err on the safe side.

'Further: you should also, and to a like extent, moderate your calculations as to the degree of sympathy and co-operation you will receive from the people you intend to benefit. I should be sorry to rob you of any part of the joy which faith in his fellow-men gives to youth. I think the man is happier who fails because he has trusted others, than he who succeeds because he has trusted no one but himself. I have failed in that way, and may fail again; yet my belief in the truth of this principle of trust is unchanged.

'At the same time, whilst you have faith in others, your eyes should be clear. Before you give your confidence, do what you can to make sure that it is not given to a knave. Should you, with eyes open, allow yourself to be deceived, you would be a fool, not a generous man. I was a fool.

'Pardon this allusion to myself; there was no intention of making any when this letter was begun.

'Briefly, whilst hoping that your enterprise may be completely successful, I wish to remind you of the commonplace fact that greed and selfishness are elements which have to be reckoned with in everything we attempt to do for or with others, whether the attempt be made in the wilds of Griqualand or in this centre of civilisation. It is a miserable conclusion to arrive at in looking back on the experience of a life; but it is the inevitable one. The only people you will be able to help are those who are willing to help themselves in the right way—which means those who have learned that the success of a comrade is no barrier to their own success. You will have to learn that the petty jealousies which exist amongst the workers in even the smallest undertakings are as countless as they are incomprehensible to the man who looks on all around him with generous eyes. You will be a happy man if twenty years hence you can say that your experience has been different from mine.

'You are not to think, however, that I consider all people moved by greed and selfishness alone: I only say that these are elements to be taken into account in dealing with them. The most faithful friends are sometimes found amongst the most ignorant of mankind: the greatest scoundrels amongst those who are regarded as the most cultivated.

'Do you find this difficult to understand? You must work out its full meaning for yourself. I say no more. You have your warning. Go on your way, and I trust you will prosper.'

This was signed abruptly, Austin Shield, as if

the writer feared that he had already said too much.

'How he must have suffered,' was Philip's thought, after the first few moments of reflection over this letter. It was the longest he had ever received from his uncle, and seemed to disclose more of the man's inner nature than he had hitherto been permitted to see. 'How he must have suffered! Would I bear the scar so long if—What stuff and nonsense!'

He laughed at himself heartily, and a little scornfully for allowing the absurd question even to flit across his mind. As if any possible combination of circumstances could ever arise to take Madge away from him! The tombstone of one of them was the only barrier that could ever stand between them; and the prospect of its erection was such a long way off, that he could think of it lightly if not philosophically.

But as he continued to stare out at those quaint russet gables and the green square, a dreamy expression slowly filled his eyes, and visions of the impossible passed before him. He had thrown himself into this work which he had found to do with such earnestness, that he had already passed more than one day without going to see Madge. Her spirit was in the work, and inspired his devotion to it, and all his labour was for her. In that way she was always with him, although her form and clear eyes might not be constantly present to his mind. That was a consolatory thought for himself; but would it satisfy her? Was it sufficient to satisfy himself how he had allowed three days to pass without his appearance at Willowmere?

He was startled when he recollected that it was three days since he had been there. Three days—an age, and how it could have passed so quickly he was unable to understand. He had certainly intended every evening to go as usual. But every day had been so full of business—details of plans and estimates to study and master—that he had been glad to lie down and sleep. The task was the more laborious for him, as he had not had previous knowledge of its practical intricacies, and he was resolved to understand thoroughly everything that was done.

'I suppose she will laugh, and say it is like me—always at extremes; either trying to do too much, or doing too little. At anyrate, she will be convinced that I have taken kindly to harness. We'll see this afternoon.'

There was another influence which unconsciously detained him in town. He shrank somehow from the interview with his father which must take place on his return to Ringsford. He had hoped to be able to take with him some friendly message from Mr Shield which would lead to the reconciliation of the two men; and as yet he was as far as ever from being able to approach the subject with his uncle.

His reverie was interrupted by the arrival of Wrentham, spruce and buoyant, a flower in his button-hole, and looking as if he had made a safe bet on the next racing event.

'Came to tell you about that land,' he said.

'I suppose you have made arrangements for the purchase?' rejoined Philip, as he folded his uncle's letter and replaced it in the envelope.

Wrentham followed the action with inquisitive eyes. He was asking himself, 'Has that letter

anything to do with this coolness about the bargain, on which he was so hot a few days ago, or is it accident?' Then, with a little real wonder, and some affectation of amusement at the innocence of his principal:

'My dear Philip!'—Wrentham was one of those men who will call an acquaintance of a few hours by his Christian name, and by an abbreviation of it after an intimacy of a couple of days—you don't mean to say that you imagine a question of the transfer of land in this greatest city of the world is to be settled off-hand in a forenoon?'—

'O no; I did not think that, Wrentham; but as the land is very much on the outskirts of the city, and has been for a long time in the market, I did not expect that there would be much delay in coming to terms about it.'

'Ah! but you forget that it is within easy distance of an existing railway station, and close by the site of one which will be in working order before your houses can be built.'

'Exactly. That is why I chose the spot.'

'Just so; and you can have it; but the fellows know its full value, and mean to have it. Look at that.'

He handed him a paper containing the statement of the terms on which the land in question was to be sold. Philip read it carefully, frowned, and tossed it back to his agent.

'Ridiculous!' he exclaimed. 'They must have thought you were acting for the government or a railway company. I believe it is considered legitimate to fleece *them*. Half the money is what I will give, and no more.'

When a clever man thinks he has performed a particularly clever trick, and finds that, by some instinct of self-preservation, the person to be tricked upsets all his calculations, whilst there still remains a chance of persuading him that he is making a mistake, there comes over the clever person a peculiar change. It is like a sudden lull in the wind: he shows neither surprise nor regret on his own part, but a certain respectful pity for the blindness of the other in not seeing the advantage offered him. So with Wrentham at this moment. He left the paper lying on the table, as if it had no further interest for him, and took out his cigar-case.

'You don't mind a cigar, I suppose? ... Have one?'

'Thank you. Here is some sherry: help yourself.'

Wrentham helped himself, lit his cigar, and sank back on an easy-chair, like a man whose day's work is done, and who feels that he has earned the right to rest comfortably.

'I've been trotting between pillar and post about that land all day,' he said languidly, 'because I fancied you had set your mind on it; and now I feel as tired as if I had been doing a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Glad it's over.'

'You do not think it is worth making the offer, then?'

'My dear boy, they would think we were making fun of them, and be angry.'

Wrentham rolled the cigar between his fingers and smiled complacently.

'Surely, they must be aware that the price they are asking is absurd—they cannot hope to

obtain it from any one in his senses. Look at this paragraph: there is land bought by the corporation yesterday—it is almost within the city, and the price is more than a third less than these people are asking from us.'

Wrentham's eyes twinkled over the paragraph.

'Ah, yes; but, you see, these people were obliged to sell; ours are not. However, we need not bother about it. They require more than you will give, and there is an end of it. The question is, what are we to do now?'

'Take land farther out, where the owners will be more reasonable, and we can reduce our rents so as to cover the railway fares.'

'But the farther out you go, the more difficulty you will have in finding workmen.'

'I have thought of that, and have secured an excellent foreman, who will bring us the labourers we require; and for the skilled workmen, an advertisement will find them.'

'And who is the man you have engaged?'

'Caleb Kersey.'

Wrentham laughed softly as he emitted a long serpentine coil of smoke.

'On my word, you do things in a funny way. I am supposed to be your counsellor as well as friend; and you complete your arrangements before you tell me anything about them. I don't see that my services are of any use to you.'

'We have not had time to find that out yet. What advice could you have given me in reference to Kersey?'

'Oh, I have nothing to say against the man, except that, as soon as you had your establishment ready to begin operations, he would have every soul in your employment out on strike for higher wages or for new terms of agreement, which will cause you heavy loss whether you knuckle down or refuse. I know the kind of man: he will be meek enough until he gets you into a corner—or thinks he has—and then he turns round and tells you that he is master of the situation, whatever you may be. That's his sort.'

'I think you are mistaken, Wrentham. I am sure that you are mistaken so far as Kersey is concerned. He managed that business of the harvest for my father when nobody else could, and he managed it admirably. He wants nothing more than fair-play between master and man, and he believes that my scheme is likely to bring about that condition.'

'All right,' said Wrentham, smiling, and helping himself to another glass of wine; 'here's good luck to him—and to you. We are all naturally inclined to be pleased with the people who agree with us. We'll say that I am mistaken, and, on my honour, I hope it may be so.'

Philip flushed a little: he could not help feeling that Wrentham was treating him as if he were a child at play, and did not or could not see that he was a man making a bold experiment and very much in earnest.

'It is not merely because Kersey agrees with me that I have engaged him,' he said warmly. 'I know something about the man, and I have learned a good deal from him. He has the power to convey my meaning to others better than I could do it myself. They might doubt me at

first; they will trust him; and he is one of those men who are willing to work.'

'That is everything you want in the meanwhile, except the land on which to begin operations. I promised to take your answer back to these people by four o'clock. I shall have just time to drive to their office. I suppose that there is nothing to say except that we cannot touch it at the price?'

'Nothing more.'

'Very well. I will report progress to-morrow; but I have no expectation of bringing them down to your figure. Good-day.'

Although Wrentham bustled out as if in a hurry, he descended the stairs slowly.

'He may have gone in for a mad scheme,' he was thinking; 'but he is a deal 'cuter in his way of setting about it than I bargained for. . . . This is confoundedly awkward for me. . . . Must get out of it somehow.'

(To be continued.)

### MY OLD COLLEGE ROOMS.

No easy task would it be to analyse the medley of conflicting emotions that run riot in the heart of an old 'varsity man revisiting the haunts of his academical 'auld langsyne.' Even were I equal to it, I would not publish the results of my experiment. Far too sacred, too personal, at least for the pages of a magazine, were my own thoughts and memories the other day, as I stealthily stole up my old staircase in —'s, Oxford. 'Stealthily stole,' I say advisedly; for I felt unpleasantly more like a burglar in my pilgrim-ascent, than a respectable country clergyman. In a university sense, generations had passed away since my college days; since I, in my generation, was wont to rollick in and out of those ancient 'oaks' and about those venerable banisters. One felt a kind of sad impression that one belonged to a bygone age; that one's only rightful *locus standi* in the university now was a shelf in the fossil department of its museum; that one was *de trop* in this land of the living; that one was 'unknelled, unconfined, and unknown,' a sort of college ghost that ought long since to have been laid. But now, the gray goose-quill would fain flutter on, by the page, with emotions which, as I have said, are too sacred for publication. I will confine myself to more exoteric details. At the funny old cupola-like entrance—where, on the first impulse, I found myself all but taking off my hat to the 'silent speaking' stones of its venerable, unsightly pile—I had met a porter, but not *the* porter. On the staircase I had met a scout, but not *the* scout. No civil salute and smile of recognition from either of those; only a curious stare—a look that seemed to ask, 'What business have you to come back and revisit earth'—(I beg the reader's pardon!)—'college, disturbing us in our day and generation?'

Then, at last, well 'winded' by my climb, I actually stood once again in front of my own old 'oak'; and much I wonder if ever pious Druid

stood with deeper feelings of reverence before his own! It was superscribed with a most unusual, though not foreign, name; one which to me at least was new. So far, this was a comfort; for 'Jones' would have made me very sad and at 'Smith' I feel I should have wept. As it was, I found myself already speculating with some curiosity what manner of man might own to it. Somehow, with perhaps pardonable vanity, I seemed to have expected 'Ichabod'; but that was not the present occupant's name. At the inner door, which was ajar, I knocked, honestly trying not to peep; but the gentleman was not at home. Just then, a jolly young fellow, books under arm, and obviously out from lecture, came bounding up the stairs, two or three steps at a time, in the real old style. Oh, how the aged, nearly worn-out parson envied now the limbs and wind that could perform that once familiar feat! There used to be a *je ne sais quoi*—a sense of freedom, I suppose it was, after being 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' for an hour at lecture, that always made one sadly forgetful for the nonce of one's dignity in that matter of going up-stairs. At other times, the leisurely step which betokened the importance of the (newly fledged) 'man' was carefully observed; and used, no doubt, to make due impression upon the freshman—that junior Verdant who always had what Carlyle would call a 'seeing eye' for such details of deportment. But coming from lecture, even the old hand, the third-year man, now, as of yore, involuntarily betrays a lingering trace of school-boy days by a very natural, but most undignified, hop, skip, and jump up-stairs, to doff cap and gown and don flannels for the river.

Well, up he came, this embryo bishop, statesman, or judge—I know not which—and fixing him Ancient Mariner-wise with my eye, I told him my story; feeling rather sheepish until I had satisfactorily accounted for my being discovered hovering about the coal-bin on his landing. More than one kind of expression flitted over the youth's features as he listened to me; but the predominating one, which his politeness in vain struggled to conceal, was characteristic of the antiquary surveying some newly dug up relic of a past epoch. 'I am not Mr Ichabod' (let us suppose the name), he said; 'but I am his neighbour on this floor; and I'm sure he would wish you to go into your old rooms. I will explain it to him. He will be sorry that he was out when you came.' With this and a mutual touch of hats, we parted; he to his rooms, and I, after an absence of some forty-five years, to mine. Suggestive enough was the very first object that caught my eye upon entering; for over the bedroom door was placed, by way of ornament, a real skull, with crossbones! There it serenely rested on a black cushion fixed to a small shelf, horribly grinning at me. I could have wished a more pleasant welcome to greet me after my long absence.

'Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume' (The years fly by, and are lost to me, lost to me), I had said to myself all the morning, as I wandered

about the old college haunts of my far-away youth; and if my perception of that sad fact needed quickening, that skull certainly brought it home to me with a vengeance! Clearly, my successor was a bit of a 'mystic.' Weird prints on the walls; curious German literature on the shelves and tables; outlandish ornaments everywhere: these and such as these spoke for their absent owner, and I felt that I could conjecture the man by his various kickshaws. I pictured him to myself reading for 'a class' by the midnight oil, and occasionally stimulating his flagging interest in the classics by casting a philosophic glance at the skull, to bethink him of the flight of time and man's 'little day' for work. Or, again, I could see him as he refreshed himself on the sofa with a grim legend or two of the Rhine, and meditated upon the fate of some medieval fool wandering about to sell his soul, *si emptorem invenerit*, until he met and did fatal business with the dread merchant of the nether world. At such times, no doubt, his death's head would have a specially attractive charm for him, and elicit some such sigh as 'Alas! poor Yorick,' in reference to the deluded Rhinelander. Two more clues to the character of my young friend were obvious, and right glad I was to obtain them. In the first place, he was not, as are too many of his university generation, so 'mad,' through much 'learning,' as to deny or ignore his God. Witness a well-worn Bible and Prayer-book; and even an illuminated text opposite his bed—the gift, perhaps, of a pious mother, or handiwork of a pious sister, whose holy influence he did not despise. And, again, he was not one of our unhealthy ascetics of modern society, secular ascetics, I mean—if I may coin such an expression—whose artificial merits are purely negative. Witness his rack of grotesquely shaped and well-cleaned pipes, no less than that three-handled jorum, with the shrivelled peel of the previous evening still therein!

Having taken notice of such apparent trifles on every side, and not liking to trespass longer, I prepared to leave. But if the 'man' who occupies my Old Rooms is brought as safely to his journey's end as I have now well nigh been brought to mine, my last half-minute alone in that ancient 'upper chamber' was not spent there in vain.

## MY FELLOW-PASSENGER.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE next afternoon, I landed at Southampton; and having left my luggage with Raynor's at the railway station, and exchanged my twenty-five sovereigns for their equivalent in Bank of England notes, I started off to see some relatives living a short way out of the town. After a few pleasant hours at Hambledon Hall, I drove back to Southampton, took an evening train to London, and by half-past nine was comfortably installed in my old quarters, No. 91 Savile Street, W.

In the morning arrived a telegram from Raynor: 'Heard of a good thing in Dublin. Going there at once. May be a long business. Better countermand my rooms. Will write.' Here without doubt was an end, at least for the present, of our partnership. Whether Paul

intended me to gather that the 'good thing' was to involve my presence in Ireland, I knew not; but having already come to a very distinct understanding with him that the *venue* of any future operations must, as far as I was concerned, be laid in or near London, I was able to decide at once that even the claims of friendship did not demand my expatriation to the other side of the Irish Channel.

London was hot, airless, and uninviting this 21st of July. Two days had elapsed, during which I had heard nothing more from Raynor; and as I loitered down to my club, there came into my mind the recollection of Keymer, a breezy little homestead among the Sussex downs, where lived a middle-aged bachelor cousin of mine, and of his cordial invitation to repeat a visit I had paid him the previous summer. Half an hour later I had posted my letter to Henry Rodd, whose reply by return post was all I could wish: On and after the 24th, he would be delighted to see me for as long as I cared to stay.

On the morning of the 26th, the day upon which I was to leave for Keymer, my landlady presented herself in my sitting-room, and with an expression as of one who has intelligence to convey, opened upon me with: 'Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, but there was a gentleman called yesterday, askin' whether we had any one lodgin' here as was jest back from furrin parts, because he'd got a friend who he thought was goin' to some lodgin's in this street, and he couldn't find him out—not the gentleman, couldn't, that is, sir. I'm sure he knew you, sir, because he said, when I called you Mr Rodd, "Ah! is that Mr P. Rodd?" says he. "Yes," says I to the gent; "it's Mr Peter Rodd." "O yes," says he, careless-like, "I know Mr Peter Rodd by name." Then he give me five shillin's, sir, and told me be sure and not trouble you about his 'avin' been, seein' as 'ow you wouldn't know who he was—he didn't give no name, sir—but I thought I'd best tell you, sir, because it didn't seem right-like his givin' me five shillin's to say nothin' about it. Excuse me for mentionin' it, sir; but it's what I call 'ush-money, and it's burnin' 'oles in my pocket ever since.'

Here the worthy woman paused for breath; and wondering much who this lavish unknown might be, and how he came to know so obscure an individual as myself by name, I, perhaps indiscreetly, asked for a description of his appearance, being then unaware of the curious fact, that people in good Mrs Morton's station of life are wholly incapable of conveying to a third person the faintest impression of a stranger's exterior. Thus she could not say whether he was dark or fair, tall or short, young or old, stout or thin. Upon one point only did her memory serve her: 'His necktie was a speckly, twisted up in a sailors' knot.' Having triumphantly furnished me with this useful clue to the visitor's identity, Mrs Morton took herself down-stairs.

A sudden thought struck me, and I ran to the window. No; there was not a soul to be seen in the quiet little street save a very ordinary looking person in a gray dustcoat, sunning himself against the pillar-box at the corner some fifty yards away; evidently a groom waiting for orders, I thought. An hour later, I went out to make some purchases, lunched at Blanchard's, and drove



back to Savile Street to prepare for my journey to Sussex. There, in friendly converse with a policeman at the same corner, was Citizen Graycoat. I looked sharply at him as my cab passed. His tie was *not* 'speckly,' nor had he any outward pretensions to the title of 'gentleman.'

I reached Keymer without adventure late in the afternoon, my cousin himself driving over in his trap to meet me. Turning round on the platform, after our first hand-shaking, to look for my travelling-bag, I saw stooping in the act of reading the card attached to the handle—the *man in the gray dustcoat*.

It could not be a chance! No; look at it which way I would, there scowled at me the unpleasant but undeniable fact that I was being 'watched.' For what purpose, it was of course impossible to tell, though I had no difficulty in connecting the visitor of the day before with the apparition in gray at the little Sussex junction. I waited till the evening to mention the matter to my cousin Henry, who, after a ringing laugh and many small jokes at my expense, suddenly became serious, and remarked: 'But I say, Peter, it is an excessively disagreeable thing to be followed about in that sort of way. Can't you account for the mistake in any way, so as to be able to get rid of the fellow to-morrow?'

At that moment the suspicion against which I had fought so hard was borne in with irresistible force upon my mind, and almost dizzy with the physical effort to conceal its effect, I muttered my concurrence with Rodd, that for his sake no less than my own, steps should at once be taken to come to an understanding with the man and relieve him of his duty. Looking forward with interest to learning the nature of the mistake next day, we parted for the night.

That circumstances were so shaping themselves as to do away with the necessity of any action from our side, did not, and could not enter into my calculations, as, bitterly wondering when and how this miserable suspicion would become a sickening certainty, I fell into a dream-haunted and unquiet sleep.

We had breakfasted, and were leaving the house towards eleven o'clock the next morning, intending, if we could sight him, to interview the gray-coated sentry, when a station fly drove up to the door and deposited a well-built and gentlemanly looking person, who, slightly raising his hat, said: 'May I ask if either of you gentlemen is Mr Peter Rodd?'

Casually noticing that the speaker wore a speckled tie, I replied: 'That is my name.'

'Then it is my duty to inform you, sir, that I have a warrant for your arrest on a criminal charge, and at the same time to caution you against saying anything which may hereafter be used in your disfavour.'

'What is the charge?' I asked, 'with the air,' as Henry afterwards observed, 'of a man who is in the habit of being arrested every morning after breakfast.'

'Suspicion of having stolen on or about the 23d June a sum of one thousand five hundred and fifty pounds in gold from the Alliance Bank, Cape Town, in which you were an employee under the name of Percival Royston.'

'And what evidence have you that this gentle-

man is the person for whose arrest you have a warrant?' interposed my cousin.

'Strictly speaking, I have told you all I am permitted to do,' was the courteous answer. 'But it will not be a very grave breach of duty if I say that my prisoner is known to have reached England in the *Balbriggan Castle*, to have exchanged gold for notes at Southampton, and to be in possession of a quantity of luggage marked P. R., some of which has been found upon examination to contain clothes, books, and letters bearing the name Percival Royston, Alliance Bank, Cape Town; while in other boxes were found similar articles with the name Peter Rodd, showing the adoption of the alias.'

'Would it be within your province to release your prisoner upon undoubted proof that he is not the person wanted?'

The officer thought for a moment, and replied: 'If such proof could be confirmed by a magistrate—and after communicating with headquarters—yes.'

'Then,' said my cousin, 'will you be good enough to bring your prisoner to the manor-house, and ask the squire—who is a magistrate—three simple questions?—The name of your prisoner—How long it is since they last met—What is to his knowledge the total duration of the prisoner's recent absence from England?'

This my captor readily consented to do; and after the three questions had been answered by the squire—at whose house I had dined just a year before—telegraphed to Scotland Yard, asking whether it was known how long Royston had been continuously in the service of the bank. The answer came speedily: 'Five or six years; followed half an hour later by a second message: 'A mistake has occurred. Do not arrest Rodd. If already done, express regret, and return at once.' There was just time for him to catch an up-train; and after carrying out his last instructions with great politeness, the detective drove off, stopping, as I observed, at the end of the drive to pick up a man who was leaning against the gate-post, his hands buried deep in the pockets of a gray dustcoat.

The next post from London brought a very ample explanation and apology for 'the painful position in which I had been placed through an exceedingly regrettable mistake. This had arisen through the imperfect information furnished to the authorities in the first instance as to the movements of the real culprit, who, they had unfortunately no room whatever to doubt, was the passenger going under the name of Paul Raynor. This person, it was now ascertained, had taken passage on board a sailing-ship for South America. The similarity of initials, with other facts of which I was aware, had combined to mislead those engaged in the case; while the discovery of Royston's luggage in my possession had of course confirmed their suspicions.

'They were directed to add that the alias under which I knew him had of course been assumed only after the *Balbriggan Castle* had actually sailed, as the message brought by the next homeward-bound steamer to Madeira, and thence telegraphed to England, did not contain this important item of information.'

Opening the newspaper two or three days later, I read at the head of a column, in conspicuous

type: 'Arrival of the Cape Mail. Audacious Robbery from a Cape Town Bank'—then in smaller print: 'A considerable sensation has been caused at Cape Town by the discovery of a robbery planned and carried out with an audacity which it is not too much to describe as unique in the annals of crime. The circumstances are briefly these. On the morning of Wednesday the 16th June, the mail-steamer *Turcoman* arrived in Table Bay from England, having on board some five thousand pounds in gold for the Alliance Bank, to whose care it was duly delivered on the same day. A portion of this amount, namely, fifteen hundred pounds, was destined for the use of the bank's Diamond Fields branch at De Vriespan, where it was required with all expedition. The overland service between Cape Town and the Diamond Fields is a bi-weekly one, leaving the former place at six A.M. on Monday and Thursday, and covering the whole distance of seven hundred miles in about five days nine hours. In order, therefore, to insure the despatch of the case containing the specie by the mail-cart on the following day, Mr Percival Royston, the assistant-cashier, was requested to undertake, in conjunction with the senior clerk, Mr Albertus Jager, the duty of counting and repacking the gold, after the completion of their ordinary work at six or seven o'clock. According to the latter gentleman's statement, the task was not commenced till after dinner at about eight o'clock. They had made some considerable progress when Royston remarked how pale and tired his companion was looking. Upon Mr Jager's admitting that he was feeling far from well, the other asked him if he would not give up the work and go home to bed, saying that he (Royston) would finish the counting himself and have everything ready in plenty of time for to-morrow. Knowing how thoroughly the assistant-cashier was trusted by the bank, Mr Jager allowed himself to be persuaded, and left at once for his own quarters. The case was duly despatched in the morning, in charge of a clerk proceeding to the De Vriespan office on promotion, the fact being reported by Royston to the head-cashier.

'Nothing further appears to have transpired until Tuesday the 21st June, when the head-cashier addressing Royston, asked: "By the way, when is that gold due at De Vriespan? To-day?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer; "we ought to get the telegram announcing its arrival in half an hour or so."

'It is the custom of the bank to send a junior clerk to the home-going mail-steamer with late letters for England, which may be posted on board upon payment of an extra fee. This duty Royston asked to be allowed to perform on the present occasion, stating that he would be glad of the opportunity of seeing some friends off who were leaving by the steamer that day. He left the bank at three forty-five, was seen to go on board with a travelling-bag ten minutes later, and has not since been heard of. His other luggage, consisting of two portmanteaus, had been removed from his lodgings before daybreak, Royston having somehow obtained the services of a coolie, who states that, following his instructions, he first carried the luggage to an inn near the docks, subsequently transferring it thence by hand-truck to the ship as soon as the dock gates

were opened. It should be remarked that Royston occupied rooms on the ground-floor, the landlord and his wife and the other lodgers sleeping on the first and second floors. But for this fact, it would probably have been impossible to effect the removal of the luggage without disturbing the other occupants of the house.

'At five o'clock a telegram was received at the Alliance Bank: "De Vriespan, four thirty. Case just arrived. On being opened, found to contain nothing but lead-sheeting to exact weight of gold expected. Clerk in charge denies all knowledge. Wire any instructions." A cab dashed furiously to the docks, its occupant the head-cashier, who, as he turned the corner towards the quay, was just able to descry the smoke of the vanishing steamer now four or five miles on her way. "Too late!" shouted the Steam Company's agent as he passed on foot. "Ship sailed sharp at four thirty!"

'The above incident will most probably give a sharp impetus to the movement, already initiated in Cape commercial circles, for the establishment of ocean cable communication with Great Britain direct, the importance of which, from an imperial as well as a colonial point of view, has long been recognised.'

\* \* \* \* \*

A keen east wind was blowing in my teeth as I hurried along the Strand towards Temple Bar one morning in March, and as I bent my head to meet a more than usually piercing gust, I came against a passer-by, who answered my apology with a smile of recognition. 'Mr Rodd, I think?'

It was no other than the polite detective, more polite than ever, because of the whirling dust and biting wind, against which the best of good-humour is so rarely proof.

'Ah, sir,' he went on, as we drew into a low archway for a moment's talk, 'you would be astonished to hear the story of the wildgoose chase we had after Mr Percival Royston last summer and autumn. If you would care to call in at my quarters any day after four o'clock, I should be very pleased to tell you about it.'

'Thank you,' I replied; 'I will see. Meanwhile, how did it end?'

'All wrong for us, I am sorry to say. He got clean away from us; and I don't suppose we shall ever hear of him again.'

The sun shone out for a moment, and the wind seemed to have lost something of its bitter chill as I wished Detective Elms good-morning and passed on my way eastward.

#### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE abnormally mild winter—if winter it can be called—which has been experienced this year, has once more raised hopes in the minds of farmers that brighter times are in store for them. The extreme mildness of the season has not only been favourable for all field operations, but it has been most beneficial for stock. Lambs have never been so numerous as they are this year in many of the southern counties, for not only have they had the climate in their favour during the most critical time of their lives, but there has been a wonderful number of twins. Indeed,

the proportion of these latter to single births has on some farms been as high as sixteen out of twenty.

A silver lining to the dark cloud which has so long overshadowed the British farmer may also perhaps be discerned in certain operations which are now being pushed forward at Lavenham, in Suffolk. A private Company has been formed to recommence, under the more favourable conditions which the progress of scientific agriculture has rendered possible, the making of beet-sugar in this country. Between the years 1869 and 1873, Mr James Duncan tried a similar experiment, and the present Company has acquired his works at Lavenham, to take up once more the industry which he tried to establish. The recently devised methods of extracting sugar from the beet are much easier and simpler, and far less costly, than the processes employed by Mr Duncan; and the promoters of the enterprise are sanguine of success, if they can only induce the farmers to grow sufficient beetroot for them to operate upon. The Company has arranged favourable terms of transport with the railway authorities; for instance, a truck-load of roots can be brought to Lavenham from Bury—a distance of eleven miles—for eighteenpence a ton. For the same distance, Mr Duncan formerly paid four shillings and twopence a ton. The experiment will be watched with extreme interest by all agriculturists.

Mr Wood's lecture to the Institute of Agriculture on the subject of Ensilage gave some valuable particulars of experiments he had made with the object of ascertaining which are the crops that can be most profitably cultivated for that method of preservation. He first of all took the value of ensilage at twenty-six shillings and eightpence, or about one-third the value of hay. An acre of heavy meadow-grass produced twelve tons of compressed food; and the same quantity dried into hay weighed only two tons seven hundredweight. After allowing for the cost of producing each, the lecturer showed a balance in favour of the ensilage over hay of nearly five pounds sterling an acre. Buckwheat cultivated for treatment as ensilage, against the same valued as a seed-crop, showed a gain in favour of the silo of two pounds eight shillings and threepence per acre. Oats compared in like manner show a balance of five pounds per acre; and here there is a further gain, for oats cut in the green state have not had the time to exhaust the soil as if they had been left to mature. There is still a further gain in favour of ensilage, when it is remembered that the ground is cleared before the usual time, and is therefore ready very early for new crops. The lecturer concluded by throwing out a useful hint that dairymen and cow-keepers in towns could be with great advantage supplied with the new form of fodder in casks, a sixty-gallon cask holding about thirty-one stone-weight of the compressed material.

Mr W. F. Petrie, whose recently published book upon the Pyramids of Gezeh we noticed two months ago, has just undertaken some excavations in another part of Egypt, which are likely to bear fruitful results. Amidst a desolation of mud and marsh, there lies, in the north-eastern delta of the Nile, a place far from the track of tourists, and which is therefore seldom visited.

This now remote spot, San-el-Hagar (that is, San of the Stones), was once a splendid city, in the midst of the cornlands and pasturage which formed part of the biblical 'field of Zoan.' Excavations were begun here in 1861 by Mariette Pasha, and he unearthed the site of the principal temple; but lack of funds and want of support generally, caused him to give up the work, though not before several treasures had found their way from his diggings to the Boulak Museum at Cairo, and to the Louvre. Mr Petrie, under the auspices of the newly formed Egypt Exploration Fund, commences the work anew in this promising field of research; and before long we may possibly have very important finds to chronicle.

At the recent meeting of the Scottish Meteorological Society, held in Edinburgh, an interesting account was given of the daily work which has been carried on in the Ben Nevis Observatory since its first occupation in November last, and which is telegraphed daily from the summit of the mountain. Several new instruments have been added since that date, and improvements in the buildings costing a thousand pounds will shortly be commenced. Referring to the new marine station at Granton, near Edinburgh, Mr Murray of the *Challenger* expedition gave an interesting account of the work going on there. The laboratory is now in working order, and there is accommodation for five or six naturalists. It is intended to offer this accommodation free of expense to any British or foreign naturalist having a definite object of study in view.

The French Academy of Sciences has just received an interesting account of a meteorite which fell not long ago near Odessa. A bright serpentine trail of fire was seen one morning to pass over that town; and the editor of one of the papers, surmising that a meteoric mass might have fallen from the sky, offered a reward to any one who would bring it to him. A peasant, who had been terribly frightened by the stone falling close to him as he worked in the fields, and burying itself in the ground, answered this appeal. He had dug the stone out of the soil, and preserved it, keeping the matter quite secret from his neighbours, as he feared ridicule. This stone was found to be a shapeless mass weighing nearly eighteen pounds. The fall of another meteorite, which in its descent near the same town wounded a man, was also reported; but it had been broken into fragments and distributed among the peasants, who preserved them as talismans.

The visitors to Cliff House, San Francisco, had recently the rare opportunity of viewing a marvellous mirage, during which the headland of North Farallon, which is under ordinary circumstances quite out of sight, indeed absolutely below the horizon, not only came into view, but appeared to be only a few miles from the shore. The strange sight fascinated the on-lookers for many hours, and marine glasses and telescopes were brought to bear upon these veritable castles in the air.

It seems strange that Samuel Pepys, whose famous Diary is known to all English readers, should have been left without a monument in the old London church where his remains repose, until one hundred and eighty years after his

death. This may be partly explained by the circumstance that Pepys' Diary was not published until the year 1825. It was originally written in cipher, and the key to it, strange to say, was not made use of until that time. Although Pepys was a well-known man in his day, and occupied a good official position as 'Clerk of the Acts' and Secretary to the Admiralty, his fame is due to his unique Diary. At last, however, Pepys has a monument to his honour, which was unveiled the other day in the ancient city church of St Olave's, near the Tower of London. The question has been raised whether Pepys, in using a cipher alphabet, did not intend his Diary as a private document. But still he left the key behind him, which he might have easily destroyed. However this may be, the book has delighted thousands of readers, giving as it does in a very quaint style a picture, and a true picture too, of London life two hundred years ago.

A curious record of the year 1478 is quoted in the *Builder*, which points to an early case of water being laid on to a town-house. The ingenious individual who thus tapped the conduit or watercourse running along the street, seems to have paid more dearly for the privilege than even a London water-consumer has to pay to the Companies in the present day. The man was a tradesman in Fleet Street, and is thus referred to: 'A wex-chandler in Flete-strete had by craffte perced a pipe of the condit withynne the ground, and so conveyed the water into his selar; wherefore he was judged to ride through the cite with a condit uppon his hedde.' This poor man was nevertheless only adapting to his own purposes a system of water-conveyance that had been known and practised in many countries ages before his time.

It is expected that nearly one thousand members and associates of the British Association will cross the Atlantic in August next to take part in the meeting which is to be held this year at Montreal. All visitors to the Dominion know well that the Canadians understand the meaning of the word hospitality in its broadest sense, and they are, according to all reports, taking measures which will cause their British cousins to long remember the welcome which they will receive. The Association is taking good care that the members shall be seen at their best, and no new members will be allowed to join the party except under stringent conditions. This will very rightly prevent an influx of people who will take a sudden interest in scientific research for the sake of getting a cheap trip to Canada. The names of the representative men under whose care the various sections are placed, are sufficient guarantee that plenty of good work will be done. We may mention that special attention will be paid in section D, under Professor Ray Lankester, to the vexed question of the supposed connection between sun-spot periods and terrestrial phenomena. This question has long been a bone of contention among scientific men, one side bringing forward figures giving remarkable points of agreement, the other side disclaiming them with the assertion that statistics can be made to prove anything. Perhaps this meeting of the Association may guide us to a right solution of the problems involved.

'The Mineral Wealth of Queensland,' the title of a paper recently read before the Royal Colonial Institute by Mr C. S. Dicken, was full of matter which should be interesting to those who are seeking an outlay for their capital. Queensland is five and a half times larger in area than the United Kingdom. Its gold-fields are estimated to cover a space of seven thousand square miles, and it produces large quantities of silver, copper, and tin. According to the official Reports of geologists, coal crops out on the surface over some twenty-four thousand square miles. Hitherto, these vast resources have been comparatively untouched. Men and capital are required for their development; and as the climate is a healthy one, and the laws administered by capable and impartial men, there is every incentive to Europeans to turn their attention to the country.

A Bill now before the House of Commons is of extreme interest and importance to students of natural history, to artists, and many others. We allude to Mr Bryce's 'Access to Mountains (Scotland) Bill.' In the preamble to this proposed measure, it is set forth that many large tracts of uncultivated mountain and moorland, which have in past times been covered with sheep and cattle, are now stocked with deer, and in many cases the rights which have hitherto been enjoyed by artists and others of visiting such lands, have been stopped by the owners. It is now proposed that it should be henceforward illegal for owners of such property to exclude any one who wishes to go there 'for the purposes of recreation, or scientific or artistic study.' At the same time the Bill clearly provides that any one committing any kind of poaching or damage is to be regarded as a trespasser, and dealt with accordingly. Parks and pleasure-grounds attached to a dwelling-house are of course excepted from the operation of the Act.

Mr Johnston's book upon *The River Congo* is full of interesting particulars of his wanderings through that part of Africa and his meeting with Stanley. He certainly throws some new light upon the climate of the country; for whereas previous travellers have described it as fever-breeding, and full of terrors to the white man, Mr Johnston tells us that the climate of the interior table-land is as healthy as possible, and that any European taking ordinary precautions as to temperate eating and drinking, need never have a day's illness there. This is perhaps a matter of personal constitution and physique. Because one man has had such a pleasant experience of African climate, it is no reason why every one else should expect the same exemption from illness. Still, we trust that Mr Johnston's deductions may prove correct.

We are all of us now and then astonished by the report of some sale in which a fancy price, as it is called, has been paid for something of no intrinsic value, and very often of no artistic value either. Hundreds of pounds have been paid within recent years for a single teacup, provided that the happy purchaser can be sure that it is unique. Even thousands have been paid for a vase a few inches high simply because it was rare. The mania for collecting curiosities which prompts people to pay these large sums, is by no means confined to articles of vertu. Natural history claims a large army of such collectors. A single

orchid was sold only the other day for a small fortune. At the time of the Cochín-China fowl mania, which John Leech helped to caricature out of existence, a single rooster fetched five hundred pounds. Only last month, in London, some enormous prices were obtained under the hammer for a collection of Lepidoptera, vulgarly known as moths and butterflies. Single specimens fetched three and four pounds apiece, and even more; whilst a common white butterfly, apparently having a particular value because it was caught in the Hebrides, was actually knocked down for the sum of thirteen guineas. It would be extremely interesting to ascertain the exact nature of the pleasurable sensations with which the owner of this butterfly doubtless regards his purchase. The export of a few white butterflies to the Hebrides might prove a profitable venture, if not overdone.

It may be that the age of big prices for little teacups and vases is on the eve of passing away, for it would seem that the secret processes by which the old workers could endow the china with a depth of colour and richness of tone impossible to achieve by more modern hands, have been rediscovered. It is reported that M. Lauth, the Director of the Sèvres state porcelain manufactory, has attained this result. Moreover, his discovery does not, like too many others, resolve itself into a mere laboratory experiment, but represents a manufacturing success. The results, too, can be looked for with certainty, whereas there is little doubt that the old workers had many a failure as well as successes.

The recent opinion of Mr Justice Stephen that cremation, if properly conducted, is not illegal, has again opened up a subject, which, although of a somewhat delicate, and to some people actually repulsive nature, is bound sooner or later to force its importance upon public attention. There is every reason to believe that public opinion is fast undergoing a very great change, as the subject becomes better understood. A like alteration of public feeling is also observable in other European countries. Sir Spencer Wells has lately published an account of the public cemetery in Rome, where, in the four months previous to his visit, no fewer than forty bodies had been submitted to the new form of sepulture. Dr Cameron's Bill for the regulation of the practice of cremation will possibly come before the House of Commons before these lines appear in print, and we shall then have an opportunity of gauging the feeling for and against a practice which, after all, is not new, but very old indeed.

Lovers of nature will be glad to hear that otters are yet extant in the Thames; but unless possessed of that unfortunate instinct which causes the average Briton to kill and slay anything alive which is not actually a domestic animal, they will be disgusted to learn that these interesting creatures are no sooner discovered than they are shot and stuffed. In January 1880, an otter weighing twenty-six pounds was shot at Hampton Court; another shared the same fate at Thames-Ditton in January last; and one more has recently been slaughtered at Cookham.

We have recently had an opportunity of visiting the steep-grade tramway which is being laid, and is now on the point of being finished, on that same quiet Highgate Hill where tradition tells

us Dick Whittington heard the bells prophesying his future good-fortune. This tramway is the first of its kind in this country, and will probably prove the pioneer line of many others in situations where the hilly nature of the ground forbids horse-traction. Briefly described, it consists of an endless cable, a steel rope kept constantly moving at the rate of six miles an hour by means of a stationary engine. This cable moves in a pipe buried in the ground midway between the rails; but the pipe has an opening above. Through this opening—a narrow slit about an inch wide—passes from the car a kind of grip-bar, which by the turn of a handle in the car is made to take hold of the travelling-rope below, or to release its hold, as required. This system has been in successful operation in San Francisco for many years, and there is no reason why it should not succeed in this country. The only question seems to be whether the traffic up and down Highgate Hill is sufficient to make the enterprise pay.

The profits of the International Fisheries Exhibition amount to fifteen thousand pounds. Two-thirds of this sum will be devoted to the benefit of the widows and orphans of fishermen, presumably through the instrumentality of some Society or Insurance Association to be formed for the purpose; three thousand pounds will go to form a Royal Fisheries Society for scientific work in connection with the harvest of the sea; whilst the balance remains in hand, at present unappropriated.

#### THE PROGRESS OF PISCICULTURE.

Of late years, no feature of fishery economy has excited more attention than the progress we have been making in what is called 'Pisciculture.' Fish-eggs are now a common article of commerce—the sales of which, and the prices at which they can be purchased, being as regularly advertised as any other kind of goods. This is a fact which, a century ago, might have been looked upon by our forefathers as something more than wonderful. Such commerce in all probability would have been stigmatised as impious, as a something 'flying in the face of Providence.'

But in another country there was buying and selling of fish-eggs more than a thousand years ago. The ingenious Chinese people had discovered the philosophy which underlies fish-culture, as well as the best modes of increasing their supplies of fish, long before any European nation had dreamt of taking action in the matter. A few years ago, a party of fisher-folks from the Celestial Empire, on a visit to Europe, were exceedingly astonished at the prices they had to pay for the fish they were so fond of eating. They explained that in China any person might purchase for a very small sum as much as might serve a family for a week's food. They also mentioned that some fishes which we reject, such as the octopus, were much esteemed by the Chinese, who cooked them carefully, and partook of them with great relish. The capture of the octopus, indeed, forms one of the chief fishing industries of China, these sea-monsters being taken in enormous



numbers at some of the Chinese fishing stations, notably at Swatow. They are preserved by being dried in the sun; and then, after being packed in tubs, they are distributed to the consuming centres of the country. In the inland districts of China there are also to be found numerous fishponds, where supplies of the more popular sorts of fish are kept, and fed for the market. These are grown from ova generally bought from dealers, who procure supplies of eggs from some of the large rivers of the country. The infant fish, it may be mentioned, are as carefully tended and fed as if they were a flock of turkeys in the yard of a Norfolk farmer. In the opinion of the Chinese fishermen, who were interviewed by the industrious Frank Buckland, hundreds of thousands of fish annually die of starvation; and if means could be adopted for the feeding of tender fry, fish of all kinds would become more plentiful than at present, and we would obtain them at a cheaper rate. In China, the yolks of hens' eggs are thrown into the rivers and ponds, that kind of food being greedily devoured by the young fish.

It has long been known to those interested in the economy of our fisheries, that only a very small percentage of the ova of our chief food-fishes comes to maturity, while of the fish actually hatched, a very small percentage reaches our tables for food-uses; hence the desire which has arisen to augment the supplies by means of pisciculture. In the case of a fish like the salmon, every individual of that species (*Salmo salar*) which can be brought to market is certain, even when prices are low, of a ready sale at something like a shilling per pound-weight; and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the proprietor of a stretch of salmon-water should be zealous about the increase of his stock of fish. A quarter of a century since, the salmon-fishery owners of the river Tay in Scotland, impressed with the possibilities of pisciculture, had a suite of salmon-nurseries constructed at Stormontfield, where they have annually hatched a very large number of eggs, and where they feed and protect the young fish till they are ready to migrate to the sea, able to fight their own battle of life. This may be said to be the earliest and longest sustained piscicultural effort of a commercial kind made in Great Britain, an example which was followed on other rivers. The chief salmon-fisheries of Scotland being held as private property, are, of course, more favourably situated, in regard to fish-culture, than salmon-fisheries which are open to the public, and which, in a sense, are the property of no person in particular. These latter must be left in the hands of mother Nature. The salmon, however, being an animal of great commercial value, is so coveted at all seasons of the year, both by persons who have a legal right to such property, and by persons who have no right, that such fisheries have a tendency to become barren of breeding-stock; for although each female yields on the average

as many as twenty thousand eggs, extremely few of these ever reach maturity; hence, it has come about that many proprietors are resorting to the piscicultural process of increasing their supplies.

But the chief feature of the pisciculture of the period is that 'fisheries' are now being worked quite independently of any particular river. There is, for example, the Howietoun fishery, near Stirling, which has been 'invented,' as we may say, by that piscatorial giant, Sir James Gibson-Maitland. From this establishment, the eggs of fish, particularly trout, and more especially Loch Leven trout, are annually distributed in hundreds of thousands. From Howietoun, and from some other places as well, gentlemen can stock their ponds or other ornamental water with fecundated ova in a certain state of forwardness; or they can procure, for a definite sum of money, fish of all ages from tiny fry to active yearlings, or well grown two-year olds! Sporting-waters which have been overfished can be easily replenished by procuring a few thousand eggs or yearlings; while angling clubs which rent a loch or important stream can, at a very small cost, keep up the supplies, whether of trout or salmon. In the course of the last three summers, several Scottish lakes have had their fish-stores replenished by means of drafts on the piscicultural bank, which is always open at the Howietoun 'fishery.' The distance to which ova or tender young fish require to be transported offers no obstacle to this new development of fish-commerce; thousands of infantile fish were brought from Russia to Edinburgh with perfect safety on the occasion of the Fishery Exhibition held in that city. The loss in transit was not more, we believe, than two per cent.

It may prove interesting to state the prices which are charged usually for ova and young fish. A sample lot of eyed ova of the American brook trout, to the extent of one thousand, may be obtained for thirty shillings; and for ten shillings less, a thousand eggs of the Loch Leven trout, or the common trout of the country, may be purchased. For stock supplies, a box containing fifteen thousand partially eyed ova of *S. fontinalis* (American) may be had for ten pounds. The other varieties mentioned are cheaper by fifty shillings for the same number. Fry of the same, in lots of not fewer than five thousand, range from seven pounds ten shillings to five pounds. Yearlings are of course dearer, and cost from fifteen and ten pounds respectively per thousand. Ten millions of trout ova are now hatched every year at the Howietoun fishery.

The fecundity of all kinds of fish is enormous. A very small trout will be found to contain one thousand eggs; a female salmon will yield on the average eight hundred ova for each pound of her weight; and if even a fifth part of the eggs of our food-fishes were destined to arrive at maturity, there would be no necessity for resorting to pisciculture in order to augment our fish commissariat. But even in America, where most kinds of fish were at one period almost over-abundant, artificial breeding is now necessary in order to keep up the supplies. In the United States, fish-culture has been resorted to on a gigantic scale, not only as regards the

salmon, but also in connection with various sea-fishes, many hundred millions of eggs of which are annually collected and hatched; the young fry being forwarded to waters which require to be restocked. Apparatus of a proper description for the hatching of sea-fish has been constructed, and is found to work admirably. Some of these inventions were shown last year in the American department of the International Fishery Exhibition, where they were much admired by persons who feel interested in the proper development of our fishery resources. In the United States, the art of pisciculture has been studied with rare patience and industry, the fish-breeders thinking it no out-of-the-way feat to transplant three or four millions of young salmon in the course of a season. In dealing with the shad, the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries have been able to distribute the young of that fish by tens of millions per annum; the loss in the hatching of eggs and in the transmission of the animal being very small.

Some writers and lecturers on the natural and economic history of our food-fishes have asserted that no possible demand can lead to their extermination or to any permanent falling-off in the supplies; but the economy of the American fisheries tends to disprove that theory. In the seas which surround the United States, certain fishes would soon become very scarce, were the supplies not augmented each season by the aid of the pisciculturists. The fruitfulness of the cod is really wonderful, individuals of that family having been taken with from five to nine millions of eggs in their ovaries. The fecundity of the common herring, too, has often proved a theme of wonder. That an animal only weighing a few ounces should be able to perpetuate its kind at the rate of thirty thousand, is indeed remarkable. But fruitful in reproductive power as these and other fishes undoubtedly are, it has been prophesied by cautious writers, that by over-fishing, the supplies may in time become so exhausted as to require the aid of the pisciculturist. If so, we believe the mode of action which has been found to work so well in the American seas will be the best to follow. No plan of inclosed sea-ponds, however large they might be, will meet the case; the fish-eggs will require to be hatched in floating cylinders specially constructed for the purpose, so as to admit of the eggs being always under the influence of the sea-water, and at the same time exposed to the eye of skilled watchers. It is believed by persons well qualified to judge, that the eggs of our more valuable sea-fishes may in the way indicated be dealt with in almost incredible numbers. We have only to remember that twenty females of the cod family will yield at least one hundred millions of eggs, to see that the possibilities of pisciculture might extend far beyond anything indicated in the foregoing remarks.

In resuscitating their exhausted oyster-beds, the French people have during the last twenty years worked wonders; they have been able to reproduce that favourite shell-fish year after year in quantities that would appear fabulous if they could be enumerated in figures. Pisciculture was understood in France long before it was thought of as a means of aiding natural production in

America; but our children of the States—to use a favourite phrase of their own—now ‘lick all creation’ in the ways and means of replenishing river and sea with their finny denizens.

#### A PLEA FOR THE WATER-OUSEL.

IN a paper which appeared in this *Journal*, in June 1883, on the Salmon, a few words were said in defence of the water-ousel against a *fama* which had found vent in newspaper correspondence, accusing that most interesting bird of destroying salmon spawn. An English gentleman, after reading those remarks, has written to us, giving a sad illustration of misdirected zeal, which had arisen from the reading of such newspaper letters.

During the previous winter, he was one of a party that spent a few days on the banks of a favourite salmon river in Wales. The party were all enthusiastic anglers; and, fired by the recent outcry against the ousel, they made a raid upon these birds, killing thirty in one day. Like the ‘Jeddart justices’ of old, the party then proceeded to convict the slain; when, lo! on examination by one of their number—a well-known English analyst—not a grain of salmon roe could be found in all the thirty crops examined, though it was then the height of the salmon spawning season. Like Llewelyn, after slaying Gelert, they had time to repent, ‘For now the truth was clear.’ They had slain the innocent, which feed upon insects that prey on salmon ova. They had therefore killed one of the salmon’s best protectors.

No better instance could be adduced of the caution with which popular theories in natural history should be received. But besides branding the innocent little ousel as a salmon-destroyer, some writers went so far as to assert that the bird had no song, and was not worth listening to. The best observers fortunately have defended the bird against the charge of being songless; and in respect to its alleged crime of eating salmon-roes, the evidence above given is surely conclusive in favour of its innocence.

The water-ousel is one of our most unique birds. It is a wader and a diver, and though not web-footed, by using its wings it can propel itself under water. Its habits are always a delightful study to the observer. The domed nest, with its snow-white eggs, is a wonderful structure; and there is a fascination in watching the bird tripping in and out of the water in pursuit of its food, popping overhead ever and again, and reappearing for a moment, only to dive and reappear elsewhere. When rivers are largely frozen over, it is interesting to see how boldly the little bird dives from the edge of an ice-sheet into a stream two feet or more in depth, how long it can remain under water, and how often it rises to breathe and dive again without leaving the stream. The singing of the water-ousel is low, but remarkably sweet, and long-continued in the winter-time of the year, when no other bird but the redbreast is heard; and when trilled out, as the notes frequently are in the clear frosty air, as the bird sits perched on a rocky projection,

or takes its rapid flight up or down the stream, they sound clear and melodious.

THE WATER-OUSEL'S SONG.

Whitter ! whitter ! where the water  
Leaps among the rocks,  
And the din of the linn  
Swelling thunder mocks,  
Cheerily and merrily  
I sing my roundelay,  
Whitter ! whitter ! bright or bitter  
Be the winter day !

Whitter ! whitter ! down the water  
Speeding with the stream,  
Snow around wraps the ground  
In a silent dream !  
Wood and hill, all are still,  
Birds as mute as clay,  
Whitter ! whitter ! what is fitter  
For a winter day ?

Whitter ! whitter ! in the water  
Busily I ply ;  
Ice and snow come and go,  
Nought a care have I.  
Mountain waters flee their fetters,  
So I feed and play,  
Whitter ! whitter ! pitter ! pitter !  
All the winter day.

Whitter ! whitter ! o'er the water  
Still and smooth and deep,  
Round the pool, clear and cool,  
Where the shadows sleep,  
Snowy breast, shadow-kissed,  
Whirring on its way,  
Whitter ! whitter ! titter ! titter !  
Ho ! the winter day !

Whitter ! whitter ! through the water,  
By the miller's wheel,  
Where the strong water's song  
Rings a merry peal ;  
Wet or dry, what care I,  
Sporting in the spray ?  
Whitter ! whitter ! twitter ! twitter !  
Flies the winter day.

Whitter ! whitter ! with the water  
Where the burnies run,  
'Mong the hills, where the rills  
Dance unto the sun,  
In the nooks, where the brooks  
Ripple on for aye,  
Whitter ! whitter ! bright or bitter  
Be the winter day !

J. H. P.

BOOK GOSSIP.

WE have on more than one occasion drawn attention in these pages to the good work which Miss Ormerod is accomplishing by the dissemination of knowledge on the subject of insect life as it affects agriculture. She has now published a *Guide to Methods of Insect Life, and Prevention and Remedy of Insect Ravage* (London : Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.), which cannot fail greatly to advance the object she has in view. The *Guide* was written at the request of the Institute of Agriculture, and its chief purpose is to give some information on the habits, and means of prevention, of crop insects. The book is written in a style which will render it useful to agriculturists, gardeners, and others, even although they happen to have no scientific knowledge whatever of entomology. The various insects, their eggs and larvæ, are described in terms as free from scientific terminology as is

possible ; and such scientific terms as must occasionally be used are explained in a glossary at the end of the book. The illustrations are numerous ; and between these and the verbal descriptions given, no difficulty should at any time be felt in identifying any particular insect pest, and applying to it the treatment which the author suggests. The methods of prevention are mainly taken from the reports which Miss Ormerod has been in the habit of receiving annually from a large number of agriculturists, so that the reader has here, in one little book, the united experience and observations of a large body of practical men.

\* \* \*

Last year we had the pleasure of publishing in this *Journal* two papers on the subject of Shetland and its Industries, by Sheriff Rampini, of Lerwick. Since then, the same gentleman has delivered two lectures before the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, which lectures are now published in a neat little volume, under the title of *Shetland and the Shetlanders* (Kirkwall : William Peace and Son). In the papers which appeared in our pages, the author confined himself to the industries of the island, its agriculture and fisheries ; in these lectures, however, he gives himself greater scope, and treats of the history, traditions, and language of the people, introducing many anecdotes characteristic of them and of their habits.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

AMERICAN LITERARY PIRACY.

IN the *London Figaro*, the editor thus writes : Those literary men who are agitating for a copyright convention with the United States have doubtless suffered in the following way, which seems to me particularly hard on some of the authors of this country. I am, let it be assumed, then, the writer of a number of short stories, which, at anyrate, for the purposes of my statement, I will conclude to have been good enough to earn sufficient popularity to bring them within the purview of the American book pirates. Very well—my stories are taken as quickly as they appear and published in the States, not only in a book-form, but in all the principal newspapers which devote some of their columns to fiction.

For this honour I, of course, receive never a cent, and that is a distinct hardship, I take it. But that is not all. My stories having appeared in the States, slightly altered to suit American tastes, and without my name attached, are read and admired by the editors of English provincial journals, who straightway proceed to cut out the fictions in question, and alter them back again, to suit the idiosyncrasies of their British readers. Thus my handiwork appears a second time in this country ; and in not one, but possibly a dozen or a score of provincial newspapers.

The result is this. When I go, a month or two after, and offer a collection of my short stories to a London publisher, he reads them, and replies in effect : ' Yes, I like your stories very well ; but what is the use of my publishing them, when they have appeared in half the country papers in the

kingdom?' It is in vain I explain. The injury has been done; and an apology from the country editors is but a slight and unsatisfactory atonement for an act which has kept me out of scores or hundreds of pounds.

Besides this, there are other publishers who, seeing that my fiction appears in the *Little Pedlington Mirror* or the *Mudborough Gazette*, mentally determine that my calibre as a writer cannot be very great if I am reduced to dispose of my copy to such papers as these. And therefore, through no fault of my own, but, as a matter of fact, in actual consequence of my success, my reputation as a writer is positively injured in quarters in which it is most important to me it should be sustained. I have been describing incidents which have really occurred, I may add; and I think that the grievance is one that needs serious attention, with a view to its redress.

[The editor of *Figaro* has our fullest sympathy. We, too, are the victims of American malpractices. Many of the short stories which appear in *Chambers's Journal* are copied into the American newspapers without leave, and without acknowledgment of the source whence taken. These papers reach Great Britain with the purloined material, which our provincial press in turn transfers to its pages. Expostulation is of no avail: the British journalist sees a story in an American newspaper which will suit his purpose, and at once takes possession of property, which of course he believes to be American (and therefore legitimate spoil), but which has in reality been paid for and previously published by ourselves. We thus doubtless lose many subscribers, who, finding our Tales and Stories given at full length in the penny papers, are pleased to have them at a slightly cheaper rate than the original.—Ed. *Ch. J.*]

#### SOWING AND HARVESTING.

Farmers, besides being subject to the risks incurred by all engaged in commercial enterprises, are in addition peculiarly dependent on the very variable weather of our climate. In 1877, Professor Tanner was deputed by the Science and Art Department to make an inquiry into the conditions regulating the growth of barley, wheat, and oats. He found that on a certain farm the portion of the barley-crop which was harvested in fine harvest-weather yielded per acre forty bushels, each of which weighed fifty-six pounds; while on the same farm the part harvested after some rain had fallen—in bad harvest-weather—also yielded forty bushels per acre; but in this case each bushel weighed only forty pounds—thus showing that there was a loss of six hundred and forty pounds of food on each acre. Barley is also peculiarly sensitive to the condition of its seed-bed. Two parts of the same field were sown with similar seed; but in one case the seed was got down in good spring-weather, and in the other, after heavy rain; and the result was that the former grew freely, and yielded per acre forty bushels, weighing fifty-eight and a half pounds each; while in the latter case the seed never grew freely, and yielded per acre only twenty-four bushels, weighing fifty-four pounds per bushel—thus showing a loss of one thousand and forty-four pounds of grain per acre.

In the case of wheat, and particularly of the

finer varieties, the losses arising from bad harvest-weather tell very materially on the prices. Of the same crop of fine white wheat grown in 1877 under similar conditions, the part harvested in good weather yielded per acre forty bushels, each weighing sixty-six pounds; while the part which could not be harvested before being damaged by rain yielded an equal number of bushels; but the weight of each bushel was decreased by five pounds, and this latter was sold at two-and-sixpence per bushel lower than the former. Besides this, if ungenial weather should prevent the farmer sowing his wheat in good time, the yield is still further lessened, if indeed he does not deem it expedient to sow barley instead.

One would think that oats—the hardiest of our cereals—would suffer little from the effects of bad weather; but in a case in which two portions of oats grown under similar conditions were examined, it was found that the portion harvested in good weather produced thirty-three bushels, each weighing forty-one and a half pounds; while that stacked after some rain had fallen was found to give thirty-two bushels, weighing thirty-nine and a half pounds each.

#### RUSSIAN LONGEVITY.

From a correspondent, who has passed some years in Russia, we learn that in the village of Velkotti, in the St Petersburg government, an old woman is living who has just attained her one hundred and thirtieth birthday! The old lady is in the enjoyment of good health, but complains of her deafness (and no wonder). Her hair is still long and plentiful, considering her age. She spent her youth in great poverty, but is now pretty well off. She has outlived three husbands; and has had a family of nineteen children, all of whom have been married, and are now dead, the last one to die being a daughter of ninety-three. She lives with one of her great-grandchildren, a man of fifty.

Our correspondent also informs us that a few months ago an unusually curious wedding took place in Ekaterinoslav, in Russia. The bridegroom was sixty-five years old, the bride sixty-seven. By former marriages, each of them have children and grandchildren, and even great-grandchildren, living in the same town. The bridegroom's father, now in his one hundred and third year, and the bride's mother, in her ninety-sixth year, are still alive, and were at the wedding.

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## NORFOLK BROADS AND RIVERS.

To many, the wild solitudes of marsh and mere, the rivers and 'broads' of Norfolk, are almost as entirely unknown as the arid solitudes of the unexplored Australian deserts. Yet there are few spots where the holiday-seeker can find more easily and cheaply relaxation and enjoyment than in these vast reedy wildernesses of East Anglia. Mr G. Christopher Davies, in his interesting book, *Norfolk Broads and Rivers* (Blackwood and Sons), paints in a graphic manner the engrossing charm of these placid inland seas, with their reedy margins shimmering softly green in the gray morning mists, or flushing into warm tints of beauty beneath the smile of sunset. A stranger is apt to fancy that marsh scenery is uninteresting; but the very reverse is the case; it has a beauty of its own, which is seldom even monotonous, so incessant is the play of sunshine and shadow over the wide sedgy flats and shallows. The marsh vegetation is luxuriant, even tropical in some of the more sheltered nooks among the reeds; grasses are abundant, and so are flowers, which often grow in broad patches, and warm with vivid gleams of colour the low-toned landscape. In May and June, the banks are gay with the vivid gold of the yellow iris and marsh buttercup; then come the crimson glow of the ragged-robin, the delicate blue of the forget-me-not, the deep purple flush of the loosestrife, and the creamy white of the water-lilies, which spread till they almost cover the shallow bays with their broad glossy leaves and shining cups of white and gold.

The reedy capes and bays, the sedgy islets, with the green park lands and wooded glades beyond, give an irresistible charm to these broads, which is enhanced by the soft stillness of their utter solitude and loneliness. The passing clouds and rising wind give a certain motion and variety to the great marsh plain; but nothing speaks of the busy world beyond save the white sail of a solitary yacht, or the rich red-brown canvas of a gliding wherry; and not a sound falls on the

listening ear except the monotonous measured splash of the oars or the wild scream of the startled waterfowl. These wide watery plains, interesting at all seasons, are often extremely beautiful at sunrise and sunset. Then gorgeous sky-tints of gold and crimson are flashed back from the wide mirror-like expanse of the still lagoons with a vivid glow of colouring which is almost painful in its intensity. The great forests of reeds gleam like bundles of spears tipped with lambent flame, and the patches of feathery grasses and flowers are lit up with weird glimmers of rose-red and gold, glorious but evanescent. Light gray mists float up from the marshy hollows, mellowing the sunset glow with an indistinct quivering haze, which, mirage-like, cheats the wondering gazer with visions of ships and islands and wooded knolls, which he will search for in vain on the morrow.

A 'broad' is a term peculiar to Norfolk; it means the broadening out of the rivers into lakes, which is very common all over the marsh district. These broads abound in fish, and afford capital sport to the angler. Bream and roach are abundant; and carp, although not so plentiful, are to be found, and grow to a large size. The rudd, or red-eye, a beautiful active fish, is very abundant; and few things are more enjoyable, when the weather is good and the fish rise easily, than a day's rudd-fishing on the broads. The paying fish of these marsh meres are, however, the pike and eel; and a great number of fishermen live by eel-fishing. Eels are netted, speared, and caught in eel-pots; and after a flood, when eels are what is called 'on the move,' a single fisherman will often catch as many as four or five stone-weight in a night.

The pike is, however, Mr Davies says, 'the monarch of the Norfolk waters, and at one time was supremely abundant; but the natives harried him to their utmost.' The best way to enjoy pike-fishing and the scenery of the broads is to take an excursion for a few days in a small yacht, either alone or with a companion. Human habitations are few and far between on the banks



of the sluggish rivers; but every now and then one comes upon a cluster of picturesque old-world buildings, or an ancient primitive village, with small houses furnished with quaint dormer windows and fantastic gables, and here and there a gray old church, finely set down on a rising ground amid a clump of ancient spreading elms. Beyond the broad belt of reeds that fringe the water are green meadows, dotted with red-and-white cattle, whose effect from an artistic point of view is very good, but from an angler's standpoint is sometimes rather trying, as there is generally a bull, and as often as not he is a vicious and combative specimen of the bovine tribe. On this red-letter day, however, even the inevitable bull was quiet, and our author was left undisturbed to thread his way, on a soft warm afternoon, through the glowing beauties of an October landscape. In the marshes, all the seasons have their peculiar glory; but the autumnal colouring stands out with a vivid distinctness unknown elsewhere. Beyond the screen of reeds, a belt of wood fringes the river-bank—beech, alder, and elm, each tree glowing with its own autumnal tint of red or yellow or russet brown.

Mr Davies, who had seldom the luck to go a-fishing when pike were on the move, had two special pools in view, on one or both of which he relied to fill his basket. Around the first of these the margin was very soft and wet, and he was daintily picking his steps from one tussock of grass to another, when whiz went a wild-duck from the sedges, and in a moment he was floundering up to the knees in mud. There were, however, pike in the pool when he reached it—great sluggish beauties, lazily lying under the gleaming, swaying leaves of the water-lilies. For once, he was in luck, to use his own words: 'As our bait traversed the deep back-water, we felt the indescribable thrill, or rather shock, which proceeds from a decided run, and a three-pound pike fights as gamely as a ten-pounder.' The small fish caught, he trudged on in the waning afternoon sunshine to the second pool; startling a kingfisher, which flashed out of the reeds behind him like a veritable gem of living colour. The second pool was closely fringed with trees and bushes, the dusk-red gold of whose leaves was mirrored in its placid depths; while every few minutes a crisp leaf-hail dropped in the level sunshine like Danaë's fabled showers of gold. Pike, however, and not artistic effects, were for the moment in our author's eye, and pike he was sure there were, lurking under the mass of leaves which covered the gleaming waters of the pool. 'Seizing the exact moment when there was a clear track across the leaf-strewn water, we cast our bait, and worked it with every sense agog with expectation. Ah! there is a welcome check at last. We strike hard, and find that we are fast in a good-sized fish.' Up and down, round and round, he goes, floundering wildly about, now in one direction, now in another. There is a pause of excited uncertainty, during which the line becomes heavily clogged with leaves. To have, or not to have, the scaly monarch of the silent pool? that is the question. It was ticklish work for a few minutes; but at last he turned suddenly on his side, and was towed into the shallow below, and landed in triumph.

Pike in these broads sometimes attain a great

size, and have been taken weighing between thirty and forty pounds. The reeds, which with their bright green and purple fringes form such a prominent feature in the marsh scenery, are yearly cut and gathered, and are a really valuable crop. They are used for thatching, making fences, and supporting plaster-work. Whittlesea Mere, before it was drained, produced annually a thousand bundles of reeds, which were sold at one pound per bundle. The men forsake all their other avocations to join in the reed-harvest, which yields them while it lasts very good wages.

On some of the broads there is still to be seen an industry fast falling into decay—decoys with decoy ducks and dogs. These require to be worked with the utmost silence and caution. One winter-night in 1881 Mr Davies inspected in company with the keeper the decoy at Fritton Broad. The night was cold and dark, and each of the men had to carry a piece of smouldering turf in his hand to destroy the human scent, which would otherwise have alarmed the wary ducks. This made their eyes water; and the decoy-dog, a large red retriever, being in high spirits, insisted on tripping them up repeatedly, as they crawled along in the darkness bent almost double. The interest of the sight, however, when at length they reached the decoy, fully made up for these petty discomforts. Peeping through an eyehole, a flock of teal were to be seen paddling about quite close to them; while beyond these were several decoy-ducks, and beyond these again a large flock of mallards. The decoy-ducks are trained to come for food whenever they see the dog or hear a whistle from the decoy-man. The dog now showed himself obedient to a sign from his master, and in an instant every head among the teal was up, and every bright shy eye twinkling with pleased curiosity. Impelled by curiosity, they slowly swim towards the dog, which, slowly retiring, leads them towards the mouth of the decoy-pipe, showing himself at intervals till they were well within it. The keeper then ran silently to the mouth of the pipe, and waving his handkerchief, forced them, frightened and reluctant, to flutter forward into the tunnel. He then detached a hoop from the grooves, gave it a twist, and secured them by cutting off their return. This seemed the last act of the drama, and Mr Davies took the opportunity to straighten his back, which was aching dreadfully. 'Immediately there was a rush of wings, and the flock of mallards left the decoy. "There, now, you ha' done it!" exclaimed the keeper excitedly. "All them mallards were following the dog into the pipe, and we could ha' got a second lot." We expressed our sorrow in becoming terms, and watched the very expeditious way in which he extracted the birds from the tunnel net, wrung their necks, and flung them into a heap.' Few places now are suitable for decoys, for even life in the marshes is not so quiet as it used to be.

In all these broads and meres and the rivers which intersect them, bird-life abounds, and an almost incredible number of eggs are collected for the market, every egg which resembles a plover's being collected and sold as such. Of the bird-dwellers in the marshes, herons are the most conspicuous; bitterns were also once common, but there are now few of them, and their singular

booming cry is but seldom heard. The great crested grebe is still plentiful; but the ruff, which was once very abundant, is now seldom seen. Of the smaller birds, the graceful bearded tit has become very rare; but willow-wrens and reed-buntings, jays, and cuckoos and king-fishers find their respective habitats.

There are swans to be found all over the broads, particularly on the river Yare; but they are not plentiful anywhere. A pair take possession of a particular portion of the river, and defend their proprietary rights in it with the utmost fierceness. They will not suffer the intrusion of any other swans, and will very often attack human beings, if they see any reasonable prospect of success. 'A swan will not exactly attack a wherry or even a pleasure-boat; but a canoe comes within his capacity; and once while rowing down the river Yare in our small canvas jolly-boat, a cock-swan chased us for half a mile, and threatened every moment to drive his beak through the canvas.'

The appearance of the country around these broads has changed very much during the last half-century, and this change is still going on. Wherever it seems possible, drainage-works are attempted and carried out; and acres upon acres of valuable meadow-land have been and are in process of being reclaimed from the marsh. Some of these flat green meadows, which a century back were sodden quagmires covered with stagnant water, now pasture large herds of cattle, and are let at four pounds an acre for grazing purposes. At the outlet of the drains into the river, drainage windmills are erected of every size and shape, from the brick tower to the skeleton wooden erection painted a brilliant red or green. These windmills form a striking and picturesque addition to the background of a marsh picture, but, like the decoys, they will soon be a thing of the past, as they are now beginning to be superseded by steam, which does the work required much more efficiently and quickly.

Otters abound in the pathless forests of reeds which fringe the meres, and are often bold and familiar. One night while sleeping on board his yacht at Cantley, Mr Davies was awakened by the noise of something heavy jumping on board. The boat rocked violently, and the disturbance was so sudden and inexplicable, that he got up just in time to see a large dark object plunge overboard and disappear. On striking a light, the broad and unmistakable track of an otter, was visible, imprinted wherever his moist feet had been, and that seemed to be everywhere, for he had evidently made a round in search of something eatable.

The whole marsh district is subject to destructive floods and high tides, which rush up the rivers, driving back the fresh water and destroying vast quantities of fish. The whole coast also suffers much from sea-breaches. 'Between Winterton and Waxham, hard by Hornsea Mere, the only barrier between sea and lake is a line of what are called "miel" banks, which are simply banks of sand held together by marum grasses. Upon this marum grass, which grows in the loosest sand, the welfare of a wide district depends. In 1781, there were many breaches of the sea between Waxham and Winterton, so that every tide the salt water and sands destroyed the marshes

and the fish in the broads and river; and if the wind blew briskly from the north-west, by which the quantity of water in the North Sea was largely increased from the Atlantic, the salt water drowned all the low country even as far as Norwich.' In the following eight years, the breaches were seriously widened, the largest being two hundred yards in width, through which a vast body of water poured.

In a country so open, wind-storms are very frequent; and what are called 'Rodges blasts,' rotatory whirlwinds, often occasion great damage, wrecking the windmills, uprooting trees, convulsing the grasses, and lifting the reed-stacks high into the air. Will-o'-the-wisps, once very common, are now comparatively rare, having been exorcised by drainage. Mr Davies only once saw one at Hickling over a wet bit of meadow. 'The sportive fiend that haunts the mead' appeared to him as a small flickering phosphorescent light faintly visible in the darkness.

Another peculiar and uncomfortable phenomenon of the marshes is the water-eynd or sea-smoke, which, rolling up from the ocean, covers the whole landscape with a dense watery vapour, shutting out the placid beauty of lagoon and mere, and reed-bed and coppice, and putting an end to all pleasure, till the sun shines out again in a blaze of glory, bathing the drenched flats in a warm flush of colour. The reeds on the wide margins of the meres then quiver in the sunlight, which shimmers down into their dark-green recesses; the still water gleams in the shallow bays, where the cattle stand knee deep; and the warm air is redolent of the odour of meadow-sweet and thyme: all is motion and colour and fragrance, as if Nature were visibly rejoicing at having got quit of the uncomfortable bath of the water-eynd.

## BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

### CHAPTER XXVI.—A QUESTION OF DIVISION.

PHILIP locked his desk, after placing Mr Shield's letter in his pocket-book, locked his door, and hastened to the station in time to catch one of the afternoon fast trains to Dunthorpe. As he was in a hurry, he hired a fly to Ringsford. On the way down, he had made up his mind to get over what he anticipated would be a disagreeable interview with his father, before going to Willowmere. Then he would be able to tell Madge all about it, and receive comfort from her.

He alighted at the gate, and walked swiftly up the avenue. The sun was out of sight; but it had left behind a soft red glow, which warmed and brightened the blackened landscape. Peering through the dark lacework formed by the bare branches of the trees, he saw a figure standing as it were in the centre of that red glow: the shadows which surrounded Philip making the figure on the higher ground beyond appear to be a long way off. A melancholy figure: light all round him, darkness within himself.

Philip quickened his steps, and taking a foot-path through the shrubbery, advanced to his father, as he was beginning to move slowly from the position in which he had halted.

'Glad to see you, Philip,' said Mr Hadleigh,

whilst he did what he had rarely done before—took his son's arm. There was also a touch of unusual kindness in his voice and manner. 'I have missed you the last few evenings more than I fancied I should do. You have been enjoying yourself, no doubt—theatres, clubs, friends and cards perhaps. Well, enjoy these things whilst you may. You have the means and the opportunity. I never had; and it is singular how soon the capacity for enjoyment is extinguished. Like everything else—capacity or faculty—it requires exercise, if it is to be kept in good condition.'

Philip was relieved, but considerably puzzled by his father's strange humour.

'I have been enjoying myself; but not in the way you mention. I have been harder at work than I have ever been, except when preparing for the last exam.'

'Ah, and you did not make so very much out of that hard work after all.'

'Not so much as I ought to have done, certainly; but I hope to make more out of this effort,' said Philip, with an attempt to pass lightly by the uncomfortable reminder that he had failed to take his degree. 'Have you read the papers I sent you?'

'Yes.'

Mr Hadleigh spoke as if reluctant to make the admission, and his brows contracted slightly, but his arm rested more kindly on that of his son, as if to make amends for this apparent want of sympathy. Philip was unconscious of these signs of varying moods.

'I am glad of that—now you will be able to give me the benefit of your advice. Wrentham fancies I am running after a chimera, and will come to grief. He has not said that precisely; but what he has said, and his manner, convince me that that is his notion; and I am afraid that it will materially affect the value of his help to me. I should like you to tell me what you think.'

Mr Hadleigh was silent; and they walked on towards the sheltered grove, where, during his convalescence, Philip had spent so many pleasant hours with Madge. As they were passing through it, the father spoke:

'I did not want to read those papers, Philip, but—weakness, perhaps—a little anxiety on your account, possibly, compelled me to look over them. I have nothing to say further than this—the experiment is worth making, when you have the means at command. I should have invested the money, and enjoyed myself on the interest. You see' (there was a curious half-sad, half-mocking smile on his face), 'I who have known so little pleasure in life, am a strong advocate for the pleasure of others.'

'And that is very much the same theory which I am trying to work out.'

'Yes; and I hope you will succeed, but—you are forgetting yourself.'

'Not at all—my pleasure will be found in my success.'

'Success,' muttered Mr Hadleigh, speaking to himself; 'that is our one cry—let me succeed in this, and I shall be happy! . . . We must all work it out for ourselves.' Then, as if rousing from a dream: 'I hope you will succeed, Philip; but I have no advice to give beyond this—take care of yourself.'

'That is just what I am anxious for you and'

(he was about to say 'and Mr Shield;'; but desirous of avoiding any unpleasant element, he quickly altered the phrase)—'you and everybody to understand. My object is not to establish a new charity, but a business which will yield me a satisfactory income for my personal labour, and a sufficient interest on the capital invested, whilst it provides the same for my work-people, or, as I should prefer to call them, my fellow-labourers. As my returns increase, theirs should increase'—

'Or diminish according to the result of your speculation?' interrupted Mr Hadleigh drily.

'Of course—that is taken for granted. Now, I want you to tell me, do you think this is folly?'

'No, not folly,' was the slow meditative reply, 'if you find pleasure in doing it. My theory is doubtless a selfish one, but it is the simplest rule to walk by—that is, do what is best for yourself in the meantime, and in the end, the chances are that you will find you have also done the best for others. If you believe that this experiment is the most satisfactory thing you can do for yourself, then, it is not folly, even if it should fail.'

'Thank you. I cannot tell you how much you relieve my mind. I am convinced that in making this experiment I am dealing with a problem of great importance. It is a system by which capital and labour shall have an equal interest in working earnestly for the same end. I want to set about it on business principles. You are the only man of practical experience who has spoken a word of comfort on the subject.'

'I am dealing with it from a selfish point of view—considering only how you can obtain most pleasure, comfort, happiness—call it what you may—for yourself out of your fortune. I should never have entered on such a scheme. You tell me that it was optional on your part to go into business or to live on the interest of the money?'

'Quite optional; but of course I could not accept the trust and do nothing.'

'Ah, I think my advice would have been that you should have accepted the trust, as you call it, invested it in safe securities, married, and basked in the sunshine of life—an easy mind, and a substantial balance at your banker's.'

'But my mind would not have been easy if I had done that.'

'Then you were right not to do it. Every man has his own way of seeking happiness. You have yours; and I shall watch the progress of your work with attentive interest.—But we have other matters to speak about. I have done something of which I hope you will approve.'

Philip could not help smiling at this intimation. Mr Hadleigh had never before suggested that he desired or required the approval of any one in whatever he chose to do.

'You can be sure of what my opinion will be of anything you do, sir.'

'Perhaps.'

They walked on in silence, and passed Culver's cottage. They met Pansy coming from the well with a pail of water. She put down the pail, and courtesied to the master and his son. She was on Philip's side of the path, and he whispered in passing:

'There is good news for you by-and-by, Pansy.' She smiled vaguely, and blushed—she blushed at everything, this little wood-nymph.

'What is the good news you have for the girl?' asked Mr Hadleigh sharply, although he had not appeared to be observing anything.

'I suppose there can be no harm in telling you, although it is a kind of a secret.'

'What is it?'

'Caleb Kersey is making up to Pansy; but old Sam does not like it, as the young man is so unsettled. The good news I have for her is that Kersey has joined me, and will have good wages and good prospects.'

'You might have told her at once.'

'I thought it better that the man himself should do that. . . . But you had something to say about yourself.'

'It concerns you more than me,' said Mr Hadleigh, resuming his low meditative tone. 'I have been altering my will.'

There are few generous-minded men who like to hear anything about even a friend's will, and much less about that of a parent who in all probability has a good many years still to live. Philip was extremely sensitive on the subject, and therefore found it difficult to say anything at all when his father paused.

'I would rather you did not speak about it,' he said awkwardly. 'There is and there can be no necessity to do so. You have many years before you yet, and in any case I shall be content with whatever arrangement you make.'

'Many years before me still,' continued Mr Hadleigh musingly, repeating his son's words. 'True; I believe I have; it is possible even that I might marry again, and begin a new life altogether with prospects of happiness, since it would be guided by the experience of the past. Most people have a longing at some time or other that they might begin all over again; and why should not a man of, say middle age, take a fresh start, and realise in the new life the happiness he has missed—by his own folly or that of others—in the old one?'

Philip did not understand, and so remained silent.

Was there ever a grown-up son or daughter who felt quite pleased with the idea of a parent's second marriage? When the marriage cannot be prevented, the sensible ones assume a graciousness, if they do not feel it, and go on their way with varying degrees of comfort in being on friendly terms with their parent; the foolish ones sulk, suffer, cause annoyance, and derive no benefit from their ill-humour. Philip was surprised and a little amused at the suggestion of his father marrying again. The idea had never occurred to him before; and now, when it was presented, the memory of his mother stirred in him what he owned at once was an unreasonable feeling of disapproval. To his youthful mind, a man nearly fifty was old; he had not yet reached the period at which the number of years required to make a man old begins to extend up to, and even beyond the threescore and ten. When he came to think of it, however, he could recollect numerous instances of men much older than his father marrying for the second, third, or fourth time.

'Yes, it is possible to make a fresh start,' Mr Hadleigh went on, still musing; 'and one may

learn to forget the past. Did you ever consider, Philip, what a tyrant memory is?'

'I cannot say that I have, sir.'

'No; you are too young—by-and-by you will understand. . . . But this is not what I wanted to speak about.'

He rested a little more on his son's arm, as if he were in that way desirous of giving him a kindly pressure, whilst he recalled his thoughts to the immediate subject he wished to explain.

'It is about the will. I have made a new one. I suppose you are aware that although my fortune is considerable whilst it remains in the hands of one person, it dwindles down to a moderate portion when divided amongst four or five?'

'Clearly.'

'Then suppose you and I reverse our positions for a time. You have five children, three of them being girls. You wish to leave each of them as well provided for as possible. One of the sons becomes by peculiar circumstances the possessor of a fortune almost equal to your own. Tell me how you would divide your property?'

Philip reflected for a few moments, and then with a bright look, which showed that he had taken in the whole problem, replied:

'The thing is quite simple. I should leave the son who had been so lucky only a trifle of some sort, in token of good-will; and I should divide the whole of the property amongst the other four. That would be the right thing to do; would it not?'

The father halted, grasped his hand, and looked at him with a smile. This was such an unusual sign of emotion, that Philip was for an instant taken aback.

'That is almost precisely what I have done,' said Mr Hadleigh calmly; 'and your answer is what I expected. Still, it pleases me to learn from your own lips that you are satisfied.'

'Not only satisfied, but delighted that you should have had so much confidence in me as to know I should be.'

'A few words more and I shall release you.—Oh, I know that you are eager to be off, and where you wish to be off to. Right, right—seek the sweets of life, the bitters come. . . . You are separating yourself from me. That is natural, and follows as a matter of course. I would have liked it better if the circumstances had been different. Enough of that. Your rooms at the house will be always ready for you, and come when you may, you will be welcome to me. Now, go: be happy.'

He pointed towards the Forest in the direction of Willowmere. He looked older than usual: in his movement and attitude there was an unconscious solemnity, as if he were giving his favourite son a blessing while sending him forth into the world.

Philip bowed. He saw that his father was strangely agitated, and so turned away without speaking.

What was in the man's mind, as he watched the stalwart figure rapidly disappear into the shadows of the Forest? Hitherto, he had been walking and standing erect, although his head was bent a little, as usual. Now his whole form appeared to collapse, as if its strength had been suddenly withdrawn, and he dwindled, as it were, in height and breadth.

The shadows deepened upon him as he stood there; stars began to appear; a branch of an elm-tree close by began to creak monotonously—betokening the gathering strength of the wind, although at present it seemed light; and still he remained in that dejected attitude, gazing vacantly in the direction taken by Philip, long after Philip had disappeared.

He roused from his trance, looked round him, then clasping hands at his back, walked dreamily after his son.

### QUEER LODGERS.

SCIENTIFIC research, especially when directed to the more obscure and remote conditions of animal life, has often a twofold interest. In itself, and in the marvellous structural adaptations revealed by the microscope, the pursuit has its own special attraction; while, in addition, the information thus obtained may be so practically utilised as to minister to the preservation of health, and to the improved rearing and cultivation of animals and plants. An inquiry, conducted three years ago, by Professor A. P. Thomas, at the instance of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, is noticeable in both these respects. The inquiry extended over a period of more than two years, and the object in view throughout was the discovery of the origin and possible prevention of a well-known and destructive disease affecting sheep and other grazing animals, both in this country and abroad; and during the course of the inquiry, which was a painstaking and exhaustive one, facts of no small interest, from the view-point of natural history alone, have been elicited.

By this disease—Liver-fluke, Fluke Disease, Liver-rot, as it is variously termed—it has been estimated that as many as one million sheep perished annually, in this country alone, from the effects of the malady—a loss which was doubled, if not sometimes trebled, by the advent of a wet season such as 1879, and which does not include the large percentage of animals annually dying in America, Australia, and elsewhere, from the same cause. It was known that the disease was due to the presence of a parasitic flat worm in greater or lesser numbers, together with its eggs, in the entrails of infected sheep, and also that flocks grazing habitually in low and marshy pasture-grounds were generally more liable than others to be attacked; but it was not known precisely in what manner the disease was incurred.

It was not until 1882 that careful experiment finally succeeded in tracing throughout the wonderful life-career of the liver-fluke, and shedding light upon the possibility of the prevention of the scourge. Into this latter question of prevention, we do not enter at present. Those who are interested, practically or otherwise, in this branch of the subject may consult for full particulars the scientific journals in which the results of this inquiry first appeared. (See *Journal of Royal Agricultural Society*, No. 28; also *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science* for January 1883. For the history of the disease, see *The Rot in Sheep*, by Professor Simonds; London: John Murray, 1880.) Even from a dietetic point of view, it is for the public good that the disease should be extirpated, as it is well known that unwholesome dropsical

meat, from the bodies of fluke-infested sheep, is frequently pushed on the market. Nor is this parasite exclusively confined to the lower animals. It has been communicated to human beings, doubtless from the consumption of infected meat producing cysts in the liver, &c.

But it is the initial results of Professor Thomas's experiments, those which trace the progress of the fluke from the embryo to the adult stage, with which we have to do at present.

Starting from the previously observed but obscure relationship said to exist between the larval forms of certain snails or slugs and the liver-fluke, as found in the carcasses of sheep and other infected back-boned animals, it was discovered, after much careful examination, that a certain connection *did* exist between them, with this remarkable circumstance in addition—that the minute cysts, or bags, which contain the embryo fluke, and which are to be found adhering to grass stalks in some sheep-pastures, emanated, indeed, from the body of one particular description of snail, but that this embryo parasite was undoubtedly derived—several generations previously, and in quite another form—from the sheep itself!

The *original* embryo—not that which clings to grass stalks, but the embryo three or four generations before, born of the adult fluke's egg—is hatched after the egg drops from the sheep's body, in marshy ground, ditches, or ponds. It then attaches itself to the snail, produces in the snail's body two, and sometimes three generations of successors, all totally dissimilar from the original fluke. The last generation alone quits the snail, and, assuming the 'cyst' form, waits to be swallowed by the grazing animal, in order to become a full-grown fluke. The fluke's progeny again go through the transformation changes of their predecessors.

Once more, in order to render the process clear. Taking the adult fluke—laying its eggs principally in the bile-ducts of the sheep, which it never leaves—as the original parent, its children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, inhabiting the snail, are all totally different in appearance from their original progenitor—most of the generations differing also from each other. It is only the fourth, though sometimes the third generation, which, changing its form to a migratory one, is enabled thereby to leave the snail, and ultimately to assume the cyst form, adapted to produce in time the veritable fluke once more. Naturalists term this process, one not unknown in other forms of life, 'alternation of generation,' or metagenesis.

The appearance of the full-grown fluke (*Fasciola hepatica*) is well known to sheep-farmers and others. It is of an oval or leaf-like shape, not unlike a small flounder or fluke (hence the name of the worm), pale brown in colour, and ranging in size from an inch to an inch and a third in length—though occasionally much smaller, even the twenty-fourth of an inch—and in breadth about half its own length. A projecting portion is seen at the head, with a mouth placed in the centre of a small sucker at the tip, by which the fluke attaches itself. Over two hundred flukes have been found in the liver of a single sheep. Each one is estimated to produce some hundreds of thousands of eggs. Each



of the eggs contains one embryo, which when full grown is nearly the length of the egg—the spare egg-space up to that time being filled with the food-stuff to support it till hatched. As long as the egg continues in the body of the sheep, it remains inert. It is only when dropped—as they are from time to time in great numbers by the animal—and alighting upon wet ground, or on water in ditches or drains, that, under favourable conditions of heat, &c., the embryo at length comes forth. The time which elapses before the egg is hatched is extremely variable.

Viewed through a microscope, the egg, which is only the two-hundredth of an inch in diameter, may be seen to contain the embryo, which is unlike its parent in every way, and will never show any trace of family likeness to it. It is in the shape of a sugar-loaf, with a slight projecting point at the broader end, and two rudimentary eyes near the same. When hatched on damp ground or in water, it swims freely about with the broader end forward, like a boat propelled stern foremost. The whole of its body, except the projecting horn, which is drawn in when swimming, is covered with long waving hairs, or *cilia*, which, being moved backwards and forwards, serve as oars, or paddles, to propel it through the water.

Swimming with a restless revolving motion through the water, the embryo begins to search for suitable quarters—in other words, to find a snail wherein to quarter itself. It is not easily satisfied, although snails, generally speaking, are plentiful enough. Indeed, it has been definitely ascertained that of all the known descriptions of snails there are only *two* which the embryo ever attacks. Of these two species, only one is apparently suitable as a dwelling, those who enter the other perishing shortly after admittance. The only suitable snail is a very insignificant fresh-water one, *Limnæus truncatulus*, with a brown spiral shell. It is only from a quarter to a half inch in size, and seems to have no popular name. It is to be found very widely distributed through the world. Said to breed in mud of ditches and drains, it is so far amphibious as to wander far from water. It can also remain dry for a lengthened period; and even when apparently quite shrivelled up for lack of moisture, revives with a shower of rain.

The embryo knows this snail from all others; placed in a basin of water, with many other species of snails, it at once singles this one out, to serve as an intermediate host. Into the soft portion of the snail's body, the embryo accordingly begins to make its way. Pressing the boring horn or tool of its head against the yielding flesh of the snail, the embryo advances with a rotary motion like a screw-driver, aided by the constant movement of the *cilia*. The borer, as it pierces the snail, grows longer and longer, and finally operating as a wedge, a rent is eventually made sufficiently large to admit the unbidden guest bodily to the lodgings it will never quit. It settles at once in or near the lung of the snail, there to feed on the juices of the animal. The paddle-like *cilia*, now useless, are thrown off; the eyes become indistinct; it subsides into a mere bag of germs, as it changes to a rounder form, and becomes in other words a *sporocyst*, or bladder of germs—for this animal, unlike its

egg-laying parent, produces its young alive within itself.

This, then, is the first stage—the embryo, from the fluke's egg, migrates to, and becomes a sporocyst in the snail's body.

The germs inside the sporocyst in time come to maturity, commencing the existence of the *second* generation, which are called *redie*. These germs number from six to ten in each sporocyst; they grow daily more elongated in form, and one by one, leave the parent by breaking through the body-walls, the rent which is thus made closing up behind them. These *redie* thus born, never leave the snail. They are, however, different from the sporocyst, being about the twentieth of an inch, in adult size, sack-like in shape, furnished with a mouth, and also with an intestine. Two protuberances behind serve the animal for legs; for, unlike the sporocyst, the *redie* does not remain in one part of its house, but travels backwards and forwards, preying chiefly on the liver of the snail, and generally doing a great deal of damage. Finally, indeed, these parasites destroy their host altogether.

In the bodies of the *redie*—so called after Redi, the anatomist—the third generation again is formed in germ fashion. The nature of this third generation varies. *Redie* may in turn produce *redie* like themselves, tenants of the snail for life; or they may produce another form, totally dissimilar, one which is fitted for quitting the snail and entering on another mode of existence. This change, however, takes place either in the first generation produced by the *redie*, or, at latest, in the second, more frequently in the latter. At first, this new form appears like the young of the sporocyst. But when either in the children or the grandchildren of the first *redie*, this stage is reached, the animal undergoes a remarkable change, to fit it for new surroundings. It is to be an emigrant, and dons for that purpose a tail twice as long as itself. It is then termed a *cercaria*, and is shaped like a tadpole.

To recapitulate, then. A *cercaria* may thus be the young of the *redie*, either of the first or second generation; and the *redie* again sprang from the sporocyst, which is the after-formation of the fluke's embryo. These *cercaria* or tadpole-shaped animals are flat and oval in the body, about the ninetieth of an inch in length, and tail more than twice as long. They escape from the parent *redie* by a natural orifice, crawl out of the snail, and enter on a new life. Its existence as a *cercaria* in this style will much depend on the locality of the snail for the time being. If it should find itself in water when quitting the snail, the *cercaria* attaches itself when swimming to the stalks of aquatic plants; or if in confinement, to the walls of the aquarium. If the snail is in a field or on the edge of a ditch or pool, the *cercaria* on leaving proceeds to fix itself to the stalks or lower leaves of grass near the roots. In every case the result is the same. Gathering itself up into a round ball on coming to rest, a gummy substance exudes from the body, forming a round white envelope; the tail, being violently agitated, falls off, and the round body left, hardening externally with exposure, the cyst or bladder—measuring about the hundredth of an inch across—is complete. Every

cyst contains a young fluke, ready to be matured *only when swallowed by some grazing animal, such as a sheep.* Till that happens, the fluke within remains inert; and if not swallowed thus within a few weeks, the inmate of the cyst finally perishes. Of this remarkable family, however, a sufficient number outlive the changes and risks of their life-history to render the disease caused by the survivors a serious scourge.

It is to be hoped that the further results of careful inquiry into the habits of these parasites will have the effect of reducing the evil to a minimum.

### CHEWTON-ABBOT.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

#### IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE Abbots of Chewton-Abbot, Gloucestershire, were county people, and, moreover, had always occupied that coveted position. They dreaded not the researches of the officious antiquary who pokes about in pedigrees, and finds that, three or four generations ago, the founders of certain families acquired their wealth by trade. They at least were independent of money-earning. The fact that Chewton began to be known as Chewton-Abbot so far back as the fifteenth century, showed they were no upstarts. Indeed, if not of the very first rank—that rank from which knights of the shire are chosen—the Abbots, from the antiquity of their family, and from the centuries that family had owned the same estates, were entitled to dispute the question of precedence with all save a few very great magnates. They were undoubtedly people of importance. The reigning Abbot, it need scarcely be said, was always a county magistrate, and at some period of his life certain to serve as sheriff. But for generations the family had occupied exactly the same position, and exercised exactly the same amount of influence in the land. The Abbots seemed neither to rise nor fall. If they added nothing to their estates, they alienated nothing. If they gave no great statesmen, warriors, or geniuses to the world, they produced, sparingly, highly respectable members of society, who lived upon the family acres and spent their revenues in a becoming manner.

The estates were unentailed; but as, so far, no Abbot had incurred his father's displeasure, the line of descent from father to eldest son had been unbroken, and appeared likely to continue so. True, it was whispered, years ago, that the custom was nearly changed, when Mr William Abbot, the present owner of the estate, was leading a life in London very different from the respectable traditions of the family. But the reports were not authenticated; and as, soon after his father's death, he married a member of an equally old, equally respectable, and equally proud family, all such ill-natured gossip died a natural death; and at the time this tale opens, William Abbot was leading the same quiet life his ancestors had led before him.

It was one of the cherished Abbot traditions that the family was not prolific. So long as the race was kept from disappearing, they were contented. In this respect the present head of the

family showed himself a true Abbot. He had but one son, a young man who had just taken a fair degree at Oxford, and who was now staying at Chewton Hall, before departing on a round of polite travel, which, according to old-world precedent, his parents considered necessary to crown the educational edifice.

Mr and Mrs Abbot were in the breakfast-room at Chewton Hall. Mr Abbot was alone at the table, lazily discussing his breakfast. His wife and son, who were early risers, had taken that meal nearly an hour before. The young man being away on some outdoor pursuit, the husband and wife had the room to themselves. Mr Abbot had just poured out his second cup of tea, and, according to his usual custom, commenced breaking the seals of the letters which lay beside his plate. His wife drew near to him.

'I am afraid that infatuated boy has in some way entangled himself with the young woman I told you of,' she said.

'What young woman?' asked Mr Abbot, laying down his letters.

'I told you last week he was always riding into Bristol—so often, that I felt sure there was some attraction there.'

'You did, I remember. But I took little notice of it. Boys will be boys, you know.'

'Yes; but it is time we interfered. I found him this morning kissing a photograph and holding a lock of hair in his hand. I taxed him with his folly.'

'My dear Helena,' said Mr Abbot, with a shade of contempt in his voice, 'will you forgive my saying, that in matters of this kind it is best to leave young men alone, and not to see more than can be helped. Leave the boy alone—that is my advice.'

'You don't quite understand me,' replied Mrs Abbot. 'He wants to marry her.'

'Wants to do what!' cried her husband, now fully aware of the gravity of the situation.

'He told me this morning he had asked her to be his wife. She would, he knew, consent, if we would welcome her as a daughter.'

'How kind! How considerate!' said Mr Abbot scornfully. 'Who may she be, and where did Frank meet her?'

'He saved her from some incivility at the railway station, and so made her acquaintance. Who she is, he scarcely seems to know, except that her name is Millicent Keene, and that she lives with an aunt somewhere in Clifton. Frank gave me the address, and begged me to call—assuring me that I should take her to my heart the moment I saw her.'

'He must be mad!' exclaimed Mr Abbot, rising and pacing the room. 'Mad, utterly mad! Does he think that we are going to let him—an Abbot—marry the first nameless young woman who strikes his fancy? I will talk to him, and soon bring him to his senses. The estates are unentailed, thank goodness! so I have some hold over him.'

Mrs Abbot's lip just curled with scorn, as she heard her husband's direct commonplace plan for restoring her son's wandering senses. She knew that such parental thunderbolts were apt to do more harm than good.

'I would not threaten just yet,' she said. 'Frank is very self-willed, and may give us

trouble. For my part, I intend to drive into Clifton this morning and see the girl.'

'What folly! To give the affair your apparent sanction?'

'No. To show her how absurd it is to fancy we shall ever allow Frank to take a wife out of his proper sphere; and to hint that if he marries against our will, her husband will be a beggar. The fact of her withholding her consent to marry him until we approve of her, shows me she is quite able to look after her own interests.'

Mr Abbot, who knew his wife's skill in social diplomacy, offered no valid objections; so the horses were ordered, and Mrs Abbot drove to Clifton.

The mistress of Chewton Hall was a woman of about fifty-five; tall and stately, noticeably but not attractively handsome. Rising in intellect far above the level of the family into which she had married, she had started by endeavouring to mould her husband's mind to the capacities of her own. In the early days of their married life, she had urged him unceasingly to strive for a higher position in the world than that of a mere country gentleman. She wished him to enter the political arena; to contest a borough; in fact, to change his way of living entirely. But she found the task a hopeless one. A docile husband in most things, nothing could move William Abbot from the easy groove in which his forefathers had always placidly slidden. The husband and wife were of very different natures. Perhaps the only common ground between them was their family pride and the sense of their importance. Yet while the gentleman was quite contented with the latter as it now stood, and always had stood, the lady was ambitious, and wished to augment it. But her efforts were of no avail; so at last, with a feeling touching dangerously near to contempt, she gave up attempting to sway her husband in this direction, and centred all her hopes in her only son, on whom she flattered herself she had bestowed some of her superior intellect. He should play an important part in the world. At the first opportunity, he should enter parliament, become a distinguished member of society, and, so far as possible, satisfy her ambition. Of course he must marry, but his marriage should be one to strengthen his hands both by wealth and connections. Now that he was on the threshold of man's estate, she had turned her serious attention to this subject, and had for some time been considering what heiresses she knew who were worthy of picking up the handkerchief which she meant to let fall on his behalf. She had postponed her decision until his return from the contemplated tour. Then she would broach the subject of an advantageous matrimonial alliance to him. By broaching the subject, Mrs Abbot meant laying her commands upon her son to wed the lady she had chosen for him.

As she drove along the twelve miles of road to Clifton, and reflected on all these things, is it any wonder that her frame of mind was an unpleasant one; that her eyes grew hard, and she felt little disposed to be merciful to the owner of that pretty face which threatened to come between her and the cherished schemes of years?

The carriage stopped at the address given her by her son—a quiet little house in a quiet little

street, where the arrival of so grand an equipage and so fine a pair of horses was an event of sufficient rarity to make many windows open, and maid-servants, even mistresses, crane out and wonder what it meant. Mrs Abbot, having ascertained that Miss Keene was at home, and having made known her wish to see her, was shown into a room plainly but not untastefully furnished. A piano, an unfinished drawing, some dainty embroidery, gave evidence of more refinement than Mrs Abbot expected, or, to tell the truth, hoped to find in her enemy's surroundings. A bunch of flowers, artistically arranged, was in a glass vase on the table; and the visitor felt more angry and bitter than before, as she recognised many a choice orchid, and knew by this token that the Chewton hothouses had been robbed for Miss Keene's sake. Mrs Abbot tapped her foot impatiently as she awaited the moment when her youthful enemy should appear and be satisfactorily crushed.

The mistress of Chewton-Abbot had somehow conceived the idea that the girl who had won her son's heart was of a dollish style of beauty. She may have jumped at this conclusion from the memories of her own young days, when she found the heart of man was more susceptible to attractions of this type than to those of her own severer charms. Pretty enough, after a fashion, she expected to find the girl, but quite crushable and pliant between her clever and experienced hands. She had no reason for this impression. She had coldly declined to look at the portrait which her son, that morning, had wished to show her. Having formed her own ideal of her would-be successor at Chewton Hall, she regulated her actions accordingly. Her plan was to begin by striking terror into the foe. She wished no deception; the amenities of social warfare might be dispensed with on this occasion. Knowing the advantage usually gained by a sudden and unexpected attack, she had not revealed her name. She simply desired the servant to announce a lady to see Miss Keene.

Hearing a light step approaching the door, Mrs Abbot drew herself up to her full height and assumed the most majestic attitude she could. It was as one may imagine a fine three-decker of the old days turning her broadside, with sixty guns run out and ready for action, upon some puny foe, to show her that at a word she might be blown out of the water. Or it was what is called nowadays a demonstration in force.

The door opened, and Millicent Keene entered. Mrs Abbot bowed slightly; then, without speaking a word, in a deliberate manner looked the newcomer up and down. She did not for a moment attempt to conceal the object of her visit. Her offensive scrutiny was an open declaration of war, and the girl was welcome to construe it as such.

But what did the great lady see as she cast that hostile, but, in spite of herself, half-curious glance on the girl who came forward to greet her unexpected visitor? She saw a beautiful girl of about nineteen; tall, and, making allowances for age, stately as herself. She saw a figure as near perfection as a young girl's may be. She saw a sweet calm face, with regular features and pale pure complexion, yet with enough colour to speak of perfect health. She saw a pair of dark-brown

truthful eyes—eyes made darker by the long lashes—a mass of brown hair dressed exactly as it should be. She saw, in fact, the exact opposite to the picture she had drawn: and as Millicent Keene, with graceful carriage and a firm but light step, advanced towards her, Mrs Abbot's heart sank. She had entirely miscalculated the strength of the enemy, and she felt that it would be no easy matter to tear a woman such as this from a young man's heart.

The girl bore Mrs Abbot's offensive glance bravely. She returned her bow, and without embarrassment, begged her to be seated. Then she waited for her visitor to explain the object of her call.

'You do not know who I am, I suppose?' said Mrs Abbot after a pause.

'I have the pleasure of knowing Mrs Abbot by sight,' replied Millicent in a perfectly calm voice.

'Then you know why I have called upon you?'

The girl made no reply.

Mrs Abbot continued, with unmistakable scorn in her voice: 'I have called to see the young lady whom my son tells me he is resolved, against his parents' wish, to make his wife.'

'I am sorry, Mrs Abbot, you should have thought it needful to call and tell me this.'

'How could you expect otherwise? Frank Abbot bears one of the oldest names, and is heir to one of the best estates in the county. When he marries, he must marry a wife in his own position. What has Miss Keene to offer in exchange for what he can bestow?'

The girl's pale face flushed; but her brave brown eyes met those of her interrogator without flinching. 'If I thought you would understand me, Mrs Abbot, I should say that I have a woman's true love to give him, and that is enough. He sought me, and won that love. He asked for it, and I gave it. I can say no more.'

'In these days,' said Mrs Abbot contemptuously, 'persons in our station require more than love—that, a young man like Frank can always have for the asking.—Of what family are you, Miss Keene?'

'Of none. My father was a tradesman. He was unfortunate in his business, and has been many years abroad trying to redeem his fortunes. With the exception of an education which, I fear, has cost my poor father many privations, I have nothing to boast of. I live with an aunt, who has a small income of her own.—Now you know my history.'

Mrs Abbot had soon seen that crushing tactics failed to meet the exigencies of the case. She put on an appearance of frankness. 'You are candid with me, Miss Keene, and it appears to me you have plenty of common-sense. I put it to you; do you think that Mr Abbot or myself can lend our sanction to this ill-advised affair?'

The girl's lip curled in a manner which was particularly galling to Mrs Abbot. A tradesman's daughter, whose proper place was behind a counter, had no right to be able to assume such an expression! 'That was for Frank, not for me, to consider, Mrs Abbot.'

'But surely you will not marry him against our wishes?'

The girl was silent for a minute. An answer

to such a question required consideration. 'Not yet,' she said. 'We are both too young. But if, in after-years, Frank Abbot wishes me to be his wife, I will share his lot, let it be high or low.' She spoke proudly and decisively, as one who felt that her love was well worth having, and would make up for much that a man might be called on to resign in order to enjoy it.

It was this independence, the value the tradesman's daughter set upon herself, that annoyed Mrs Abbot, and led her into the mistake of firing her last and, as she hoped, fatal shot. 'You are not perhaps aware,' she said, 'that the estate is unentailed?'

Millicent, who did not at once catch the drift of her words, looked inquiringly.

'I mean,' explained Mrs Abbot, 'that my husband may leave it to whom he likes—that if you marry my son, you will marry a beggar.'

The girl rose. With all her practice, Mrs Abbot herself could not have spoken or looked more scornfully. 'How little you know me, madam, to insult me like that! Have you so poor an opinion of your son as to fancy I cannot love him for himself? Did you marry Mr Abbot for his wealth?'—Mrs Abbot winced mentally at the question.—'Do you think I wish to marry Francis Abbot only for the position I shall gain? You are wrong—utterly wrong!'

'Then,' said Mrs Abbot with the bitterness of defeat, 'I suppose you will persist in this foolish engagement, and the only chance I have is an appeal to my son?'

'I have promised to be his wife. He alone shall release me from that promise. But it may be long before he can claim it, and so your anxiety may rest for some time, Mrs Abbot. I have this morning received a letter from my father. He wishes me to join him in Australia. Next month, I shall sail, and it will probably be three or four years before I return. Then, if Frank wishes me to be his wife—if he says to me: "I will risk loss of lands and love of parents for your sake," I will bid him take me, and carve out a way in the world for himself.'

A weight was lifted from Mrs Abbot's mind. She caught the situation at once. Three or four years' separation! What might not happen! Although she strove to speak calmly as a great lady should, she could not keep a certain eagerness out of her voice. 'But will you not correspond during that time?'

This was another important question. Again Millicent paused, and considered her answer. 'I will neither write nor be written to. If, eventually, I marry your son—if his love can stand the test of absence and silence—at least you shall not say I did not give him every opportunity of terminating our engagement.'

Mrs Abbot rose and assumed a pleasant manner—so pleasant that, considering the respective positions of herself and Miss Keene, it should have been irresistible. 'I am compelled to say that such a decision is all I could expect. You must forgive me if, with my views for my son's career, I have said anything hasty or unjust. I will now wish you good-morning; and I am sure, had we met under other circumstances, we might have been great friends.'

Whatever of dignity and majesty Mrs Abbot

dropped as she put on this appearance of friendliness was taken up by the girl. She took no notice of her visitor's outstretched hand. She rang the bell for the servant, and bowed coldly and haughtily as Mrs Abbot swept from the room.

But bravely as she had borne herself under the eyes of her inquisitor, when the rumble of the carriage wheels died away from the quiet street, Millicent Keene threw herself on the sofa and burst into a flood of tears. 'O my love!' she sobbed out. 'It is hard; but it is right. It will never be, I know! It is too long—too long to wait and hope. Can you be true, when everything is brought to bear against me? Will you forget? Will the love of to-day seem but a boy's idle dream? Shall I ever forget?'

#### EPISODES OF LITERARY MANUSCRIPTS.

A GREAT deal might be said on the subject of manuscripts. From the carefully illuminated specimens of old, preserved in our public museums, down to the hastily scribbled printer's 'copy' of to-day, each bears a history, and could contribute to unfold some portion of the life of the author whose hand had wrought it. Indeed, were it possible for each written sheet to tell its own story—we here refer to manuscripts of more modern date—what a picture of intellectual endurance, disappointments, poverty, and ofttimes despair, would be brought to light; what tales of huntings amongst publishers, rebuffs encountered; and hardships undergone, would be added to literary biography.

Thackeray has himself told us how his *Vanity Fair* was hawked about from publisher to publisher, and its failure everywhere predicted. For a long period, Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* shared the same fate. Again, Mr Kinglake's carefully composed *Eothen*, the labour of several years, was destined to go the weary round of publishers in vain; and it was only when its author induced one of that cautious fraternity to accept the classic little work as a present, that he at length enjoyed the gratification of seeing it in print. The first chapter of *The Diary of a Late Physician* was offered successively to the conductors of the three leading London magazines, and rejected as 'unsuitable to their pages,' and 'not likely to interest the public,' until Mr Warren, then a young man of three-and-twenty, and a law student, bethought himself of *Blackwood*. 'I remember taking my packet,' he says, 'to Mr Cadell's in the Strand, with a sad suspicion that I should never see or hear anything more of it; but shortly after, I received a letter from Mr Blackwood, informing me that he had inserted the chapter, and begging me to make arrangements for immediately proceeding regularly with the series. He expressed his cordial approval of that portion, and predicted that I was likely to produce a series of papers well suited to his magazine, and calculated to interest the public.'

Turning now for a moment to the disciples of dramatic authorship, we discover that their experience is similar to that of many authors. Poor Tom Robertson—that indefatigable actor and dramatist—sank into his grave almost before

he saw the establishment of his fame; and John Baldwin Buckstone, during his struggling career, was in the habit of pawning his manuscripts with Mr Lacy, the theatrical publisher, in order to procure bread. Upon one occasion, when met by a sympathising actor in the street, he appeared with scarcely a shoe to his feet, and almost broken-hearted, declaring that all his earthly anticipations were centred upon the acceptance of a comedy, the rejection of which would certainly prove fatal to his existence. In the end, happily for him, the comedy was accepted.

The following anecdote is connected with the history of the Odéon, one of the first theatres in Paris. One day a young author came to ascertain the fate of his piece, which, by the way, had appeared such a formidable package upon its receipt, that the secretary was not possessed of sufficient moral courage to untie the tape that bound it. 'It is not written in the style to suit the theatre,' he replied, handing back the manuscript. 'It is not bad, but it is deficient in interest.' At this juncture, the young man smiled, and untying the roll, he displayed some quires of blank paper! Thus convicted, the secretary shook hands with the aspirant, invited him to dinner, and shortly afterwards assisted him to a successful *début* at the Odéon. Another author once waited upon the popular manager of a London theatre inquiring the result of the perusal of his manuscript; whereupon the other, having forgotten all about it, carefully opened a large drawer, exhibiting a heterogeneous mass of documents, and exclaimed: 'There! help yourself. I don't know exactly which is yours; but you may take any one of them you like!'

In this instance the manager was even more considerate towards the feelings of an author than that other dramatic demigod who, it is said, was regularly in receipt of so many new pieces, good, bad, and indifferent, that he devised an ingenious method of getting rid of them. During that particular season, the exigencies of the play required a roll of papers—presumably a will—to be nightly burned in a candle in full sight of the audience; and in this way he managed to make room for the numerous manuscripts which young authors only too eagerly poured in upon him, quite unconscious of their certain fate!

Indeed, volumes might be written upon the difficulties sometimes encountered in climbing the literary ladder, and whilst the more persevering have ultimately achieved the goal of their ambition, others have been fated to see their writings consigned to oblivion, and have themselves perhaps sunk into an early grave, consequent upon the disappointments and privations endured. When the poet Chatterton was found lying dead in his garret in Brook Street, his manuscripts had been strewn upon the floor, torn into a thousand pieces. Thus much good literature has often been lost to posterity. A number of instances, too, might be cited wherein persons have risen from their deathbed to destroy their manuscripts, and which task has either proved so distressing to their sensibilities, or fatiguing to their physical powers, that they immediately afterwards expired. It is placed upon record how Colardeau, that elegant versifier of Pope's *Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard*, recollected at the approach of his death that he had not destroyed what was



written of a translation of Tasso; and unwilling to intrust this delicate office to his friends, he raised himself from his bed, and dragging his feeble frame to the place where the manuscript was deposited, with a last effort he consumed it in the flames. In another example, an author of celebrity directed his papers to be brought to his bed, and there, the attendant holding a light, he burned them, smiling as the greedy flames devoured what had been his work for years.

Few authors willingly destroy any manuscript that has cost them a long period of toil and research, though history records numerous examples where the loss of certain manuscripts has almost proved an irremediable misfortune to their author. The story of Mr Carlyle lending the manuscript of the first volume of his *French Revolution* to his friend John Stuart Mill, and its accidental destruction by fire, is well known. A similar disaster once happened to M. Firmin Abauzit, a philosopher who had applied himself to every branch of human learning, and to whom the great Newton had remarked, among other compliments: 'You are worthy to distinguish between Leibnitz and me.' It happened on one occasion that he had engaged a fresh female servant, rustic, simple, and thoughtless, and being left alone in his study for a while, she declared to herself that she would 'set his things to rights;' with which words she deliberately cleared the table, and swept the whole of his papers into the fire, thus destroying calculations which had been the work of upwards of forty years. Without one word, however, the philosopher calmly recommenced his task, with more pain than can readily be imagined. Most readers also will remember the similar misadventure which occurred to Sir Isaac Newton.

Of manuscripts which have perished through the ignorance or malignancy of the illiterate, there are numerous instances. The original 'Magna Charta,' with all its appendages of seals and signatures, was one day discovered, by Sir Robert Cotton, in the hands of his tailor, who with his shears was already in the act of cutting up into measures that priceless document, which had been so long given up as for ever lost. He bought the curiosity for a trifle; and caused it to be preserved, where it is still to be seen, in the Cottonian Library, with the marks of dilapidation plainly apparent. The immortal works of Agobart were found by Papirius Masson in the hands of a bookbinder at Lyons, the mechanic having long been in the habit of using the manuscript sheets for the purpose of lining the covers of his books. Similarly, a stray page of the second decade of Livy was found by a man of letters concealed under the parchment of his battledore, as he was amusing himself at that pastime in the country. He at once hastened to the maker of the battledore; but alas! it was too late—the man had used the last sheet of the manuscript of Livy about a week before!

A treatise printed among the works of Barbosa, a bishop of Ugento, in 1649, fell into the possession of that worthy, it is said, in a rather singular manner. Having sent out for a fish for his table, his domestic brought him one rolled up in a piece of written paper, which excited the bishop's curiosity so much, that he forthwith rushed out to the market, just in time to discover and rescue the original manuscript from which the leaf had

been torn. This work he afterwards published under the title of *De Officio Episcopi*.

The manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci suffered greatly from the wilful ignorance of his relatives. Once, when a curious collector of antiquities chanced to discover a portion of his writings by the merest accident, he eagerly carried them to one of the descendants of the great painter; but the man coldly observed that 'he had a great deal more in his garret, which had lain there for many years, if the rats had not destroyed them.'

Cardinal Granville was in the habit of preserving his letters, and at his death, he left behind him a prodigious number, written in all languages, and duly noted, underlined, and collated by his own hand. These relics were left in several immense chests, to the mercy of time and the rats; and subsequently, five or six of the chestful were sold to the grocers as waste paper. It was then that an examination of the treasure was made; and as the result of the united labours of several literary men, enough of the papers to fill eight thick folios were rescued, and afterwards published.

Fire and shipwreck have at various periods caused considerable havoc among manuscripts. Many of our oldest Anglo-Saxon manuscripts were consumed some years ago by a fire in the Cottonian Library; and those which remain present a baked and shrivelled appearance, rendering them almost unrecognisable. Ben Jonson on one occasion sustained the loss of the labours of twenty-one years within one short hour, by fire; and Meninsky's famous Persian Dictionary met with a like fate from the effects of a bomb falling upon the roof of his house during the siege of Vienna by the Turks.

National libraries have occasionally been lost at sea. In the beginning of last century, a wealthy burgomaster of Middelburg, in the Netherlands, named Hudde, actuated solely by literary curiosity, made a journey to China; and after travelling through the whole of the provinces, he set sail for Europe, laden with a manuscript collection of his observations, the labour of thirty years, the whole of which was sunk in the ocean. Again, Guarino Veronese, one of those learned Italians who volunteered to travel through Greece for the recovery of ancient manuscripts, had his perseverance repaid by the acquisition of many priceless treasures. Returning to Italy, however, he was shipwrecked; and such was his grief at the loss of this collection, that his hair became suddenly white.

Differing from those authors who have destroyed their manuscripts before death, are those who have delivered them into the hands of relatives and friends, together with the fullest instructions as to their disposal. It is well known that Lord Byron handed the manuscript of his autobiography to Tom Moore, with the strictest injunctions not to publish it till after his death. Immediately after he expired, Moore sold the manuscript to John Murray the publisher for two thousand pounds; but subsequently knowing something of the nature of the autobiography, and the effect which its publication would exert upon the memory of the deceased author, his own better feelings, united to the persuasions of Byron's friends, prompted him to regain possession of the

document, which he did, at the same time refunding the money to Mr Murray. The manuscript was then burned.

In the matter of the manuscripts of musical works, it may be related that shortly after Handel had settled at Hamburg in the capacity of conductor of the opera in that city, he cultivated the acquaintance of a well-known musician named Mattheson, and the two became great friends. But presently a quarrel arose between them, the result of which was that they drew their swords; and Mattheson's weapon might in all probability have dealt fatally with the other's life, had it not chanced to strike and break upon the score of *Almira*, Handel's first opera, which he had hurriedly stowed beneath his coat, and over which, it is said, the quarrel had really arisen. After this, the combatants became reconciled, and Mattheson eventually bore the principal character in the opera when it was produced.

Returning to literature, it is perhaps not generally known that Swift's *Tale of a Tub* was introduced to the world with such cunning secrecy, that the manuscript was actually thrown from a passing coach into the doorway of the bookseller who afterwards published it. *Gulliver's Travels* was given to the public in the same mysterious manner. From one of Swift's letters to Pope, as well as from another epistle to Dr T. Sheridan, we learn that during the time occupied in finishing, revising, and transcribing his manuscript, prior to thinking about a fitting bookseller to publish it, Tickell, then Secretary of State, expressed a strong curiosity to see the work concerning which there was so much secrecy. But the Dean frankly replied that it would be quite impossible for Mr Tickell to find his 'treasury of waste-papers without searching through nine different houses,' inasmuch as he had his manuscripts conveyed from place to place through nine or ten different hands; and then it would be necessary to send to him for a key to the work, else he could not understand a chapter of it. In the end, *Gulliver* came forth from its hiding-place through the medium of Mr Charles Ford, who offered to carry the manuscript to Mr Motte the bookseller, on behalf of his friend, and to whom he afterwards complained that the man's timidity was such as to compel him to make some important abridgments throughout the work. The book was, however, no sooner published, than it was received with unlimited acclamation by all classes.

Of Defoe's world-famous *Robinson Crusoe*, published in 1719, we are told that it was only taken up by Taylor—who purchased the manuscript, and netted one thousand pounds by the publication—after every other bookseller in town had refused it. In a similar manner, one bookseller refused to give twenty-five pounds for the manuscript of Fielding's *Tom Jones*; while another bought it, and cleared not less than eighteen thousand pounds by the venture during his lifetime!

With a few particulars touching upon the value of manuscripts which have at various periods been put up for public sale after the death of their authors, we will bring our paper to a conclusion.

When, some years ago, the manuscript of

Scott's *Guy Rimering* came into the market, the United States gladly secured the precious treasure at a cost of three hundred and eighty guineas; and in 1867, at a sale of the manuscripts which had belonged to Mr Cadell the well-known publisher, the *Lady of the Lake* was sold for two hundred and seventy-seven guineas, and *Rokeby* realised one hundred and thirty-six guineas, both becoming the property of Mr Hope-Scott. At the same sale, Sir William Fraser paid two hundred guineas for the manuscript of *Marmion*; whilst the same appreciative collector of literary antiquities paid, in 1875, so high a price as two hundred and fifty guineas for Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, a composition occupying no more than four quarto sheets of manuscript.

Of Charles Dickens's manuscripts, *The Christmas Carol* was purchased by Mr Harvey of St James's Street for the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, and resold by him for two hundred and fifty pounds; *The Battle of Life* is still held on sale by that gentleman; and *Our Mutual Friend* was purchased, on behalf of Mr George Washington Childs of Philadelphia, by Mr Hotten, for two hundred pounds. As is well known, the manuscript of *The Pickwick Papers* was bequeathed by Mr Forster to the South Kensington Museum, and will become the property of the British nation on the death of his widow, who has meanwhile, and in the most generous manner, permitted it and other manuscripts from the pen of Charles Dickens to be publicly exhibited where they will become permanently enshrined.

Not very long ago, the manuscript of a short poem by Burns brought seventy guineas; yet this sum must be regarded as but a small proportion of that value which might be realised for only one line—not to speak of one play—written by Shakspeare's own hand. In his *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, the late Dean Stanley has told us how Spenser the poet died in King Street, Westminster, and was solemnly interred in Poets' Corner, hard by. 'His hearse,' he says, 'was attended by poets; and mournful elegies, together with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into his tomb. What a funeral was that at which Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, and, in all probability, Shakspeare attended! what a grave in which the pen of Shakspeare may be mouldering away!' Certainly, if but one line of that 'mournful elegy' written by the Immortal Bard could be recovered and offered for sale, we should then have a pleasing and memorable opportunity of marking the estimation in which the poet is held by mankind.

#### ANIMAL MEMORIALS AND MEMENTOES.

COMMENTING on the honour paid by the Athenians to a dog that followed his master across the sea to Salamis, Pope says: 'This respect to a dog in the most polite people of the world is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog, though we have but few such, is, that the chief Order of Denmark—now called the Order of the Elephant—was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog named Wild-brat to one of their kings, who had been deserted by his subjects. He gave his Order this motto, or to

this effect (which still remains): "Wild-brat was faithful."

Had Pope been writing half-a-dozen years later, he need not have gone to Denmark for a modern instance of gratitude to a dog. Mr Robert—afterwards Viscount—Molesworth being prevented entering an outhouse by his favourite greyhound pulling him away by his coat lappet, ordered a footman to examine the place. On opening the door, the man was shot dead by a hidden robber. The faithful hound afterwards died in London, and his master sent his body to Yorkshire, to be inurned in Edglington Wood, near Doncaster; the receptacle of his remains bearing an inscription in Latin, which has been thus translated: 'Stay, traveller! Nor wonder that a lamented Dog is thus interred with funeral honour. But, ah! what a Dog! His beautiful form and snow-white colour; pleasing manners and sportive playfulness; his affection, obedience, and fidelity, made him the delight of his master, to whom he closely adhered with his eager companions of the chase, delighted in attending him. Whenever the mind of his lord was depressed, he would assume fresh spirit and animation. A master, not ungrateful for his merits, has here, in tears, deposited his remains in this marble urn.—M. F. C. 1714.'

An Italian greyhound, buried in Earl Temple's garden at Stowe, had never saved his master's life, but was nevertheless held worthy of a memorial stone, bearing the eulogistic epitaph from the pen of Arbuthnot:

'To the Memory of SIGNOR FIDO—An Italian of good extraction, who came to England not to bite us, like most of his countrymen, but to gain an honest livelihood. He hunted not for fame, yet acquired it; regardless of the praises of his friends, but most sensible of their love. Though he lived among the Great, he neither learned nor flattered any vice. He was no bigot, though he doubted of none of the Thirty-nine Articles. And if to follow Nature and to respect the laws of Society be philosophical, he was a perfect philosopher, a faithful friend, an agreeable companion, a loving husband, distinguished by a numerous offspring, all which he lived to see take good courses. In his old age, he retired to the home of a clergyman in the country, where he finished his earthly race, and died an honour and an example to his species. Reader—This stone is guiltless of flattery, for he to whom it is inscribed was not a Man, but a Greyhound.'

That eulogy is more than could honestly be said of the animal whose monument proclaims:

Here lies the body of my dear retriever;  
Of his master alone he was ne'er a deceiver;  
But the Game-laws he hated, and poached out of bounds—  
His spirit now ranges the glad hunting-grounds.

Not in company, we should say, with that of the blameless creature commemorated by the couplet:

Beneath this stone, there lies at rest  
BANDY, of all good dogs the best.

Among the sojourners at the *Grand Hôtel Victoria*, Mentone, in the year 1872, was the Archduchess Marie Régnier, who, during her three months' stay there, took such a liking to mine host's handsome dog Pietrino, that she begged him of M. Milandi, and carried her prize with her

to Vienna. In less than a fortnight after reaching that capital, Pietrino was back in his old quarters again, having travelled eight hundred miles across strange countries, over mountains, through towns and villages, only to die at his master's feet five days after his coming home. He was buried among the rose-bushes in the grounds, so familiar to him, his resting place marked by a marble column, inscribed, 'Ci-git PIETRINO, Ami Fidèle. 1872.'

Exactly a hundred years before that, a dog died at Minorca out of sheer grief for the loss of his master, who, ordered home to England, did not care to encumber himself with his canine friend. Honouring the deserted animal's unworthily placed affection, his owner's brother-officers saw him decently interred, and erected a stone to his memory, bearing an epitaph written by Lieutenant Erskine, ending:

His life was shortened by no slothful ease,  
Vice-begot care, or folly-bred disease.  
Forsook by him he valued more than life,  
His generous nature sank beneath the strife.  
Left by his master on a foreign shore,  
New masters offered—but he owned no more;  
The ocean oft with seeming sorrow eyed,  
And pierced by man's ingratitude, he died.

Of tougher constitution was a small Scotch terrier that, in 1868, followed his master's coffin to the churchyard of Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh, heedless of the notice forbidding entrance to dogs. The morning after the funeral, Bobby was found lying on the newly-made mound. He was turned out of the churchyard; but the next morning saw him upon the grave, and the next and the next. Taking pity upon the forlorn little creature, the custodian of the burial-ground gave him some food. From that time, Bobby considered himself privileged, and was constantly in and about the churchyard, only leaving it at mid-day to obtain a meal at the expense of a kind-hearted restaurant keeper; but every night was passed upon the spot holding all he had once held dear. Many were the attempts to get him to transfer his allegiance from the dead to the living; but none availed. As long as his life lasted, and it lasted four years, Bobby stayed by, or in the immediate neighbourhood of, his master's grave. Such fidelity, unexampled even in his faithful race, deserved to be kept in remembrance; and thanks to the most munificent of Lady Bountifuls, his memory is kept green by his counterfeit presentment on a drinking-fountain of Peterhead granite erected on George the Fourth Bridge, as a 'tribute to the affectionate fidelity of GREYFRIARS BOBBY. In 1868, the faithful dog followed the remains of his master to Greyfriars Churchyard, and lingered near the spot until his death in 1872.'

London is not without its memorials to dogs. On the wall leading to the Irongate Stairs, near the Tower, may be read: 'In Memory of EGYPT, a favourite dog belonging to the Irongate Watermen, killed on the 4th August 1841, aged 16.

Here lies interred, beneath this spot,  
A faithful dog, who should not be forgot.  
Full fifteen years he watched here with care,  
Contented with hard bed and harder fare.  
Around the Tower he daily used to roam  
In search of bits so savoury, or a bone.  
A military pet he was, and in the Dock,  
His rounds he always went at twelve o'clock;  
Supplied with cash, which held between his jaws—  
The reason's plain—he had no hands but paws—

He'd trot o'er Tower Hill to a favourite shop,  
There eat his meal and down his money drop.  
To club he went on each successive night,  
Where, dressed in jacket gay, he took his pipe;  
With spectacles on nose he played his tricks,  
And pawed the paper, not the politics.  
Going his usual round, near Traitors' Gate,  
Infirm and almost blind, he met his fate;  
By ruthless kick hurled from the wharf, below  
The stones on which the gentle Thames does flow,  
Mortally injured, soon resigned his breath,  
Thus left his friends, who here record his death.'

A tablet placed near the north-east end of the platform of the Edgware Road Railway Station, is inscribed :

In Memory of  
Poor FAN,  
Died May 8, 1876.  
For ten years at the Drivers' call  
Fed by many,  
Regretted by all.

Poor Fan lies under an evergreen hard by. She was notable for travelling continually on a railway engine between the Edgware Road and Hammersmith; occasionally getting off at an intermediate station, crossing the line, and returning by the next train; never taking any train but a Hammersmith train when outward bound, or going farther east than her own particular station when journeying homewards.

An Englishman travelling in France in 1698, was disgusted at seeing, in a ducal garden, a superb memorial in the shape of a black marble cat couching on a gilded white marble cushion, on the top of a black marble pedestal bearing the one word 'MENINE.' Such posthumous honour is rarely paid to puss; but two other instances of it may be cited. In making excavations near the Place de la Bastille, in the ground formerly occupied by the gardens of the Hôtel de Lesdiguières, the workmen brought to light the handsome tomb of a cat which had belonged to Françoise-Marguerite de Gondy, widow of Emmanuel de Cregui, Duke of Lesdiguières. It bore no laudatory epitaph, but the odd quatrain :

Cy-gist une chatte jolie.  
Sa maitresse, qui n'aima rien,  
L'aima jusqu'à la folie.  
Pourquoi le dire ? On le voit bien.

Or to put it into English: 'Here lies a handsome cat. Her mistress, who loved nothing, loved her out of caprice. Why say so? All the world knew it well.'

'Grandfather,' a feline Nestor, belonging to a lady in Scotland, was something more than handsome. When he had passed his twenty-first year, he could climb a tree, catch a bird, hunt a mouse, or kill a rat, as cleverly as in his younger days; and when he died, at the age of twenty-two, had well earned himself a memorial stone and an epitaph. Both were accorded him, the last-named running thus :

'Life to the last enjoyed,' here Pussy lies,  
Renowned for mousing and for catching flies;  
Loving o'er grass and pliant branch to roam,  
Yet ever constant to the smiles of home.

The Preux Chevalier of the race of Cats,  
He has outlived their customary span,  
As Jenkins and Old Parr had that of Man;  
And might on tiles have murmured in moonshine  
Nestorian tales of youth and Troy divine;  
Of rivals fought; of kitten-martyrdoms;  
While, meekly listening, round sat Tabs and Toms.

But with the modesty of genuine worth,  
He vaunted not his deeds of ancient birth;  
His whiskers twitched not, at the world's applause,  
He only yawned, and licked his reverend paws;  
Curled round his head his tail, and fell asleep,  
Lapped in sweet dreams, and left us here to weep.  
Yet pleased to know, that ere he sank to rest,  
As far as mortal cats are, he was blest.

The horse, even though he may have won a fortune for his master, as a rule goes literally to the dogs at last. Some few of the wonders of the turf have escaped that indignity. A plain stone inscribed simply 'SIR PETER,' tells visitors to Knowsley, Sir Peter Teazle lies beneath it. A sculptured stone, rifled from a cardinal's monument, overlooks the grave of Emilius at Easby Abbey. A cedar, planted by a once famous jockey, rises hard by the resting-place of Bay-Middleton and Crucifix; Kingston reposes under the shade of a grand oak at Eltham; Blair-Athol, the pride of Malton, lies embowered at Cobham; and green is the grave of Amato, well within hail of the course he traversed triumphantly. The skeleton of Eclipse is still, we believe, on view at Cannons, but it must be minus at least one hoof, since King William IV. gave a piece of plate, with a hoof of Eclipse set in gold, to be run for at Ascot in 1832; the trophy being carried off by Lord Chesterfield's Priam. Equine mementoes usually take this form, and many a sideboard can show the polished hoof of a famous racehorse. The Prince of Wales is said to possess a hoof of the charger that bore Nolan to his death at Balaklava; it is surmounted with a small silver figure of the Captain, carrying the fatal order for the advance of the Light Brigade. An interesting military souvenir enough; but not so interesting as a polished and shod hoof, mounted so as to serve as a snuff-box, the property of the Guards' Club; for this bears the inscription: 'Hoof of MARENGO, rare charger of Napoleon, ridden by him at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, in the campaign of Russia, and lastly at Waterloo;' while on the margin of the silver shoe is to be read: 'Marengo was wounded in the near hip at Waterloo, when his great master was on him, in the hollow road in advance of the French position. He had been frequently wounded before in other battles.'

#### SOME FOOD-NOTES.

WE have received the following notes from a gentleman—an occasional contributor—who devotes much of his attention to such matters, making them indeed an especial and constant study.

*The Antipodean Rabbit Nuisance.*—That which for several years past has been the bane of agriculturists at the antipodes, is not unlikely to prove in the end something akin to a blessing. Rabbits in many places, notwithstanding what has been done to exterminate them, are nearly as numerous as ever; but instead of killing them by means of poison and burying them in the ground, they are now systematically 'trapped,' and, being cooked and tinned, command a large sale. At the Western Meat-preserving Company's Works, Colac, Victoria, as many as seventeen thousand pairs of rabbits are dealt with in the course of the early weeks of the season, which, it may be explained, lasts for a period of seven months; and although the supply diminishes as the season progresses, over

three hundred thousand pairs are annually prepared for sale, finding a ready market. A large number of persons are employed during the continuance of this industry; no fewer than three hundred and fifty people obtaining remunerative work in connection with this one establishment. On an average, over five thousand two-pound tins are turned out every day within the period indicated. These are made up for sale in three different ways—as plain rabbits, as rabbits cooked with onions, and rabbits done up with bacon; and for each description there is now setting in a large European demand. Many of the men engaged in the rabbit-work at Colac are exceedingly dexterous, and work with great rapidity, some individual hands among them being able to skin with ease one hundred pairs of rabbits in an hour. In order to gain a wager, one very expert person skinned four hundred and twenty-eight of these animals in sixty minutes! It should be mentioned, that before being skinned, the heads and feet of the conies are chopped off. Work of every kind is performed by the most cleanly methods, and only the best animals are selected to be tinned, while none are sent out without being carefully examined. The trappers are paid by results, and are, as a rule, welcome to visit those farms which are overrun with the pest. In the earlier weeks of the season, a gang of expert trappers will each earn over five pounds a week. The rabbits as they are caught are slung across poles in convenient places, and then lifted and conveyed in carts to 'the works.' There are several establishments of the kind in Victoria, and hopes are now being entertained by farmers of a speedy deliverance from the rabbit nuisance, as the large numbers which are being killed must in time tell on the breeding supplies. Similar establishments are also about to be started in New Zealand.

*Edible Snails.*—None but those who have made special inquiry into the subject are aware of the great dimensions which the continental snail-trade has of late assumed. Many tons of these vine-fed delicacies reach Paris every year during the snail season, which lasts from September to about April, during some part of which period under natural circumstances the animals would be asleep. In this country there would be a universal shudder, if it were proposed to add the common garden-snail to the national commissariat, no matter how attractive might be the shape assumed by the *Escargot de Bourgogne*, or other snail of the orchard or vineyard; yet we eat countless quantities of whelks and periwinkles, which are not such clean-feeding animals as the snails of the garden. A recent authority states that enormous quantities of snails are forwarded annually from Marseilles and Genoa to Paris, and that tens of thousands of these creatures find their way to the markets of Bordeaux, Lyons, Vienna, and Munich. Such is the demand, that many persons now 'cultivate' snails for the markets, and find the business a remunerative one. As many as twenty or thirty thousand can be bred in a very small space.

*The Conger Eel.*—This fish has of late attracted a good deal of attention, from its having been asserted that it was frequently made into turtle-soup. Whether that be so or not, the conger eel is in reality one of our most valuable food-fishes.

There is, unfortunately, a prejudice in the public mind against it. In all continental fish-markets—at least in those situated on seas which contain the fish—a plentiful supply of congers may always be had. The writer has seen hundreds of them in the markets at Dieppe, Boulogne, and Paris, and in the *cuisine* of France the conger occupies a prominent place. It can be converted into excellent soup, and may be cooked in various other palatable ways: it may be roasted, stewed, or broiled, or made into a succulent pie. In Guernsey and Jersey, its flesh is highly esteemed, as being adaptable to the culinary art in an eminent degree. This fish ought to be much more plentifully exposed for sale than it is; and if our fishermen found a market for it, it would no doubt be so. It is a most prolific animal, yielding its eggs in literal millions. A specimen which weighed twenty-eight pounds possessed a roe of the weight of twenty-three ounces, which was computed to contain the almost incredible number of fifteen millions of eggs! Mr Buckland, in one of his fishery Reports, says: 'What becomes of this enormous number of eggs, is unknown to man; they probably form the food of many small sea-creatures, especially crabs. They are exceedingly minute.' How curious it seems that the common herring, which yields on the average about thirty thousand ova, should be so plentiful, and the conger, which contains many millions of eggs, should be comparatively so scarce.

#### SERENADE.

SWEET maiden, awake  
From the region of sleep,  
Alone for thy sake  
Here my vigil I keep;  
The moon rides on high,  
The stars shine above,  
Yet sleepless am I  
By the charm of thy love.

All nature reposes:  
The sun is at rest,  
Fast shut are the roses,  
Each bird in its nest;  
The air is unstirred  
By the drone of the bee,  
Safe penned is each herd—  
And my thoughts are of thee.

Oh, what is dull Time  
In true love's estimation?  
Who measures each chime,  
In its rapt contemplation?  
Immortal in birth,  
It descends from above,  
And raises from earth  
The frail creatures who love.

Oh, spurn me not, maiden!  
Dismiss me not home,  
With misery laden  
Henceforward to roam;  
By the spell of thy power,  
Which has fettered the free,  
Creation's sweet flower,  
Bend thy fragrance to me!

ALBERT E. STEMBRIDGE.

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## 'CORNERS.'

THE modern 'Corner' is unlike that into which the historical John Horner, Esq., retired, in this respect, that those who venture into one seldom succeed in bringing out a plum or anything else but discomfiture. They may plunge not only their thumbs but their whole hands and arms into the 'pie' they essay to monopolise; but as a rule, with almost no exceptions, they have to draw back empty-handed.

The word 'Corner' in its commercial application is of American origin, and along with that other mysterious word 'Syndicate,' is doubtless sufficiently perplexing to non-commercial readers. The prominence and the frequency of the appearance of both words in the newspapers indicate a strange commercial tendency of the day. That tendency is to amalgamate the hazardous element of speculation with the legitimate fabric of steady industry. Once upon a time, speculators formed a distinct class, apart from sober merchants and plodding manufacturers. They had their uses; for none but shallow thinkers will dismiss speculation in one general sweep as immoral and evil; but they were a distinctly marked class by themselves; not distinctly marked, perhaps, to the outer world, but clearly enough defined for those engaged in commercial pursuits. But now there exists no such definite line of demarcation. The speculative element enters into every branch of trade industry; and by the speculative element we do not mean the perfectly legitimate exercise of foresight or experience which enables a business man to anticipate events which raise or depress the market values of the commodities in which he is interested, but the desire and attempt to be the motor, or one of the motors, in such movements. It is one thing to buy heavily of a commodity because your instinct or your information or your experience teaches you that a comparative scarcity, and consequent dearth, of the commodity will shortly occur. It is quite another thing to buy up a commodity for the purpose of creating a scarcity for your own

benefit. It is one thing, again, to sell out as quickly as you can such stocks as you hold of a commodity which you see reason to think will be depressed in value later on. It is another thing to sell in advance a commodity which you do not possess, in the hope of buying it cheaper; or to sell out heavily what you do possess, in order to frighten others to sell also, that you may buy back again at a still lower price than you sold.

There must always be some amount of speculation in every department of commerce and industry. The shipbuilder, for instance, must to some extent speculate on a continuance or otherwise of the level of wages, or of the prices of iron, at the time he makes a contract for a vessel. The manufacturer who buys a quantity of raw cotton must speculate on the chances of the market enabling him to sell the products of the cotton when manufactured. The merchant must speculate on the solvency of his buyers, and his sellers even, when he concurrently buys and sells a cargo of goods. And so on all through the gamut of commerce. But these are the ordinary daily risks of trade, which it is the business of a trader to estimate and provide for. Quite other is the form of a speculation of modern development. We do not say it is of modern origin, for men have not varied very much either in character or in practice since commerce began; but its development is modern, and its application is modern.

This modern phase has made current two curious words—'Corner' and 'Syndicate.' The latter is of Latin origin, and was not unknown in old-world commerce. Then it meant the combination of a number of merchants for the consummation of a venture beyond the means or the inclinations of any one of them. The Dutch merchants were fond of forming syndicates for large trading purposes; and the East India Company, Hudson's Bay Company, and many other concerns of our own time which have now attained the dimensions and the dignity of public corporations, had a similar origin. The syndicate

system had in it the germ of the joint-stock Company system; but although each member subscribed a certain amount, which he would advance, or for which he would be liable, his liability could not always be restricted thereto. The uncertainty in this respect evolved the limited liability principle now so common. But the syndicates of to-day are of somewhat different character; they are usually combinations of capitalists to bring about changes in the markets for commodities or stocks for a specific purpose. In this manner they are the parents of 'Corners.'

The word Corner is probably also of Latin origin. It suggests *cornu*, a horn—a thing which terminates in an angle, where is a secret and retired place. The phrase 'To make a Corner,' however, is one of purely American origin, and it is suggestive enough. It implies the concentrating of some object into a limited area, from which there shall be but one egress, of which the Cornerers hold the key. It suggests something like the gathering of a Highland sheep-farm, where the animals are irresistibly driven in from widely distributed spots to one small 'fank.' It suggests the bag or drawer of the thrifty housewife, into which is gathered all actually or potentially useful articles. It suggests the commonplace book of the wide-reading and much-writing journalist. It suggests also the old teapot, the lucky stocking, and the Savings-bank. But it is different from all these.

For there are two kinds of Corners, in the commercial sense. There is the Corner into which you may drive others, and the Corner into which you may retire yourself. Of the former, the best illustration we can recall is that of the operation in the Stock of the Hannibal and St Joseph Railroad, which took place in New York a year or so ago. Certain astute and light-principled men in Wall Street became aware that another habitué of the same circle was selling this Stock rather heavily, in the belief that it was too high, and would soon be lower. In short, he was doing what in the lingo of the mart is called 'bearing.' The railroad is a small one, and the amount of Stock comparatively small. It was easy enough, therefore, for a few of his competitors to form a 'syndicate' to buy up all the stock in existence, so that when the period came for the seller to implement his sales, the wherewithal was unobtainable except from them. We need scarcely say that the operators in the Stock markets daily buy and sell securities which they intend neither to take nor to give; they merely propose to take or to pay the difference in price which may exist at a certain future day of settlement. But it is always in the option of a buyer to insist on the delivery of the actual stock, if he really wants it; and then the seller must provide it, at whatever cost. The cunning buyers of the Hannibal stock did not want it, and indeed they paid for much of it far beyond its real value, because every purchase they made raised its price in the market. What they wanted was to place the original seller, or 'bear,' in a Corner; and this they effectually did. They forced up the price to, let us say, three hundred dollars—we forget the exact figures, but they are immaterial—of what the seller had sold at, say, ninety dollars. And worse than that, when the day of settlement came, the seller could not obtain

stock at any price whatever. He was completely 'cornered,' and had eventually to pay the difference which the keen 'bulls' chose to exact. But with the sequel comes the moral. Having exacted all they could out of the unfortunate seller, they found *themselves* in a Corner. They were possessed of a quantity of Stock which they did not want, and which nobody else wanted at anything like the prices they had paid for it. They had to sell, and with every sale the price came tumbling down, so that ultimately, we believe, their loss upon their own purchases exceeded considerably what they had extracted from the poor man they put in 'a Corner.'

Then there is the Corner into which you go yourself. Messrs John Horner and Company of Chicago form the impression that, let us say, pigs' bristles might, could, would, or should advance in price. They determine that bristles shall; and set to work to buy all they can lay their hands on, and to contract for future delivery of as much as they can get any one to sell. Of course, the price advances, and this the more rapidly in proportion as their purchases extend; but the unfortunate thing—for them—is, that they are themselves the principal, if not the sole, purchasers at the enhanced rates. By-and-by they become the masters of all, or nearly all, the available supply of pigs' bristles; they have 'made a Corner,' and in the American phraseology, they 'control' the market. But markets are rather unmanageable affairs, after all, as Messrs John Horner and Company find when they have to realise in order to pay for their later purchases; or when, if they have been rich enough to pay and lie out of the money, they want to realise their profit.

The effect is still more pronounced when the Corner is attempted in one of the staples of commerce, such as wheat or cotton, the supplies of which are not confined to one spot, and are practically illimitable. For such huge Corners as these, combinations of several firms are needed in order to provide the money; and the reverse, when it comes, is therefore more widespread and disastrous. The Wheat Corner in Chicago, at the beginning of 1882, was a remarkable instance of audacity and also of recklessness in this species of speculation; and the effects of the tremendous collapse have not yet worn off. A still more recent example was the Lard Corner in the same city, which collapsed in June of last year, and the sweeping out of which brought down several firms in other parts of the States. But we must not conclude that operations of this kind are confined to America; we have them in this country also; and not very long ago, a bold and very nearly successful Corner was made in Liverpool in cotton, which produced a good deal of moralising and very heavy losses.

It is often a delicate matter to define what is legitimate and what is illegitimate speculation; but of the moral aspect of Corners there can be little doubt. They are bold and entirely selfish attempts to produce artificial scarcity, to the prejudice of the many, and for the benefit of the few. They essay to upset the operation of the inevitable and just law of supply and demand. They are therefore wrong in morals, and false in economics. They are not examples of trading,

in the proper meaning of the term; they are merely specimens of inordinate gambling. They disorganise commerce, because they divert streams of commodities from ordinary channels, which it has taken the labour of years to create; and they disorganise finance, by deranging the exchanges between countries, through the concentration of commodities and money which should be circulating. Their immediate effect is to inflict a large loss upon the commercial centres, not only directly of the countries in which they occur, but also indirectly upon other countries. This is readily capable of demonstration, but is too technical a question to enter upon here.

In the old days of British commerce, the practice called 'forestalling' was a penal offence. Forestalling is defined by McCulloch as 'the buying or contracting for any cattle, provision, or merchandise on its way to the market, or dissuading persons from sending their goods there, or persuading them to raise the price, or spreading any false rumour with intent to enhance the value of any article.' The penalties enacted by various statutes were very severe; but they were repealed in 1772. There was also a practice described in the old statutes as 'engrossing,' which meant simply the buying up of corn and other provisions in order to raise the prices thereof. Although the Acts referring to this practice were repealed, we believe that 'engrossing' is still an indictable offence at common law. As a matter of fact, however, no indictment is ever made, and if made, no conviction would ever follow. In his exhaustive article on the Corn-laws, Mr McCulloch showed very ably how the speculations of merchants who buy up corn in times of abundance react to the benefit of the community in times of scarcity; and how in times of scarcity similar speculations operate to prevent waste and to induce economy. But there is some considerable difference between the operations referred to by McCulloch and those which we have under review just now.

The unwholesome effects of Corners, and the dangerous features they lend to commerce, are so powerfully felt in the United States, that the legislative bodies of the States of Illinois and New York—States where the evil is most prevalent—have been seriously considering how to counteract them. Each assembly had before it a Bill for rendering these operations illegal, and punishable by heavy penalties. It is exceedingly doubtful, however, if either of the Bills will ever become law; and it is not by any means manifest that legislation on the subject is desirable. The hand of the law is rarely interposed to stay the stream of commerce without producing more evils than it seeks to prevent. That stream often gets into muddy and unhealthy, even dangerous channels; but it has a recuperative power within itself greater than any which can be applied extraneously. The moral effects of Corners are bad upon all engaged in them, and they inflict hardship and loss upon many innocent people, as a consequence of the solidarity of all social affairs. The commercial effects also are bad, as we have shown; and herein lies the chief hope of reform. We cannot recall a single instance of a Corner—and we have been acquainted with the inner history of a good many of the species—which did not

result in overthrow and disaster, sooner or later, to those in it. Either the operation attempted is too gigantic for the means at command; or success in the first steps feeds the appetite for gain, and blinds the operators to the attendant risks, so that they go too far; or they become timid, and do not go far enough. In the glow of extensive buying, the effects of the ultimate sales are always under-estimated. The object of a Corner is to buy in order to sell at some future time; and when the selling begins, the downfall of prices is always more rapid than the advance, and then the Corner is swept clean not only of the commodities, but also of those who put them in. And as there is about almost every evil some germ of good, we must not forget that the effect of a Corner is often to stimulate supplies of the commodity 'cornered,' in other regions, and the world is benefited by the increase of productive wealth. This, however, is an accident, and in no way justifies the creation of Corners, which are dark, malodorous, unhealthy, and altogether detestable features in the commercial structure. Public opinion, and the conviction that not only will he not bring out a plum, but that also he may possibly have to leave his skin behind him, will ultimately, we hope, have more effect in keeping the modern John Horner out of a Corner, than legislative enactment is likely to do.

## BY MEAD AND STREAM.

## CHAPTER XXVII.—WHY IS SHE SO?

THERE never was a man who felt more buoyant on learning that his name had been set down in a will for a handsome legacy than Philip felt on learning that he had been cut out of one. First, it was the right thing to do: he was sure of that, the circumstances considered; next, it had helped to render this interview, which he had expected to be so painful, a pleasant one. Thus he was enabled to speed with a gay heart to Madge, carrying the happy tidings, that in spite of the awkward position he occupied between his uncle and father, he seemed to be more in accord with the latter, and certainly much more in his confidence, than he had been at any previous time.

He took a short-cut through the Forest—the way was too well known to him for him to lose it; and besides, the evening was not dark to his young eyes, although some black flying clouds helped the skeleton trees to make curious silhouettes across his path. Then swiftly down by the river-side, catching glimpses of stars flickering in the rippling water, and his steps keeping time to its patter, as it broke upon the stones or bulging sedges.

As he was crossing the stile at the foot of the meadow, he caught the sound of whispering voices from the direction of the 'dancing beeches.' A lovers' tryst, no doubt, and the voices were very earnest. He smiled, and quickened his pace without looking back. He, too, was a lover.

At the house he found Aunt Hessy alone in the oak parlour, where the customary substantial tea was laid, instead of in the ordinary living-room. That was suggestive of company. Aunt

Hessy had on her Sunday cap and gown. That also was suggestive of company.

'Going to have some friends with you to-night?' he said gaily.

'Thou art a friend, and here,' she answered, with her quiet welcoming smile; 'but I do expect another—that is, Mr Beecham.'

'What! you have persuaded the shy gentleman to become your guest at last? Do you know how I account for his shyness?—he saw you at church, and fell in love with you. That's how it is, and he won't come here because he was afraid of you. Lovers are always shy—at first.'

'Thou art a foolish lad, Philip, and yet no shining example of the shyness of lovers. Were they all like thee, no maiden would lose a sweet-heart for lack of boldness on his part. Art not ashamed?'

'I am, Aunt Hessy,' he answered with his boyish laugh, 'ashamed that you cannot understand how we are all your lovers—and ought to be.'

'That will do.' But although she spoke with much decision in her tone, there was no displeasure in her comely face. She understood him.

'I won't say another word, except to ask you how you have conquered Mr Beecham?'

'Ah, but we are not sure that we have conquered him yet. He was with Dick this morning, and gave him some help with the cattle. Dick is in the barn with them now, for he is afraid there's trouble coming to them.'

'And I suppose he is angrier than ever about the live-stock brought into the market from abroad?'

'It is making him anxious, and with reason. Well, he wanted his friend to come and take dinner; but Mr Beecham said he would rather come in some evening soon and take tea with us. So, in the afternoon I sent Madge off to the village, and bade her *make* him come this evening. I don't know what's come of her. She's been away more than three hours, and she is not one to loiter on the road.'

'Which way do you think they'll come?' asked Philip, rising quickly from his seat.

'By the meadows, of course. She never comes round by the road except when driving.'

'I'll go and meet them.'

But before he could move, they heard the front-door open.

'That's her,' said the dame, gladly expectant.

Madge entered the parlour alone; and Philip was surprised to note that she seemed to be a little startled by something—his presence perhaps. Next, he was surprised to note that she looked pale and excited.

'Thou hast not persuaded our friend to come to us, then,' said the dame, disappointed, and not observing Madge so closely as Philip.

'Has anything happened Madge?—What has frightened you?' he said quickly, taking her hands and gazing into her eyes.

'Nothing has frightened me, Philip,' she answered hurriedly, and with a remote sign of irritability at her present condition being noticed. 'I have been running up the meadows, and I daresay I am flushed a little.'

'Flushed!—Why, you are as white as if you had seen a ghost.'

'Well, perhaps I have seen a ghost. Would you like to go and look for it?'

She withdrew her hands and went to her aunt.

Philip stood still, surprised and puzzled, and a little distressed. It was such a new experience to see Madge nervous and irritable—she who was always so calm and clear-sighted when other people lost their heads—that he did not know what to make of it. And then there was such impatience in the way she had snapped up what he considered a very natural remark for any one who looked at her steadily for a moment. Her eyes had not met his in the usual clear, trustful way: they seemed to avoid his gaze, and she had turned from him as if he annoyed her! Why was she so?

'I had to wait some time for Mr Beecham, aunt,' Madge said. Her voice was husky, and unlike any sound Philip had heard her produce before. 'Then we were talking a long time together, and that is what has made me so late. He says he cannot come this evening. I told him how much you wished him to come, and he said he would have liked very much to do so, but could not. . . . I am afraid I have caught a cold. . . . I did my best to get him to come, but he would not. . . . My head is aching, aunt; I think I shall go up-stairs.'

The dame was now as much surprised as Philip by the curious manner of her niece; but she did not show it. She lifted off the girl's hat, passed her hand gently over the hot brow, and said soothingly: 'Yes, child, you had better go up-stairs; and I will come to you in a few minutes. I don't believe you have changed your boots since the morning. Go up-stairs at once.'

'I will try and come down again, Philip,' she said, tenderly touching his arm as she passed, to console him for that little irritability.

'All right, Madge; I'll wait,' he answered cheerfully.

She passed out, and there was a yelping of dogs heard at the same time. In rushed Dash and Rover and Tip, followed by their master.

'I am as hungry as a hawk, mother, and so are the dogs,' exclaimed Uncle Dick, after saluting Philip. 'I can't wait for anybody.—Sit down, lad, and eat.'

The dame served them, and then quietly left the room.

Philip ate, and heard Uncle Dick speaking as if from a far distance; but all the time he was perpetually asking himself—'Why is she so?'

## S U I C I D E.

THE term 'suicide' is almost universally applied to all acts of self-destruction, and equally indiscriminately to all perpetrators thereof, no distinction being made as to their state of mind at the time of killing themselves. It is in this popularly understood sense that we have used the word throughout this article. From a legal point of view, however, the term can only be correctly employed to denote the self-murder (*felonia de se*) of a sane and legally responsible person. A lunatic cannot in a legal sense commit suicide, though he may destroy himself. A

suicide, or *felo de se*, is in the eye of the law a criminal, and was formerly 'punished' by being buried at midnight at the meeting of four cross-roads, a stake being driven through the body. Since 1823, this *post mortem* punishment has been limited to simple interment at night in unconsecrated ground without any of the rites of Christian burial; and even this has but seldom to be carried out, owing to the charity, and perhaps also to the want of knowledge, of coroners' juries, who generally find that the act has been committed during a fit of temporary insanity.

Among the ancients, suicide was very frequently resorted to, sometimes for the most trivial reasons, and was considered part of their code of religion and honour. By the Romans especially, it was regarded quite in the light of a national custom, and by their laws a man was justified in killing himself when worn out by lasting pain or lingering disease, or burdened with a load of debt, or even from sheer weariness of life (*tedium vite*). His will was valid; and if intestate, his heirs succeeded him. Among the illustrious individuals of former times who quitted this world voluntarily and prematurely, we find the names of Demosthenes, Antony and Cleopatra, Cato, Hannibal, Cassius and Brutus, and many others. Suicide was looked upon as a cardinal virtue by the Stoics, whose founder, Zeno, hanged himself at the ripe old age of ninety-eight. The custom was also highly commended by Lucretius and the Epicureans. The philosophers of old spoke of it as 'a justifiable escape from the miseries of life;' and as 'the greatest indulgence given to man;' Diogenes even going so far as to declare that 'the nearer to suicide the nearest to virtue.'

The ideas of the ancients concerning this practice underwent a great change after the time of Constantine the Great, with the advancement of the Christian religion, which has always discouraged suicide, and regarded it as one of the degrees of murder. During the middle ages, when religious sentiment was predominant, instances of self-destruction were few and far between, these few being mostly caused by the monotony of monastic life; but with the Renaissance was revived a modified form of Stoicism, with, of course, a return of suicide. In More's *Utopia*, the inhabitants of the happy republic, when, from sickness or old age, they are become a burden to themselves and to all about them, are exhorted—but in nowise compelled—by their priests to deliver themselves voluntarily from their 'prison and torture,' or to allow others to effect their deliverance. To the somewhat melancholy tendency of the Elizabethan period and the psychological studies of Shakspeare, succeeded a long period of calm; but towards the end of the eighteenth century began, with *Werther*—who has been called 'Hamlet's posthumous child'—the era of modern suicidal melancholy. This differs essentially from the suicidal era of

the ancients, being psychical rather than physical. Whereas theirs was born of sheer exhaustion and satiety, with want of belief in a future state of existence, that of the present day is the melancholy of a restless and unceasingly analysing soul, eternally brooding over the insoluble problems 'Whence?' and 'Whither?' which disordered state not unfrequently leads to incapacity for action, and finally to inability to live.

It is a very prevalent but erroneous belief that suicide is invariably preceded by insanity. Self-destruction is always an *unnatural* act, and a violation of the laws of nature, but is not, therefore, necessarily an *insane* act. On the contrary, a large minority—some authorities say the majority—of suicidal acts are perpetrated by persons who cannot be called other than sane, though their mental state is indisputably more or less abnormal at the time, and the organic action of the brain and nervous system sometimes in a state of excitement bordering on real pathological irritation. Dr Wynter affirms the suicidal impulse to be 'an inexplicable phenomenon on the borderlands of insanity;' the power of the will to conquer any impulse is the sole difference between a healthy and an unsound mind. But self-destruction is not, as a rule, the outcome of a mere impulse, but an act of longer or shorter deliberation, and brought about by some cause, which may be either real or imaginary; and here we have the simple test for distinguishing between sane and insane suicides, namely, the absence or presence of delusions. Outside of insanity, the passions and emotions are generally at the root of self-murder; remorse, dread of exposure and punishment, long wearing sorrow or disease, or hopeless poverty, are the usual causes for an act which is generally regarded with far too great equanimity, and occasionally even with commiseration, being looked upon as 'a catastrophe rather than a crime,' although condemned by the religion and laws of the land. With lunatics, the causes inciting to the act are mainly if not wholly imaginary, or delusional; they often fancy they hear voices perpetually urging them to destroy themselves, and these supposed supernatural commands they generally obey sooner or later. Men in prosperous circumstances have frequently been known to make away with themselves from *fear* of poverty and want; others have perhaps committed some trifling act of delinquency, which they magnify into an unpardonable offence, only to be expiated by death. Some insane persons will kill those dear to them, especially their own children, before destroying themselves, probably with the view of preserving them from so wretched a lot as they conceive their own to be. There is usually previous ill health and depression, with great desire for solitude, in these cases of suicide by the insane, many of which could be prevented by the timely exercise of proper care and supervision, as is clearly shown by their mostly occurring among those lunatics who are not under proper restraint.

*Melancholia* is the name given to that form of delusional insanity, or partial moral mania, which chiefly manifests itself in a desire for self-destruction. Hypochondriacs may be said to be in the first stage of this, and in the first stage very fortunately most of them remain. They feel death



would be a blessing, and are constantly talking about killing themselves; but they are very irresolute, and if they do summon up courage enough to make the attempt, it is generally abortive, and is not repeated.

Equally devoid of foundation is the assertion so persistently made by foreigners, and at last almost believed in by ourselves, that England is the land of suicide. Frenchmen especially seem seriously to entertain the idea that we are always ready to blow out our brains in a fit of the spleen, caused by our much-maligned climate, and general dullness and lack of amusement! In point of fact, Paris itself is the headquarters of self-destruction, and its Morgue one of the principal and most frequented show-places of the city. The cases there are much more numerous in proportion to the number of the population than in this country, and have been variously estimated at from three to five times as many; but there is not the publicity afforded them in the Parisian press that is given them by our own widely circulated daily and weekly papers. As a proof that climate has but little connection with the tendency to commit suicide, it may be pointed out that the inhabitants of damp and foggy Holland, a 'country that draws fifty foot of water,' are by no means addicted to self-slaughter. The buoyant, light-hearted Irish are, with the exception perhaps of the Neapolitans, the least suicidal people in Europe.

In what may be designated, as compared with European countries, the topsy-turvy nations of China and Japan, suicide is quite an institution, and is apparently looked upon as a fine art; so much so, that in the latter country the sons of people of quality exercise themselves in their youth for five or six years, in order that they may kill themselves, in case of need, with grace and elegance. If a functionary of the Japanese government has incurred disgrace, he is allowed to put an end to his own life, which spares him the ignominy of punishment at the hands of others, and secures the reversion of his place to his son. All government officials are provided with a habit of ceremony, made of hempen cloth, necessary for such an occasion; the sight of this garment must serve, we should think, as a perpetual *memento mori*, and as a warning not to stray from the right path. As soon as the order commanding suicide has been communicated to a culprit, he invites his friends to a feast, and takes formal leave of them; then, the order of the court having been read over to him, he makes his 'last dying speech and confession,' draws his sabre, and cuts himself across the body or rips himself up, when a confidential servant at once strikes off his head. In China also, the regulations for self-destruction are rigorously defined and carried out; a mandarin who can boast of the peacock's feather is graciously allowed to choke himself by swallowing gold-leaf; while one of less lofty rank, who is only able to sport a red button on his cap, is obliged to rest content with the permission to strangle himself with a silken cord. In India, the voluntary self-immolation of widows on their deceased husbands' funeral pyres was, until recently, a universal practice, and still takes place occasionally in secret, though very properly discouraged by the government. In some parts of the East Indies the natives vow suicide in

return for boons solicited from their idols; and in fulfilment of this vow, fling themselves from lofty precipices, and are dashed to pieces. Or they will destroy themselves after having had a quarrel with any one, in order that their blood may lie at their adversary's door.

Contrary to the generally received opinion, the spring and summer are the seasons when suicides most abound. The months of March, June, and July are those chiefly affected by males for this purpose; while females seem to prefer September, the much-abused November, and January. The time of day chosen for the deed is usually either early morning or early evening. The tendency to suicide varies with the occupation, and is said to be twice as great among artisans as it is among labourers; it is certainly much greater in cities than in rural districts, and increases with the increase of civilisation and education. The fact that married people are much less prone to self-destruction than the unmarried may be accounted for by the theory of natural selection, as it is usually, and especially with women, only the more healthy both in mind and body who enter the married state; while the fact of suicides among males being always so much more numerous than among females is perhaps to a certain extent to be explained by the former having a wider choice of means at their disposal, and ready at hand. Women, as a rule, prefer to put an end to their lives by drowning; and as they may have to travel a long distance before being able to accomplish their design, it is not unlikely that they may sometimes repent and alter their minds before their journey's end. Again, people who throw themselves into the water are not unfrequently rescued before life is extinct, and restored. Unless insane, they are probably cured by the attempt, and will not renew it, the mind having regained its self-control. Suicide is but rarely met with in old people, and is also very uncommon in children, although instances are recorded of quite young children hanging or drowning themselves on being reprovved or punished for some venial fault.

An ill-directed education and certain objectionable descriptions of literature favour the disposition to self-destruction. The propensity is most strongly marked in those persons who are of a bilious or of a nervous temperament.

Some would-be suicides resolve to kill themselves in a particular way, and may have to wait years for an opportunity; others will make use of the first mode of destruction that presents itself. Taylor says: 'The sight of a weapon or of a particular spot where a previous suicide has been committed, will often induce a person, who may hitherto have been unsuspected of any such disposition, at once to destroy himself.' Individuals conscious of their liability to commit self-murder would do well, therefore, to avoid that 'sight of means to do ill deeds' which might lead to the 'ill deed' being 'done' in a sudden fit of depression or frenzy.

The publicity afforded by newspapers to any remarkable case of suicide, with full description of details, has unquestionably a pernicious effect, not only by suggesting a means to those already predisposed to the act, but also by its tending to lessen the natural horror of self-murder inherent in the human mind. Example has

avowedly a great influence in exciting the propensity to suicide; and a man who cannot justify the rash act to his own conscience, will find excuses for it in the examples of others. This imitative propensity may even amount to an epidemic, as at Versailles in 1793, when no fewer than thirteen hundred persons destroyed themselves. Some years ago, the Hôtel des Invalides, Paris, was the scene of one of these outbreaks; one of the invalids hanged himself on a crossbar of the institution; and in the ensuing fortnight, six or seven others followed his example on the same bar, the epidemic being only stopped by the governor having the passage closed.

Insane people will sometimes display great ingenuity and perseverance in the means by which they choose to put an end to themselves. They are very determined; and if frustrated in one attempt, will make others, perhaps all in different ways; and unless very strictly guarded, will generally succeed at last in effecting their purpose. An instance of almost incredible determination to die is that of a French gentleman who dug a trench in a wood and lay in it sixteen days, writing down in a journal each day the state of his feelings. From this journal it appeared that he suffered greatly, at first from hunger, and afterwards from thirst and cold. He left his trench, and got a little water from the pump of an inn near the wood on the sixth night; and this he continued to do until the tenth day, when he was too weak to stir. He ceased to write on the fifteenth day; and on the sixteenth he was discovered by a countryman, who tried—but in vain—to restore him. He died on the eighteenth day.

The heredity of suicide, though not universally conceded, is admitted by most authorities, and according to some, the tendency to self-destruction is more disposed to be hereditary than any other form of insanity. Certainly a great number of those who put an end to their own lives are members of families in which instances of suicide or insanity have previously occurred, and the propensity is usually most strong at some particular age. Dr Gall mentions the case of a Frenchman of property who killed himself, leaving a large sum of money to be divided among his seven children. None of these met with any real misfortunes in life, but all succumbed, before attaining their fortieth year, to the mania for suicide.

Intemperance, the root of half the idiocy and a considerable percentage of the insanity of the country, is also largely contributory to the rapidly increasing number of cases of self-murder. In the French classification, which is 'generally admitted to be pretty true of all countries,' fifteen per cent. are put down to drink; while thirty-four per cent. are attributed to insanity, twenty-three per cent. to grief, and twenty-eight per cent. to various other causes.

Suicide, whether regarded as a crime or a disease, is in all cases a rash, ill-advised act of impatience. Napoleon—who, when his misfortunes reached a climax, declared he had not 'enough of the Roman in him' for suicide—described it as an act of cowardice, a running away from the enemy before being defeated. Perhaps the best safeguards against it are domestic

ties and the sense of responsibility and accountability. Very few instances of self-destruction occur among prudent hard-working heads of families who have insured their lives.

## CHEWTON-ABBOT.

### IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

Mrs ABBOT drove home in her stately carriage thinking deeply. Her mind was tolerably easy. She knew there was little chance of a young man's love living through years of absence and silence. Frank would go into the great world, and gaze on many a fair face during that time; till the beautiful face of Millicent Keene—for even Mrs ABBOT could not gainsay the girl's beauty—would gradually fade from his thoughts. He would taste the cup of ambition; he would see what power and station meant in the world, and would soon laugh to scorn his boyish dream. He would very quickly realise the difference between ABBOT of Chewton Hall and plain Frank ABBOT, who had to earn the bread to keep a wife, be she ever so charming. In fact, the thoughts of Mrs ABBOT in her carriage and Miss Keene on her sofa were almost identical, although the words which expressed them differed.

Save for one thing, Mrs ABBOT's reflections were very comforting. The drawback was that she felt lowered in her own eyes. She had made a mistake, and had been treated with contumely. The victory was hers, but she had not won it herself. It was not her cleverness, but the girl's right-mindedness which would bring about the separation. She blamed herself for having misread the girl's character, and found her honest indignation at the imputation that her love for Frank was influenced by his possessions, mortifying to think of. Still, matters had turned out well. She would have the satisfaction of telling her husband that all was, or would be, at an end—that the hope of the ABBOTS would not marry nobody's daughter. So busy was she with these thoughts, that she did not notice, when some three miles outside the smoky town of Bristol, a horseman approaching. Upon seeing him, her coachman gathered up the reins preparatory to stopping his horses; but, as the rider made a negative gesture, he simply touched his hat and drove on; whilst Frank ABBOT and his mother passed, neither apparently noticing the other.

He was a handsome young fellow, and without a cent to his name might have given many a wealthy competitor long odds in the race for a girl's heart. Tall and broad-shouldered—clever face, with deep-set eyes, large chin, and firm lips. He sat his horse gracefully, looking every inch a gentleman and an Englishman. Not, one would say, the man to win a woman's love, and throw it aside at the bidding of father or mother. Not the man to do a thing hastily and repent the deed at his leisure. Rather, a man who, when once engaged in a pursuit, would follow it steadfastly to the end, whatever that end might be. It was scarcely right that Millicent Keene should allow fear to mingle with her grief at the approaching long separation from her lover. She should have looked into that handsome power-

ful face and understood that years would only mould the boy's intention into the man's determination.

Naturally, he was at the present moment rather down-hearted. His mother, having learned his secret, had refused him sympathy or aid. Too well he knew she was to be swayed neither by entreaty nor argument. He was now riding over to Clifton to reiterate his love to Millicent, and to consult as to future steps. As he passed the carriage, he wondered what had brought his mother in that direction. She had not mentioned her intention of going to the town, nor had she asked for his escort as usual. Could it be possible that she had driven over to visit Millicent? If so, he knew it boded ill; so, pricking on as fast as he could, he reached Clifton just as the girl had grown more calm and had washed away the traces of her recent tears.

Frank was terribly upset by her recital of the events of the morning. Although she did not repeat the whole conversation, he knew his mother well enough to be able to supply what Millicent passed lightly over. The proposed separation was a thunderstroke to him. In vain he entreated the girl to reconsider her determination. The promise was made, and her pride alone would insure her keeping it. Of course Frank vowed, after the usual manner of lovers, that love would grow stronger in absence; and as he thoroughly believed what he vowed, his vows were very consoling to the girl. He declared he also would go to Australia; marry Millicent, and take to sheep-farming, leaving the paternal acres to shift for themselves. All this and many other wild things the young fellow said; but the end was a sorrowful acquiescence in the separation, tempered by the firm resolve of claiming her in four years' time in spite of any home opposition. Having settled this, the heir of the Abbots rode home in a state of open rebellion against his parents.

This they were quite prepared for, and had, like sensible people, made up their minds to endure his onslaught passively. His mother made no reply to his reproaches; his father took no notice of his implied threats; but both longed for the time to come when Miss Keene would sail to distant shores and the work of supplanting her might begin.

About one thing Frank was firm, and Millicent, perhaps, did not try to dissuade him from it. Until they were bound to part, he would see her every day. Mr and Mrs Abbot knew why his horse was ordered every morning, and whence that horse bore him at eve; but they said nothing.

The fatal day came soon enough. Frank went down to Plymouth to see the very last of his love; and the mighty steamship *Chimborazo* bore away across the deep seas one of the sweetest and truest girls that ever won a man's heart. A week after she sailed, Frank Abbot started on his continental tour.

'I don't care much about it,' he said to himself, dolefully enough; 'but it may help to make some of the time pass quicker. Four years, my darling! How long it seems!'

'He will see the world,' said Mrs Abbot, 'and learn that a pretty face is not everything.'

'He will fall in and out of love with a

dozen girls before he returns,' said Mr Abbot cynically.

It has been before stated that for many years there had been little change in either the possessions or the position of the Abbots of Chewton-Abbot; but, like other people, they had occasional windfalls. Some years after Mr Abbot succeeded to the estate, a new branch of a large railway passed through an outlying part of his land, and he who made it a boast of never selling or mortgaging a single acre, was compelled, by the demands of public convenience and commerce, to part with what the railway wanted. Of course he obtained a good round sum as compensation. This lay for a long time at his banker's, waiting for any contiguous land which might come into the market. After a while, as no fields which he wished to add to his own were open to buyers, at his wife's suggestion he sought for another and more profitable investment, and in an evil hour became the proprietor of fifty shares in a bank, whose failure has now become historical. He bought these shares at a premium; whilst he held them, they went to a much higher premium, but no doubt the same tenacity which led him to cling to his acres made him keep to the same investment. The high rate of interest also was very useful, and kept another horse or two in the stables.

We can all remember the astonishment we felt that black day when the news of the stoppage of that particular bank was flashed from end to end of the kingdom, and how, afterwards, the exposure of the reckless conduct of its directors, and of the rotten state in which the concern had been for years, sent a cold shudder down the back of every holder of bank stock.

Mr Abbot was not a man of business. He did not at once realise what being the registered owner of these fifty shares meant. He denounced the roguery of the directors, and vowed that if ever again he had money to spare, into land it should go, nowhere else. He had an idea that no more than the money which he had invested would be lost; but when, after a few days, he gathered from the newspapers the true meaning of unlimited liability, his heart grew sick within him. The rental of his estate was about six thousand a year; so, when call after call was made on the shareholders, William Abbot knew that he was a ruined man, and lamented his folly for not having entailed the estates. Lands, house, furniture, plate, all came to the hammer; and so far as county people and landed gentry, the Abbots were extinct. Mrs Abbot had a jointure of some five hundred a year, on which the unfortunate couple were fain to live as best they could. They took a house at Weymouth, and in that retired watering-place mourned their woes in genteel obscurity.

So Frank Abbot came back from Switzerland to begin the world on his own account, with nothing but a college degree, a perfect constitution, and a few hundred pounds scraped together by the sale of his personal effects. How should he earn his living? He was sorely tempted to emigrate. He had the frame and muscles for hard work, and outdoor life would suit him. Yet he shrank from the idea of giving up as beaten in his native land. Other men had made their way; why should not he? He felt a consciousness of a certain ability which necessity

might force into full play. His mother suggested the church. 'A clergyman of good family can always marry a rich wife, and that you are bound to do now.' Frank shrugged his broad shoulders, and thought sadly of his promised wife, so many thousands of miles away. Eventually, he decided to read for the bar. He knew it would be slow and dreary work to win success there—that for many years he must be prepared to endure penury; but a career might be made. If a hundred fail, one succeeds—why should he not be that one?

Millicent must be told the bad news. He had no right to keep a girl's love during all the years which must elapse before he could offer her a home. He must at least release her from her vows. If—and as he believed it would be—she refused to be released, they must wait and hope. Now that the reality of marrying on nothing came home to him, he saw what it meant—what misery it must entail. Now that the earning his own living, of which he had spoken so bravely when there was no need of his doing so, was forced upon him, he became quite aware of the sacrifices he must make. He was no desponding coward, and indeed had little doubt as to his ultimate success. He felt that he could bear hardship himself; but he could not bear it if Millicent must also share it. At any rate it was right she should know the change in his fortunes. So he wrote a few words: 'MY DARLING—We are all ruined. I am going to try and make a living as a barrister. Of course I must now release you from every promise.' He signed his name; but before sealing the letter, could not help adding: 'But I love you more than ever.' Then he sent the letter to Millicent's aunt, and begged that it might be forwarded to her niece.

That letter never reached its destination. Whether it was mislaid or misdirected—whether a mail-bag was lost either on the voyage or on the long land journey—whether Miss Keene's aunt, who had learned what reverses had befallen the Abbots, simply threw it on the fire, will never be known. All that can be said is, Millicent never received it; and after months had passed, Frank, who was looking eagerly for the overdue answer, grew very miserable, and began to doubt the love of woman.

Five long years have passed by. Frank Abbot is now a barrister of nearly three years' standing. He works hard, is frequently on circuit, and if, as yet, he has not achieved any brilliant forensic triumph, he is neither briefless nor without hope. Some small cases have been intrusted to him, and he finds the number of these slowly but surely increasing, and knows that if the opportunity comes, and if, when it does come, he may be able to seize it and make the most of it, success may soon be his. Even now he makes enough to supply the modest wants to which he has tutored himself. But for some time after the last of his little capital had vanished, he had been hardly pressed. Indeed, in order to live at all, he had been compelled to accept some aid from his parents' reduced means. They gave this readily enough, as, with all their faults, they loved their son. Even to this day, Frank looks back with a shudder upon one or two years of his life.

The five years have changed him from a boy

to a man. He is handsome as ever, but his look is more serious; his features express even more character. He has given up all dreams of the woollen sack; but is conscious of possessing fair abilities, a good address, a commanding presence, and a great deal of ready self-confidence. He feels that in a few years' time he may have a home to share, if the woman he loves is still willing to share it. He has not again written to her. He has heard nothing from her, although the time by which he promised to claim her has long passed. He is, however, resolved that as soon as he sees the future fairly promising, he will seek her, and learn whether she is still true to him; or whether the sweetest episode of his life must be linked with the memory of a woman's faithlessness and inconstancy. He sighs as he thinks of the time which has elapsed since she waved him that last farewell at Plymouth. 'She may be married, years ago,' he says, 'and have three or four children by now.' Then he thinks of her steadfast eyes, and knows that he wrongs her—blames himself for his mistrust. To sum up, Frank Abbot's constancy remains firm; but he is obliged to do what thousands of other men must do, hope for better days, working, meanwhile, with might and main to bring the dawn of those better days near.

Does he regret the loss of his fortune much? Of course he does, being neither a fool nor of a superhuman nature. Many a day, as he sits in wig and gown in the stifling court, listening to learned arguments on cases in which he has not the remotest interest, his soul longs for a day with the pheasants, a run with the Duke's hounds, or a ride round the home-farm; and he anathematizes all joint-stock banks as roundly as his father may be supposed to have done. But, nevertheless, Frank is not a soured man. He is somewhat grave and self-contained, but pleasant company enough to the few men whom he chooses to call his friends.

He has not been near Chewton Hall since the family downfall. It had been bought, with a great part of the furniture, by a rich London merchant, whose name, although he had heard it at the time of the sale, had slipped from his mind. Frank cared little who held it. He knew it is only in romances that a ruined family regains possession of its kingdom. Some day he intended to run down and have a look at the old place which he had loved so well; although he feared the sight would not improve the tenor of his mind, or make him less inclined to rail at Fortune.

Just about this time Frank made a new acquaintance. It was long vacation. The Lord Chief-justice was yachting; his brother-judges, Queen's Counsel, and learned leaders, were recruiting their jaded energies as it best pleased them; gay juniors had thrown their wigs into their boxes, and were away on various holiday pursuits. Frank, however, who had recently succeeded in getting some occasional work on a journal, and who hoped to get more, was still in London. One morning, a gentleman, who wished to see Mr Abbot, was shown into his chambers. The visitor was a tall middle-aged man, strongly built, well dressed, and with pleasant features. He looked like one who had led a hard life, and lines on his brow told of trouble. His hands were

large and brown—it was evident they had not been idle in their day. Not, perhaps, quite a gentleman, as we conventionally use, or abuse, that word, but a noticeable, out-of-the-common man. He gave Frank a sharp quick glance, as if trying to gauge his intellect and powers. Apparently satisfied, he took the chair offered him, and explained his errand. He had a lawsuit pending, and wished Mr Abbot to conduct the case. Frank interposed smilingly, and told his new client that it was etiquette for his instructions to come through a solicitor. He explained that a barrister and the man whose cause he pleaded must communicate through a third party. His visitor apologised for his ignorance about such matters, and said he would see his solicitor. However, after the apology was accepted, instead of bowing himself out, Mr John Jones—for by that name he called himself—entered into a general kind of conversation with Frank. He spoke easily and pleasantly on a variety of topics, and when at last he left the room, shook hands most cordially with the young man, and hoped he should meet him again soon.

‘Wonder who he is?’ said Frank, laughing over the sudden friendliness this stranger had exhibited. ‘Anyway, I hope he’ll make his solicitors send me that brief.’

However, no brief came; but for the next few days Frank Abbot was always tumbling across Mr John Jones. He met him in the street as he went to and from his chambers. Mr Jones always stopped him, shook hands, and as often as not, turned and walked beside him. Frank began to like the man. He was very amusing, and seemed to know every country under the sun. Indeed, he declared he was a greater stranger to London than to any other capital. He was a great smoker; and as soon as he found that Frank did not object to the smell of good tobacco in his chambers, scarcely a day went by without his paying him a visit and having a long chat over a cigar. Frank was bound to think that Mr John Jones had taken a great liking to him. Perhaps, the man wanted a friend. As he said, he knew no one in London, and no one knew him.

So young Abbot drifted into intimacy with this lonely man, and soon quite looked forward to the sound of his cheerful voice and the fragrance of those particularly good cigars he smoked. He even, at Mr Jones’s urgent request, ran down to the seaside for a couple of days with him, and found the time pass very pleasantly in his society.

Although the young man was very reticent on the subject of his family’s misfortune, Mr Jones had somehow arrived at the conclusion that he was not rolling in wealth. He made no secret of the fact that he himself was absurdly rich. ‘I say, Abbot,’ he remarked one day, ‘if you want any money to push yourself up with, let me know.’ Perhaps Mr Jones fancied that judgements were to be bought.

‘I don’t want any,’ said Frank shortly.

‘Don’t take offence. I said, if you do. Your pride—the worst part of you. It’s very hard a man can only help a fellow like you by dying and leaving him money. I don’t want to die just yet.’

Frank laughed. ‘I want no money left me. I shouldn’t take yours if you left it to me.’

‘Well, you’ll have to some day, you see.’ Then Mr John Jones lit another cigar from the stump of the old one, and went his way; leaving Frank more puzzled than ever with his new friend.

But the next day an event occurred which drove Mr John Jones, money, and everything save one thing, out of his head: Millicent Keene was in England—in London!

When he saw her letter lying on his table, Frank Abbot feared it could not be real. It would fade away like a fairy bank-note. No; before him lay a few lines in her handwriting: ‘MY DEAR FRANK—I have returned at last. I am at No. 4 Caxton Place.—Yours, MILLICENT KEENE.’

Early as it was, he rushed out of his office, jumped into a cab, and sped away to the address she gave him.

We may pass over the raptures, the embraces, the renewed vows, the general delicious character of that long-deferred meeting. We may suppose the explanation of the lost letter accounting for the girl’s silence; and we may picture her sympathy with her lover’s misfortunes, and her approval of the manly way in which he had gone to work to retrieve them, in some degree. Let us imagine them very very happy, sitting hand in hand in a room at No. 4 Caxton Place; Millicent, by-the-by, looking more beautiful than ever, her charms not lessened by the look of joy in her dark eyes.

Their first transports are over. They have descended to mundane things. In fact, Frank is now telling her that he believes he can count on so many hundreds a year. What does his darling think?

Miss Keene purses up her pretty mouth and knits her brows. To judge by appearances, she might be the most mercenary young woman. Frank waits her reply anxiously.

‘I think we may manage,’ she says. ‘I have been accustomed to poverty all my life, you know.’

Frank would have vowed to work his fingers to the bones before she should want anything; but remembering just in time that his profession worked with the tongue instead of the hands, checked himself. He thanked her with a kiss.

‘When shall we be married?’ he said.

She looked up at him shyly. ‘Would you think it very dreadful if I said the sooner the better? In fact, Frank, I have come from Australia to marry you. If you had forgotten me, I should have gone straight back.’

‘Next week?’ asked Frank, scarcely believing his own happiness. ‘Will next week be too soon? One advantage of being poor and living in lodgings is, that we can be married without any bother “about a house.”’

Millicent gave him to understand that next week would do. She was staying with some distant relative. No one’s consent had to be asked. She had told her father all. The day Frank chose, she would be his wife.

‘How is your father? I forgot to ask,’ said Frank.

‘Much the same as ever,’ answered Millicent in a way which inferred that Mr Keene’s struggles to redeem fortune were as great as before.



Then she dismissed Frank until to-morrow. He went home walking on air, and, like a dutiful son, wrote to Mrs Abbot, telling her that Millicent had returned, and next week would marry him. Mrs Abbot's reply may be given here :

'MY DEAR FRANK—I say nothing. I am too much *horrified*. If any young man was ever called upon to marry money and build up the fallen fortunes of a family, it is you. My last hope is gone. The obstinacy of your character I know too well. If I thought I could turn you from your purpose, I would come and *kneel at your feet*. If I knew Miss Keene's address, I would make one last appeal to her. She, I believe, was a sensible young woman.—Your affectionate MOTHER.'

## COMMON ERRORS IN DOMESTIC MEDICINE.

BY AN OLD PRACTITIONER.

AMONG the various passions which are inherent in the human breast, none is stronger or more evident than the desire which every one manifests to practise the healing art in some form or other, either on himself or—more frequently—on his fellow-creatures ; a propensity which betrays itself in the gratuitous administration of physic, the infliction of minor surgery, or, if these suggestions be not favourably received by the patient, in copious advice of a hygienic nature. This is particularly the case with the gentler sex. Every woman is a physician at heart, and nothing is more refreshing than to sit and listen to two ladies in confidential medical conversation respecting the merits of their favourite nostrums. It is to them that homœopathy especially appeals. What more delightful spectacle can be found than that of a fair amateur 'doctress' with her book, her case of phials and little gold spoon, dispensing globules to her family, to her servants, to her neighbours, to any one and every one ; and to enjoy at the same time the sweet reflection that she is not doing a particle of harm ! Nevertheless, there are some not unfrequent mistakes in the application of so-called household remedies, excellent in themselves ; and to call attention to these, and to a few popular fallacies on the subject of health and disease, is the object of the present paper.

Let us commence with that finest of domestic institutions, the poultice—bread, linseed, or mustard—soothing, fomenting, or stimulating, according to circumstances. There are few remedies in the pharmacopœia of wider beneficial application in surgery and medicine than this ; yet terrible mischief often follows its injudicious use. A man has a cough, or his child wheezes with a 'tightness on the chest,' and on goes a poultice straightway. So far, so good ; in all probability they wake up next morning greatly relieved. But the father is off to his daily business, and the child runs about and plays as usual, while—since they feel so much better—neither takes any precaution, by extra clothing or otherwise, to guard against the consequences of the poultice itself. The skin and subjacent tissues have been rendered lax by the heat and moisture, the blood-vessels are dilated, and the circulation of the part increased ;

to use a common expression, the 'pores' are open, and there is thus a tenfold liability to catch cold, especially in winter-time, when these things most frequently happen. Ordinary colds which are said to have 'run' into congestion of the lungs, bronchitis, or pneumonia, may often be traced to their serious or fatal termination through the *undefended* use of a poultice.

It should be borne in mind that a common poultice—such as is made of linseed meal or bread—is merely a vehicle for the application of damp heat—a continuous fomentation, in fact—and has no specific curative action. A muslin bag filled with bran, or flannels dipped in hot water, have precisely the same effect, but are not so conveniently employed, as they have to be more frequently renewed. A poultice should always be thoroughly mixed and homogeneous in consistency throughout ; just so wet as to permit of its retaining the mould of the cup when turned out, but not wet enough to exude water by its own weight when lightly applied. A *hot* poultice should never be allowed to remain on after its outer part is less than the temperature of the blood, nor must it get dry and caked. As a general rule, it may be said that bread makes a better cataplasm than linseed meal, but requires to be changed oftener. There are, of course, special medical reasons in occasional cases for the preference of one or the other, but such instances scarcely come within the scope of this article. Well-mashed carrots make a capital soothing application, and a poultice composed of tea-leaves is, owing to its slight astringent action, generally suitable when one is required about the region of the eye. An abominable mixture of soap and sugar is very popular as a local remedy in some parts of England, and is credited with great 'drawing' properties. On the other hand, it is good to know that the old-fashioned liniment of hartshorn and oil is one of the best embrocations ever invented under ordinary circumstances, and that therapeutical research amongst all the drugs that the vegetable and mineral kingdoms afford has never discovered an improvement on salt and water as a gargle for simple sore throat.

What British home would be a home without its little roll of sticking or court plaster ? How often is it that little tearful eyes look mistily down on a poor scratched finger, held carefully out in the other hand, as if there were some danger of its coming off, while mamma cuts a thin yellow strip and wraps it round the injured member with comforting words, all lamentation being temporarily reduced to an occasional sob in the interest of the operation. That the sticking-plaster exercises a fine moral effect in such a case, there can be no doubt ; but I fear there is as little doubt that it often does more harm than good from a physical point of view, and this arises from the fallacious belief in it as a healing agent. The only real service that sticking-plaster does is to hold two cut surfaces together while Nature's process necessary for their union is being completed, acting for a slight wound as stitches do in a deep one. But to cover an abrasion or raw surface with it is worse than useless, as it only irritates it. The plea is often advanced that it serves to keep dust and dirt off. A bit of wet linen rag, however, would be far better for that purpose.

Most of the ordinary household cures for chilblains are well enough in their way, but an unfortunate mistake is often committed in applying certain of them, which are fit only for the chilblains in their early stage, to broken ones, setting up thereby great inflammation and producing very painful sores. A broken chilblain is a little ulcer, and must be treated as such. As for the thousand-and-one remedies in vogue for corns, it is wonderful that they should exist at all, since nine people out of ten could cure their own without any application whatever, by wearing properly fitting boots and shoes. It is irregularity of pressure which creates corns; boots which are too big being as productive of the tiny torments as tight ones. A wet rag covered with oiled silk—to retain the moisture—and bound round the corn, is one of the best cures.

A very common but reprehensible practice is that of holding a burn as close to the grate as possible, 'to draw the fire out'—not out of the fireplace—but from the injured part. It is quite feasible to conceive that such a proceeding may give ease by deadening sensation in some instances; but it by no means follows that it does good or expedites recovery—indeed, we shall see that in such a case the loss of sensation really proves further damage to the tissues. Burns have been divided by surgeons into six classes: (1) Simple scorching, sufficient only to redden the surface. (2) Blistering; the cuticle raised and forming little bladders of water. (3) The skin denuded of its cuticle. This is the most painful stage of all, as it leaves the nerve-ends exposed. (4) Destruction of the entire thickness of the skin; painless or nearly so, because the sensitive nerve-bulbs are destroyed. (5) Destruction of all the soft parts; and (6) charring of the bone—two conditions very difficult to imagine as co-existent with any remnant of life. It can thus be readily understood how a burn of the third order of magnitude can be converted by additional heat into the fourth, and temporary relief from pain purchased by transforming a trifling injury into a serious one, liable to be followed by severe illness and permanent deformity. A most mysterious cause of death after burns is the ulceration and bursting of a certain blood-vessel in the stomach. The connection between the two has never been discovered. People talk about this or that being good for a burn, but not for a scald, or *vice versa*; but practically no distinction is to be drawn between the two, further than that, as we know the highest temperature of water, we know the utmost limit of injury in a scald, whereas there is no limit to the possibilities of a burn. To keep the air from both is the main object in treatment. Cook, who generally appears on the scene of the disaster with her flour-dredge, is a very efficient surgeon for burns and scalds of the first degree—this little scientific technicality will comfort the sufferer marvellously; but where the skin is raised or broken, something of an oily nature—Carron oil, for instance—should be substituted. Cover it up with lots of cotton-wool, as though you wished to keep it as warm as possible; and, mind, no soap and sugar on any account!

What is the origin of the popular idea that the finger-nails are poisonous to a wound? It

does not do a wound much good to scratch it, or indeed touch it, but that is no reason why those useful little shields of our finger-ends should be so libelled. Whence comes the notion that to pierce a girl's ears and compel her to wear earrings improves her eyesight? Possibly this may have arisen from the fact that medical men sometimes put blisters behind the ears as counter-irritants, to relieve some chronic ophthalmic disorders. Why is a glass of hot rum-and-water with a lump of butter in it not only familiarly prescribed for but familiarly swallowed by catarrh-afflicted mankind? Speaking of colds generally, we may remark in passing that treacle posset, hot gruel, putting the feet in mustard-and-water, &c., are all capital things, but that they effect only the one object of inducing perspiration. There is nothing specifically curative about any of them. It is a mistake, however, to give spirits, negus, or any alcoholic fluids in influenza colds where there is much congestion of the mucous membranes, as it increases the incidental headache.

Some people fancy that a magnet will draw out a needle, broken off short in the hand, even when it has passed in altogether out of sight. When a medical practitioner is called upon to extract a broken needle, he usually finds that it has been driven beyond reach by injudicious squeezing and other futile home-attempts at extraction, for the lightest touch makes a needle travel. A very troublesome class of case this is, owing to the uncertainty of its exact situation, of the direction of its long axis, and of its even being there at all—each sufficient to create the disagreeable possibility of cutting into the flesh without finding it. In such a state of affairs, one might as well put a magnet in the mouth to draw one's boots on, as to expect to extract the needle by its influence. But a celebrated surgeon, Mr Marshall, has devised an ingenious application of this force for the purpose of detection. A powerful magnet is held upon the part which contains the suspected needle for some time, so as to influence it. Then a finely-hung polarised needle is suspended over it, and is immediately deflected, if any metal be concealed beneath. Never press or squeeze the flesh about a broken needle or bit of glass. If you cannot lay hold of it with the fingers or scissors, or, still better, a pair of tweezers, and pull it right out at once, keep quite still until a doctor has seen it. By so doing, you may save yourself weeks or months of pain, and even possible amputation of a limb.

Tea if taken in excess is indigestible and nerve-destroying; but in sickness this delightful fluid gives a temporary stimulus to the brain, and though possessing no feeding qualities in itself, it prevents or retards the waste of tissue—a property of considerable importance in illness where but little food is taken. Above all, the fact of being allowed one favourite beverage, albeit greatly diluted, when everything else that pertains to the routine of daily life seems interdicted or upset, has a beneficial effect on the patient, who welcomes his cup of weak tea with something of the anticipation of that refreshment and social enjoyment he derives from it under brighter circumstances.

'Is the bone broken, or only fractured, doctor?'

is an anxious question often asked apropos of an injured limb. Broken and fractured are synonymous terms in surgery, my dear madam—it is always a lady who asks this—but I think I know what you mean. A fully developed bone is rarely cracked—nearly always it snaps in two pieces—but the soft, cartilaginous bones of children sometimes sustain what is called a 'green-stick fracture,' a name which almost explains itself, meaning that the bone is broken through part of its thickness, but not separated, as happens with the green bough of a tree. Many people have a totally erroneous idea, when an arm or leg is badly bruised only, that it would be better if it were broken. 'Right across the muscle, too!' implies that an injury has been received across the upper arm in the region of the biceps, that being the only 'muscle' which is honoured by general public recognition. How many people know that what they call their flesh, and the lean part of meat, is nothing but muscles, the pulleys by which every action of the body is performed? Common mistakes lie in trying to 'walk off' rheumatism, sprains, and other things which should be kept entirely at rest; and in squeezing collections of matter which have burst or been lanced, with a view to hasten their healing by the more speedy emptying of their contents.

Of late years, the Latin or other scientific equivalents for diseases have crept into general use, with the curious result that in many cases they are taken to mean different things. Scarlatina, for instance, not only sounds much nicer than scarlet fever, but is often considered to be that disease in a milder form; and the identity of pneumonia with inflammation of the lungs, or of gastric with typhoid fever, or of the various terms ending in 'itis' with the inflammation they are intended to specify, is far from being universally recognised. Abscess is a better word than 'gathering'; and though, on the other hand, 'tumour' seems very dreadful, we may find consolation in remembering that after all it only means a swelling, whatever the nature may be, from a gum-boil to a cancer. There is much in a name. Dipsomania sounds much better than the other thing; and kleptomania by any other name would not smell so sweet. Much in a name? I should think so. Read what follows, if you doubt it. When a ship arrives in an English port from abroad, before those on board are allowed to have any communication with the shore, the ship must be declared healthy by the sanitary authorities, who accordingly board her at once, inspect her bills of health, and especially the list of those who have been ill during the voyage. If any of these are entered on the sick-list as having suffered from intermittent fever, printed forms have to be filled up, declarations made and signed, certificates written out, all sorts of questions answered about whether their bedding or clothing has been destroyed; and the men themselves paraded on deck for inspection. But if it is stated, instead, that they have suffered from ague—only another word for intermittent fever—then no notice is taken of it!

After all, there is very little rationale in any amateur system of medicine; all its treatment is purely empirical, and has its root in that love of mysticism which prevails in everything. Medicine, like every other science, is built up of hard,

unromantic facts, amenable to the laws of logic and common-sense. The popular idea runs always on specifics. Every bottle in a druggist's shop is supposed to contain a definite remedy for a definite disease; and the patient weaving of link with link in a chain of logical inferences, of the correlation of causes and effects, which constitutes medical science, is unknown. 'What's good for so-and-so?' is a query constantly put to a doctor; and if he answers honestly, he must confess that in nine cases out of ten he can give no absolute reply, but must preface his words with, 'That depends!' Take two very frequent illustrations by way of conclusion. What is 'good for' indigestion? and what for a headache? But what is indigestion? Not a disease, but a generic name for fifty different diseases, all attended with the same symptoms in some measure, but proceeding from not only different but often entirely opposite causes. Thus, the pain may be produced by a deficiency or by an excess of the gastric juice; and by any derangement, from a simple error in diet to a cancer; and it requires the practised eye, ear, and hand of the physician to detect and appreciate those minute differences which point to the root of the evil. As for a headache, such a complaint hardly exists *per se*, but is almost invariably a symptom only of some other disorder; and we all know how many varying states of the body will give us headache. Nevertheless, may the practice of domestic medicine and the virtues which go with it long continue in our midst, and let no man be so ill-advised as to banish the harmless little medicine-chest with its associations from his hearth.

#### OUTWARD AND HOMEWARD BOUND.

MANY a long journey by sea and land, in fair weather and in foul, has fallen to my lot; but to none can I look back with such vivid delight as to the first which found me turning from wintry England to seek a perpetual summer beneath Eastern skies.

I fancy every one's first voyage by one of the P. and O. steam-packets must be a matter of considerable amusement, from the novelty of everything. Perhaps one of the most curious sights is the coming on board of the Indian and Colonial mails. It seems scarcely possible that such a multitude of boxes and sacks as those which lie heaped up in such solid masses can really be all postal matter. A very great man on board is the guardian of Her Majesty's mails. A man of wondrous authority—occasionally a thorn in the side of the captain, as being the possessor of certain powers of interference or of counsel, rarely, however, brought into action. Then as to fellow-passengers, there is no type of man, woman, or child who is not here represented. Happily, when outward bound, the proportion of children is very small. The return voyage is very different. Perhaps ninety or a hundred children of all sizes and ages, flying from oriental climates, in which young English life cannot flourish, and all more or less

spoil by the care of ayahs and native servants, whose sole idea of training is to give a child whatever it cries for. Imagine the torture which must be inflicted by such an army of babies on the older passengers, probably never, at the best, much addicted to bibliolatriy, but now rendered doubly irritable by long battles with sun and liver; for on a voyage homeward there are generally a sad proportion of sickly folk; men conscious of possessing a liver, and all manner of other complaints, or, worse still, unconscious alike of life's cares or pleasures. On our return to England, there were no less than twelve lunatics on board, victims of the combined influence of the sun and the system of incessant 'pegs,' alias brandy and soda-water.

Outward bound, we find abundant studies of character in ship-life, where business is laid aside, and in general every one tries to make the best of his neighbours. From the grave old Indian official, returning to his high post in some distant corner of the empire, down to the beardless Competition Wallah, still breathless from the educational high-pressure to which he has been subjected, all minds are naturally more or less tinged with thoughts of the land for which they are bound; and we hear more of Indian and Colonial manners and customs than we should do in a year in Britain. A considerable number of the more energetic set to work at once to learn Hindustani or some other oriental language—generally a fruitless struggle, as only an exceptional few, with wondrous powers of abstraction, can find leisure for any settled work.

Among the small novelties which catch the unaccustomed eye, is the setting of a great dinner-table in stormy weather. The table from end to end is covered with skeleton frames of mahogany, laid over the tablecloth. These are called 'fiddles,' and keep your plate from rolling too far. As to your cup or wine-glass, it stands on a swinging table opposite your nose, and preserves so perfect an equilibrium, that in the wildest storm, not one drop of the contents is spilt. How the stewards manage to wait, and the cooks to cook, for such a multitude, in such a rolling and turmoil, and in such limited space, is a matter for perpetual wonder and admiration. If you go forward, you will find a regular town—butter's shop and baker's shop, carpenter's shop and engineer's shop, tailors and laundrymen—that is, sailors doing amateur work; and as to the live-stock, there are sheep and pigs, and cows and oxen, and poultry of every description; in short, a regular farmyard; and I think some of the big children find as much amusement as the little ones in that corner of the ship.

One thing startling to a new traveller is the rapidity with which time changes. He finds his watch going very wrong, and perhaps, for the first day or two, is weak enough to alter it, till he finds it simpler to count 'bells' after the manner of the sea. Speaking of hours, one of the many small gambling devices to relieve the tedium of the voyage is a system of sweepstakes as to the exact moment when the vessel will drop anchor at any given port, tickets being issued for every five or ten minutes of the expected forenoon or afternoon, and the winnings being sometimes presented to a Sailors' Orphan Fund. Some of my fellow-travellers have told me that

in long weary voyages they had been driven to institute races for short distances, the steeds being cheese-mites, or maggots carefully extracted from the nuts. These races at last became positively exciting; and the same creatures being preserved from day to day, were, if of approved speed, worth small fortunes to their owners. A very swift maggot would sell for a large sum! Fly loo was another favourite game, but happily, we have never had occasion to try such singular amusements. There are games at Bull for those who want exercise; and sedentary games and books, and singing and chatting, for sociable folk. For my part, being an unsocial sort of animal, I think that 'to be talked to all day' is the sum of human misery, as much on board ship as on land. So, on my memorable first voyage, when all was new and delightful, I soon discovered a quiet nook on the top of the deck cabin, right astern, where, with infinite satisfaction, I established myself, and there read in peace, no one venturing to invade that haven of refuge save under a solemn vow of silence. But when the light began to wane, the silence was no more; for the sons and daughters of music there assembled, and as there were several good voices and a first-rate leader, the glees and choruses were sometimes very effective.

Thus pleasantly day and night slipped by in quick succession. Casual acquaintanceships ripened into lifelong friendships; and when at length we reached our journey's end, the joy of arrival was tempered by true regret for the break-up of a pleasant party, and the dispersion of many friends, of whom the majority in all probability might never meet again.

A brief year passed away—a year of ever-changing delight in the wondrous Indian land, and ere we realised that our allotted twelve months were over, we found ourselves numbered with *The Homeward Bound*. Very different was our return journey from the last. Instead of finding ourselves surrounded by a superabundance of bright energetic life, our companions were almost all on the sick-list, as few people who were not driven home by illness, would exchange an Indian winter for the chilly frosts and snows of England. Instead of the continuous sunshine of our outward journey, we had bitter winds and sharp storms, and though we were too good sailors to be thereby affected, some of our neighbours were wretched enough.

But the saddest change of all was the long list of funerals, which, commencing ere we left the deep-blue Indian Ocean, only ended as we neared the English shores. Sometimes we heard the beautiful words of the solemn funeral service read in the quiet moonlight, and sometimes when we could scarcely distinguish a word for the howling of the storm and roar of waters, and only knew by the sad, earnest faces of sailors and soldiers crowding round, that the uncoffined clay, which lay so still beneath the outspread Union-jack, was about to be committed to the deep. The first who thus 'fell asleep' was a little child, on whom the tropical sun had laid its fiery finger. Not all the ice of Himla could cool the burning of that fevered, throbbing brow; and the wistful baby-eyes looked vainly up, in piteous mute appeal, to those who knew too bitterly how

utterly powerless they were to help. But when the red glowing sun sank below the mellow waters, that tender spirit rose to its Home, far beyond the stars; and loving hands laid the tiny marble form in a pure white shell, meet for so fair a pearl. Then kind, warm-hearted British tars covered that little coffin with England's flag, and laid it down gently and reverently, standing round bareheaded in the warm southern moonlight, while holy words were uttered as the little white coffin sank down into the quiet depths of that wondrously blue sea.

A few more days went by, and again the Angel of Death was among us. This time he came to call away a poor fellow with the frame of a young giant, who but a few months before had left the Emerald Isle in glowing health and strength, but who now wearily dragged himself along sun-stricken, utterly unconscious that the shadow of the angel's wing already darkened over him; only craving once more to reach the old home, where mother and sisters would welcome him. But when the sun rose, one cold, bleak morning, we were told he had passed away in the night. We were on the Red Sea; but it was bitterly cold and stormy, and the dull, drear, wintry winds were echoing over bleak bare shores, and sighing among the masts and rigging. Even the sea was leaden-hued; and when the funeral service was read, and the body lowered into the sullen waves, the pale sunrise was overclouded by a heavy drifting shower. It was the saddest, dreariest funeral at which I was ever present. In the cabin next to his was another victim of the sun—a handsome young bride, with mind, alas! all unstrung. Of course she could not have known what was passing so near, yet, through all those sad hours she kept on crooning a low plaintive song, telling how

Somebody's darling, so young, and so fair,  
Somebody's darling lay dying there.

An hour later we lay-to, off the wreck of the ill-fated *Carnatic*, the property of the same Company as the ship in which we sailed; which, but a few weeks previously, had, one Sunday night, in calmest weather, diverged but a little from her course, and struck upon a hidden coral reef. There she lay all the long day in the sunshine. So little was danger suspected, that not even Her Majesty's mails, or the precious human lives on board, were landed on the island of Shadwan, which lay at a distance of about three miles; and where all might have found a safe refuge. Meals continued to be served with the usual wonderful regularity; and between whiles, the passengers amused themselves with angling for fish of dazzling colours, which swarmed all round the coral rock. In short, the affair seems to have been treated in the light of a summer picnic, till the dread moment when, at midnight, the vessel suddenly parted mid-ships and went down. Thus, like another *Royal George*, the good ship suddenly foundered in a calm sea, carrying with her many a brave British heart. Some good swimmers, though carried down with the swirl, struggled to the surface, and after many a hard blow from floating spars and luggage, escaped with their lives; and a few boats likewise got beyond the reach of the whirlpool. It was Tuesday night before the survivors were all safe

on the isle of Shadwan; and of their goods, only one dressing-bag and one dry box of matches had escaped. Some huge bales of dry cotton had, however, been cast ashore, so tightly packed that the centre was still quite dry. This they heaped up as material for a bonfire, wherewith to greet the first sail that hove in sight; and while some stood by, ready to kindle the blaze, others rowed out to sea again, taking with them their only rocket. They had not long to wait. Soon a great steamer belonging to the same Company drew near, and the Homeward-bound rescued the survivors of the Outward-bound, whose journey sunward had been thus sadly damped at the outset. All we saw of the wreck were the extreme tips of the masts appearing above the waters, to mark where the divers were even then at work, seeking to rescue property of all sorts. The mails had previously been rescued, and many half-legible letters had reached India before we had sailed thence.

Strangely, in truth, fell our Christmas Eve, as we landed, on the dull shore of Suez, where, on a little sandy island, so many of England's sons, 'homeward-bound,' sleep their last sleep beneath the burning sun; and as we stood in the starlight, watching the last of our companions hurrying on to Alexandria, it was hard indeed to realise that festive Yule had found us in such dreary quarters. Nor—for it was before the Suez Canal days—did it mend matters much to spend our Christmas Day whirling across the Desert in an Egyptian railway. But when evening brought us to the green banks of the Nile, we were content.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### WHY DO WE NOW DRINK LESS COFFEE?

FOR many years past it has been plainly apparent that there has been a decline in the consumption of coffee; and while the use of spirits, wine, tobacco, tea, and cocoa has considerably increased, that of coffee has fallen off to a considerable extent. Dr Wallace, F.R.S.E., in a paper read before the Society of Public Analysts, is of opinion that the people of this country are losing their taste for coffee because of the difficulty of obtaining it in a pure state. About the time when the consumption per head was highest, coffee began to be adulterated with chicory, and now this is done so universally, that many people prefer the mixture to pure coffee, and few know the taste of the genuine article.

When travelling on the continent, the tourist enjoys the fragrant cup; but the beverage supplied at the best hotels and restaurants in this country is not coffee, but a mixture of that substance with chicory, in the proportion of three-fourths to one-third of the whole, and sometimes more. As Dr Wallace correctly says, this substance may be described as chicory flavoured with coffee. Chicory being bitter, with three times the colouring power of coffee, gives it the appearance of great strength; but it should always be remembered that it contains no caffeine, and wants the exhilarating qualities for which good coffee is partaken. The sooner the public awakens to a sense of this fact, the better.

Pure coffee can be had; but it is only sold with a grudge, for the grocer has his chief profit



in the chicory with which it is adulterated. To show where the profit lies, take the case of a particular coffee sold in tins, which contains one part of coffee to three parts of chicory, and is sold at one-and-fourpence per pound. The coffee in a pound of it costs, retail, say sevenpence, the chicory, say fourpence, tins, say threepence, profit twopence—total, one-and-fourpence. But the purchaser gets no value except the sevenpence-worth of coffee, the chicory only adding colour, bitterness, and body, so that he pays one-and-fourpence for sevenpenceworth of coffee.

Amongst the other substances used to adulterate coffee in order to yield a higher profit to the dealer, are burnt sugar or caramel, dried and roasted figs, dried dates, date-stones, decayed ships' biscuits, beans, peas, acorns, malt, dandelion root, turnips, carrots, parsnips, and mangold-wurzel, all of which are roasted in imitation of coffee. There is little wonder, therefore, that coffee, which lends itself so easily to unprincipled adulteration, is becoming unpopular. According to Dr Wallace, the quantity used per head in 1843 was 1·1 lb., increasing up to 1848, when it was 1·37 lb. It has since slowly but steadily declined, especially since 1853, and is now only ·89 lb.; a decrease since 1843 of nineteen per cent., and since 1853 of fifty-four per cent. About five pounds of tea per head are consumed to one of coffee. In France, with a heavier duty, the consumption of coffee is 3·23 lbs. a head; Germany and Holland, 5·3 lbs.; Switzerland, 6·68 lbs.; Italy, only 1·05 lb.; while Belgium is largest of all, being 9 lbs. a head. The total consumption in Europe is about four hundred thousand tons, of which Great Britain used fourteen thousand tons in 1880. In the same year, about six thousand tons of chicory were retained for home consumption, which is an index to the extent of the adulteration. When the public taste ceases to lend itself to coffee adulterated with chicory and other rubbish, and when folks have acquired the art of making it properly, then the beverage might take the high place in general estimation to which it is justly entitled.

#### ABNORMAL HUMANITY.

A new phenomenon has lately appeared in Paris in the shape of a man with a head resembling that of a calf. The similarity is said to be wonderful. For his own sake, it is to be hoped that this eccentric-looking person will prove as great a financial success as his three recent celebrated predecessors—the Man-frog, the man with a goose's head, and the Man-dog, who have all retired into private life, having made a nice little fortune. The Man-frog was first exhibited in 1866, at a French country fête. He had a stout ill-shapen body, covered with a skin like a leather bottle, and a face exactly like a frog's, large eyes, an enormous mouth, and the skin cold and clammy. He attracted a good deal of attention from the Academy of Medicine, and a delegate was deputed to make him an object of study. He went all over France; and at the end of a few years, retired to his native place, Puyre, in Gers.

The man with the goose's head was first shown at the Gingerbread Fair in 1872. He was twenty years of age, had round eyes, a long and flat nose

the shape and size of a goose's bill, an immensely long neck, and was without a single hair on his head. He only wanted feathers to make him complete. The effect of his interminably long neck twisting about was extremely ludicrous, and was so much appreciated, that his receipts were very large. He now passes under his proper name of Jean Rondier, and is established at Dijon as a photographer. He is married; and, thanks to enormously high collars and a wig, is now tolerably presentable.

The Man-dog came from Russia, and was for a long time exhibited in Paris. He is now settled at Pesth, having established a bird-fancier's business there, which is decidedly flourishing.

#### THE SOLITARY SINGER.

SWEET singer!—sweet to hear when only one  
Among the thousand voices of the spring  
Thou caroldest—how sweeter far, alone  
And all unrivalled, art thou wont to fling  
The spell of music o'er the list'ning air  
From yon drear spray by winter's blight left bare.

Say what the burden of that patient strain  
Which answer seeketh none, but ever forth  
Is poured, and by itself its own refrain,  
Still echo'd, findeth—save that from the North  
Responsive plainings through the leafless tree  
Mingle, methinks, with thine in sympathy.

It cannot but be sad—a low-tuned sigh  
For lost delights thy callow youth once knew,  
When all the grove was blossom, all the sky  
A smile above thee, and the glad hours flew  
Unmarred from when thy notes brought in the day,  
Till evening's hush was mellowed by thy lay.

It cannot all be sad—some sweet alloy  
Of Hope would seem to tremble through thy song,  
And serve, when all thy mates are mute, to buoy  
Thy heart, though clouds across thy heaven throng,  
Though strewn all blossom, and the rude winds' brawl  
Sound the sad dirge of twilight's sombre fall.

What'er it be, clear-throated, soft, and low,  
It woos the stern hour with a lulling tone,  
According well with streams that whispering flow  
Ice-muffled, with the sound of sere leaves blown  
In rustling eddies 'neath their parent shade,  
Where Autumn's glory by the wind is laid.

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## SOME CURIOSITIES OF THE PEERAGE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

IN a paper which appeared in this *Journal* (January 12) headed 'What is a Peer?' it was sought to present within very narrow limits and in untechnical language a sketch of the institution generally known as the Peerage. We endeavoured to exhibit the difference between the peerage itself as a whole and that important section of it termed the House of Lords, the status of the peers of the United Kingdom, of Great Britain, of Scotland, and of Ireland, and the distinction between real titles of nobility and those permitted to be adopted by courtesy. In short, we dealt with the external and legal features of the peerage viewed as an element of the constitution. We now propose to, in some measure, fill up the previous outline of the subject, and this will be done by shortly examining some of the internal characteristics of this institution which are distinctly peculiar to it. These will include a reference to matters which may not inaptly be termed 'curiosities,' if we limit the sense of this word to matters which, though perhaps not exactly curiosities in themselves, are nevertheless such, from their being confined to the cognisance of comparatively few persons.

Adopting for present purposes this acceptance of the word 'curiosities,' it may safely be asserted that the peerage abounds with curiosities of all kinds. Probably the most interesting are those disclosed in the records of family vicissitudes; but then these are but chapters in human life with their interest enhanced by the exalted position of the actors in the various dramas presented. Then, again, there are the anecdotal curiosities, which are exceedingly amusing, especially those of a strictly personal character; and we might easily fill many pages with narrations of this kind, any one of which would abundantly confirm the saw, that truth is stranger than fiction. But we think that such curiosities as we have mentioned are not those which would most interest or arrest the

attention of an uninitiated reader, and accordingly, we have culled a few which we consider calculated to instruct as well as amuse him. If we are asked to define the species of instruction likely to be conveyed by the study of a theme like the peerage and its peculiarities, we should reply, that considered as we now propose to consider it, the subject will unfold many facts of deep historical interest; and we should not hesitate to declare that no one can fully comprehend either the general or the constitutional history of this country without some acquaintance with the peerage and its workings.

In 'What is a Peer?' we dealt with the legal and the courtesy aspect of titles; we shall here consider the mode of limiting them, their devolution, &c.; and we shall have one word to say about etiquette—not that species of etiquette, however, dealt with in books which purport to be manuals of good manners, but what may be called the etiquette of bearing titles; and this we hope will not be deemed unworthy of attention.

And first, the reader is reminded that all hereditary titles of honour are known to the law by the name of incorporeal hereditaments, a term explained in 'What is a Peer?'

A close analogy to the rules of real property law is observable in those which govern the creation, &c., of titles. Thus, we have heirs apparent and presumptive to honours as well as to estates; and this observation will introduce us to one feature in the etiquette of the peerage worthy of notice. We have shown how a peer may hold several titles of different grades; and we will now more fully consider a case of this kind. Suppose that the Marquis of A. is also Earl of B., Viscount C., and Baron D., and that he has several sons and daughters. His eldest son is his heir-apparent, and he may assume, according to his father's pleasure, either of the other titles during his lifetime. It is usual, however, in such cases for the eldest son to take the earldom as a courtesy title. During the existence of the Marquis and his eldest son, none of the

other sons would be permitted to adopt the remaining two titles; but all after the Earl would, as sons of a Marquis, be Lord John or Lord William So-and-so, &c.; and only the younger sons of Dukes and Marquises are so styled. The daughters, however, of all noblemen except Viscounts and Barons are styled 'Ladies,' with their Christian and surnames following the word 'Lady;' but they have no other style similar to that of an eldest son. (The position of daughters who claim a barony held by their father will be considered in a subsequent portion of the present paper.) Now, if the Earl of B. above mentioned were to die in his father's lifetime, the second son would succeed to the courtesy title, and so on as to the rest, in the event of each son dying in his father's lifetime. Thus, on the decease, in 1865, of Viscount Cranborne, eldest son of the then Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Robert Cecil—now Marquis of Salisbury—became Lord Cranborne. But the rule just mentioned is not absolute as to any of its features; for it may be remembered that the eldest son of the late Marquis—who, by the way, was also Earl—of Clanricarde, Viscount Burke, and Lord Dunkellin—was styled by the baronial title. On his death in the lifetime of the Marquis, the second son became Viscount Burke, and not Lord Dunkellin. Again, in 1879, when the Earl of Tankerville's eldest son, Lord Ossulston, died, the latter's brother, the Honourable G. M. Bennet, became eldest son, not, however, as Lord Ossulston, but as Lord Bennet; and instances of this might be multiplied. We believe, indeed, that the practice indicated under such circumstances to be the correct or fashionable one at the present day.

In the grant of a peerage the succession is generally limited in tail male—that is, entailed in the male line; but there are instances of special limitations in the grant to meet the want of heirs male of the body; and in such cases we may have a peerage as it were wandering about in all directions. Thus, a peerage may be limited in tail male, with a remainder over in tail male to some other person. This was the case with the barony of the great Lord Nelson. In 1798, he was created Baron Nelson of the Nile, and of Burnham-Thorpe in the county of Norfolk; and in 1801, Viscount Nelson. But these were entailed honours; and in the same year he was created Baron Nelson of the Nile, and of Hilborough in the county of Norfolk, with remainder—failing his own issue male—to his father and his issue male; failing which, to the issue male, severally and successively, of Lord Nelson's sisters. At the death of the hero in 1805 at Trafalgar without issue, the first barony and the viscounty became extinct; but the second barony descended—the father being dead—to Lord Nelson's brother. This nobleman was then elevated to the earldom, and the grant was again limited to him in tail male, with remainder over, failing his own issue, to the heirs male of his sister, Mrs Bolton; and failing them, to the issue of another sister, Mrs Matcham. The first earl having died without issue, was succeeded by his nephew, Mr T. Bolton, who thus became second Earl Nelson; and the present earl is his son, and has issue. Should all the male descendants of the latter eventually become extinct, the title will then go in remainder to the right heir of Mrs

Matcham. If there be no such heir of that lady, then the title of Nelson will become extinct.

But of all the curiosities of the peerage, its 'complications' may justly be reckoned among the strongest and most interesting, and these complications are numerous, peculiar, and at the same time interesting in their way. They are attributable to various causes, of which the following may be accounted the chief: The failure of male issue in a family wherein exists a female peerage, the holder of which marries a commoner, who assumes her name; the absolute extinction of a title in one family by forfeiture or want of issue, and its subsequent assumption or revival in the person of a stranger in blood to the previous holders of the title; the failure of heirs to a title in tail male—that is, one limited to heirs male of the body, while perhaps another title held by the same person is in fee—that is, descendible to his heirs general. In such a case, the title in tail would of course become extinct, while the other would go to the right heir. Again, these complications are caused by the assumption of surnames other than those originally belonging to the persons assuming them, by the creation of special limitations in the grant of a title; by the confounding of names with titles, or those of peerage with those borne by courtesy; by the growth of peerages which, as it were, sprout from some great House already ennobled; and lastly, by the distinctions which exist with regard to peers of the United Kingdom, of Great Britain, of England, or of Ireland. We will endeavour to illustrate as informally as possible some of the foregoing statements, and this we think may be done by giving a short account of one well-known title and some of its family ramifications. This mode of treating the subject—on the principle of *ex uno disce omnes*—will be found to answer the object in view, and will also disclose other matters of interest connected therewith.

Some few years ago, there existed an amiable but weak young nobleman known to the world as the Marquis of Hastings, and to his intimates as Harry Hastings. Born in 1842, he succeeded his brother as fourth marquis at the early age of nine, was married when twenty-two under somewhat romantic circumstances, 'plunged' heavily on the turf, sustained enormous losses, and died at the age of twenty-six, when the marquise of Hastings became extinct. It was a singularly fantastic display of the irony of fate which caused this man 'of noble blood and high descent,' the holder of a long string of proud titles, to become the associate and the victim of blacklegs and swindlers. Yet so it was; and when he died, society could not but heave a sigh of pity. In Burke's *Peerage* of the time, the Marquis of Hastings is thus described: 'Sir Henry-Weysford-Charles-Plantagenet Rawdon-Hastings, Earl of Rawdon, and Viscount Loudoun in the peerage of the United Kingdom; Baron Rawdon of Rawdon, Co. York, in the peerage of Great Britain; Baron Grey de Ruthyn, Baron Hastings, Hungerford, Newmarch, Botreaux, Molines, and Moels, in the peerage of England; Earl of Loudoun and Baron Campbell of Loudoun, Tarrinyeane and Mauchline, in the peerage of Scotland; Earl of Moira and Baron Rawdon in the peerage of Ireland; a

Baronet of England, and one of the co-heirs \* to the barony of Montague.

Now, from the extract just cited it will be seen that Hastings is not only a title but a name. As a matter of fact, however, Hastings is not the original patronymic of those who held the title as a marquise. Their real name was Rawdon, and the Rawdons are an important Yorkshire family, established in that county at least since the Conquest. In 1665, one of them was created a Baronet; and we shall see that this was the baronetcy held by the late Marquis of Hastings. In 1750, a great-grandson of the Baronet was raised to the Irish peerage as Baron Rawdon; and in 1761 was promoted to an earldom, taking the title of Moira. This nobleman was thrice married, his last wife—by whom alone he had male issue—having been Lady Elizabeth Hastings, eldest daughter of the ninth Earl of Huntingdon.† Hastings, then, was the family name of the Earls of Huntingdon; and it is that of the present earl, who is the only peer entitled to it as an original surname. The eldest son of the above-mentioned marriage was Francis, second Earl of Moira, who achieved an historical reputation as a soldier, a statesman, and an accomplished gentleman. - He is well remembered as an able governor-general of India; and he it was who became the first Marquis of Hastings; but we need hardly say that he was connected with his great predecessor, Warren Hastings of Daylesford, only by reason of the marriage above mentioned. It may be observed that during the suspension of the earldom of Huntingdon, the then proprietors of Daylesford claimed to represent the chief branch of the Hastings family.

Having traced the connection between the families of Rawdon and Hastings, it now remains to discover how the baronies of the latter became attached to the former family. The ninth Earl of Huntingdon, father of the first Countess of Moira, died in 1746, and was succeeded by his son, brother of the Lady Moira. The tenth earl, however, died without issue in 1789; whereupon the earldom became suspended, and so continued for thirty years, a fact involving matters of very deep interest, but of no importance so far as present purposes are concerned. The tenth Earl of Huntingdon's heir was his sister, Lady Moira, and upon her descended the ancient baronies of the Huntingdon earldom—namely, Hastings, Hungerford, Botreaux, and Molines. Her husband, the first Earl of Moira, died in 1793, and, as just stated, was succeeded as such by his son Francis, who, in 1804, married Flora, Baroness Campbell and Countess of Loudoun in her own right. Elizabeth, Countess-Dowager of Moira, died in 1808; Francis, her son, was promoted to the English peerage so far as the barony of Rawdon was concerned. Then came his assumption of his mother's maiden name of Hastings, his successful claims to the Huntingdon baronies, and lastly, in 1816 we find him Viscount Loudoun, Earl of Rawdon, &c., and Marquis of Hastings—all in the peerage of the United

Kingdom. It is thus shown how a Rawdon was the founder of the Hastings marquise; how Elizabeth Hastings brought the old baronies previously mentioned into the Rawdon family; and how the Scotch earldom of Loudoun and the United Kingdom viscounty were held by the same family.

There are two more titles to account for—the ancient baronies in fee of Hastings, created in 1264, and Grey de Ruthyn, created in 1324. These titles were originally in the De Hastings family, one of whom married, some time in the seventeenth century, Sir Henry Yelverton, Bart., of Norfolk, since which time, Yelverton—not to be confounded with Lord Avonmore's family name—has been the patronymic of the Lords and Ladies Grey de Ruthyn. On the death of the nineteenth lord in 1831, the title descended to his daughter, who married the second Marquis of Hastings. This is how these two titles of Hastings, as a barony, and Grey de Ruthyn came to be held by the late marquis, whose mother was the twentieth holder of the latter title.

We have said that on his death in 1868 the marquise became extinct; but what, it may be asked, became of the other titles? The answer to that question, though simple, will reveal yet further complications, caused by the assumption of surnames, &c. In the first place, all of what may be called the Rawdon honours necessarily became extinct. Not so, however, all those acquired by their marriages, &c. Thus, the Scotch earldom of Loudoun survived, and of this we will trace the devolution from the death of the last Marquis of Hastings. That nobleman left a sister, married to a commoner, Mr C. F. Clifton; and she, by her brother's death without issue, became Countess of Loudoun in her own right, and succeeded to some of the family property. Mr Clifton took the family name of his wife; and at her death some time since, her son became Earl of Loudoun, Baron Hastings, Botreaux, &c., and by the last-named title now sits in the House of Lords. The other baronies transferred to the Rawdon family by the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, Grey de Ruthyn, &c., are in abeyance; but the Earl of Loudoun is the eldest co-heir to them. (The terms 'abeyance' and 'co-heir' will be explained later on.) Mr Clifton himself, the earl's father, has been raised to the peerage as Lord Donington, the name of the Hastings' seat in Leicestershire. We see that the Earl of Loudoun is also Baron Hastings, and by that title he may also vote; but, for the following reasons, Botreaux is a preferable title whereby to sit. The fact is, there is another Lord Hastings, whose family name is Astley. He is a peer of the United Kingdom, and his title is one of great antiquity, created in 1289. The present baron is the twenty-sixth in order of succession; but it will be found that this barony is not so ancient as the oldest of those which came to the Rawdons through Lady Elizabeth Hastings, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon. Thus, while a higher title may absorb all those of a lower rank existing in the same family, the latter may nevertheless as it were attract the higher one to them, and a nobleman of the highest rank may be heir to a title of a less exalted character than his own. Thus, the Marquis of Lansdowne

\* This indicates that the barony mentioned is in abeyance, a term which will be explained afterwards.

† It may interest some readers to be reminded that the widow of this earl, Selina, was the founder of the religious body known as 'Lady Huntingdon's Connection.'

is heir to the titles of his mother, who is second Baroness Keith and seventh Baroness Nairne. It may be observed in passing that there are about ninety Scotch and Irish peers in parliament who sit and vote by titles other than those by which they are commonly known and addressed.

The story of the present great House of Northumberland also furnishes a remarkable instance; of the vicissitudes of a peerage, and the strange results of changing or adopting surnames by titled families. The present name of the Dukes of Northumberland is Percy, and their table of lineage connects them with the family to which the renowned Harry Hotspur belonged. But supposing this connection to be real, which we do not dispute, such of the blood of that renowned soldier as now flows through the veins of the Percies of to-day must certainly be in an extremely diluted condition. Unless we are mistaken, the actual family name of the Northumberland family is Smithson, and that of Percy is an assumed name. Hence the following lines to a Duke of Northumberland, by no less a person than George Canning :

No drop of princely Percy's blood  
Through those cold veins doth run ;  
With Hotspur's blazon, castles, arms,  
I still am poor Smithson.

The fact is, the present Northumberlands are the issue\* of a marriage which took place in 1657 between an heiress of the real Percies and one Sir Hugh Smithson, a Yorkshire baronet ; and the whole narrative may be read in Burke's *Peerage* under the title of 'Northumberland.' It does not, however, mention the reply of George III. to one of the dukes of this house who complained to him that he was the first Duke of Northumberland who did not possess the Garter. 'Quite so,' said the king snappishly, 'and the first Smithson who ever asked for it !'

It appears that the lady just alluded to was a daughter of Marmaduke, second Lord Langdale ; and this fact introduces us to a notable curiosity of the peerage—namely, the extinction and resuscitation of titles. The latter circumstance may occur not only in the family originally holding the extinct title, but, as already intimated, in some other family in no way connected with the former. We will shortly give a few instances of this feature of the peerage, and the title of Langdale may first be noticed.

The first peer was a Mr Marmaduke Langdale, who in 1658 was created Baron Langdale, title and family name being the same. There were in all five holders of this title, all bearing the single Christian name of Marmaduke. The last died without issue in 1777, and the title became extinct. In the year 1836, an eminent King's Counsel—still remembered by some persons—named Henry Bickersteth became Master of the Rolls, and was raised to the peerage as Lord Langdale, but so far as we know he was in no way connected with the Langdale family, and there is no Lord Langdale now. The wife of this peer,

who was Master of the Rolls, was Lady Jane Harley, daughter of the Earl of Oxford ; and this celebrated title will furnish another instance of the loss of titular honours by one family, and their resumption by another. The peerage of Oxford—an earldom from beginning to end—was originally held by the illustrious family of De Vere, one of whom was created Earl of Oxford by the Empress Maud, an honour confirmed by Henry II. in 1155. The ninth earl was Robert, who was created Marquis of Dublin in 1386 by Richard II., and, as stated in 'What is a Peer?' was the first marquis in the English peerage. He was banished and attainted in 1388, whereupon his honours became forfeited. Four years afterwards, however, the earldom was regranted to his uncle Aubrey, and subsequently the attainder of Robert was annulled. In 1464, we find the twelfth earl beheaded, and another attainer created ; but after a lapse of three years, his son John is reinstated, only, however, to enjoy his honours for ten years, at the end of which period he also is attainted and suffers forfeiture. In 1513, all is right again ; his nephew becomes the fourteenth earl ; and from his time down to 1702, there is no break in the succession. But in that year, Aubrey, the twentieth earl, dies without male issue ; and from that time to the present, we hear no more of the ancient and noble family of De Vere as Earls of Oxford. Perhaps the most distinguished of them was Edward, seventeenth earl (1540–1604) ; while another member of the family was Sir Francis de Vere, a celebrated soldier in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The title of Oxford was revived in 1711 by a stranger in blood to the De Veres—Robert Harley, Queen Anne's celebrated Tory statesman, who in that year became Earl of Oxford and Mortimer. The second of these earls was the founder of the Harley Library. The first earl had been a great collector of books, and it is said that he was so much attached to them, that although his library contained about one hundred thousand volumes, he knew the precise position of each on the shelves ! The honours of the Harley family continued until 1853, when Alfred, the sixth earl, died without issue, and the earldom of Oxford once more ceased to exist.

These are but representative instances of the creation, forfeiture, extinction, and revival of titles. We could, of course, considerably increase the list of them, but to do so, would fill a volume. We will, however, just glance at five lines of the well-known speech of Henry V. to his soldiers in Shakspeare's play of *Henry V.* (act iv., scene 3), and inquire how many of the great personages there mentioned are represented in blood at the present time by those who hold the very same titles :

Then shall our names,  
Familiar in their mouths as household words—  
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster—  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.

These words are supposed to be uttered on the eve of the battle of Agincourt, in 1415, and the Bedford of that day was John Plantagenet, third son of Henry IV. There were only three of these Dukes of Bedford, the last of whom died in 1495 ; and it was not until 1550 that the first Russell, the ancestor of the present Duke of Bedford, was

\* It may be instructive to the non-legal reader to be told that the word 'issue' in law signifies lineal descendants *ad infinitum*, and therefore has a more extensive signification than 'children.' The two terms are often confounded ; but while of course 'issue' will include children, it may include more than children.



ennobled. To him the existing great House owes its origin; and there has been an unbroken continuity in the succession from his time until now, according to the limitations in the grants of the various honours bestowed on the family of Russell.

The peerage of Exeter is extremely singular. Therein we find four dukes, starting from John Holland, the first of them, in 1397. Between the first and the last duke there were two forfeitures and one extinction of the title; moreover, only three of them were Hollands, the second having been a Beaufort, a natural son of John of Gaunt; and this must have been the Exeter mentioned by Shakspeare; but the poet and dates are not quite reconcilable here. Then came two Marquises of Exeter, both of whom were Courtenays; and the present Marquis is a Cecil, the originator of the now existing marquissate having been the second Lord Burleigh or Burghley, who became Earl of Exeter in 1605. The present marquissate of the title dates from 1793.

The history of the peerage or title of Warwick is one of the most extraordinary to be found on the rolls. It was commenced in the reign of the Conqueror, comprises, in the first place, fourteen earls, mostly of the name of De Newburgh and De Beauchamp, a duke, and a countess. It has been extinct four times, and forfeited five times; has been borne by royalty, by the noblest of the noble, by traitors, and by no less than thirty-three persons of various families. After becoming extinct in the family of Rich by the decease of the eighth earl without issue in 1759, it was revived in that of Greville, and the present earl is the fourth in succession since then. The first of these holders of the title was Francis Greville, a descendant of William de Beauchamp, the tenth of the first set of earls, who died in 1298. The fifth and last of the De Beauchamps as Earls of Warwick must have been Shakspeare's Warwick; so that while clearly the Bedfords and Exeters of to-day are not the representatives of those mentioned in *Henry V.*, the Earl of Warwick who fought at Agincourt has a living descendant. The same may be said as to Talbot. The person alluded to by Shakspeare was the sixth baron of that title, and was the greatest soldier of his time. He was created Earl of Shrewsbury in 1442, and the present earl—who is the twentieth from him, and premier Earl of England—is also Earl and Baron Talbot, and accordingly is a blood-relative of Shakspeare's fourth hero. Salisbury comes next; but the present marquis being descended from Robert Cecil, created Earl of Salisbury in 1605, is therefore not connected with Henry V.'s Salisbury, who was Thomas de Montacute. The Marquissate of Salisbury was created in 1780, every other previous holder of a Salisbury title having been an earl; and the honour first arose in the reign of Stephen.

With regard to the last of the personages introduced by Shakspeare, Glo'ster, it may be observed that the title of Gloucester appears from its very beginning to have been appropriated to personages of unusually exalted birth. It commenced with a natural son of Henry I., and went through eleven earldoms to 1337. From that time we have only dukes; and Shakspeare evidently alludes to Humphry Plantagenet, youngest son of Henry IV., and therefore brother of Henry V.,

whom the poet, with strict regard to the rules of courtesy, makes the last to be named by the gallant king. With him the dukedom of Gloucester became extinct; but it was revived in 1461, and conferred on Richard, brother of Edward IV., commonly known as 'Crookback.' At his death at Bosworth in 1485, the title merged in the Crown; and the last who held it was the uncle of our present gracious Queen, William-Frederick, Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh. Seeing that Shakspeare's Glo'ster was the son of Henry IV., and that our present royal family trace their descent through all the previous sovereigns of England, we may conclude that while the 'Bedford and Exeter' and Salisbury of Agincourt fame have no representatives at the present day connected with them by any ties of sanguinity, yet that 'Harry the King,' 'Warwick and Talbot' and Glo'ster are so represented, and in the manner just intimated.

## BY MEAD AND STREAM.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.—'THE LITTLE RIFT.'

UNCLE DICK was for some time busy with his meal and with the details of the scare he had got in the morning.

'I tell you, Philip, it a'most took away my appetite—and that's saying something. Seemed to me that the bullock had nearly all the signs of foot-and-mouth; and the vet. thought so too; when along comes Beecham, and shows us it was nothing of the kind, but that the brute had somehow swallowed a poisonous herb. Clever chap that. Never thought he knew anything about cattle. . . . You see what it would have been to me? I would not have been allowed to exhibit at Smithfield at all this year—I, who have some of the finest stock in the county or in Norfolk either, and I won't even bar that of His Royal Highness, although he has a prime breed—managed as well as my own too. I set my heart on getting a prize at the show this year; and it was hard lines to think that I was to be shut out at the last moment a'most, all owing to them foreigners bringing the disease amongst us.'

'But you are at rest on that score now,' said Philip, rousing himself to say something.

'O yes; it's right enough now; but it *was* a scare; and if it had not been for Beecham, the vet. would have gone off and reported me. I couldn't have said nay; for bad as it would be to get the disease amongst my own stock, I'd feel it a heap worse if I carried it to somebody else's. Don't know how to be thankful enough to Beecham.'

The repetition of the name awakened some association of sounds in Philip's ears; and whilst one division of his thoughts was entirely occupied with Madge, there seemed to be another whispering the question: 'Was not that voice I heard behind me at the "dancing beeches" like the stranger's?'

Uncle Dick went on describing the merits of the cattle he was to exhibit at Smithfield; but when he had pushed away his plate, he suddenly became aware that he was speaking to an inattentive audience.

'Got the toothache, Philip?—or lost anything?' he asked.

'No, no.—I beg your pardon, Uncle Dick,' replied Philip, a little confused, but frankly admitting his inattention. 'Madge did not seem to be quite well when she came in just now, and I was thinking about her.'

'Wool-gathering,' said Uncle Dick with a hearty laugh. 'Well, never mind. —I ought to have known better. What's the use of talking about prime fat cattle to a lad when he is sweethearting! I forgive you.'

Philip made an attempt to respond to the laugh; but it was not very successful, and he was glad of the relief which the entrance of the dame afforded him. In her quiet eyes, he fancied that there were signs of disturbed thought.

'What ails Madge?' inquired Uncle Dick. 'Here is Philip in a way about her. She was well enough at dinner-time.'

'She is out of sorts a bit, and wants to see Philip in the other room.'

'Go to her lad; and if you have been amusing yourselves with a tiff—why, buss and make it up.'

Philip scarcely heard the whole of this wise counsel, for he had darted off the moment he heard that Madge wanted him.

But she was not in the room yet. So he stood watching the door, and wondering what could be the meaning of this conduct, which would have been singular on the part of any girl, but was most singular in his eyes when it was the conduct of Madge. A headache was *not* a sufficient explanation of that frightened look on her face, and it was still less a satisfactory explanation of her eager desire to get away from him, when he had expected to be chidden for his long absence. What could have happened, to account for it?

In all this wondering and questioning there was not the remotest shade of jealousy. He loved her. She loved him; he trusted her absolutely. His was the nature which gives absolute trust, and is incapable of thinking that it might be betrayed. But this absolute trust is in a keen-eyed, passionate nature a sort of windbag; and with the first pin-prick of suspicion it collapses: all trust changes to all doubt. He was still untouched by this demon. So he only wondered, and was sorry for her.

Then she came in, looking so pale—haggard almost—and quite unlike herself. She had made no attempt to conceal the fact that she had been crying. She closed the door, held out her hands to him, avoiding his eyes, and rested her head on his shoulder.

That was all right: she was not angry with him. He kissed the wet eyes gratefully, and the lips. But she did not look at him or speak; and although he wanted to say something soothing, he did not know how to begin.

Presently he was startled by a low sobbing, and words came to him: 'For goodness' sake, Madge, tell me what is the meaning of all this. Have I done anything to vex you?'

She pressed his hands, to assure him that he had not; but she did not speak.

'Then what is it, my poor Madge? What can have upset you in this way? Uncle Dick and Aunt Hussy are all right: I am all right; but I shall be all wrong in a minute, if you will

not show me how I am to make you all right, like the rest of us.'

She raised her head slowly, wiped her eyes, and went to a chair by the fire. No smile, no sign of relief, but a frown at the laughing flame which rose from the burning log of wood. (That was one of Madge's own conceits, to have a homely log of wood for the evening fires.) Suddenly she lay back on the chair with hands clasped on the top of her head.

'I don't know what to say to you, Philip.'

'What about?'

'About being so foolish.'

'Tell me why you are so foolish, and then maybe some good fairy will help me to tell you what you ought to say.'

He rested his elbow on the back of her chair and passed his hand tenderly over her hot brow. Her lips tightened, then relaxed, and she seemed to be on the point of crying again. With an effort, she overcame this hysterical emotion.

'Sit down, Philip, there, where I can see your face,' she said; and the voice was steady, although there were pauses between some of the words.

'Will that do?'

He seated himself so that he could look at her face in the full light of the fire.

'No; turn to the fire, so that I can see you.'

He drew a hassock close to her chair, sat down on it, and looked up to her so that the full reflection of the fire fell upon him.

'Will that please you?'

She passed her hand timidly through his hair without looking at him.

'I am half ashamed to tell you,' she said huskily, 'because I have done something that you will be angry about.'

'Come on with it, then, and let us get the angry part over as quickly as possible, so that we may have the more time for enjoying ourselves.'

'I always thought that I should never listen to anything which I might not repeat to you, Philip,' she said hesitatingly.

'Well?'

'This afternoon, I have listened to something which I have . . . I have promised not to tell you—yet.'

That little word 'yet' seemed to come in as a peacemaker; and Philip felt that it was so. But he looked gravely at the merry fire for a few minutes before he answered, and she now gazed anxiously into his face.

Then, he:

'I don't like the idea, Madge, and it would be nonsense to pretend that I did. I should feel myself—well, we won't say what; but my notion is that our lives should be so much one that our acts should be clear to each other, and our thoughts should be the same, as far as possible. I am not so stupid as to imagine that we can always control our thoughts, and think only what we *ought* to think (what a weary world it would be if we could!); but I believe that a man and woman who love each other can, and ought to be honest in their thoughts, and should not keep one which cannot be confided to the twin—twin—what shall I call it?—twin spirit. There; that will do. Funny that I should be talking this way to you, Madge—you have taught it to me.'

His upturned face still wore the frank, boyish

expression which it always assumed when he was with her.

Madge took her hand from his head and clasped it with the other round her knees, whilst she stared into the fire.

'It is Aunt Hessy who has taught us both that rule. I, too, believe in it, and mean to follow it. But'—

She stopped, and the fright showed itself in her eyes again by the clear light of the cheerful fire.

'Why don't you go on?' he asked, after a moment of thoughtful silence. 'Why are you so distressed? Does this confidence, or secret, concern any of us?'

'It concerns you—and I may not tell you what it is. That is why I am troubled.'

And again she clasped hands over her head, as if to subdue its throbbing.

He was thoughtful; and an expression appeared on his face, so like the one often seen on his father's, that Madge, whose nerves were quickened by her pain, was startled. But he spoke kindly:

'Have you told—or are you to tell—Aunt Hessy and Uncle Dick?'

'No . . . no . . . no' (this was like a moan). 'I am not to tell them either—not now, that is. By-and-by, you shall all know—you first, Philip. . . . Don't ask me any more questions. I wish I could have held my tongue altogether—it would have spared you pain, perhaps. But I could not do that. I thought you might blame me afterwards, and maybe misunderstand many things that I may do. There is no wrong meant to any one—no harm. You will see that, when it is explained.'

He rose slowly, and stood with his back to the fire, gazing at her.

'Is not this foolish, Madge?' he said sadly. 'You see what a state you have got into already over a matter which I have no doubt appears to you innocent enough, and is very likely quite trifling in its consequences to me or any one, except yourself. I can see you are going to worry about it—I shall not—and I cannot guess why you should. At the same time, it does not please me to think that you should accept any confidence which you may not share with Aunt Hessy, if not with me.'

She looked at him with such sad eyes: no tears in them, but questioning him, as if inspired by some distant thought, as yet only half comprehended. Her voice, too, seemed to come from a distance.

'I thought you would have trusted me, Philip. I hope you will, when you know that my mother has to do with this promise I have given.'

He placed his hands on her shoulders.

'I did not need that assurance, but am glad that you have told me so much. I do trust you—so much, that if you had simply said you had a secret which was not to be told to me yet a while, I should have thought nothing about it. But when I see that this thing distresses you and makes you ill—come, now, confess you would not have liked me to be indifferent.'

She confessed:

'No; I should not have liked you to be indifferent.'

'Very well, then, you have heard—say, a riddle,

about which you think it right to hold your tongue meanwhile. I am content; for I know that you would not hold your tongue if you thought that any harm was to come of it to anybody. So, let it be, until you are ready to give us the answer to this riddle.'

He stooped and kissed her.

'Thank you, Philip. I am better now; but it did seem so terrible to have to tell you that there was something'—

He put his hand playfully on her mouth, stopping her.

'We are not going to say anything more about that. I have a lot of things to tell you; and came here in fear and trembling that you would be scolding me roundly for my long absence. But I see you have not missed me so much.'

Something of her bright smile returned as she shook her head disapprovingly.

'You know that I have missed you very much, or you would not have said that. But I knew that you were busy with the work which is to make your name a blessed one all over the world. How I should like to be by your side helping you!'

'You can be, whenever you choose. Why not at once? Although Uncle Shield says he would prefer that I should not marry for a year, I refused to give any promise on that subject, and am free to please you and myself.'

'No, no; I have told you that my ideas are the same as Mr Shield's. You must be quite free to set your plans in good working order before you tie yourself down to me. For you know I shall require such a heap of attention and looking after!'

And the eyes which had been for a second clouded when he pleaded again for their early union, opened upon him with that gentle light which could lead him anywhere. And so he yielded, allowing the subject of greatest import to their future to be put aside once more for matters of the moment. He told her first with what forbearance his father had acted, and how wisely he had dealt with his fortune.

'I did expect to have a bad time with him; but he was kinder to me than ever, and has done exactly what I should have asked him to do if he had consulted me beforehand. I am proud of him, and believe that he will be the first to hold out the hand of friendship, when I come to my grand scene of reconciliation between him and my uncle.—What is the matter with you? Why did you start?'

'A chill—don't mind it, please. I do hope you will manage to bring them together in friendship. You know I have as much interest in it as you now.'

'That is as it ought to be. I am sure that the governor would give in; but Shield passes all my powers of understanding. He won't speak like a sensible man to me, and yet he writes like a philosopher—at least as if he took real interest in what I am doing, and wished me to succeed.'

'Why do you not write to him about your father?'

'Because I am keeping that part of my work in hand until I can pounce upon both of them, and make them feel so ashamed, that they will not be able to say no when I say, and you say with me—Shake hands. We will manage it, you and I. Won't we?'

'I will try to do my part.'

She spoke low, and her thoughts seemed to reach into the future and the past farther than those of her lover. She seemed to feel that her part was a much heavier one than he imagined.

'For that, of course, we must watch our opportunity, and be ready to seize it when it comes. I know you will not fail, and hope I shall not. But there is another thing I want you to do at once.'

'What is that?'

'To bring old Culver into a Christian frame of mind regarding Caleb Kersey. You will manage that by proving to him what a fortune Kersey is going to make as my foreman. I am sure he will do well, and sure too that Pansy will be a lucky woman to have such a husband.'

'I think she would be; and for a time believed that she thought so too. But lately—I do not know why—I have had a suspicion that Pansy does not care so much for Caleb as she used to do.'

'Oh—h,' is the simplest representation of the long-drawn sound emitted by Philip, with many modulations before it passed into silence. It suggested surprise, curiosity, and suspicion, combined with a degree of uneasiness. 'Surely it is not possible that Pansy, who has always appeared to me the model of an innocent country girl, has been only making fun of this sturdy fellow? Can she have taken any other man into her mind? If she has, it will turn the poor chap topsy-turvy.'

'Has he said anything to you about her?'

'No; but I could see the whole thing when we were working at the church decorations. If ever any man was ready to die for a woman, Caleb feels that way towards Pansy. I hope she is not a fool.'

The last phrase was uttered with an excess of energy which the occasion did not seem to demand.

'How could you suppose that?'

'Because she is a woman,' he replied, with forced audacity and an awkward smile. 'Why do you suppose that she is changed?'

'You cannot have noticed her lately, or you would not require to ask. She has grown pale and nervous and forgets what she is told—blushes and grows white without any reason.'

'All that fits in exactly with my suspicion,' said Philip seriously; 'she has seen somebody else who has caught her fancy more than Kersey, and she is either afraid or ashamed to own it.'

Madge looked surprised.

'I never knew you to be so uncharitable, Philip. Can you not imagine any other cause for her unhappy state?'

'No.' He could not bring himself to say: 'I have seen my brother Coutts talking to her in a way which I should call flirting if she had been a girl with a good dowry at her back. I know that he will require substantial compensation for the surrender of his bachelorhood.'

'It might be so,' said Madge reflectively; 'but my idea was that she had been so worried by her father, that she had come to wish Caleb would keep away, and was too shy to tell him frankly.'

'Perhaps it is so; and maybe it would be best

that we should not interfere. At the same time, I think old Culver should have a hint that in standing in Kersey's way he is doing his daughter an injury that he may be sorry for by-and-by. You might do that without risk of hurting anybody.'

'Yes; and if Pansy gives me an opportunity, I shall tell her what you think about Caleb.'

'And about his prospects—don't forget that with both of them. I told her this afternoon, when passing, that there was good news coming to her, and there could be no better angel than you to carry it.'

'Philip!'

'I didn't tell her that last bit, of course; but I thought it.'

She was not angry; and he sat down on the hassock again. Then they laid their heads together, and saw beautiful visions of the future in the bright fire. To him the path was like one long golden sunbeam; but she saw many notes in it—some of them big ones—although she said nothing at all about them to him.

She was striving hard to make him forget the opening part of their interview, and to send him away with a feeling of contentment in the belief that she was happy, so that he might go on with his great work undisturbed by any anxiety on her account. She felt that it was a great work, and that she must do everything in her power to lift the bars to its accomplishment out of the way. He had shown himself in two characters to-night—the loving, light-hearted boy and—when he stood up with that thoughtful face which reminded her of his father—the earnest and sharp-sighted man.

She was not clear as to which side of his character she liked most; but they were both hers, and it was a relief to feel that if trial came to them, he could be resolute and considerate.

So she did her best to hide the fatigue which worry had brought upon her; and for a time she was completely successful.

Suddenly he jumped up.

'How stupid I am, Madge!' he exclaimed in irritation with himself.

'What is the matter now?'

'You—why, you are as tired as can be, and ought to have been off to bed long ago. I began by trying to get you to think of something pleasant, so as to drive off the blue fit that was on you, and then in my own enjoyment forgot how weary you must be. I am going away at once.'

She relieved him with a laugh; it was a delight to feel that they had been both inspired by the same good thought.

'I am glad you did not go sooner, Philip,' she said, standing up, her hands clasped round his neck. 'Do you know that, to-night, you have made me feel what I thought was impossible?'

'That must be worth knowing. What is it?'

'That I care more for you than ever,' she whispered, as she rested her brow on his shoulder.

A pause, as his arms tightened round her—his heart in his throat. Then, as people do in accepting the greatest benefactions, trying to hide with a laugh what they, from the hard teachings of stoic philosophers, have come to regard as the foolish weakness of tears of joy.

'I was not sure for a minute whether to be

glad or sorry for that, Madge. But of course it is right. What is it Othello says—or wishes? Something about love growing as years go on. That's how it will be with us.'

'I think so—I believe so. But you must not quote Othello. He killed his love because he had no true faith in it.'

'But then he was a nigger, and I am not. All right. I won't mention the gentleman again. I shall be here to-morrow.'

'Very well. Go to Uncle Dick now and help him in my place. He has some papers to fill up, and I intended to do them to-night. He will be disappointed if they are not done.'

'Now, there is a real good girl,' said Philip, delighted. 'I like you best when you are asking me to do something for you.'

When he entered the oak parlour, Aunt Hussy was at one side of the fire, knitting. Uncle Dick was at the other, puffing with the vigour of impatience unusually large clouds from his churchwarden, whilst he stared at a blue foolscap paper. On the table were a mass of other papers, which were tossed about as if somebody had been trying to get them into as confused a mass as possible.

'Where's Madge?' he ejaculated as soon as Philip appeared. 'You've kept her long enough for once in a way, Philip. I am getting into a regular passion with all these rules and restrictions.'

'Let me fill a pipe, and I shall be ready to take Madge's place.'

'You!' was the mirthfully contemptuous exclamation. 'You don't know anything about the things, and nobody can take her place.'

'But she has sent me, and I'll do my best to please you, sir,' retorted Philip with mock humility.

'Better let Philip do what's wanted,' said the dame, as she rose to leave the room; 'Madge is not well to-night.'

Uncle Dick grumbled at the absence of his secretary, but good-naturedly resigned himself to the services of her substitute. Presently, he found that Philip was so apt in taking up his suggestions that he almost forgot Madge.

#### ERRATIC PENS.

THE journalist has no time to pick his words or sort his sentences with care. Once he has parted company with his MS., or as it is technically termed 'copy,' it is, as a rule, a case of 'what I have written, I have written;' so that, given an easy-going 'press-reader,' the supplier of news is likely enough to have reason to fret and fume when he sees himself in print; deriving little consolation from knowing that slipshod writing oftentimes makes very funny reading. Assuredly it is amusing to read one morning that the authorities of Alexandria are busily engaged disaffecting that, by all accounts, already sufficiently disaffected city; and the next, to learn our Canadian cousins are discussing the possibility of the abduction of Her Most Gracious Majesty. For these items of news we may be indebted to the compositor's maladroit intervention; but that

convenient scapegoat is hardly answerable for the statement that an opera by Signor Riace, 'the son and nephew of the composer of that name,' had been well received at Vienna; nor can he be held responsible for the information that a town in America rejoices in a Society 'for the prevention of cruelty to animals with upwards of a hundred dollars in the bank;' and that a certain event occurred on the night of the twenty-fifth of May, at about two o'clock in the morning.

It may be taken for granted that the rising School of Art is in the ascendant; it is easy to believe in an overcome toper being found 'with a pint-pot in his hand, which he could not drink;' but some of the statements made in the newspapers tax one's credulity overmuch. Lenient as magistrates are towards feminine offenders, they would scarcely content themselves with fining a virago for 'breaking her mother-in-law's arm by weekly instalments.' Good bats as there are in the Surrey Eleven, we must take leave to doubt that one of them scored seven hundred and twelve runs in an innings. And clever as French doctors may be, they are not so clever as a Paris correspondent makes out, when, relating the discovery of a murder in that city, he tells us that 'the only portion of the body not entirely destroyed was the left foot; and a medical examination of the remains proved that the man had been killed by blows on the head.'

Shakspeare was wrong in supposing there was any bourne from which no traveller could return. Glorifying the doings of Nares's band of Arctic explorers, a leader-writer said: 'From the leader of the expedition, who occupied the crow's-nest until he was overcome by exhaustion, to the humblest seaman who died from fatigue and cold, all have earned the rewards of heroes, and have come back laden with stores of knowledge.' An unlucky workman overbalancing himself and tumbling from his airy perch into the street, we read: 'The deceased was seen to pitch head foremost from the scaffold, and little hopes are entertained of his recovery.' Perhaps the deceased might have got over it, had his doctor been as devoted as the gentleman called in to do his best for a poor hurt lad, who 'was in frequent attendance upon him after the inquest.' Not, it may be hoped, from the remorseful feeling actuating his professional brother into writing: 'This is to certify that I attended Mrs S. during her last illness, and that she died in consequence thereof.'

Here is a nut for lovers of arithmetical riddles to crack at their leisure; we give it up: 'The diamond wedding of Major-general Lennox and his wife was celebrated on Saturday, at their house in Kelvinside. The General was born in Scotland in the year 1727, and was married on the 2d of December 1882, in the city of Cawnpore, to Mademoiselle de Laval, born in 1806, who had arrived at the French settlements in India with her parents from Mauritius, when that island passed in 1810 from the hands of the French into the possession of the English. General Lennox served in India for forty-three years. He went through the Cabul wars of 1839-43; assisted at



the capture of Ghuznee, Khelat, Kandahar, Cabul, Gwalior, and was present at the battle of Sobraon. With his wife and youngest daughter, he was miraculously preserved during the Indian Mutiny of 1857. General Lennox retired from the service in 1860.' After that, there is nothing surprising in a certain baronet being 'born in Paris in 1844, and married in 1827.'

Reporting the death of a cricketer from taking carbolic acid in mistake for black draught, an Irish newspaper said: 'The shopman filled the draught bottle out of a carbolic acid jar, instead of that marked "Senna Mixture," though his orders were never to do so unless under supervision.' Anticipating the death of a whale exhibited at the inaptly named Royal Aquarium at Westminster, a London paper observed: 'It will make excellent porpoise-skin boots.' Relating a chase after a native robber, an Indian paper said: 'A Bheel outlaw, fleeing for the jungle, saw his comrades captured one by one, then followed his horse and his wife, and the wretched man at last found that his only companion was his mother-in-law. He thereupon gave way to despair, and was taken by the police without further trouble.' Noticing the meeting of a new organisation called the Grand State Defenders, a New York journal said the members were bound by a solemn oath 'never to leave the state, except in the case of an invasion by a foreign foe.' In each case the satiric insinuation is plain enough. Whether it is intentional or not, would require some skill at thought-reading to decide.

It is well for an English soldier to be equal to a sea-voyage; but it is not generally known that it is requisite he should be familiar with life on the ocean wave. Such is the case, however, or a journalist protesting against the Duke of Connaught's promotion to a major-generalship, on the ground that 'he never went to sea unless it was absolutely necessary,' is as much out of his reckoning as the correspondent representing M. Paul Bert as telling the people of Grenoble: 'We have enemies whom their triumph has not satiated. Their appetites command us to be watchful; and once our military education is made, and our army thoroughly organised, we shall be able to say to our foes: "Take care! *twelve hundred* citizens are arrayed in arms before you. They are all ready; they are all united. Do not touch France!"'

The London shopkeeper's 'Boots sold and healed while you wait,' is not so likely to attract customers as the more pronounced orthographical eccentricities of the Gloucestershire gardener, having 'sallery plants for zale,' and ready to supply all comers with kalleflour, brokaler, weentur greens, raggit jak, rottigurs cale, and sprouting brokla. But it would be hard to resist the temptation of assisting at a dramatic entertainment lightened by the musical performances of 'a band of amateur gentlemen;' and still harder to refuse to take a ticket for a cricket-match, knowing 'the entire proceeds are for the benefit of the late Isaac Johnson, who is totally unprovided for;' but the loyal natives of the Principality were not to be persuaded into joining a proposed Welsh Land League by the suggestion that they might 'send in their names anonymously.'

When the inhabitants of a French town complained of being disturbed by the explosion of shells, the discharge of cannon, and the rattle of small-arms at a mimic presentment of the bombardment of Plevna, the authorities sent a written notice to those concerned, informing them that for the future, Plevna must be bombarded at the point of the bayonet. The guardians of public property at Concord, Massachusetts, posted up placards offering a reward for the apprehension and conviction of persons guilty of 'girdling' the trees in the school-house yard, and promising the payment of a suitable reward 'for anything of the kind that may hereafter be done to any of the trees in the streets.' Of course, they no more meant what they said, than did the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, when, in a Report, signed by four professors, they stated that the female teachers 'were instructed in plain cooking, had, in fact, to go through the process of cooking themselves in their turn;' a specimen of official English upon a par with the inscription telling visitors to Kew: 'This Gallery, containing studies from Nature, painted by her in various lands, was given in 1882 to these Gardens by Marianne Hope.'

A scientific writer asks us to believe that on placing a decapitated frog at the bottom of a vessel filled with water, the animal rises to the surface, and keeps itself there, with its head in the air; or if the frog be placed in the same vessel, under an inverted glass, filled with water, it behaves in the same manner. Some folks hold novel-reading in contempt, but it is astonishing what a deal of information may be gathered from novels. For instance, we have learned that Scylla was a dandy; that Miss Harcastle was the heroine of Sheridan's best comedy; that a haggis is a dish peculiar to Ireland; that it usually snows upon the Derby Day; that lilacs and violets bloom amid the hues of ripening fruit; that heather blooms on the Scottish hills in the month of May; that the drones of the hive are given to toiling overmuch; that ibis-shooting is the favourite pastime of Tyrolese sportsmen; that rising barristers shrug their shoulders under rustling silk gowns; that the Victoria Cross is won by a hundred deeds of disciplined valour; that an officer can draw half-pay after selling out; and that our best bred Englishwomen are very rarely of the same name as the men they have married. One would not care to make the acquaintance of an Olympian girl with pagan eyes full of nocturnal mysteries; or desire the company of a lady 'only a simulacrum of femininity,' or of a gentleman deserving to be described as a small Vesuvius tabernacled in corporalities; while a lip that owes no man anything and only bows to its maker, and a castle in the air overstepping all difficulties and all rancour, are altogether beyond appreciation or comprehension. Perhaps the ladies and gentlemen who delight in mystifying such readers as they may have, are urged to it as Balzac was. Asked to explain an abstruse passage in one of his books, he frankly owned it had no meaning at all. 'You see,' said he, 'for the average reader all that is clear seems easy; and if I did not sometimes give him a complicated and meaningless sentence, he would think he knew as much as myself. But when he comes upon something he cannot comprehend,

he re-reads it, puzzles over it, takes his head between his hands, and glares at it; and finding it impossible to make head or tail of it, says—"Great man, Balzac; he knows more than I do!"

### CHEWTON-ABBOT.

#### IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

FRANK laughed at the idea of Mrs Abbot kneeling at his feet; and had not the least intention of sending Millicent's address.

He saw little of any one for the next few days except Millicent. His poor friend Mr John Jones called several times, but each time found him absent.

'Your master is neglecting his business,' he said sternly to Frank's small clerk.

'Got something pleasanter to attend to,' said the youth with a wink. He was a sharp lad, and able to form his own opinions.

One day towards the end of the week, Mr Jones did succeed in catching his young friend, and, moreover, in smoking the whole of a long cigar in his society. 'Look here, Abbot,' he said, 'what's up with you? Are you going to be married?'

'Yes,' said Frank; 'I am.'

'Thought so,' said Mr Jones. 'When?'

'Next Tuesday,' answered Frank as laconically as his strange friend.

'Girl got money?'

'No; poorer than I am.'

'That's bad. Tell me all about it.'

Every man in Frank's plight likes a friend to unburden his heart to; so Mr Jones had the whole history of his love affair, from the moment his mother intervened down to the present happy time. Frank waxed so eloquent, that his friend's eyes glistened, and when the history was finished, he grasped the young man's hand, and wished him good wishes which were certainly heartfelt.

'I have a favour to ask,' he said, in a very humble way, quite different from his usual energetic style of talking. 'I haven't known you long, so it's presumption on my part. But I've grown very fond of you. May I come to the church and see you married?'

'You may be best-man, if you like; or you can give the bride away. It will save us having recourse to the sexton.—Only on one condition, though,' continued Frank, struck by a sudden thought; 'that is, you don't go making absurd presents.'

'I must give you something.'

'Give me a box of cigars, then.'

'Very well,' said Mr Jones. 'But you're disgustingly proud.'

So it was settled. To Frank's great relief—for he disliked paining the man by refusing anything—Mr Jones brought him a box of his big cigars, and on the Tuesday morning accompanied him to the quiet town church, where in due time Millicent appeared, accompanied by her distant relative. Mr John Jones acted in his twofold capacity with great decorum. Frank had laughingly told Millicent of the strange arrangement he had made. She raised no objection. 'What does it matter,' she said, 'so long as we are really married?' So, when the clergyman asked

who gave this woman, &c., Mr Jones stepped forward and performed the office. When the ceremony was over, and the happy pair stepping into the carriage, thinking, no doubt, his services entitled him to some reward, he kissed the bride on her forehead—a proceeding which rather staggered Frank, although, as Millicent did not seem annoyed, he said nothing.

'That old Jones is a strange fellow,' he said, as Millicent and he were safely ensconced in the brougham.

'Yes. How long have you known him?'

'Only a week or two—quite a chance acquaintance.'

'Chance acquaintances are not to be depended upon,' said Mrs Frank Abbot sententiously.

Then, as was but natural, they talked of other things, and dismissed Mr John Jones from their happy minds.

During the last week, they had held many debates as to where they should spend the honeymoon. As yet, they had only partially settled the important point. By Millicent's express wish, the first week was to be passed at Clifton. 'Dear old Clifton!' she said. 'We met there first; remember that, sir!' Frank did not particularly want to go to Clifton, but he yielded without a murmur. Whether it should be Switzerland, Italy, France, Scotland, or Ireland afterwards, was to be decided at their leisure. So the brougham drove to Paddington, and Mr and Mrs Frank Abbot took the train for the west.

They spent five happy days at Clifton; although they knew the scenery by heart, it looked more beautiful than ever under the present auspices. Then Frank began to talk about going elsewhere; but Millicent seemed in no hurry to make a move. 'I wonder, Frank,' she said one evening, 'you don't go over and have a look at your old home.'

'I haven't the heart to go,' sighed Frank. 'I might have gone by myself; but I can't stand it with you. I shall be thinking all the while how you would have graced it.'

'Who lives there now?'

'A Mr Tompkinson—a London merchant.'

'I should so like to see the place, Frank! Do take me to-morrow.'

Frank, who, in truth, was longing to have a look at the old place, consented. They decided to go the next day. 'We'll have a carriage, and drive,' said Frank.

'What extravagance!' said Millicent.

'Never mind. I shall only be married once.'

When our honeymoon is over, we will go in for strict economy.'

Millicent agreed to this. So a carriage was hired the next morning, and they started for Frank's ancestral home.

It was a lovely September morning; the air was fresh and exhilarating. As soon as the dark dusty city was left behind, Millicent's spirits rose to a mad pitch, which Frank, with all his newly married adoration, fancied was not quite in keeping with what was to him at least a sort of solemn pilgrimage. She caught hold of his hands and squeezed them, she laughed and talked; in fact, generally misconducted herself. Frank had never seen her in such a mood before. He was fain to believe that she was forcing her merriment, to show him how little she cared for the loss of the

wealth she would have shared. Nevertheless, as each landmark came in sight, and at last he knew that he was passing through lands which one day should have been his, he grew gloomy, moody, and miserable. Millicent saw what passed through his mind; she sank into silence; an occasional pressure of the hand only reminding him that at least he had her.

Presently he stopped the carriage. 'You can get the best-view of the dear old house from here,' he said.

'Let us get out,' said his wife.

They alighted, and for some minutes stood looking at the long gray house. Frank's eyes were full of tears.

'Can't we go over the house?' asked Millicent.

'By permission of Mr Tompkinson, no doubt; but he is a stranger to me, so I don't care to ask it.'

'But I want to see the inside so much, Frank; you have described it to me so often. Let us go up and ask if we can go over it.'

The idea of asking leave to go over Chewton Hall was more than Frank could bear. 'I would much rather not,' he said.

'But I want to go, Frank,' said Millicent, pouting. 'No one will know us, so what does it matter?'

Frank still shook his head and raised objections. If there was one thing above another he hated, it was asking favours of strangers. Chewton Hall was not a show-place. It boasted no specimens of interesting architecture; it possessed no gallery of paintings. As likely as not, when they reached the door and preferred their request, some flunky of this fellow Tompkinson's would order them off the grounds. In short, sorry as he was to disappoint his wife, Mr Abbot firmly refused to ask leave to go over the Hall. Thereupon he discovered that he had married a young woman who had no intention of giving him abject obedience.

'It's very unkind of you,' she said. 'I will go over the place. If you won't come, I shall go alone.' She turned away, pushed the lodge-gate open in a most unceremonious way, and was twenty yards up the drive before her husband had recovered from his surprise. At first, he resolved to leave her to her fate; but that seemed an unkind thing to do. After all, she wanted to look over his old home solely for love of him. He could not let her go alone; besides, as he was hesitating, she turned and beckoned to him. So he walked after her.

As soon as Millicent had satisfied herself that her husband was following her, she quickened her pace to such an extent, that without actually running, he could not overtake her. Arguing that a man's running after a woman up a stranger's carriage-drive was not a dignified preparation to asking a favour, Frank followed his wife at a reasonable pace; and when he came up to her, found her standing at the door of the Hall in conversation with an elderly woman, who was evidently a housekeeper. Frank thought this good woman eyed him very curiously and suspiciously.

'It's all right, Frank,' said Millicent, turning her smiling face to him. 'We may go over the Hall. Mr Tompkinson is not here at present.'

'Please, walk in,' said the housekeeper, dropping a courtesy.

Millicent did so; and Frank followed her, sulkily. He did not approve of the proceedings. As his wife had forced him to the house, he had determined to send his card up to Mr Tompkinson, trusting that his former connection with the place would excuse the liberty he was taking. But he did not like this going behind the man's back, and felt sure that Millicent had been smoothing the way with a bribe.

'That's the drawing-room—the dining-room—library—billiard-room,' said the housekeeper, jerking her finger at the doors in succession. 'Please, walk through them; and ring when you'd like to go up-stairs and see the view.'

Therewith the woman vanished, after giving Millicent a knowing look, which Frank felt sure spoke of wholesale bribery.

'I say, Millicent,' said Frank, 'we can't go walking about a man's house alone, in this fashion.'

'My dear,' said Millicent very seriously, 'I pledged my honour we would pocket nothing.' Then she broke into a hysterical little laugh; and Frank wondered what had come to his wife.

'Let us go to the drawing-room first,' she said, recovering her gravity, and opening the door pointed out by the housekeeper.

Frank passed through the doorway, and for a moment could think of nothing but how he should keep himself from quite breaking down. The room looked almost the same as when he last entered it—the same as he had known it from his earliest days. Every chair and table the same, or apparently so. Then he remembered that the purchaser of the house had also bought nearly all the household furniture. At the time, he was glad to think the old place would not be dismantled; now he regretted it had not been. The presence of the well-remembered Lares and Penates left the old home unchanged in all—save that it was no longer his home. There was the very stool on which as a boy he used to sit at his mother's feet; there was the wonderful Japanese cabinet, with dozens of little lackered drawers, which used to be opened now and again as a great treat to him. And here was he standing in the middle of these old household gods, by permission of another man's servant. He wished he had been firm, and not yielded to Millicent's whim.

His heart was too full for words. He turned away from his wife, who was watching him earnestly, turned away, not willing she should see how much he was affected. He opened the door of the conservatory and passed out among the flowers. Even the flowers looked the same. The red stars of taxonia shone from the green clouds above as of old. The large heliotrope against the wall was in full blossom. The great centre tree-palm was still there. The fountain played as of old, and splashed down on the gold-fish swimming in the basin. How well he remembered when his great delight was to be lifted up to look at those red and white carp! He could stand these memories no longer. Let him go away—out of the house—never to come near it again. He went back to the room to find Millicent. The room was untenanted. He supposed his wife, taking advantage of the accorded permission, had extended her researches. He looked in the dining-room. As the old family portraits had been bought by his own people, this

room did not appeal to him so much. He glanced round; Millicent was not there. He walked across the hall and opened the library door. He did not notice whether this room was changed or not. He had eyes for one thing only, and, perhaps, a more astonishing sight was never seen by a six days' bridegroom. Here was Millicent—his wife, her hat and mantle thrown off, absolutely sitting on the knee of a gentleman; moreover, with her arms twined round his neck, her cheek resting against his, and so concealing his features from her outraged husband, who no doubt would have rushed to immolate his supposed rival, had not Millicent, without changing her position, looked at him with eyes so full of love, tenderness, and triumph, that Frank Abbot stood rooted to the ground, and wondered why he should be dreaming in broad daylight. Then he grew very pale, all sorts of wild things rushing into his head. He managed to take a step or two forward; and Millicent jumping off her human perch, rushed to meet him, threw her arms round his neck, sobbed and laughed, and all the while ejaculated: 'My darling—my darling! My own love! To think it should be through me! My own dear husband!'

She kissed him and embraced him in so fervent a manner, that his attention could scarcely be given elsewhere; but the impression grew upon him that over her shoulder, sitting in the chair from which she had sprung, was his chance acquaintance, Mr John Jones.

'What—does—it all mean?' gasped Mr Abbot, as his wife subsided on his shoulder.—'Mr Jones, you here! What does it mean?'

Mr Jones rose from his chair and held out his hand. 'Shake hands, Frank,' he said. 'It means this. I told you you'd have to take something from me, proud as you were. You've taken my daughter, at anyrate.'

'But—'

'Yes; I know. I'm Keene, not Jones. That girl of mine is a romantic, obstinate child. I'm an old fool, and ought to be ashamed of myself; but it did me good to find she was going to marry a man who thought she hadn't a penny-piece to her name. Shake hands, Frank.'

'But—here!' ejaculated Frank.

'Yes, here. In my house; or rather, in yours and Millicent's. The truth is, when we landed in England, the first paper Milly saw held an advertisement, saying this place was for sale. She made me go the next day and buy it, stock, lock, and barrel. Now you know all.'

'O Frank!' interposed Millicent, 'forgive me—I had been in England four months before I wrote to you! Do forgive me, Frank! They were very long months.'

As Frank gave her a passionate kiss, she supposed herself forgiven. Mr Keene drew out his cigar-case.

'Now all's settled,' he said, 'I'll send and tell your carriage to go back. You can drive into Clifton this evening and fetch your luggage.'

'Stop a moment!' said Frank. 'Mr Keene, I am too bewildered to say all I want to; but it must be clearly understood that I am not going to be a dependent on your bounty.'

'I always told you, you were absurdly proud,' growled Mr Keene.

'I will not. Had I known that you had purchased my father's estate, I could not have married Millicent. I would not have let the world call me a fortune-hunter.'

Mrs Frank Abbot glanced at her father. 'I told you what he was, papa,' she said. Then turning to Frank: 'Will you kindly look at me, sir, and tell me how I have changed so greatly that people will think I am only worth marrying for my money?'

To this challenge Frank made no reply, in words. Then he took his wife's hand. 'Millicent,' he said, 'shall it be clearly understood that you are the wife of a poor man—that you will be happy when I ask you to leave this and come to London with me, while I work at my profession as before?'

'Stuff and nonsense!' growled Mr Keene. But Millicent looked into her husband's face and whispered: 'My darling love, your wishes shall be mine!'

Then Mr Keene went out and sent the carriage away.

It is a great temptation to describe the meeting between Mrs Abbot and her daughter-in-law. The elder lady's surprise and joy simply beggar description. Loving her son as she really did, the reversionary restoration was as much a satisfaction to her as if her own husband had been reinstated. The meeting between the two ladies was embarrassing for both to look forward to; but it went off to perfection. Mrs Abbot, all smiles and sweetness, embraced her daughter-in-law, and said: 'My dear, I told you that under other circumstances we should be great friends. We shall be so now—shall we not?' It was a graceful, if not an unworldly apology; and as Millicent returned her kiss and begged her to forget what had happened, Mrs Abbot hung round the girl's neck a diamond cross, which, being her own personal property, had survived the wreck; and after this, a peace was established which as yet has not been broken.

Did Frank Abbot continue to work as hard at his profession as he had resolved to do? The events above recorded are of comparatively recent date. So I can say with truth that he is still a working member of the bar, and is supposed to be making a fair income. As Mr Keene had not the least intention of allowing his daughter to go empty-handed to a husband, however quixotic he might be, the young couple have always been far away from the poverty which one of them was continually harping upon. The last I heard about them is that Mr Keene, who, since his daughter's marriage, has spent most of his time in London, told Frank roundly, that unless he would bring Millicent back to Chewton, throw his pride to the winds, and live at the Hall as his forefathers had lived—acting, if he liked, for conscience' sake, as bailiff or manager of the estate—he, Mr Keene, would at once sell the place, and invest the proceeds in something more profitable than a large house in which he could not live alone, or acres about which he cared nothing.

Millicent, who thinks Frank looking pale and fagged, and is quite sure that London air does not suit the baby, seconds her father's appeals with eloquent looks; and Frank, who has

formed an affectionate regard for Mr Keene, and who finds that, with such attractions at home, circuit-going is dreary work, certainly wavers in his determination; so it is more than likely that one day the bar will lose what might have been a distinguished ornament to it, and that Chewton Hall will once more have a proper master and mistress.

### ACROBATS.

THE following sketch of a certain gymnast's professional origin and career may not be without interest to the reader, since it presents an entire departure from the usually recognised methods of training athletes—a departure which, though exceptional, is by no means unique. The performer who furnished me with the narration is one of the best flying trapezists of the day, and has invented several novel and clever specialities of a 'lofty' character, in which he takes part with his wife and a female apprentice. Taking the liberty of excising much collateral, not to say irrelevant, detail, with which the history was interspersed throughout, I will allow the gymnast to tell his own tale.

'I was the best gymnast in the school when I was a boy. Horizontal bar, parallel bars, pole, ladder, rope, swinging-bar—anything that could be done on the rough bit of a gymnasium that we had in the playground, I could do. All the coppers I got—and they weren't many, for my parents were hard-working people who had enough to do to make both ends meet—I used to save up until they made a sixpence. Cakes and apples never drew a halfpenny out of my pocket. Then I used to treat myself to a visit to whatever circus or theatre gave most tumbling for the money; and when I got back to school next day, I used to begin to practise all the new tricks I'd seen the night before. It's a wonder I didn't break my neck at it! As it was, I used to be black and blue and grazed all over sometimes—got caned for it too, now and then; but nothing stopped me. Born in me, I suppose. Anyhow, I always liked exercises on the bar a good deal better than exercises on a slate or copy-book, even if I got black marks for one and good marks for the other; for I wasn't so bad at school-work as you might think, and could show you a writing prize now that I got over seventy other boys.

'When I left school, I joined a gymnastic club, and soon took the lead there too. But then my father died, and mother fell ill. I had to put my shoulder to the wheel in earnest to get bread for myself and help her all I could, and I had enough to think of without gymnastics. I was a shop-boy, but through writing a good hand was promoted to keeping the books. In a short time I left that, and got a regular clerkship at a very fair salary. I seemed to be in luck's way; but before I'd been in the berth a month, my master failed, and I found myself out of a situation.

'They were rough times after that for a long while. Try as I would, I could get nothing; and at last I started off, and worked my passage over to America. There I got a job, something between a junior clerk and a porter, in a merchant's office in New York.

'One summer's evening, I was passing the

entrance to one of the minor entertainment gardens, when a flaming poster with a picture of some acrobats caught my eye. I hadn't quite lost my old taste; so, as the price of admission wasn't very high, I went in and saw the performance. Why, thinks I to myself, I used to be able to do better than that in the old playground at Hoxton! Why shouldn't I turn a few dollars that way now? I liked the idea so much, that, going home to my lodgings, I bought a few yards of rope; and that very night, without ever going to bed, I fixed up a bit of apparatus among the beams of the attic where I slept, making the foot-rail of the bedstead do duty for a trapeze bar. I had lost a lot of the neatness; but all the old tricks came back one by one before morning; for I practised all that blessed night, and never slept a wink. Before the week was out, I had an engagement at that same garden; the salary wasn't a big one, certainly, but it was three times what I was getting in the office. In less than a month I made my first appearance in fleshings and spangles.

'For a little while I managed to keep on the office-work and this too; then it got to the chief clerk's ears, and I was dismissed. "Of course you were," says everybody, though I have never been able to see why exactly. However, it didn't matter much, for just afterwards I was wanted for two turns a day instead of one, which more than made up the lost money.

'Well, I had several engagements after this at small halls and gardens; for I wasn't a big "draw" at that time, and could only do what a score of other gymnasts were doing in the city; but the style I worked in gave satisfaction; and I kept on improving on the old tricks and practising new ones, for my heart and soul was in the business. It wasn't all smooth sailing, either; for sometimes I was out of an engagement for a good while, and began to think it would have been better to have stuck to the quill-driving. All the spare cash I had went home to the mother, and—flush or hard up—I still slept in the same attic, though I had put the bed-rail back in its place.

'At last I joined a circus and came to England. I learnt fancy riding, and took a turn at clowning and the rope at times; but the low bar and single trapeze or rings was what I was wanted for most. You see, I had been nearly three years regularly at it by that time, and was beginning to make a mark. We started on a provincial tour, and pitched for a week at Norwich. I don't notice the public much; but there was a girl there that came two or three nights' running and sat close to the ring, that somehow struck my fancy. The last night but one, I caught myself looking round for her, as I sat on the bar before swinging off; and sure enough, there she was, just alongside the outer upright of my apparatus. Whether it was that that made me miss my tip or not, I can't say, but that night I had a slip—nothing of any consequence; it marked my knee and shoulder next day; but I was able to finish my performance as if nothing had happened. In fact, the public would hardly have noticed it, but for the girl's screeching out, "Oh, he's killed!" and fainting. It made a bit of a fuss; but I liked her for it. Two days afterwards, when we were on the march at five



o'clock in the morning, there she stood at the door of her father's cottage, an old farm-place just out of the town, to see us go by. That's my wife, sir!

'Eighteen she was, when she married me, and I was twenty-two. But she didn't begin to train till a year later; and six months after that we got our first double engagement. It was her idea, not mine. She suggested it. I said it was impossible. She insisted; and it was done. I got as many pounds weekly now in some places as I did quarter-dollars at starting. I've got a snug little bit of money in the bank, and I've got a snug little place of my own out at Wood Green; and soon, maybe, we shall give up business, and go in for agency or catering. And it's all through her idea and pluck. And am I going to risk her life for the want of a few yards of safety-netting and the trouble of setting it, to please a manager or the public either?

'It was her idea, too, to take an apprentice for the same business, as she had got on so well herself. So we looked about, not for a young child, but for a grown girl; and at last we found one of sixteen years of age, small and half-starved, helping her mother at the wash-tub. I hope to train a good many more, but I shall always look out for one that's been half-starved. The first thing we did was to feed her up—beefsteaks and porter, strong broth, essence of meat, and eggs beaten up in port wine. Now, all that would have turned to fat and done her no good, only I made her take exercise with it. I hung up a pair of rings about seven feet high in a doorway, and used to keep her drawing herself up and down by the arms all day long, on and off. We used to sit in the room to watch her and tell her when to leave off; and my wife would promise her a new tie or a hat or a pair of earrings as soon as she could pull up a certain number of times. For the first month, she used to complain of pains at the back of the shoulder-blades, but a little embrocation soon eased it. That's all the work she did for three months, and by that time she had arms nearly as big as mine! Then we took her up on the bars with us. She's been with us three years now, and won't be out of her time for another two; and then I shall take her into the firm as a partner, or engage her at a good salary; for she's as strong as a man, and yet light enough for my wife to catch. I have paid her mother five shillings a week ever since we have had her, and we have made her presents, besides feeding and clothing her. When she is perfect in the business we are practising now, I am going to give her a five-pound note.'

Mrs Gymnast was a graceful, slender woman of exquisite symmetry, some seven-and-twenty years old. Miss Apprentice, though nineteen, was no taller than many girls five years her junior, but had the limbs and muscles of a young giantess.

#### THE ABANDONMENT OF WIND-POWER.

SIR WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, in his well-known book *Mills and Millwork*, dismisses the subject of windmills in thirteen pages, and much of this scant notice is occupied with an antiquarian rather than an engineering inquiry into the history and birth-place of windmills; proving that even ere he

wrote, the 'Wind' age had merged and lost itself in its all-powerful successor the 'Steam' age. The gist of the matter is thus summed up by Sir William: 'It is more probable that we are indebted to the Dutch for our improved knowledge of windmills, and wind as a motive-power; and it is within my own recollection that the whole of the eastern coasts of England and Scotland were studded with windmills, and that for a considerable distance into the interior of the country. Half a century ago, nearly the whole of the grinding, stamping, sawing, and draining was done by wind in the flat counties; and no one could enter any of the towns in Northumberland, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, or Norfolk but must have remarked the numerous windmills spreading their sails to catch the breeze. Such was the state of our windmills sixty years ago; and nearly the whole of our machinery depended on wind, or on water where the necessary fall could be secured. These sources of power have nearly been abandoned in this country, having been replaced by the all-pervading power of steam. This being the case, wind as a motive-power may be considered as a thing of the past, and a short notice will therefore suffice.' Thus Sir William Fairbairn dismisses the subject.

The 'English Windmill Epoch,' as it may be termed, reached its zenith between the middle of the last century and the close of the first quarter of our own. During this period, Andrew Meikle, John Smeaton, and Sir William Cubitt lived and worked; and to this period belong all the experiments and literature concerning windmills which we possess; for since this period, the introduction of steam has resulted in an almost entire abandonment of wind-power, save in certain cases, to which we shall presently refer. The advantages undoubtedly possessed by wind over steam as a prime mover—economy in first cost, very low working expenses, and great simplicity in construction—are more than counterbalanced by the uncertainty experienced in its employment. Cases, however, there now are in which wind-power is employed, and with appreciable advantage, or it would, as elsewhere, have been superseded. From Guernsey, a large export trade is carried on in granite, from quarries situated in the northern and eastern parts of the island. These quarries, sunk in some places to great depths, are invariably drained by small four-armed windmills, erected on timber uprights, and actuating bucket-pumps. Driven by the constant sea and land breezes, these little mills, dotted about over the landscape, have small difficulty in draining the quarries of the accumulated rainfall, which, owing to the comparative absence of springs and streams, is the only source of flooding. Should a calm render the pumps idle, a few weeks' accumulation of rain does not hinder the quarrymen; whilst a cessation of wind for even a week is a very rare occurrence.

Turning to the flat eastern counties of England, the visitor to Lowestoft, Yarmouth, or Lincoln will find windmills largely employed in the drainage of the fen districts. The main drain through the fields is carried between high banks, and is at a higher level than the fields themselves. The flood-water on the fields is raised into these drains by large scoop-wheels, actuated by windmills.

Here, however, steam begins to make its appearance, and an occasional tall chimney marks the presence of a small beam-engine, whose owner wishes to be independent of Boreas in draining the fields around. The advantages to be derived from a combination of wind and steam have frequently been urged, on the ground that a saving of fuel is effected by using wind-power when possible, steam-power being available in case of calm. This arrangement, though undoubtedly possessing the advantages claimed for it, involves a larger outlay of capital, together with augmented complication in construction, and has in consequence never met with much favour.

To those who delight to indulge in prophetic engineering speculation, the future of wind-power in connection with electricity will afford an ample field. The power developed during storms might be stored in an accumulator, to be used during calms; by this means eliminating the element of 'uncertainty,' the prime cause of the disfavour into which wind as a motive-power has fallen. In conclusion, though it is not unfrequently the custom to declaim against the neglect of wind as a prime motor, there are, as has been shown, many cases where it can be and is advantageously employed; and though it is undoubtedly certain that its more extended use would be accompanied by results of economic value, it is yet equally certain that a return to wind as a chief prime mover would be as retrogressive as a return to sailing-vessels, to the exclusion of our modern steam-driven craft.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### OLD-FASHIONED FURNITURE.

QUAINT 'bits' of old-fashioned furniture have for a long time past been much sought after, and pretty examples are now to be met with in almost every house of refinement and taste. One occasionally meets with old-fashioned things which from change of circumstances can no longer be used for their original purpose. The silver-handled steel knives and double-pronged or tined forks—which most members of the present generation have never even seen—were, when not in use, stored away in a specially made satin-wood or mahogany box, often beautifully decorated with inlaid marquetric-work, and in the better examples the mountings were of chased silver. The interior of the box was apparently solid, with a separate slit for each knife and fork, which, handle uppermost, stood upright. Until recently, these beautiful specimens of the cabinet-work of a bygone age could be purchased for a very few shillings each. Some one has lately discovered that by removing the interior false top and adding divisions for paper and envelopes, these old knife-boxes can easily be transformed into choice and covetable stationery cabinets; and dealers are now buying them up, and when transformed, are asking almost as many pounds as they gave shillings. Another ingenious person—a lady well known in society—has discovered that the highly polished, old-fashioned double-handled plethoric copper or brass tea-urn wherewith our great-grandmothers delighted to adorn the table when their friends assembled to discuss a dish of tea, can easily be transformed into a noble

table-lamp of striking proportions. The urn proper forms the body; and a paraffine lamp, with its ordinary glass receptacle for oil, is fitted into the space formerly occupied by the heater, which, with the lid, is of course discarded. The projecting spout is likewise banished, and a simple metal boss, with a corresponding one for uniformity on the other side, takes its place. To complete, an extra large shade is fitted over an octagon-shaped wire framework of ordinary construction.

### AN ELECTRICAL TRICYCLE.

A very clever and most ingeniously constructed tricycle has lately been brought forward by Messrs Ayrton and Perry, the great peculiarity of which consists in the fact that it is driven, not by the feet, but by electricity, thereby saving all labour. It is described as an open-fronted machine of the usual pattern, but with its ordinary driving-gear removed. The driving-wheel is forty-four inches in diameter, and close to it is a large spur-wheel containing two hundred and forty-two teeth. The motor is placed beneath the seat, and the armature spindle carries a spindle of twelve teeth, gearing into the spur-wheel, by which both motion and speed are regulated. The battery is composed of Faure, Sellon, Volkmar cells, and is so placed as to act direct upon the spur-wheel, so that there is no loss of power. When fully charged, the battery is said to contain a store of electricity equal to what is understood as two horse-power. The engine is entirely under the control of the rider, and pace can be regulated to a nicety. Such a machine will be found invaluable to invalids, and persons who do not care for driving horses or travelling at a very high rate of speed; and, as neither fire nor water is required, there is no fear of explosion, smoke, or mess.

## QUITS!

INDEED, they have not grieved me sore,  
Your faithlessness and your deceit;  
The truth is, I was troubled more  
How I should make a good retreat:  
Another way my heart now tends;  
We can cry quits, and be good friends.

I found you far more lovable,  
Because your fickleness I saw,  
For I myself am changeable,  
And like, you know, to like doth draw:  
Thus neither needs to make amends;  
We can cry quits, and be good friends.

While I was monarch of your heart,  
My heart from you did never range;  
But from my vassal did I part,  
When you your lady-love did change:  
No penalty the change attends;  
We can cry quits, and be good friends.

Farewell! We'll meet again some day,  
And all our fortunes we'll relate;  
Of love let's have no more to say,  
'Tis clear we're not each other's fate.  
Our game in pleasant fashion ends;  
We can cry quits, and be good friends.

CATHERINE GRANT FURLEY.

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## FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

COASTING along the arid Syrian shore, there is little to attract the attention of the traveller from Port Said to Jaffa, till the last-named town is in sight. If, however, there is a haze upon the water and the wind is from the shore, a powerful perfume of orange-flowers borne across the sea is the first intimation that one is nearing Jaffa, perhaps the most ancient town—certainly one of the most ancient towns—in the world. Presuming that no wind has sprung up since you left the Egyptian port—in which case you will be carried on to Beyrout, as the steamers only touch at Jaffa in calm weather, owing to the danger and almost impossibility of landing passengers or goods—presuming, however, that all is well, you reach Jaffa most probably in the early morning; and having anchored outside a reef of rocks which incloses a natural harbour permitting the entrance only of small boats, you look upon a scene as picturesque and peculiarly eastern in its character as you could wish. Rising abruptly from the sea, the whitened, flat-roofed houses intermingle with the domes of the mosques and the convent towers; while the surmounting citadel, the surrounding wall, and massive gates, give the distinctive character that one had observed in Tangier, or Algiers, or Cairo.

Along the quay is collected a throng of people, containing representatives of half the ports in the Levant or the East. Huge brown-sailed boats are moored in the smooth water within; while outside, the water washes over the encircling rocks—the fabled rocks of Andromeda's captivity. Palms and plantain trees are scattered here and there, with the glimpse of orchards beyond; and stately camels, with their stalwart Bedouin guides, carrying bales of merchandise or corn, now and again move across the line of vision on the shore. And now the boats are putting out to the steamer, and the swarthy boatmen ply their oars with vigour; and boats filled with oranges and lemons and gigantic melons, and bright-hued fishes, swarm around us.

Not least, to add to the general effect, and certainly chiefest for one's individual comfort, are the men of Cook and Howard the agents, clad respectively in blue and red, who in well-manned boats are at the service of the traveller. Here, be it remarked, that whatever prejudice may exist amongst ordinary British travellers against 'Cooking it' on the continent, in the East the services of these agents are invaluable; and the travelling public owes much to them for having brought dragomans, guides, hotel-keepers, and stable-keepers to some decency in the matter of their charges. Placing ourselves in the hands of one of them, we are landed at the quay, and pass along the narrow crowded street that leads to the market-place at the top of the town.

The first thing that struck one was the remarkable beauty of the inhabitants, men and women alike. Jews, Turks, Syrians, and Arabs were all in marked contrast to the ugly squat Egyptians amongst whom we had recently sojourned; and the Bedouins are a much finer race than those of either the Egyptian or Sinaitic Desert, whose acquaintance we had just made. As may be assumed, there is a marked Jewish cast of countenance—as we call it at home—amongst all classes, even to the Bedouins. The camels, too, are larger and finer looking. It is to be feared, however, that it is only in physical qualities that the Syrians can show a superiority to the Egyptians; morally, they appear to be very much on a par.

We pass along the winding antiquated street, through ancient arches, up occasional broad steps, past shops of all kinds—holes in the wall, where Jews and Greeks, squatted on their hams, are ready to sell you anything from an estate to a pair of slippers—jostled by camels and mules and donkeys carrying grain and merchandise of various kinds, and accompanied by the handsome picturesque Bedouins of the Syrian Desert, through bazaars with fruit-sellers, water-carriers, and hawkers of all kinds plying their various trades, until we reach the market-place, where there seems to be more spirit and business-like

animation than one usually sees in the East. The house of Simon the tanner is pointed out to us, and we receive the information with the necessary reserve. But there are unmistakable tanneries in its neighbourhood, if that evidence goes for anything. Arrived at the hotel, we first ordered a couple of horses to be got ready as soon as possible; and having viewed the sorry-looking hacks, took a hurried breakfast, as we were anxious to be on the road. Good horses and saddles are usually to be obtained in Syria without any difficulty, but we had unfortunately hit upon the very time when they were least plentiful, namely, the Thursday following Easter Sunday. Breakfast was not a very long affair, consisting of the inevitable cutlet and eggs, anchovies, sliced sausages, olives, figs, and oranges—to which some months in the East had made us familiar. A most dirty and exasperating waiter, who seemed to take more than the average delight of his Syrian countrymen in telling lies, boldly asked for 'backsheesh,' informing us that his former statement as to being the proprietor was untrue; and when he saw us loading our revolvers, asked what we were 'going to shoot his people for; that was not good!' However, he did us the honour to guide us personally to a point where the road led to Jerusalem; and away we went on our journey.

The road was very dusty, but the air was full of the perfume of flowers; and it was delicious to ride past the orange groves and gardens and orchards that extended for nearly a mile out of the busy, jostling, evil-smelling town. After passing the orchards and gardens, the road becomes rather tame and barren, and though well enough for riding, must be terribly disagreeable for those who undertake the journey by carriage. We met many pilgrims returning from Jerusalem—there had been ten thousand of them there in Holy Week. They came trooping past, on camels, mules, donkeys, and horses, in carts and carriages, and many on foot. They were chiefly Russians, but many were Levantines. Many carried the precious relics that had been made sacred to them by being laid upon the Holy Sepulchre, or perhaps thrust into the so-called 'Holy Fire.' Sometimes a crowd would appear in the distance, and the long cylindrical tins containing sanctified candles—some of them five or six feet long—would shine like lances in the sun. 'Family' camels with a sort of howdah, or a canopy with beds on either side or 'atop,' would hold some three or four children and their mother. Others would be squatted on the top of their baggage. All their faces had a pleased and satisfied look, as of having accomplished a desirable work. At intervals of a mile or so, we passed the guardhouses of the police, placed for the protection of the road to Jerusalem; and after about three hours and a half, reached Ramleh, the first halting-place on the road, and remarkable for its broad and clean streets, and its well-

to-do, sleepy appearance. Indeed, but for the hideously diseased and distorted mendicants, one might have thought one's self in some rather odd-looking English or French or German village; which feeling would not be dispelled by the homely appearance of the primitive little German hotel, where we were supplied with cold meat and salad, and the most delicious beer we had tasted since leaving England—*Marzenburg Export Bier*, it was called. After a short halt, we remounted, having only paid a hurried visit to the tower of Ramleh—a landmark for some distance over this flat country, and whence one obtains an extensive view. The road now improves somewhat, though there is little of interest or beauty to be seen. An hour's ride brought us to the village of Kubâb, where we obtained some oranges and a drink of water, the heat being very great.

Leaving Kubâb, we shortly after entered the valley of Ajalon, where we enjoyed a pleasant gallop over the rich soft earth skirting the fields, which in a few weeks would be covered with verdure. The roadway itself was in course of being mended, and one pitied the unhappy occupants of the vehicles forced to traverse the highway. Here we were passed by hundreds of pilgrims, with whom we exchanged the usual 'Liltak said,' or 'Naharak rubârah,' of friendly greeting; and shortly after ascending an incline at the end of the valley, reached Latroon, the supposed birthplace of the Penitent Thief. By the roadside was a rough kind of restaurant, at which many pilgrims were regaling themselves with coffee, cakes, fruit, and their hubble-bubbles. But turning off the main road, we alighted at the *Latroon Hotel*, where everything was of a rather primitive character, but managed by a civil and intelligent young Greek. We were made very comfortable. The freshness in the air here was delightful, after our dusty and hot ride; and as it was now about four o'clock, and there was still a good six hours to Jerusalem, we determined upon staying at Latroon for the night. The interesting historical associations of the surrounding country—the passing of the pilgrims—the tinkling of bells—the finely placed ruin of the 'Castle of the Good Thief'—the rustic character of the people about, who forgot even to ask for backsheesh—the fertile fields—here a group of Bedouins with their camels brought to knee—there a batch of pilgrims settling down for the night—while shepherds hurry home their flocks, and horses and mules and asses are being tethered for the night—all served to bring before one a charming and interesting picture, that was well worth the delay.

After a very refreshing night's rest in a clean and comfortable room, we started betimes next morning. Half an hour from Latroon brought us to the mouth of Wady Ali, a lovely glen, through which one enters amongst the Judean hills. The glen, with large rocks and boulders on either side, but rich in wild-flowers of all kinds, and prominent amongst them our own national thistle, did indeed at times remind us of spots we had known in the west of Scotland.

After winding through a delightfully picturesque valley, well wooded, and rich in olive groves, we began to make the ascent of the Judean hills, winding round and about by steep zigzag paths, occasionally obtaining fine views of the surrounding country, and on reaching the summit, had a splendid panorama of the coast of Syria with the Mediterranean beyond, and away to the south the bare Desert of Tih, running up to the well-cultivated country of Palestine. We had last seen this Tih Desert from the mountains of Sinai, away to the south-east.

The country about the summit of the Judean hills is wild and bare and rocky; and as we begin again to descend gradually by zigzag and abrupt ups and downs, the road is often steep, and always difficult, and gives one an opportunity of testing and admiring the sureness of foot of the Arab horse. Poor as were the specimens we bestrode—and neither of the riders was a light weight—they picked their way amongst loose stones or glistening rocks, and down the steep inclines, with a perfectly marvellous facility, and galloped over the rough rock-strewn roads as if their legs were made of cast-iron. It is rare to find an Arab that will trot properly. The usual pace is a quick walk, or an amble, a most serviceable pace, which they seem capable of keeping up indefinitely, and which is as little distressing to the horse as to his rider. The shoe, which consists of a flat piece of metal with a hole in the middle, certainly does not seem to the stranger exactly adapted to their work; and a horse is sometimes lamed by a small stone getting into the hole; but acute judges say that this mode of shoeing—common all over the East—has advantages where the roads are hard, hot, and dry.

Presently we come upon the village of Kirjath-Jearim (the 'Village of the Grapes'), and passing the possible Emmaus, descend to Kolonieh, close by a river-bed, which we cross by a bridge, to make the last ascent of the journey. On reaching the top of this ascent, Jerusalem appears suddenly close to us with a suburb of modern buildings: hospitals, almshouses, and villas—spick-and-span with iron railings, porters' lodges, and clocks—European time, and Roman numerals on the face! which make us rub our eyes for the moment. Passing these, however, we come immediately to the walls of the Holy City; and turning sharply off to the left, past the new German hotel (Fiel), the only one outside the walls, we enter the Damascus Gate, and our journey is at an end.

It does not come within the scope of the present article to give a description, which has been done a thousand times before, of anything beyond the mere journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem. But in a few words it must be said that the impression is one of disappointment at Jerusalem. The streets are dirty and ill-paved, and scarcely any properly authenticated spot can actually be pointed out. Each sanctimonious-looking dragoman has a snifle, and 'lies like a wily Hindu.' From the Greek or Armenian priest who humbugs the miserable pilgrims with his 'Holy Fire,' to the hawkers of cards of sham flowers from Zion or Bethlehem, sham shells from the Jordan, or sham wood from Olivet, there is nothing but falsehood and extortion. About the only redeeming feature amidst the mass of corruption, dirt, and hypocrisy, is the

well-kept and trim little English church, with its decent congregation; while certainly the only well-ordered quarter of the city is the Moslem quarter.

## BY MEAD AND STREAM.

### CHAPTER XXIX.—SUSPICION.

AND those interlacing shadows of the bare branches across the footpath through the forest which had been like delicate fairy fretwork when Philip passed along, broadened and deepened into black masses before the father as he followed. He had no purpose in following, beyond a vague craving to know what Madge would say when she learned that he had disinherited this favourite of the family, and a fancy that it would be pleasant to walk back with him, when he might explain more fully than he had done the motives by which he had been actuated.

He, too, knew this pathway well; but, although he walked on, he had not yet decided to go all the way. When he entered the glade in which the King's Oak reigned, he halted. This was a place for elfin revels, and fairy-rings were common in it. Every child brought here to play felt sure that this was the very spot where little Red Riding Hood met the wolf, and that her grandmother's cottage stood over there, where some funny people tried to make them believe was once a Roman camp. Romans indeed! as if they were going to give up the delightful association of Red Riding Hood with the place for a lot of dull people they were forced to read about in school-books! And, of course, it was here also that the other Hood called Robin assembled with his merry men, and Little John and Friar Tuck. It was no use attempting to correct their geography by informing them that Sherwood Forest was a long way from here: the child's imagination insists upon associating its heroes with known places.

Mr Hadleigh was reminded of the happy group of children he had found here in the sunshine not long ago, and as their bright faces rose before him in the soft twilight, he seemed to grow strong again. Pleasant memories are as helpful to us as pleasant anticipations.

When he resumed his way, he walked more firmly than he had done since Philip left him. He had now decided to go on and wait for him near the stile; and he unconsciously quickened his pace, although aware that he would have plenty of time to spare. On reaching the roadway, however, he proceeded leisurely, listening to the river, but hearing no melody in it.

As he approached the stile, he saw the figures of a man and woman slowly cross the road. They shook hands, and he heard the man say:

'I have your promise, and I shall hold you to it. Be faithful, and I shall be able to think of the past without pain.'

There was a reply, but in a tone so low that it did not reach his ears. He recognised in the man the stranger who had recently taken up his quarters in the village, although he had only seen him once and, then, at a distance. The woman was Madge.

They parted. She hurried up the meadow; and



after a brief pause, Mr Beecham turned in the direction of the village.

Mr Hadleigh had involuntarily halted, feeling that he was the accidental spectator of an incident for which the actors had not desired an audience. Beecham's words and the girl's manner satisfied him of that. He became immediately aware, however, that standing still would naturally suggest that he was playing the part of a spy. And he could not escape observation, for the man was coming straight towards him. He, therefore, resumed his leisurely pace.

As was frequently his habit, Mr Beecham walked with head slightly bent, his eyes seeming to read strange writings on the ground. At the sound of approaching footsteps, he looked up. There was a momentary and unaccountable change in his expression—as if he had suddenly passed under the shadow of a tree, and coming into the full light again it was placid and gentle as usual.

'Good-evening,' said Mr Hadleigh hastily, remembering the country custom he had adopted of saluting any one he encountered on the road.

'Good-evening,' echoed Beecham, with a slight inclination of the head.

They passed, moving quietly on their opposite ways. Neither looked back, for each was conscious that the other intended or wished to do so, and did not care to be caught in the act.

That is one of the droll sensations often experienced in the common course of daily life. We meet a friend, part, and without any reason, have a desire to look after him, but restrain ourselves, lest he, being similarly disposed, should 'catch us at it.' We laugh at ourselves, and forget the absurd impulse. But what informs the look, the breath, the tone which makes us like or dislike a man or a woman without any apparent justification? The mystery is one which the poets and philosophers of all ages seem to be continually touching, but never grasping. Some call it instinct, others animal magnetism. All we know is that we feel and cannot tell why; but there are few who have not had occasion to regret that they have not allowed themselves to be guided by this inexplicable influence.

Mr Hadleigh, merely passing this stranger in the deepening twilight, knew that he was a foe.

Whether or not surprise at the words he had overheard, and wonder at their being addressed to Miss Heathcote, had anything to do with the sensation, he could not tell; but he felt as keen a chill as if he had passed an iceberg—mentally and physically the sensation was exactly the same. Yet he had heard nothing but praise of this quiet, kindly-looking gentleman. There was a degree of chagrin, certainly, in the thought that in a few weeks Mr Beecham—a casual visitor, as he might still be called—had obtained more influence amongst the villagers than the master of Ringsford had won by years of endeavour to help and guide them.

Of course, Mr Hadleigh attributed this success to the fact that the stranger was indiscriminate in his charity. He gave help wherever it was wanted, without taking the trouble to inquire into each case, or to advise the recipients of his bounty as to the future conduct which would insure their independence. He gave them their

own way, in short, saying nothing about the carelessness which created their necessities. To a man who has the means, this is the easiest and shortest road to popularity. But this could never result in permanent benefit to the poor.

Now, Mr Hadleigh had really tried to do permanent good: and, compared to this newcomer, he was still a stranger amongst the people. All allowance being made for the difference of temperament and the difference of method, it was difficult to understand why Mr Beecham should so quickly win what Mr Hadleigh had long striven for with so little result—the affection of those around him.

He turned his eyes inward: was not this part—a great part—of the penalty he had to pay for making worldly success his first thought and Love the second? Was it too late to win one heart? He had gained the admiration, the esteem, the envy of many: was it too late to win one heart? How common folk would laugh at this rich, prosperous man, if they knew that life was a misery to him because he had cast away its crown—if they knew how gladly he would change places with his poorest labourer, if by so doing he might secure the affection for which he craved.

If Philip's mother had been with him, he would have lavished upon her all that wealth could buy! . . . There he stopped, in bitterness, for he came to the end of his world again: wealth could not buy love. Obsequious submission, a show of respect, obedience to his orders, he could hire: but that was all. This man Beecham, without apparent effort or sacrifice, obtained at once the 'Something' that was beyond price.

To his relief came curiosity and suspicion of—he did not know what. But why should this man receive any promise from Miss Heathcote? Why should it have to do with his past? Why should she, who was to be Philip's wife, be there, speaking to a stranger, when her lover was waiting for her?

He halted, and after a moment's hesitation, turned in the direction of the village. He was not to wait for his son.

At first he walked slowly, as if he might still change his mind; but as his thoughts quickened, so did his steps, and the church tower was looming darkly against the slate-like sky when he stopped at the gate of Mr Wrentham's cottage.

A pretty little squat building of one story, lying well back from the road; a patch of green surrounded by bushy evergreens, and the front wall covered with trellis-work, at present supporting a spider's web of branches, which in season blossomed into red and white roses, making the cottage look like a bower rather than a homestead.

At the gate, Mr Hadleigh again hesitated, as if doubtful whether or not to carry out the intention which had brought him to the place. Since the evening of Philip's accident, he had spoken very little in private to Wrentham. Natural enough as the accident had appeared, he was afflicted by an uneasy feeling that Wrentham had something to do with bringing it about, and that to his own visit to Golden Alley the first blame was due.

With some impatience at his weakness, he rang the bell and advanced to the door. The servant was new to the place, and required to ask the visitor's name; whereupon a door was flung open, and Wrentham came out with effusive cordiality.

'My dear Mr Hadleigh, this is a grand surprise. I won't stop to ask you what has made you think of dropping in upon me; but I must say thank you for a new pleasure. Come in, come in; there is nobody here but myself. I have only arrived within the last five minutes, and Mrs Wrentham is putting our girl to sleep. You have passed over these stages of domestic inconvenience; but you can excuse us for not being always in reception order. We let our visitors take us as they find us, and those who don't like it need not come again. Simple and sensible rule, is it not? But we should have liked *you* to find us a little more in apple-pie order, especially as it is your first visit.'

This was spoken with Wrentham's usual gay rapidity, allowing his unexpected guest no opportunity to protest, as he ushered him into a tidy little drawing-room which was apparently very much in 'reception order.' Chairs, tables, nick-nacks were almost too primly arranged to accord with the free-and-easy ways which the owner professed. He was, however, so seldom in the room that he was ignorant of its condition. The dining-room, on the other side of the passage, was his 'snuggery,' and there he spent his evenings when at home, which was seldom until late at night; and frequently he was absent for days on business.

But he was an affectionate husband and father. He was particular about having his wife and daughter always dressed in the newest and finest fabrics, and regularly took them out for a treat on Saturday or Sunday. Mrs Wrentham was a delicate, nervous lady, apparently content with her lot, and glad to escape from the toil of visiting and receiving visitors. Her whole existence was filled by her child Ada, a bright creature of eight years, nicknamed by her father 'Pussie,' on account of her passionate attachment to cats.

'Will you take a chair?' Wrentham went on. 'You are such a fellow for taking one by surprise—always a pleasant surprise; but you give one no chance of doing anything to show how it is appreciated. You dropped down upon me in Golden Alley, just as you have dropped down upon me here, without the least warning.'

Mr Hadleigh listened patiently, his cold, dreaming eyes staring vacantly at him, but closely noting every change on his face.

'I hope I do not disturb you?' he said quietly, taking the proffered chair.

'My dear sir!—as if I should not be delighted to see you under any circumstances—at any time—in any place!'

'You are very kind. I come to you for the same reason that I visited your office—I want some information which I think you may be able to give me.'

'About your son? I am afraid there is not much I can say in regard to him that will be satisfactory to a man of business like yourself.'

Wrentham shook his head and shrugged his shoulders, as if the subject were one he would rather not discuss.

'It is not about my son that I desire to speak to you this time.'

There was a peculiar emphasis on the last two words, suggestive that the result of the former conversation had not been satisfactory. Wrentham was, or very cleverly affected to be, unconscious of the suggestion.

'I am glad of that—real glad, as Americans say. And yet I have more than once had a notion of going to you and asking you to try to bring the young man to reason. I am supposed to be his manager and adviser. My management consists in doing the work of a message-boy—that is, strictly carrying out his instructions: my advice is nowhere.'

'I have no desire to interfere with him in his present course.'

'So I supposed, and that is what has kept me from going to you. I had no idea, until after accepting this agreement with him, that he was such an obstinate beggar—you know that I am speaking of him as my friend. He has got this mania—I have told him that I consider it a mania—and he sticks to it. Unfortunately, his uncle approves of it; but you know that this is not business—he will never get anything out of it.'

'Not in your sense, Mr Wrentham; but there are some profits which cannot be reckoned by the figures in our ledgers—and some losses too.'

'Undoubtedly, sir, undoubtedly; at the same time, you cannot blame me for taking the commonplace view of things, and regretting that a young man with such a splendid opportunity should deliberately chuck it into the gutter. Why, with his capital, I can see a magnificent future, if he would only consent to follow the dictates of common-sense.'

'You mean those dictates which lead to the making of money. His notion is to make people happy. Well, as you are aware, I have had some experience in obeying common-sense, as you understand it; and I am curious to see the result of Philip's experiment. I have no desire and no right to interfere with him.'

'The result will be ruin—absolute ruin. In less than twelve months he will not have a penny of the whole capital now at his disposal. However, as you say, we have nothing to do with it. At the same time, I trust you will, for my sake, remember by-and-by that I have entered my protest against the course he is pursuing.'

'I shall remember,' said Mr Hadleigh, inclining his head gravely. 'What I called to ask you was, do you know anything about Mr Beecham, who seems to have taken permanent quarters at the *King's Head*?''

'Beecham!' exclaimed Wrentham gleefully, as if intensely relieved by an agreeable change of subject. 'I should think so. I believe that it was my privilege to be the first amongst his acquaintances in Kingshope. I don't think he would object to my saying that he is a friend of mine. A capital fellow—simple as a child, and yet wise as a philosopher ever can be.'

'That sounds like a sneer at philosophers.'

'I did not mean it; but there is a difference between the man who is a philosopher and the man who is up to the time of day. Now, this Beecham has travelled a great deal, read a great

deal, and knows a great deal; but he doesn't know a game at cards. I had to show him how to play Nap!

Mr Hadleigh was not interested by this record of the simplicity of the stranger; he was occupied by some other reflection, which caused his brows to contract and his eyelids to droop.

'Has he told you what part of the world he comes from?'

Wrentham laughed.

'Why, he comes from everywhere—America, Australia, and likely enough the North Pole, although he has not particularly referred to it.'

Mr Hadleigh rose.

'Will you find out for me, if you can, where he came from last?'

Wrentham became suddenly serious.

'You don't suppose there is anything wrong about him? He acts and talks straightforwardly enough.'

'I am asking you, Mr Wrentham, for information,' answered Mr Hadleigh with a mechanical smile. 'If you have won money from him in betting or playing Nap, I have no doubt you will be paid. My inquiry is suggested by the fact, that he has reminded me of an old—acquaintance' (he seemed to falter over the word, as if he had wished to say friend, but could not). 'Should he be the man, I want to have a little conversation with him.'

'Meaning no harm to him?' queried Wrentham, suspiciously.

'On the contrary—good to him and to myself.'

'Then I shall go along and see him this evening. He'll tell me at once.'

'I would prefer that my name was not mentioned.'

'Oh . . . that may make a difference. However, I have no doubt of being able to give you the information you want by to-morrow.'

Mr Hadleigh went away, turning his steps homeward. Through the forest again. Those withered branches were like the milestones of his life, and the pathway of withered leaves was a fitting one for him. You who love nature know that those leaves which the careless call dead are the nurses of the coming spring blossoms; and to him they brought back old thoughts, old faces. How beautiful they are: beautiful, because our tenderest thoughts have their roots in graves.

## SOME CURIOSITIES OF THE PEERAGE.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE most recent instance of reviving an extinct title is the assumption by Sir Henry Brand, late Speaker of the House of Commons, of the Viscounty of Hampden. It is usual for the Speaker, on retiring from office, to be created a Viscount, and there are circumstances of interest surrounding the elevation of Sir Henry Brand to this dignity. In the first place, he is heir-presumptive to the barony of Dacre, now held by his brother, the twenty-second lord, who was born in 1808. Should, therefore, Lord Hampden survive Lord Dacre, the ancient barony will merge in the recent viscounty and be lost sight

of. But why should Sir Henry Brand have chosen the title of Hampden? The fact is this title is young compared with the name borne by 'the great Buckinghamshire Esquire,' as Macaulay calls the illustrious patriot. It was created in 1776, when Robert Trevor, fourth baron of that title, assumed the name of Hampden, and was created Viscount Hampden of Great and Little Hampden, in the county of Bucks, where the Hampdens had been the untitled lords long before the Conquest. Three Trevor-Hampdens bore this title, which became extinct in 1824. Now, between the Trevors and the Lords Dacre there is a connection, which we will endeavour to shortly exhibit. The original family name of the Lords Dacre was Dacre; but an unusual variety of other surnames have been at different times assumed by them. In 1715, the fifteenth lord died without male issue; and his daughter Anne became Baroness Dacre, sixteenth holder of the title, who was three times married, and had male issue by each of her husbands. One of them, Thomas Barrett Lennard, became seventeenth Lord Dacre. A son, Charles, by her second marriage, became the husband of Gertrude, daughter and co-heir of John Trevor, Esq., of Glynde in Sussex. The children of Charles and Gertrude were a son and a daughter; of whom the former became eighteenth Lord Dacre, and the latter another Baroness Dacre (nineteenth), who married, in 1771, Thomas Brand, Esq., of the Hoo, Welwyn, Herts; and thus we bring together the Trevors and the Brands. The twentieth Lord Dacre died without issue, and was succeeded by his brother, the twenty-first lord, who assumed the name and arms of Trevor, in compliance with a direction in the will of the last Viscount Hampden. Accordingly, while the surname of the present Lord Dacre is Trevor, that of his brother, Lord Hampden, is merely Brand. It is understood that some members of the family of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, whose patronymic is Hobart Hampden—they being descended in the female line from the patriot, who left no male issue—endeavoured to dissuade Sir Henry Brand from taking the title which he chose. But surely, considering the circumstances mentioned above, he was justified in his selection; and all will feel that the title of Hampden could not be borne by one more worthy to be associated with this great name than the late Speaker.

The foregoing transcripts from titular and family history have been somewhat detailed, inasmuch as their features are representative of many other peerages, and also elucidate various matters connected with the peerage not patent to all persons. They show *inter alia* how titles may not only be extinguished, but may be shifted about from family to family when the limitations of those titles are in fee. They show, also, why it is that a peer who is generally known by one title may yet sit and vote in the House of Lords or Peers by some other; the short explanation being, that he is not a peer of the United Kingdom, or, in other words, a peer of the entire realm, so far as his first title is concerned. In our previous paper 'What is a Peer?' this feature of the peerage was alluded to; and we may now add that there is only one peer, who, not being a peer of the realm in regard to his chief title,

yet sits and votes in the House of Lords by a title as exalted as the other. This is the Duke of Hamilton, who, though premier Duke of Scotland, yet, as such has no hereditary seat in parliament,\* while as Duke of Brandon he has; and he would be so described in the Lords' division lists. Then, again, the Marquis of Huntly, though premier Marquis of Scotland, is yet only Lord Meldrum when sitting in the House of Lords. The Marquis of Sligo is only such in the peerage of Ireland, but sits in parliament as Lord Monteagle; and there is also a Lord Monteagle who is a peer of the realm by that title only. The eighteenth Earl of Erroll is singularly situated. When sitting in parliament he is Lord Kilmarnock, and this is the courtesy title borne by his eldest son, so that there are two Lords Kilmarnock!

The distinctions just referred to between peers of the United Kingdom and those who are not have given rise to some singular features in the peerage which are, at first sight, of an anomalous character. Thus, while the son of a tradesman who becomes a peer of the United Kingdom to-day may die to-morrow, and his son may take his seat in the House of Lords as an hereditary legislator; on the other hand, the thirty-fourth Scotch Earl of Mar—merely as such—and the thirty-first Irish Lord Kingsale have no hereditary right to a seat in the legislature, although the latter is premier Baron of Ireland. It is of course competent to the Crown—the fountain of honour—to promote these and other noblemen similarly situated to the peerage of the United Kingdom; but until this is done, they take rank below the last created baron of the realm. At one time it appears to have been usual to honour a man by first making him an Irish peer, and then to promote him gradually, as in the case of Rawdon, Earl of Moira, and conspicuously so in that of the Fitzwilliam peerage and others. But then we must remember that it was not before January 1, 1801, that the expression 'United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland' was known; nor before 1707 that the term 'Great Britain' was, or could in law have been applied to England and Scotland as a whole.† The one was created by the statute 39 and 40 Geo. III. c. 67 (July 2, 1800), the other by 5 and 6 Anne c. 8 (May 1, 1707). To these statutes we refer the reader desirous of more information on this subject. He may also peruse that interesting work of light reading, *The Reports of the Lords' Committees on the Dignity of a Peer of the Realm*, comprised in four folio volumes (1826).

In 'What is a Peer?' we made allusion to peerages created by writ of summons and by letters-patent. We may here observe that there was another form of barony, that by tenure, which, however, long ago became obsolete. Now, it is to be remarked with regard to the creation of

a barony by writ of summons, that it always conferred a peerage in fee—in other words, one descendible to males and females—and this will introduce us to two terms previously mentioned, 'abeyance' and 'co-heirs,' which require a short explanation. It will be convenient to furnish this by reference to those baronies of the Huntingdon earldom which, we have seen, were transplanted, so to speak, from the Hastings into the Rawdon family by the single act of marriage of an heiress of the former with a member of the latter house. The word 'abeyance' itself is peculiar, and signifies, to look at something expectingly—in fact, with open mouth. It has been used with regard to corporeal hereditaments; but the subject of estates in abeyance, or *in nubibus*, is far too intricate to be entered upon here. We must, however, make some allusion to the law of real property, in order to render our succeeding statements intelligible—and titles of honour are to be dealt with under the rules of that branch of law. There are some of those rules, however, which, though applicable to ordinary incorporeal hereditaments, are not so to titles of honour. Thus, while an acre of land in fee is alienable, a title in fee is not; it may devolve, but cannot be devised. Again, if the tenant or, as we commonly say, the owner of an estate in fee simple dies intestate, leaving no sons, but daughters, all the latter inherit as 'co-heirs,' or, as lawyers call them, 'coparceners,' who are regarded in law as making one heir. Under such circumstances, they may sever the joint ownership if they like; but if they do not, the entire estate may devolve upon the last survivor, assuming the others to die unmarried and intestate. This right of survivorship will not, however, exist as against the heir of any of them where the above circumstances are wanting. Thus, if A. and B. are coparceners, and B. marries, dies, and leaves a son C., the right of B. will descend on C.; and so on. Well, now, a title of honour clearly cannot be made the subject of partition; and accordingly, if the male holder of a barony which originated in a writ of summons dies leaving two daughters, his barony does not become extinct, but falls into 'abeyance.' If one of these daughters marries, then dies, leaving a daughter, but her own sister still unmarried, the barony is still in abeyance until either the aunt or her niece dies. If the latter predeceases the former, leaving no issue, there is an end of the abeyance; the aunt assumes the title; but if she dies without having been married, the title then becomes 'extinct.' If, on the other hand, the niece has male children, and dies, her eldest son succeeds; and if the latter dies without issue, leaving no brothers or their issue, but only sisters, who do not marry, the title will again fall into abeyance. Thus, it is seen how a barony may be in abeyance, and how there may be co-heirs thereto as claimants also, how such co-heirs and their heirs may exist as such for an indefinite period, or until the title can devolve upon one person. The Crown, however, may exercise its prerogative of terminating the abeyance in favour of one of them, as was done in the Zouche peerage in 1828.

But to return to the Hastings' honours, and the baronies which Elizabeth transferred to the Rawdon family. The first Baron Hungerford was

\* We not unfrequently hear persons speaking of the House of Commons as though that assembly alone constituted the parliament of these realms. It should be borne in mind that parliament consists of the sovereign and both Houses of legislature.

† The union of the crowns of England and Scotland by the accession of James VI. of that country to the English throne as James I. in 1603, must not be confounded with the union of the two kingdoms themselves, one hundred and four years afterwards.

summoned by writ in the reign of Henry VI.; and his son married Margaret, daughter of Baron Botreaux, thus acquiring this title. Their son Robert married the daughter of Baron Molynes or Molines, and in her right assumed that title, with his own and Botreaux. He was beheaded in 1463. The son of this last Baron Hungerford had a daughter, Mary, who married the first Baron Hastings somewhere about 1480, was summoned to parliament by writ; and in 1485 the attainder of the Hungerfords was reversed, and the family honours were restored. The third Baron Hastings was raised to the earldom of Huntingdon, in which dignity these honours were merged; and when the eighteenth earl died in 1789, they descended to his sister, the mother of the first marquis, and this is really how they came into the Rawdon family. It will also be understood from what precedes that the only dignity in the peerage which can fall into abeyance, and, accordingly, to which there can only be co-heirs, is a barony created by writ; and we may observe, that when it cannot be determined upon whom a higher title devolves, there is said to be a 'suspension' of that title. It is also to be remembered that as no barony is known to have been created by letters-patent prior to the eleventh year of Richard II., baronies created before then are presumed to have been created by writ of summons.

We have said that the Crown by the exercise of its prerogative may terminate an abeyance, and this may be done either in favour of a person who is, or one who is not, a peer. In the former case, a writ of summons issues to him by the style of the barony in abeyance; in the latter, letters-patent are employed, and this is the practice where the person on whom the title falls is a lady.

And now a few words as to the 'forfeiture' of a title. This will follow in all cases upon a conviction for high treason, but not necessarily for felony. If, however, a peerage has originated in a writ of summons, and therefore descendible to heirs-general, it will be forfeited on an attainder for felony. It is a curious fact, too, that although the Crown can pardon a criminal, it cannot in any case restore a dignity once forfeited for attainder, so as to place the offender and his family *in statu quo*. This can be done only by an Act of Parliament. The Crown can revive the forfeited title, but it then becomes a new one; so that if a twentieth Earl of X. is attainted, although the Crown may create his son Earl of X., yet the latter becomes not the twenty-first, but only the first Earl of X.

There is one more matter of interest which ought to be mentioned here. We have seen that the barons of Hungerford acquired two titles in right of their wives. Now, with regard to real property, if a man is married to a woman possessed of an estate in fee simple or in tail, and she dies without having had a child born alive, he will, in the absence of a settlement, or a will by her to the contrary, lose all interest in such property. If, however, she has had a child which may have lived only long enough to utter one cry, or can be proved in any way to have lived after its birth, the husband will in such case, after his wife's death, become tenant of the estate for life, and will be termed 'tenant by the curtesy.' Such, however, is not the case with regard to titles of

honour; and although, as we have seen, there are instances of this 'curtesy' in regard to dignities, yet, according to Sir Harris Nicolas, there are none to be met with after the reign of Henry VIII., the latest examples being those of Hungerford, already referred to, and Strange.

Although the House of Lords is undoubtedly an aristocratic assembly, yet it is essentially a cosmopolitan body, and paradoxical as the statement will perhaps appear, it may even be said to be in one sense democratic. It is also to be observed that in this respect the House of Lords differs from the peerage viewed in its entirety. For whereas the latter, so regarded, is aristocratic because of the remote ancestry, wealth, and power of many of its members who have no seat in the House of Lords, yet this assembly, as a section of the peerage, will be found to contain men who may fairly be said to be—employing a significant common phrase—'Of no family at all.' Hence our application of the term 'democratic' to this assembly; and on consideration, it will be found to be hardly either far-fetched or inappropriate, because the history of England will disclose instances in which the sympathy of the House of Lords has been with the people, where rights and liberties have been endangered, either by injudicious action by the Commons, by the attempt to unduly enlarge the prerogatives of the Crown, or from other causes. The truth is, we have peers who have sprung from all sorts and conditions of men—from traders, retail as well as wholesale; also from the professions. Of these sources of supply the legal profession is the most distinguished, about half the members of the present House of Lords, including some of the oldest, wealthiest, and grandest of them, either being descended from, or owing their position to, successful members of the Bar. We are not aware of any solicitor, as such, having been raised to the peerage; but the great Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, ancestor of the present earl, commenced life as an articulated clerk; and Thomas Parker the first Earl of Macclesfield practised as a solicitor before becoming a barrister. Like his illustrious predecessor Bacon, he was impeached for corrupt practices in his office, and fined thirty thousand pounds.

It is amusing to notice—though, of course, the fact is not mentioned as an argument for any previous statement—that in the peerage we have a Browne, a Jones, and a Robinson, which are the family names respectively of the Marquis of Sligo, Viscount Ranelagh, and the Marquis of Ripon, the present Governor-general of India. Four of our greatest dukes—Cleveland, Grafton, Richmond, and St Albans—are severally descended from Charles II. and his mistresses, the last-named having for his ancestress the fair and amiable, but frail Eleanor Gwynne, or as she is commonly called, Nell Gwynne. Another 'irregular scion of royalty' is the present Earl of Munster, whose grandparents were King William IV. and Mrs Jordan the actress. With regard to the above-named dukes, it is a remarkable circumstance that although the sovereigns of England ceased in 1801 to perpetrate the act of absurdity and effrontery of styling themselves kings of France, yet the above-mentioned noblemen still quarter the arms of that country on their heraldic shields. At the same time, over such arms, which are those



of Charles II., there is placed the sinister\* baton—that is, one extending from nearly the top of the left of the shield to nearly the bottom of its right—which is the emblem of illegitimacy. Lord Munster also bears the royal arms with the same 'abatement,' as a herald would say. Then, on the other hand, there are eight dukes, three marquises, seventeen earls, three viscounts, and fourteen barons who are entitled to quarter the royal arms of Plantagenet on their shields without this said baton. But this is not so singular as the fact disclosed during the course of the 'Sussex Peerage Case,' to be noticed again presently, that upwards of thirty thousand persons in this country have royal blood in their veins!

The distinction between what may be termed personal titles and those of a local or territorial character should be observed. Occasionally, one hears of a Marquis of Townshend, a Marquis of Conyngham, an Earl of Waldegrave, of Granville, &c. Such expressions are erroneous; there are, in fact, no such titles, and the 'of' is improperly introduced. We ought to say Earl Granville, &c. So also with the Earls Cairns, Fitzwilliam, Grey, Stanhope, &c., whose name and chief title are the same. We have, however, Earl Brownlow, whose family name is Cust. Moreover, a peer whose chief title is personal, may yet possess others which are local, but not, so far as we know, territorial. Thus, Earl Fortescue's second title is Viscount Ebrington, and the Marquis Conyngham is Earl of Mountcharles. Again, all a peer's titles may be the same as his name, as in the case of Sir J. V. S. Townshend, Bart., who is Marquis, Viscount, and Baron Townshend. It is, however, usual in this family for the eldest son to be designated Viscount Raynham during his father's lifetime, the viscounty being, in fact, 'Townshend of Raynham, in the county of Norfolk.'

But even where peers do bear territorial or local titles, as, for example, the Duke of Norfolk, Marquis of Northampton or Earl of Derby, it is not usual in society to so speak of them except in the case of a dukedom; all noblemen, whether actually so, or only by courtesy, being styled simply Lord So-and-so.

It now and then happens that some distinguished man, who for some reason is not disposed to accept a peerage himself, will yet permit such honour to be conferred on his wife. This was the case with the late Lord Beaconsfield, whose wife became in 1868 Viscountess Beaconsfield, her husband still remaining a commoner. Then, again, in 1836 the wife of Sir John Campbell, afterwards Lord Campbell, and Chief Justice of England, was raised to the peerage as Baroness Stratheden, before her husband was, a circumstance which will be found to disclose the unusual fact of three baronies being conferred in the short space of six years on two families, each indebted for its elevation to nobility to a successful lawyer. The father of Lady Stratheden was Sir James Scarlett, who was created Chief Baron of the Exchequer and Lord Abinger in January 1835. Next year the Stratheden peerage was created; and in 1841, Lady Stratheden's husband became

Lord Chancellor of Great Britain and Lord Campbell. She died in 1860, whereupon her eldest son succeeded to her title. Lord Campbell died next year; and the same nobleman also took his father's title. Thus we have what seems at first sight the puzzling title of Stratheden and Campbell.

There are a few other instances in the peerage of the employment of a double title, for example, the Dukes of Buckingham and Chandos; Hamilton and Brandon; Richmond and Gordon: the Earls of Mar and Kellie; Warwick and Brooke; Pembroke and Montgomery; Stamford and Warrington; Suffolk and Berkshire; Wemyss and March; Winchelsea and Nottingham, &c.: Viscount Massereene and Ferrard (who sits as Lord Oriel); Baron Saye and Sele; Baron Mowbray, Segrave, and Stourton; Oranmore and Browne; De L'Isle and Dudley, &c., which the reader inclined to do so may investigate for himself.

Then we have titles of another compound order, as those of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, Howard of Glossop, Vaux of Harrowden, Willoughby de Broke, Willoughby de Eresby, &c.; and as an instance of *idem sonans* in titles, we may mention the barony of Middleton and the viscounty of Midleton, the respective holders of which are peers of the realm, and pronounce their titles in the same way.

Some of the heraldic mottoes of our nobility are extremely peculiar. A very blunt one is that of Byron, *Credo Byron* (Believe a Byron). A few of them have reference to the achievements for which the peerage was originally conferred, or from which promotion therein was the result. Thus, Baron Exmouth, upon whom a viscounty was conferred after the bombardment of Algiers in 1816, placed his family motto over his crest, and the word 'Algiers' under his shield. In the same way the celebrated Field-marshal Viscount Gough had the words 'China,' 'Barrosa,' and 'Goojerat' painted on his armorial bearings, also the Irish words *Faugh a Ballagh*—that is, clear the way, which is the war-cry of the regiment known as the Connaught Rangers. Again, Lord Radstock's motto is 'St Vincent,' commemorating a naval exploit of the first peer, who was a son of the third Earl Waldegrave, which, however, took place off Cape Lagos in 1797. The motto of the hero John Jervis, who destroyed the Spanish fleet off Cape St Vincent in 1797, and who was raised to the peerage as Earl St Vincent, was the strange-looking word 'Thus,' and it is still borne by the representative of the Jervis family, who, however, is only Viscount St Vincent. 'Thus' is a nautical term of command which, shortly explained, signifies an order to keep the ship's head in the direction in which she is proceeding. The motto of Earl Fortescue, *Fortis scutum salus ducum* (that is, A strong shield is the safeguard of the leaders), is noteworthy. According to Sir B. Burke, the ancestor of the Fortescues was one Sir Richard le Fort, who protected the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings by his shield. *Escue* being the Norman word for shield, it was added to *Fort*, and thus produced the name and the title of Fortescue. The above motto is also that of the Fortescues Lords Clermont, who are kinsmen of the others. Two ennobled barristers chose mottoes associated with their professional pursuits, Pratt, Marquis Camden,

\* In heraldry, the terms dexter and sinister are used for right and left; and the right of a shield is that which is on the left of the person looking at it, and *vice versa*.

having taken *Judicium parium, aut lex terre* (that is, The judgment of our peers, or the law of the land); while the renowned advocate Thomas, Lord Erskine, adopted the phrase *Trial by Jury*. This nobleman was the son of the fifth Earl of Buchan, whose family motto is *Judge nought*; and there is some singularity about the abandonment of this motto for that of *Trial by Jury*. There are two mottoes of an extremely suggestive character—that of Earl Howe (*Let Curzon hold, what Curzon held*), and that of the Marquis Conyngham (*Over Fork over!*). The history of the latter family will show that the spirit of this phrase, taken in its vulgar acceptation, has not been disregarded by them. In some of the mottoes we discover a play of words—a fanciful conceit, as it would have once been termed. Thus, the Earls of Onslow use the well-known proverb, *Festine lente*, or 'Hasten slowly,' which evidently has reference to the present form of their name, On-slow, which, however, was originally Ondeslow. Then, again, Earl Manvers' is *Pie repon te* (Repose with pious confidence). If the position of the letters in the Latin words be changed, we have *Piereponete*; and 'Pierrepont' is the family name of the above nobleman. The motto of the Earls of Wemyss, *This our Charter is*, contains their name of Charteris. So also does that of the Roches, Lords Fermoy, *Mon Dieu est ma roche*; and the motto of the Earls of Sandwich, *Post tot naufragia portum* (After so many shipwrecks, we arrive at port). Then, again, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lords Chesham and Waterpark, all of the Cavendish family, have for their motto *Cavendo tutus* (Safe by being cautious), evidently a *jeu de mots*, a hazy sort of play on the name of the title.

In a previous paragraph, we alluded to the Sussex Peerage Case. This was a very painful curiosity indeed of the peerage. The Duke of Sussex, sixth son of George III., had married, in 1793, Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore. The marriage ceremony was twice performed—first at Rome, and next at St George's, Hanover Square, and the union was one of affection on both sides. Two children were born of it—a son and a daughter, the former having been Colonel Sir Augustus F. D'Este, and the latter, Mademoiselle D'Este, who became the second wife of Serjeant Wilde, afterwards Lord Chancellor Truro. That lady died in 1855 without issue, and the present Lord Truro is accordingly descended from the first wife. On the death of the Duke of Sussex in 1843, Sir A. D'Este claimed the Dukedom of Sussex; but the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, the then forum of matrimonial causes, held the marriage of his parents to have been null and void, as contrary to the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act (12 Geo. III. c. 11). Sir Augustus D'Este died in 1849; and this lamentable story in its legal aspect may be read in the second volume of Clark and Finnelly's *House of Lords' Reports*. The Sussex Peerage Case, beyond its painful interest, is of importance to lawyers, several rules of the law of evidence having been fixed by it. The same may be said of some other peerage cases, as those of Banbury and Shrewsbury. And we may also mention that one which probably stands without a parallel in the records of scandalous family history, the celebrated Berkeley

Peerage Case, a veritable curiosity, not of the peerage only, but of human life generally, being, in fact, an agglomeration of frauds, perjuries, and immoral proceedings, all surrounded by an atmosphere of the most repulsive vulgarity. We gladly pass it by. Indeed, it ought, except for illustrative purposes, to be let severely alone.

We have spoken in a previous paragraph of 'premier peerages;' and perhaps a few words are necessary on this subject.

The premier peerages of the realm are as follows:

*England*—Duke of Norfolk, 1483; Marquis of Winchester, 1551; Earl Shrewsbury, 1442; Viscount Hereford, 1550; Baron Le Despencer, 1264.

*Scotland*—Duke of Hamilton, 1643; Marquis of Huntly, 1559; Earl Crawford, 1398; Viscount Falkland, 1620; Baron Forbes, 1442 (?).

*Ireland*—Duke of Leinster, 1766, who is also premier Marquis and Earl of Ireland; Viscount Gormanston, 1478; Baron Kingsale, 1181.

Of all these, Kingsale is the oldest existing title, but, as already intimated, Lord Kingsale has no seat in the House of Lords. The barony (by writ) of Le Despencer is the oldest in England, but is at present held by a lady, who is the wife of Viscount Falmouth, whose son is therefore heir to both titles. The oldest title borne by a member of the House of Lords under which he sits and votes is that of De Ros, this barony having been created 1264, but after that of Le Despencer.

Earls, Viscounts, Barons, and Baronesses are entitled to be styled 'Right Honourable;' a Marquis is 'Most Honourable,' or 'Most Noble and Puissant Prince;' a Duke is 'Most Noble,' or 'Most High, Potent, and Noble Prince.' All peers except barons are by the etiquette of heraldry regarded and styled as cousins of the sovereign. Thus, a Viscount or an Earl is addressed as, 'Our right trusty and well-beloved Cousin;' a Marquis as, 'Our right trusty and entirely beloved Cousin;' and a Duke as, 'Our right trusty and right entirely beloved Cousin.'

#### A ZULU ROMANCE.

As a rule, the course of true love runs smoother in Kaffir-land than in more civilised countries. The reason for this is not far to seek. In Europe, the business of matrimony is complicated by its being associated with the impulses of the heart; but amongst our Ethiopian brethren the emotional has but little place or power. The whole affair is simply arranged by the father of the girl. Eight or ten oxen are handed over to the dusky Paterfamilias by the eligible suitor, who in exchange receives the damsel—blushing, no doubt, if one could perceive it beneath the dark skin. In rare instances, it may be a case of mutual affection; and in the true story which I am about to relate, affairs went 'clean off the track' in a quite phenomenal fashion. A good deal of this romantic drama, which took place in and about Maritzburg, the capital of Natal, came under the immediate notice of my wife and myself, while the rest of it was told us by one or other of the chief actors.

It was towards the close of a summer afternoon.

The day had been more than usually hot, but a slight curtain of cloud was now pleasantly veiling the sun. Our house was situated on a gently rising ground on the outskirts of the town—a comfortable one-storied cottage, surrounded by a deep veranda, and standing a short distance back from the road. There would have been sultry stillness, but for the chirp and whir of insects, the too frequent ‘ping’ of the mosquito as it hovered around one’s ear, the ‘clunk-clunk’ of the frogs in a neighbouring streamlet, and the sonorous voice of our Kafir ‘boy’ chanting some barbarous lay in one of the outhouses. Occasionally a creaking, full-laden bullock-wagon would toil past, drawn by a span of twelve or fourteen patient oxen, and overhung by a cloud of red dust, stirred up from the broad, rut-lined, arid highway. Anon, a buggy would dash jolting along, to the imminent danger of family groups of itinerant Kaffirs, who would, with a loud ‘Wow!’ jump aside; and once in a while a solitary horseman, booted and spurred, would be seen galloping to or from the town.

I was lying in a swing-hammock suspended in the veranda, smoking a cigar, and fitfully reading that day’s paper. Now and again, my eye mechanically rested on the road, watching the several wayfarers. Presently my attention was more particularly drawn to a young Zulu woman, who had opened our front gate, and was slowly walking up the path leading to our house. She was probably about seventeen years of age, though, to one unacquainted with Kafir physique, she might have seemed at least twenty-one, and moved with the erect and graceful carriage characteristic of the race. Her dress consisted of what may be best described as a canvas tunic, which had originally been a sack, but round the arm-holes and short skirt was a border of many-coloured beads. Upon her shapely arms were brass rings and circlets of beads, while similar ornaments graced her calf and ankle. Her hair had been combed up, stiffened with red clay, and tied into a bunch—a toilet significant of her status as a married woman, the Kafir virgin usually rejoicing merely in her primitive ‘wool.’

The young woman’s steps were directed to the back of our premises, where she disappeared. What could she be after? The next moment I said to myself that she must be one of our ‘boy’s’ relations. The kinship of one’s Kafir boy, be it here remarked, is invariably very extensive; and unless you exercise some strictness, your rearmost premises are very apt to be invaded by his parents, his brothers, ‘his sisters and his cousins and his aunts,’ not to speak of his uncles and vaguely remote relatives. Our boy, Capelle by name, had been told that we were not to be annoyed by frequent visits from his friends; and as that day he had already welcomed and hospitably fed—with *our* maize-meal—about half-a-dozen of his acquaintances, I somewhat resented the coming of this youthful matron.

It was in my mind to jump out of the hammock and remonstrate with our domestic, when I heard stealthy footsteps in the veranda. The next moment Capelle stood before me, asking permission, as far as I could make out, for his sister to remain overnight. My wife now appeared, telling me that Capelle and the young woman had

been having high words in the Kafir-house. Thereupon I questioned him as to the cause of the quarrel. ‘Baas’ (Master), he began; and then delivered a fluent discourse in his native tongue, doubtless full of information, but almost wholly unintelligible to me, until my wife acted as interpreter. My better-half, having to scold and direct the boy, had in about two years’ time mastered the colloquial Kafir generally spoken in Maritzburg kitchens. Out of the facts extracted from Capelle and his sister by cross-examination, the following interesting narrative was evolved.

Some six months previous, this young woman, whose name was Manthla, had plighted her troth to one Umhlassu, who was now working as a porter at an ironmonger’s in Maritzburg, and was rapidly saving up the money to buy the necessary cattle wherewith to purchase her from her papa. He had now eight oxen, only two short of the number required, and had secured a hut for her reception. For her part, Manthla had given Umhlassu a pair of earrings, a necklace, a snuff-box, bead ornaments for the head, and other gifts such as Kafir maidens present to their lovers. Unfortunately, another wooer had come to her father, offering twelve bullocks for Manthla; and the parent, very naturally—for such doings are not unknown even in Mayfair—favoured the wealthier suitor. The oxen were accepted there and then, without the daughter being consulted in the matter. As a rule, the reception of the live-stock by the father is an important point in the marriage-service of the Zulus. The next step is the arranging of the wedding-feast, at which there generally is dancing for two or three days, as well as the consumption of one of the oxen which form part of the ‘marriage-settlement,’ not to mention the drinking galore of native beer.

Manthla had steadily declined to take any part in the proceedings, though she had been in the charge of the matrons of the kraal, who had dressed her hair in the manner already described. With still greater persistence, she refused to accompany Indebbelish, her would-be lord and master, to his kraal, even going the length of producing a knife and protesting she would take away her life, rather than become his bride. Her father threatened to beat her with a stick; all her friends upbraided her; and finally, she was handed over to the old women, who kept her a prisoner and all but starved her, to induce a better state of mind. Her almost unheard-of defiance of ‘use and wont’ astonished the marriage-party; but their amazement reached its climax when, in the midst of the festivities, it was discovered that Manthla had seized a favourable opportunity to escape. She had travelled on foot fifty miles into Maritzburg, and it was at the close of that journey that I had seen her from our veranda.

When Manthla had greeted her brother and told him the whole story, he was of course highly indignant at her disregard of tribal custom. He rated her in good sound terms, jeered at her, and treated her to a variety of ill-favoured epithets, in which the Zulu vocabulary is unusually rich. It was the sound of this fraternal reproof which my wife had heard. There was really nothing for it but to give shelter to the fugitive for at least one night. It would scarcely have

been humane to have turned 'Manthla adrift, tired and hungry as she was; and accordingly the 'pilgrim of love' was allowed to take her fill of porridge and sleep on the kitchen floor.

Early next morning, as I was mounting my cob at the stable-door, preparatory to a 'spin' over the *veldt* before breakfast, there appeared an elderly Kaffir, who held up the forefinger of his right hand and exclaimed 'Inkosi!'—the native salutation of respect. This was no less a personage than Pank, the father of 'Manthla and of our boy Capelle. He was attired in a soldier's old coat, and ragged trousers that descended no farther than his knees. On his head was a battered felt hat; while through the lobe of one ear was stuck a cigar, and through the other a cylindrical 'snuff-box.' Though old Pank had come in hot haste from the kraal all those fifty miles, and was presumably in a state of great mental agitation, he sauntered into our back-yard as carelessly as if he had only casually dropped in from next door. I have noticed the same characteristic in several other Kaffirs. After the afore-mentioned salutation, Pank's lean face broadened into a grin, and he vivaciously ejaculated two or three times: 'It's allee right, allee right!' This phrase, which proved to be the only English at his command, was introduced with great frequency, and sometimes with ludicrous effect. This optimist remark, however, was not upon his lips when he caught sight of his daughter 'Manthla timidly peeping out from the door of the Kaffir-house. His face darkened in expression, and pouring forth a volley of reproaches, the 'stern parient' approached her. I stood anxiously watching the interview, fearing lest violence might be the outcome. But after Pank had uncorked the vial of his wrath, it quickly evaporated, and in a short time he sat down on his haunches, took the snuff-box from his ear and regaled himself with a hearty pinch.

I rode off; and on my return, half an hour later, the old fellow was in our kitchen, calmly consuming a large pot of porridge. It turned out that he had ordered 'Manthla to be ready to accompany him at once to the kraal of Indebbelish. Alas, however, for the 'best-laid schemes!' When the *babba* (father) went into the Kaffir-house, he found 'Manthla had again fled. His anger and disgust were now turned upon Capelle, who vowed he had had no hand in her flight. The father retorted, the son recriminated, and it was only by rushing out and brandishing my riding-whip that order was restored. The old man suddenly grinned and exclaimed: 'Allee right, allee right!' and then his eye catching sight of a big iron pot which had fallen into disuse, he asked if we could spare it. My wife sarcastically inquired if there was anything else he would like; upon which Pank requested a bottle of castor-oil, for the purpose of anointing his body when he reached home. This being given him, the injured father strode away, with the big pot over his head like a huge helmet, and we hoped we had seen the last of him. Not at all! In five minutes or so the old rascal came back, begging Capelle's wages for the next three months. It is customary for the *babbas* to collect the money due to their sons, but payment in advance was altogether without precedent. Happily, by disbursing the wages due for a

month which had almost expired, we for a time got rid of the father of our heroine.

It is time that we again followed her fortunes. When 'Manthla ran away from our house, she betook herself to Umhlassu, who, true lover that he was, forsook his work, packed up his blankets, and went off with his bride to his own kraal. Feasting and dancing were again indulged in, this time, however, by the bridegroom's relatives. Hearing of this, the unsuccessful Indebbelish indignantly demanded the cattle back from 'Manthla's father; but this just request was point-blank refused. Indebbelish saw he had no other alternative but to trudge into town to institute an action for 'breach of promise' against Babba Pank. The machinery of the native court in Maritzburg was in due course set in motion, and the case appointed to come off in three weeks, a fact we knew one evening by the advent of Indebbelish, who was about the most handsome Kaffir we had ever seen. He came to have a chat with Capelle, who had favoured his wooing in time past, and was still friendly. We naturally objected to have our larder drawn upon alternately by the plaintiff and defendant in the pending suit, and so declined to give Indebbelish board and lodging. But he made up for this by calling night after night and smoking Capelle's tobacco.

At length the great day of the trial dawned, and with it came the beaming face of 'Manthla's father with his irrepressible 'Allee right!' He marched in and billeted himself upon us for about six days. I am not aware whether this was owing to prolonged litigation or to the enjoyment of living at some one else's expense. At all events, when the week expired, the *babba* vouchsafed the information that the case had gone against him, and that he had to restore the bullocks, at the same time cheerily adding: 'It's allee right, allee right!' Nevertheless, he went away very downcast, after another ineffectual attempt to collect Capelle's wages in advance. A day or two afterwards, the cattle were returned to Indebbelish with a bad grace; but Umhlassu gave Babba Pank eight oxen, with a promise of other two at some future period; and the heart of the old man rejoiced. The sympathies of my wife had been aroused in favour of Indebbelish; but her interest instantly vanished when she found that 'the poor, forsaken young man,' long previous to his 'courtship' of 'Manthla, was already possessed of three wives! When Indebbelish received back the oxen from the *babba*, he simply drove them off to another kraal, and purchased an ebony virgin to complete his connubial quartet.

About eighteen months afterwards, I happened to be amongst the Saturday morning throng on the Market Square of Maritzburg. Hundreds of people—English, Dutch, Indian, and Kaffir—were moving about the dusty expanse of ground, which was covered with auctioneers' stands, bullock-wagons, sacks of produce, cows and horses on sale, and large quantities of the miscellaneous household goods which find their way to colonial marts. At one part of the ground, a number of Kaffir wives were squatted alongside heaps of firewood, which they had conveyed into town, and were now selling. As I observed them, my boy Capelle suddenly drew my attention to a woman who was walking towards the group. She carried a great load of firewood in long lengths poised upon her

head, and a baby slung behind her in a blanket. I dimly recollected her face; Capelle told me her name, and ran forward to speak to her. It was none other than the heroine of the love-match—poor 'Manthla!

# CONCERNING LOVE.\*

## IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

HAVING in the former part of this paper considered certain theories concerning the nature, qualities, power, and vitality of love, we would now invite the attention of our readers to some of the symptoms, evidences, and effects of that passion. Here we find ourselves upon somewhat firmer ground, for the field now before us is not so much that of theory and definition as of observation and experience. While the profoundest philosophers find themselves at a loss in attempting to formulate some satisfactory theory on the subject, the most unsophisticated observer can tell us something of the signs and tokens by which love manifests its presence. The symptoms of the tender passion are both varied and varying, and we have it on the authority of Addison that there is no other passion which produces such contrary effects in so great a degree. Byron describes love as bearing within itself 'the very germ of change.'

For a thoroughly comprehensive catalogue of love's tokens take the reply of Silvius to Phebe in *As You Like It*. 'Good shepherd,' says Phebe, 'tell this youth what 'tis to love.' 'It is,' replies Silvius, 'to be all made of sighs and tears; it is to be all made of faith and service; it is to be all made of fantasy, all made of passion, and all made of wishes; all adoration, duty, and observance; all humbleness, all patience, and impatience; all purity, all trial, all observance.' If the foregoing be accepted as an accurate description of what it is to love, one is enabled to understand the belief that the reason why Love is not included among the virtues is that it combines them all in one.

Dryden has given us several accounts of the way in which the tender passion operates upon the mind. In one passage he says:

Love various minds does variously inspire:  
He stirs in gentle natures gentle fire,  
Like that of incense on the altar laid;  
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade:  
A fire which every windy passion blows;  
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.

The same writer, descending to more everyday observations, and speaking of the condition of a person in love, declares:

You pine, you languish, love to be alone,  
Think much, speak little, and in speaking sigh.

This is certainly a faithful description of the conventional lover, whom you meet in novels, and there are no doubt a great many sentimental people who still languish and sigh, after the old romantic pattern. Yet there are a great many more who get through all their love experiences with very little languishing and very few sighs. They are much too busy, or too cheerful, or too matter-of-fact, to indulge their passion to the

pinning or languishing degree; so that tears and sighs and groans are not by any means inevitable or necessary symptoms of love. While one lover is to be found 'sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' 'eyebrow,' another is discovered basking joyfully in the sunshine of his love, and singing with Moore that

There's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream.

Ovid remarks that tears are by no means unserviceable in love, because by tears you may touch a heart of stone. He therefore advises the lover to endeavour that his mistress should find him with his cheeks bathed in tears; and he adds, that if you are not quite equal to the shedding of genuine tears, you may bathe your eyes and cheeks by other means. But Ovid is discoursing on the *art* of love, and what we are at present considering are the true marks of the genuine passion. There are, no doubt, few matters in which there has been, since the world began, so much dissimulation and hypocrisy as in love affairs, and Ovid's artful suggestions recall the profane observation of a cynical writer, that 'Love consists of a little sighing, a little crying, a little dying—and a deal of lying.' It is not our present purpose, however, to enter upon the false in love, or the spurious impersonations which stalk about in his name. Let it suffice to say that Ovid's crafty advice is founded on the fact that true love is often tearful and desponding. It may not be, as Silvius puts it, 'all sighs and tears,' but even the most sanguine love may have its moments of sadness and doubt. 'Love,' says one of the poets—

Love, though most sure,  
Yet always to itself seems insecure.

And Scott declares that 'Love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.' Another poet argues that unless you quake and are struck dumb when your mistress enters the room, you have loved amiss, and must begin anew.

But if love is sometimes downcast and fearful, it just as often soars aloft on the pinions of hope, for 'Love can hope where Reason would despair.' The lover has a miraculous way of finding hope and encouragement amid the most unpromising circumstances. He can feed for weeks together on a word or a glance; and if his mistress frown and turn her back upon him, he must still lay the flattering unction to his soul that she merely frowns, as Shakspeare expresses it somewhere, to beget more love in him. Truly, the lover had need be 'all patience,' for 'tis a fickle god he woos. If he would not woo in vain, he must bear with a thousand caprices, inconstancies, and tyrannies.

Lovers are proverbially blind to each other's shortcomings, and their praises of each other are therefore untrammelled by ordinary scruples on the score of veracity. 'There never,' says Bacon, 'was a proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved.' It is therefore at once easy and natural for men and women under the influence of the tender passion to present to each other, and to swallow with the keenest relish, a great deal of this kind of food.

\* Concluded from page 156.



If we are to credit the French poet Chamfort, who says he has seen women of all countries, an Italian woman does not believe that she is loved by her lover unless he is capable of committing a crime for her, an Englishwoman an extravagance, and a Frenchwoman a folly. Let us hope that worthier performances than these are sometimes demanded in token of love's sincerity—acts of self-denial, of merit, of generosity, and of faithfulness. Richter is of opinion, however, that 'love requires not so much proofs as expressions of love—it demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love.' Dryden gives expression to the same idea, when he says :

All other debts may compensation find,  
But Love is strict, and must be paid in kind.

How often has love spurned riches, power, enjoyment, the good opinion of the world, and everything else, in order to meet responsive love amid poverty, suffering, deprivation, and even dishonour! True love will sacrifice everything to be requited; for 'Lovers all but love disdain.'

Whatever form its manifestations may take, it may be assumed that the fickle god will not fail to show itself. 'There are two things not to be hidden,' says the proverb—'Love and a cough.' It may be expressed by sighs and tears, by a dejected and distracted mien, and by what Shakspeare calls 'the pale complexion of true love.' It may be discovered in tell-tale blushes—'celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue,' as Milton puts it—in bashful awkwardness, and in a distressing self-consciousness in the presence of the adored object. And it may be shown no less plainly and emphatically in quiet self-devotion, dutifulness, and self-sacrifice. It often identifies itself with various kinds of manias, such as a mania for composing amatory epistles or writing verses, a mania for going to church, for haunting a particular street, or for buying kid gloves, patent-leather boots, and eau-de-Cologne. These, with many other similar and equally harmless symptoms, are quite familiar.

Then there is a more extravagant class of manifestations that the hard unfeeling world would describe as folly. When love reaches what Bacon calls 'the mad degree,' there is absolutely no limit to the excesses that may be perpetrated in its name. But of the comparatively harmless kinds of folly there is usually a considerable admixture in even the sedatest loves. Thomson describes the lover as 'the very fool of nature.' It is not, of course, to be supposed that he is ever conscious of his folly—when he is engaged in it, at all events—for

Love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit.

Yet it cannot be denied that the folly in love is, to the lovers, by no means the least agreeable part of it.

I could not love, I'm sure,  
One who in love were wise,

is Cowley's frank confession; and most lovers, if they carefully examine their experience and speak the truth, will echo the sentiment. Wisdom would never give utterance to all those fond, foolish fancies, those 'airy nothings,' and sweet flatteries that the lover prizes so much; and wisdom would often dictate a degree of prudence

and reserve and formality that could never be endured by two hearts that beat as one.

The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,  
Is hardly granted to the gods above.

After what we have seen of Cupid's fickleness and ever-varying moods, it will not be imagined that when love is not all smiles and sunshine, it is therefore insincere or undesirable. In the words of the poet Walsh :

Love is a medley of endearments, jars,  
Suspicious, quarrels, reconcilements, wars,  
Then peace again.

After the storm, the sun returns as bright and genial as before, and the air is all the purer and the sweeter for the electric war that has disturbed its stillness. The love that cannot outlive a few misunderstandings and disagreements can hardly claim to be considered as genuine, and had better be allowed to pass at once into the limbo of exploded myths. The truth is, however, that Love often dispenses his favours in a very eccentric way, and each favour is sometimes paid for with a more than proportionate amount of suffering; so that the lover must be often tempted to exclaim with Addison :

Mysterious love! uncertain treasure!  
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure?

Yet he will probably resolve the problem in much the same manner as the poet does in completing the stanza :

Endless torments dwell about thee,  
Yet who would live and live without thee?

Spenser finds that 'love with gall and honey doth abound,' and in computing the proportion of each, he expresses the belief that for every drachm of honey there is a pound of gall. Notwithstanding this, however, he is prepared to assert that

One loving hour  
For many years of sorrow can dispense;  
A drachm of sweet is worth a pound of sour.

This is the attitude which the lover must adopt; and if the gall preponderate in his experience—which we sincerely hope it won't—he must comfort and sustain himself with thoughts of the honey he has enjoyed, and that may be yet in store for him.

If the course of true love does not run smooth, that is not always because the way is not clear enough or level enough, but very often entirely on account of Love's injudicious and impracticable behaviour. If Love will indulge his propensity to masquerade in the guise of frenzy or delirium, folly or extravagance, there is nothing at all surprising in his getting into trouble. But what is the use of sermonising? Notwithstanding all the striking lessons he has received, and the painful experiences through which he has passed, Cupid is still much the same wilful, rollicking, mischief-loving sprite that he was when he first appeared upon our planet; and so, no doubt, he will remain to the end of the chapter.

At the same time, when all is said and done, is it not just possible that Love gets blamed for a good deal of trouble and mischief for which he is really not responsible? Do people not often cry out against Love's tyranny and unreasonableness, when they ought to blame their own

selfishness, or pride, or blundering stupidity? Love must be treated as an honoured guest, not as a slave; and if he leave us, may we not reasonably ask ourselves, before we begin to upbraid and revile him, whether we have not driven him away by our own neglect and heartlessness and querulous impatience? When we consider how he is sometimes treated, the wonder is, not so much that he should have departed, as that he should have stayed so long.

### THE PROGRESS OF CYCLING.

It is exceedingly interesting to the reflective cyclist of the present day to indulge in a retrospect of ten or fifteen years, and compare his present position with the status that subsisted in those early days of the wheel. Nothing could better illustrate the rapid growth of this comparatively modern method of locomotion than the spread and increasing importance of the various Exhibitions in different parts of the country devoted entirely or in part to demonstrating the advances made in the two or three wheeler during the recess of winter. And these advances have been most marked during the past year, the machines now exhibited showing plainly the care and attention bestowed upon them. In one important detail in particular this is markedly apparent, namely, in that of gearing for tricycles. It is a well-known fact among cyclists that the temporary exhaustion following the rapid traversing of a smooth level road does not proceed in a tenth degree so much from the actual strength expended as upon the rapid exertion required. To obviate this, a system of gearing-up has been introduced, whereby the wheels make more revolutions than the feet. But as this would place the rider at a disadvantage in ascending inclines or in traversing rough roads, a system of gearing level or down has been combined, whereby, by a mechanical arrangement, the wheels perform either the same number of revolutions as the feet, or less. The combination of these systems has produced some of the most intricately ingenious mechanisms that have lately appeared before the public, and cyclists are busily engaged in testing and otherwise determining which system shall be introduced into their mounts for the coming season.

In the June number of the *Journal* for last year we predicted the approach of a period of unusual activity in cycling, and the prediction has not proved fallacious; for the season which closed with the approach of last winter was remarkable in many respects, as the following will show. In October, the extraordinary distance of two hundred and sixty miles was ridden on a two-wheeler in twenty-four hours over ordinary roads; a tricycle under similar circumstances has covered over two hundred and twenty-one miles when ridden by a gentleman, and one hundred and fifty-two miles when propelled by a lady. In August, a tricycle was driven from John o' Groats to Land's End—ten hundred and seven miles—in fourteen days; the bicycle record by a shorter route being a little over nine days; whilst in October a bicyclist rode from London to Derby—a distance of one hundred and twenty-six miles—without either stopping or dismounting. Many

feats of endurance and determination similar to the above have taken place upon the public roads; whilst upon the racing-path, the great feature has been the 'record cutting' of the year. In 1882, a well-known doctor and amateur bicyclist rode twenty miles and three hundred and twenty-five yards in an hour; in 1883, this was beaten by a professional at Leicester, who covered twenty miles nine hundred and five yards in the same time; whilst the time for one mile has been lowered from two minutes forty-one and three-fifth seconds to two minutes forty and four-fifth seconds. The time for one mile for a tricycle was also lowered to three minutes five seconds, and all existing tricycling records from a quarter of a mile to one hundred miles were beaten last year. But the rapid advances which characterise the sport will doubtless enable faster times than the above to be made in the not far distant future, and the records which we now behold with pardonable pride may sink into comparative insignificance.

The objection has been raised by many opponents of cycling that it is of no practical value to mankind apart from the means it provides for healthy recreation. This objection no longer exists. The tricycle is now used extensively in many parts of the kingdom by professional men; clergymen in particular are very partial to it; to the doctor it is a positive boon, ay, and to the patient as well at times, for in an emergency, the ready steed can be mounted at once, and no delay caused by awakening drowsy coachmen and harnessing horses. A new description of tricycle now enables enterprising tradesmen, notably news-agents, grocers, and others whose wares are of a comparatively light nature, to deliver their goods with more despatch than formerly; and the Post-office authorities have been alive to the advantages offered by this means of distribution by obtaining machines for rural districts in connection with the Parcels Post and the delivery of letters. The Inland Revenue Office by a recent order recognises the tricycle; and the police in some of our colonies have used them for some time. These facts plainly show that the tricycle has entered upon a new phase of its existence, and that a noble and useful career undoubtedly awaits it.

The 'freemasonry of the wheel' has been pushed on to a greater extent than ever during the past year, and is a factor which undoubtedly influences a large proportion of the British public. This is shown by the increasing numbers of the Cyclists' Touring Club, which increased from seven to nearly twelve thousand during 1883, and promises to reach even twenty thousand during the current year. The ladies are giving their heartiest support, and are joining in large numbers; whilst the movement offers so many attractions to all riders in providing touring companions, hotels with fixed tariffs in nearly every town in Great Britain and the continent, good-fellowship and congenial society wherever the cyclist may happen to alight, and other advantages too numerous to mention, that it includes in its roll many of the nobility and gentry in all parts of the land, and is supported by some of the highest dignitaries of the Church and members of the legal, medical, military, and naval professions.

Other great cycling institutions exist, which

are rendering good service to the general public in various ways, one notably in calling attention to the decadence of our public roads since the old coaching-days. In many parts of the country, main roads now exist that are all but impassable to ordinary traffic; their deterioration may be attributed mainly to the competition and monopolisation of the railways in diverting the traffic that once passed over them. Their condition is a misfortune to the public in general, and especially to the inhabitants of the locality; for as good roads are certain to advance the prosperity of a district, so bad ones have ever been considered an indication of a backward state of civilisation. The local authorities to whom the construction and maintenance of these roads have been intrusted, are being aroused to a sense of their responsibility by influentially and numerous attended meetings of persons interested in cycling; the laws relating to the highways have been collected and discussed, and many leading newspapers have given prominence to the grievances vented at these assemblies. If the result should be the amelioration of the condition of these highways, the thanks of the general public will be due to the cyclists, and it will tend to forge still stronger the link which is fast binding them into closer fellowship.

To many manufacturing towns, the rise of cycling has been a boon; to one in particular, Coventry, it has proved perhaps the greatest blessing that has ever befallen it. That ancient city was fast sinking into absolute inertness through the falling-off of its staple trade; it can now boast of being one of the most prosperous towns of the midlands, with huge manufactories and busy hives of men sending forth to the world those apparently delicate structures which are now in such universal request. Other towns, such as Birmingham, London, Wolverhampton, &c., sensibly feel the demands of the two hundred thousand cyclists who are computed to be in Great Britain alone, and the export trade of these towns is rapidly becoming greater in this particular branch. The two and three wheelers have now penetrated to nearly every part of the globe; they are no longer strangers to the Russian, the Turk, and the Hindu; in Brazil, Australia, and New Zealand, they make steady progress; and even the sacred land of the Celestials is not free from their enchantments. This wide and general dissemination of a sport which is essentially English, cannot fail to be a source of the greatest gratification to those who so sturdily fought for it and upheld it during the trials of its early existence.

#### SPRING IN THE ALLEY.

SHE stooped and told him that the Spring was born;  
A ring of triumph in her fresh young voice;  
For she, poor child, was in her life's glad morn,  
And the soft sunshine made her heart rejoice.  
'Wert thou not longing for the Spring?' she said;  
But the pale sufferer sadly shook his head,

And gazed with sunken eyes upon her face,  
Till its pure beauty filled his soul with peace,  
Then smoothed her locks, and in a fond embrace,  
Clasping her slender form, he whispered: 'Cease  
To sing the praises of the young Spring flowers;  
Child of the narrow court! they are not ours!'

O'er the despondent sufferer bending low,  
Till her fair tresses swept his throbbing brow,  
With tender glistening eyes, and cheeks aglow  
With joy and hope, she softly told him how,  
Not very far away, the golden bees  
Wooded the white clusters of the hawthorn trees.

She spoke of twittering birds, and raised her eyes,  
Bright with the glory of poetic thought,  
To the dark ceiling that shut out the skies,  
And lowered upon her, as she vainly sought,  
With words of loving sympathy, to cheer  
The flickering life, that suffering made so dear.

For oh, that life, unlovely though it seemed,  
Was the dear object of her fondest love;  
Volumes of witching poesy she dreamed,  
Morn, noon, and evening, as she bent above  
His weary form, yet neither light nor bloom  
Could tempt her footsteps from that dingy room.

Of, when she heard his hollow cough, she wept  
In the still midnight—how it wrung her heart!  
Yea, she could hear it even when she slept,  
And often wakened with a feverish start,  
Beseeching God, in many a tearful prayer,  
To ease the pain that *she* so longed to share.

Blithely she carolled when the morning sun  
Rose o'er the alley like a blushing bride;  
Or grave and silent, like some meek-faced nun,  
Plied she her needle by the sufferer's side—  
And oh, it was so sweet to toil for him  
Till her hands trembled, and her eyes grew dim!

Till from those weary hands her work would fall,  
And her dim vision could distinguish nought  
Save the black spiders crawling on the wall,  
And the dead violets she herself had bought  
With the few coppers she had stored away  
From her poor scanty earnings day by day.

For when before the market-stall she stood,  
Her little purse clasped tightly in her hand,  
She needs must purchase—for each dewy bud  
Seemed like a messenger from fairyland;  
And well her fine poetic fancy knew  
The sheltered places where the violets grew.

And when she raised them to her eager lips  
With the pure rapture of a little child,  
The dewdrops twinkled on their azure tips,  
Till the young dreamer bent her face and smiled  
With the sweet consciousness that they would bring  
Into the meanest slum a breath of Spring.

Returning home, her joyous footsteps fell  
Like the soft patter of the summer rain;  
And oh, *one* weary sufferer knew it well,  
And moaned a welcome from his bed of pain!  
Close to his breast she crept, and kneeling there,  
He twined the violets in her sunny hair.

Charmed from his fretful mood, the sufferer laid  
One thin white hand upon her worn gray dress;  
'Dear child!' he murmured, while the sunbeams  
played  
At hide-and-seek amid each wandering tress,  
'Withdraw the blind—let in the rosy morn;  
I too am grateful that the Spring is born!'

FANNY FORRESTER.

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## OUR DETECTIVE POLICE.

THE number of murders that have taken place, and the very few murderers that have been brought to justice in and about London during the last few months, must go far towards contradicting the assertion to the effect that the metropolis of England is 'the safest city in the world' to live in. And if to the list of crimes against life which have not been, and never are likely to be, brought home to the perpetrators, we add the innumerable thefts, burglaries, and other offences against property which go unpunished because the criminals are never found out, it can hardly be denied that we require a new departure in the system of our Detective Police, for the simple reason that, as at present constituted, the practical results of the same are very much the reverse of satisfactory.

It has been my lot, for reasons which need not be entered into here, to see not a little of the French detective system, and of the plans adopted by those employed in discovering crime in Paris. The two systems, those of the London and Parisian detective, differ most essentially. With us, it is as if the general commanding an army in the field was to send spies into the enemy's camp, taking care they were dressed and behaved themselves in such a manner that every one would know who they were. On the other hand, the French system of detection is based on the principle that the enemy—namely, the criminals amongst whom they have to make their inquiries—should never be able to discover who the spies are. Now, with some fifty or sixty detectives trained to perfection in the art of disguising themselves, must it not be far more easy to discover the whereabouts of crime and the identity of the criminals, than can possibly be done under our system? Our detectives are as well known to a Londoner of any experience, and we may presume they are also just as well known to the criminal classes, as if they wore uniform. Nay, in a very useful volume called *The Police Code and Manual of the Criminal Law*, compiled by Mr Howard

Vincent, it is clearly laid down that 'the idea that a detective to be useful in a district must be unknown is erroneous in the great mass of cases, as he is then unable to distinguish between honest men who would help a known officer and others.'

It seems to me, as it must do to all who study the question, that this is the fundamental mistake we make, and that it is for this reason our detection of crime is so defective. We have no spies in the enemy's camp. Our detective officers are merely policemen in shooting-jackets and billy-cock hats. The great criminal army knows who they are as well as if they wore their blue tunics. A French detective has nothing whatever to do with arresting criminals. He is not the sportsman who shoots the bird, but only the dog which points out where the game is to be found. The French agents of police, or detectives—many of whom have been over in England on business, and are well acquainted with our system—say that our regular police who keep order in the streets are the best guardians of peace and order in the world, but that our detective system is the worst and, practically, the most useless in Europe. Nor can any one acquainted with the subject say they are wrong. Even the most casual readers of the papers must be struck with two facts relating to crime in London. In the first place, the vigilance of the ordinary police is so great, that, as a rule, they lay hands upon a very great number of criminals, and cause a vast deal of crime to be punished. But, on the other hand, if a murderer, burglar, or other offender against society *does* manage to get clean away, he is rarely if ever caught. The police—that is, of course, the detective police—invariably 'get a clue' to the affair; and there the matter seems to end. The detection of crime is evidently not an art that has been cultivated in England.

The French detective is a man who would never be thought, by any one who did not know him personally, to be connected with the police. In fact, he generally does his best to hide his real occupation from even his most intimate

friends. Like our Londoner who is 'something in the City,' he assumes the indefinite appellation of *un employé du gouvernement*; but in what office he is 'employed,' or what his 'employment' may be, he refrains from stating. He is generally a quiet, unpretending individual, who neither courts nor avoids notice. The facility with which he assumes all kinds of disguise, and the admirable manner in which he acts the part he assumes, must be seen in order to be realised. As a rule, he takes some time before bringing his inquiries to a close; but he is rarely at fault in the long-run, and generally manages to bring down the game he is hunting.

Our English detective is the exact contrary of his French *confrère*. He does not wear uniform, but he might just as well do so, for his appearance and dress proclaim him to be what he is quite as plainly as if he was clad like X142 of the force. He is a well-meaning, intelligent fellow; but both his want of training and the system under which he has to work quite unfit him for the detection of any crime which is hidden in mystery. I remember, some years ago, being on a visit at a country-house, where the jewel-case of a lady visitor was stolen. It was quite safe when the owner had finished dressing for dinner; but a couple of hours later her maid missed it, and gave the alarm. Search was made—it is needless to say, in vain. The house was full of visitors, many of whom had brought with them their own valets and ladies' maids, besides which there was a large staff of servants belonging to the house itself. A telegram was despatched to Scotland Yard the next morning; and in due time two detective officers arrived from London. They examined the room from which the jewel-box had been taken; questioned, and, as a natural consequence, set by the ears, all the servants of the house, as well as those of the different visitors; made inquiries at the neighbouring railway station about the travellers who had left the place during the last few days; and finally, took their departure, leaving matters exactly where they were—where they have remained to the present day, and where they are likely to remain for all time.

As a comparison with the foregoing, I may mention a case of a very similar kind which I once witnessed in Paris. A friend of mine, living with his wife, daughter, and a male and female servant *au second* of a large old-fashioned house, found one morning that all his plate had been stolen. It was quite safe when the family went to bed the previous night; but in the morning it had vanished. He communicated with the police; and an elderly gentleman, who looked like the manager, or one of the head-clerks of a bank, was sent to the house. Neither the *concierge* nor any one else had the slightest idea who the individual was. He came ostensibly to see my friend on some business, and only told him what this business really was. He came

again the next day and the following four or five days, making his visits purposely when my friend and all his family were out, so as to have an excuse, whilst awaiting their return, of talking to the servants, or of wasting a quarter of an hour in the *concierge's* den. He managed to ingratiate himself with this latter individual; and in the course of the next few weeks, during which time he still paid occasional visits, ostensibly to my friend, became quite intimate with the servant. It ended in the *concierge* being arrested one fine day on a charge of having stolen the plate. This was brought about partly by something the detective had seen in the *concierge's* room, but chiefly on account of what he had heard at a place where a number of the agents or brokers for stolen goods used to congregate for business, and to which the detective went in the character of a thief. The crime was thus discovered, and the thief was duly punished.

I mention these two cases, out of not a few with which I am acquainted, as illustrating in some measure the very different systems on which the detectives of England and France do their work. In the latter country, as in every other country in Europe, London is regarded by the dangerous classes as the happy hunting-ground of thieves and rogues of all kinds. I am fully aware that many Englishmen would regard the French detective mode of working as underhand and mean, and object to what they would term any underhand work of the kind. But surely when a question of such magnitude as the detection of crime is mooted, the authorities ought not to be guided by what is merely a matter of sentiment. Murderers, burglars, thieves, swindlers, and all other evil-doers, do not hesitate to use the most effectual means at their command in order to insure success to themselves. Why, then, should we do so? Crime of every kind is getting daily more and more clever and scientific in its working; why should we not avail ourselves of every possible advantage which the perpetrators of crime can command? One thing is very certain, that unless we take a new departure in the manner we attempt to detect crime, the dangerous classes will very soon have everything their own way. As a French police agent once told me, every crime that is undiscovered serves as an incentive for a dozen more of the same kind.

With respect to the very strong dislike which some persons have to anything in the shape of a secret police—or rather to disguised agents of the police acting as spies in the camp of the dangerous classes—it ought not to be forgotten that the same prejudice existed half a century ago against the 'new police,' or the 'Peelers' as they were called, being substituted for the watchmen or 'Charlies' of our grandfathers' days. If the authorities are wise enough to constitute and maintain a really efficient system of secret police agents in the place of what we now call 'plain-clothes officers,' the result will be much the same as was the substitution of a regular metropolitan



police in place of the old watchmen. But if this greatly called-for change is delayed much longer, we shall see the criminal classes gaining in strength every year, until it will become as difficult to get the mastery over them as is the case in some of the Western States in America. A secret police, or rather, a number of secret agents of the police, organised on the French system, is what we must institute ere long, and the sooner it is taken in hand the better. Those who require their services do not hesitate to employ 'Private Inquiry Offices' and other similar establishments; why should the government decline to entertain the idea of such an agency as is here advocated? If any man of influence and authority in the land could be present at a 'business' meeting of English, French, and a few German thieves in some of the lowest haunts of 'Foreign London,' an efficient system of secret detective police would very soon become established in what has been foolishly called 'the safest city in the world.'

In England, we have a curious but very erroneous idea that if a policeman wears a suit of plain clothes instead of his regular uniform, he is fully able to find out all about any crime that has ever been committed. A greater mistake was never made. Not only to the 'dangerous classes,' but to almost every Londoner who is anything of an observer regarding his fellow-men, 'plain-clothes' officers, as our detectives are called, are actually as well known as if they wore the helmet, blue tunic, and black leather waist-belt of the regular policeman. It is quite otherwise in France. A French detective, as we have remarked before, has nothing whatever to do with serving summonses or warrants. He never arrests a criminal, but he points out to the regular police where criminals are to be found. It is only on very rare occasions that he even appears as witness against a prisoner; and when he does so, he assumes for the future a dress and general appearance quite unlike what he has hitherto borne. A French detective who cannot disguise himself in such a manner that his oldest friend would not be able to recognise him, is not deemed worth his salary. He takes the greatest professional pride in this art. In a word, the French detectives are the spies sent by the army of law and order to find out all about the enemy that is constantly waging war against life and property. In England, we have no similar set of men, and what are the consequences? Why, that unless a murderer, burglar, or other offender is either taken red-handed, or leaves behind him some very plain marks as to who he is or where he is to be found, crime with us is, as a rule, undetected. Sooner or later, notwithstanding our national prejudices against all that is secret and underhand, we must adopt a system for the detection of crime on the plan that is found to work so well in France; and the sooner we do so the better, unless we want to make England in general, and London in particular, more than even it is now the happy hunting-ground of all the scoundrels in Europe. All Frenchmen who have visited our country say that our ordinary police is the very best in the world; that the manner in which they preserve order in the streets is above praise; and they are right. Nor can a word be said against the character, the integrity, or the intentions also of our detectives.

But the system on which they are trained is essentially bad. They are the wrong men in the wrong place—the square pegs in the round holes.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XXX.—CURIOUS.

'I AM going to the village, Ada, to see Mr Beecham, but I shall not be long,' said Wrentham to his wife.

She in her pale, delicate prettiness was as unlike the mate of such a man as Wrentham as a gazelle linked to a Bengal tiger would appear. But she was fond of him, believed in him, and was as happy in her married state as most of her neighbours seemed to be. Indeed, she believed herself to be a great deal happier than most of them. So far as the household arrangements were concerned, he was a model husband: he interfered with none of them. He seldom scolded: he accepted his chop or steak with equanimity whether it was over or under done (of course he did not think it necessary to mention the repasts he indulged in at the *Gog and Magog*); and he had even put on a pair of unbrushed boots without saying anything aloud. What woman is there who would not appreciate such a husband?

Mrs Wrentham did appreciate him, and was devoted to him. She had brought him a few hundreds, with which her father, a country tradesman, had dowered her, and of that Wrentham declared he was able to make a fortune. With that intent most of his time was occupied in the City; and she often lamented that poor Martin was so eager to make 'hay whilst the sun shone'—as he called it—that he was working himself to death.

'Never mind, dear,' he would say: 'there is no time like the present for laying by a store; and we shall have leisure to enjoy ourselves when we have made a comfortable little fortune.'

'But if you should kill yourself in the meanwhile, Martin!'

'Nonsense, Ada; I am too tough a chap to be killed so easily.'

Then he would go off gaily to the City (or the betting-ring). She would sigh, and sit down to wait for the happy time when that little fortune should be made.

The man whilst he spoke to her was sincere enough; but in the feverish excitement of his speculations he forgot all about wife and home.

At present he was at ease, for he did not mean to go farther than the *King's Head*. So he made the little woman quite happy by his effusive tenderness, and still more by the information that she might wait up for his return. What pleasanter intimation could a loving wife receive?

The village was in darkness, for gas had not yet found its way into Kingshope. The feeble glint of a candle here and there looked like a dull glowworm striving to keep up a semblance of life. The half-dozen shops with their oil-lamps were a little brighter than the houses; but their innermost corners were dark and mysterious. Even the *King's Head* and *Cherry Tree* wore such veils upon their faces that a stranger would have passed by without suspecting

that these were hostelrys within the gates of which was to be found good entertainment for man and beast, and where on market-days and fair-days were held high revels.

In one of the darkest parts of the street there was a little window illuminated by a single 'dip': that 'dip' revealed a jumble of sweetmeats, cheap, gaudy toys, and penny picture-books. The eager eyes of a group of children discovered there a palace of wonder and delight, filled with objects of surpassing interest and ambition. There was a wooden sword which young Hodge regarded as more powerful than his father's spade and pick-axe: there was a gilt gingerbread man with a cocked-hat, which was looked upon with breathless admiration as a correct model of the Prince of Wales in all the splendour of royal attire. There was a brief discussion as to whether the cocked-hat should not have been a gold crown, which was undoubtedly the proper headgear for a prince. This, however, was settled by a mite of a girl, who suggested that the cocked-hat was worn when the Prince went out for a walk, and the crown when he was in the palace.

Next in attractive power was a greenish bottle full of brandy-balls; and the children's teeth watered as they gazed upon it. A Lord Mayor's dinner must be a small thing compared with that window with its jumble of sweets and toys.

'Wouldn't you like to have some of these nice things? How happy we would be if life could be all gilt gingerbread and brandy-balls!'

That was exactly what they had been thinking, and an appalled silence fell upon the little group, as they turned to stare at the wizard who had read their desire through the backs of their heads. But they all knew the kindly face of the gentleman who was looking at them so pleasantly. They did not note the shade of sadness and pity that was in his eyes. The faces of the younger children broadened into smiles of expectation: the elder ones hung their heads a little—shy, doubting, hoping, and vaguely fearing that they had been caught doing something wrong.

Mr Beecham patted one of them on the head—a child of about six years.

'Suppose you had sixpence, Totty, what would you do?'

'Buy all the shop.'

'And what then?'

'Eat um,' was the prompt and emphatic answer.

'What! would you not share with your friends?'

Totty looked round at her friends, who were anxious about her next reply.

'Such a lot of 'em,' she said with a kind of sulky greediness.

'Well, sixpence will not buy the whole shop; but I shall give it to your brother, and he must spend it upon something which can be easily divided into equal parts, so that you may all share alike.'

The gift was accepted in silence; but he had only moved a few paces away when there arose a hubbub of young voices angrily disputing as to what should be purchased with their fortune. He turned back and settled the matter for them. Whilst thus occupied, he was visited with the unpleasant reflection that what we want does not cause us so much trouble as what we possess. These children had been happy gazing at what

they had no expectation of attaining. In imagination they could pick and choose each what he or she most fancied. Then he had come like an evil genius amongst them and by his trifling gift had produced discord. Had he purchased all that was in the shop there would still have been dissatisfaction.

'Communism will never thrive,' he muttered as he walked away, after pacifying his little protégés as best he could; 'the selfish individual will always be too strong for it. Master Philip is making a mistake.'

'He is a rum chap,' was the comment of Mr Wrentham, who had been watching the incident from the outside of the small semicircle of light cast from the window of the sweet-shop. 'In his dotage? . . . No. I might have said that, if we had not spent a few evenings together. A man who can pick up Nap and play it as he did, is no fool, however much of a knave he may be. He is not that either. . . . Wonder what can be the reason of Hadleigh's curiosity about him.'

His first movement from the darkness in which he stood suggested that he purposed saluting Mr Beecham at once; but he altered his mind, lit a cigar, and strolled leisurely after him. He had found a new interest in the stranger: it sprang out of his profound respect for Mr Hadleigh, for he was convinced that every word spoken by that gentleman, and certainly every act performed by him, was the result of careful reflection and shrewd foresight. He was not a man to do anything without a distinct view to his own advantage. Wrentham intended to share that advantage. But as he was at present unable to conceive what it might be, and was working entirely in the dark, with the hope merely that he should discover the meaning of it all as he proceeded, he considered it wise to move with caution whilst he maintained the bearing of a most willing servant.

He had been under the impression that he had sounded the depths of Mr Beecham's character pretty correctly; but Mr Hadleigh's inquiries and the incident with the children suggested two such opposite phases, that Wrentham could only conclude one of them must be wrong. Mr Hadleigh had started the suspicion that Beecham had some design in hand, the discovery of which would be useful: the scene with the children brought Wrentham back to his first impression—that he was a simple-minded but clear-sighted gentleman who was willing to lose a few pounds at cards occasionally without grumbling.

Mr Beecham had so few visitors in his village quarters, that he had not yet found it necessary to give the attendants at the *King's Head* the unpalatable but frequently unavoidable instruction to say 'Not at home.' So that, on Wrentham's arrival, his name was at once conveyed to him. The message brought back was that, if Mr Wrentham would be good enough to wait for a few minutes, Mr Beecham would be ready to receive him.

When at length he was shown into the room, Mr Beecham was closing a large envelope, which he placed on his desk in order to shake hands with his visitor. At each side of the desk was a bright lamp with a white shade, reflecting the light full upon the document he had laid down. Wrentham had no difficulty in reading the address.

'Hope I am not disturbing you. Got home early, and took it into my head to come down and have a cigar and a chat. If you're busy, I'll bolt.'

'No necessity. I had only to address an envelope to a friend with some inclosures, and that is done. You are very welcome to-night, although we are not likely to have a chat, as I have invited some young people to a conjuring entertainment.'

'I am afraid you will find me an ungracious guest,' said Wrentham, laughing, 'for I had made up my mind to have a quiet evening with you alone, and I have no fancy for jugglers—their tricks are all so stale.'

'You will find this man particularly amusing. He is clever with his tongue as well as his hands, and is remarkably well-mannered, although you will be astonished, perhaps, to learn that he is only a street performer. I ought not to have told you that until after you had seen him. However, my chief pleasure will be—and I am sure yours will be—in seeing how the children enjoy the magician's wonders. Mr Tuppit tells me that he never has so much delight in his work as when he has an audience of young people. We have got the large dining-room for the performance, and it is likely to turn out a brilliant affair. You must stay.'

At the mention of the conjurer's name, Wrentham made a curious movement, as if he had dropped something—it was only the ash of his cigar which had fallen on his sleeve. He dusted it into the fender.

'I wish I could go into things of this sort like you,' he said, smiling admiringly at Mr Beecham's enthusiasm; 'but I can't. I don't believe you could do it either, if you had heavy and anxious work on hand. But you belong to the lucky ones who have successfully passed the Rubicon of life. You have made your hay, and can amuse yourself without thinking about to-morrow. I am never allowed to get to-morrow out of my head.'

'Most people say that,' was Mr Beecham's response, with one of his quiet smiles; 'and I always think it is because we waste to-day in thinking of to-morrow.'

'Hit again,' exclaimed Wrentham with a frank laugh. 'I believe you are right; but we cannot all be philosophers. Nature has most to do in forming us, whatever share education may have in it. Where the dickens did you pick up your philosophy? In the east, west, north, or south? Have you been a traveller for pleasure or on business? Where have you been? What have you done, that you should be able always to see the sunny side of life? There's a string of questions for you. Don't trouble to answer them, although I should like if possible to learn how you became what you are—so calm, so happy.'

All this was spoken so good-humouredly—as if it were the outcome of nothing more than jesting curiosity—that Wrentham fancied he had very cleverly turned to useful account a passing observation. His host could not avoid giving him some direct information about his career now.

Mr Beecham appeared to be amused—nothing more.

'I have travelled in many directions of the compass, partly on business, partly on pleasure.

Everywhere I have found that although the scenes are different, men are the same. Those who have had a fortune made for them spend it, wisely or unwisely as may be; those who have not, strive or wish to strive to make one for themselves. Some succeed, some fail: but the conditions of happiness are the same in either case—those who are the most easily content are the most happy.'

'Beaten,' thought Wrentham. 'What a clever beggar he is in answering the most direct questions with vague generalities.' What he said was this:

'I suppose that you had a fortune made for you, and so could take things easy?'

'A little was left to me, but I am glad to say not enough to permit me to be idle. I cannot say that I have worked hard, but I worked in the right direction, and the result has been satisfactory—that is, so far as money is concerned.'

'Wish you would give me a leaf out of your book: it might start me in the right direction too.'

'Some day you shall have the whole book to read, Mr Wrentham, and I shall be delighted if you find it of service.'

'But what line were you in? I should like to know.'

'So you shall, so you shall—by-and-by.—You have allowed your cigar to go out. Try one of these Larranagas; and excuse me for a minute—I want to send this away.'

He took up the packet which Wrentham had observed lying on the desk, and quitted the room.

'Wish I could make him out,' was Wrentham's reflection, as, after lighting his cigar, he stood on the hearth with his back to the fire and glared round the room in search of something that might help to satisfy his curiosity. 'Maybe there is nothing to make out. . . . But what does he want sending off letters to Madge Heathcote at this time of evening? I saw the address plainly enough, and that letter was for her. . . . There is something to find out.'

(To be continued.)

#### THE ASHBURNHAM COLLECTIONS.

IN 1763, Mr Grenville, then First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, had occasion to enlist the services of a gentleman familiar with ancient handwriting, in the arrangement of papers and other business. So well did Mr Thomas Astle do his work, that, two years later, he was made Receiver-general on the Civil List; subsequently becoming, in succession, chief clerk in the Record Office, and keeper of the records in the Tower. Astle was a diligent and discreet collector of manuscripts; and mindful of his obligations to the Grenvilles, directed by his will that his valuable library should pass into the possession of the Marquis of Buckingham for the sum of five hundred pounds. That nobleman gladly accepted the conditional bequest, and housed the sometime keeper's treasures honourably at Stowe. As opportunities offered, he and his successor added books and documents to Astle's store, until they had brought together a mass of original materials for the history of the three kingdoms unrivalled by any other private collection.

The middle of the present century saw Stowe shorn of its glories; and in 1849, its famous manuscripts were advertised for public sale; but their threatened dispersion was fortunately averted by the Earl of Ashburnham purchasing the entire collection, and adding it to his own extensive library, rich in works of early European and English literature. At the time of the earl's death he was the possessor of four distinct collections, known as the Stowe, the Barrois, the Libri, and the Appendix. The last-named, representing his occasional purchases, consisted of two hundred and fifty volumes, including richly illuminated missals and Books of Hours, choice copies of the works of Chaucer, Wicliffe, Gower, Dante; English chronicles, monastic registers, and individual manuscripts of great rarity and value. The Barrois collection of seven hundred and two manuscripts was notable for its specimens of ancient bindings, its illuminated manuscripts, and its examples of early French literature; while the Libri section was remarkable for its very ancient manuscripts, its copies of Dante's *Commedia*, its works of early Italian literature, its rare autographs, and its letters of distinguished French men of science.

In 1879, all these treasures were offered by the present Earl of Ashburnham to the trustees of the British Museum for the sum of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds; but upon their requesting him to separate the manuscripts from the printed books, the earl intimated that, finding he had underpriced his library in the first instance, he should require the hundred and sixty thousand pounds for the manuscripts alone; or fifty thousand for the Stowe collection, and fifty thousand for the Appendix collection, if the trustees elected to buy them only; and with that intimation the negotiation ended. In the autumn of 1882 the Museum authorities sought Lord Ashburnham again, to learn that he would only sell the collection as a whole at the price he had originally named. The keeper of the department of Manuscripts went down to Ashburnham Place, examined the collection volume by volume, and returned with above nine hundred of the choicest volumes and portfolios of papers, for the inspection of the trustees themselves; and they came to the conclusion that, all things considered, the collection was worth the money demanded for it; and recommended the Treasury to purchase it, and give the trustees power to make over certain portions of the Libri and Barrois collections—said to have been abstracted from the public libraries of France—to the French government on payment of twenty-four thousand pounds. To this proposition the Treasury would not agree, not being prepared to purchase the collection *en bloc*.

Then Lord Ashburnham agreed to sell the Museum the Stowe and Appendix divisions for ninety thousand pounds. The Treasury offered seventy thousand pounds; whereupon the earl requested that the manuscripts in the possession of the Museum trustees should be returned to their proper home. Determined, if possible, to avert what they regarded as an irreparable national calamity, the trustees proposed to make good the twenty thousand pounds by allowing a reduction on the annual vote for the Museum to the amount of four thousand pounds for the

next five years. 'My Lords' were obdurate, the earl was firm; and the disappointed Museum trustees had nothing left to them but to retire with an expression of their regret at the untoward result of their efforts to save the precious manuscripts from probable expatriation. A week or two later, however, they were gladdened by receiving a verbal intimation from the guardian of the public purse that the government were ready to purchase the Stowe collection provided it could be obtained for forty thousand pounds. Lord Ashburnham would not lower his demand to that extent, but consented to accept forty-five thousand pounds. So the bargain was struck, the House of Commons voted the money, and the much-talked-of manuscripts became the property of the nation.

Whatever the pecuniary value of the Stowe collection may be, the custodians of our great library may well rejoice upon acquiring its nine hundred and ninety-six volumes of charters and cartularies; ancient missals and rituals; old English chronicles; old statutes; reports of famous trials; household books; royal wardrobe accounts; papal bulls and indulgences; historical, legal, and ecclesiastical documents; diplomatic, political, and private correspondence; and papers of more or less value to the antiquary, genealogist, and general student. In truth, the subject-matter of this mass of manuscripts is of so varied a nature that it would almost be easier to say what is not, than what is to be found therein. We shall not attempt to do either, but content ourselves with enumerating some of the curiosities of the collection.

First among these comes a volume of Anglo-Saxon charters, the cover of which is adorned with figures of saints and martyrs, and a representation of the crucifixion, worked with the needle, in coloured silks and gold-thread. The first charter in the volume is one of six lines, by which Withred, king of Kent, granted certain lands to the nuns of Liming; His Majesty, 'being illiterate,' making the sign of the cross against his name. Another relic of Anglo-Saxon times is the register of Hyde Abbey, Winchester, the greater part of which is supposed to have been written in the reign of Canute. On the first page are portraits of that monarch and his queen 'Ailgythu' in their robes of state. On the fourth leaf are memoranda of the Conqueror's building a palace at Winchester, and of the burning of the city in 1140 by Robert, Earl of Gloucester. A copy of Alfred's will is followed by an account of the burying-places of the Anglo-Saxon kings and saints, various forms of benedictions, a list of relics preserved at Hyde, and a calendar of saints. On one page is a fragment of the *exultat* as chanted on Holy Saturday in the monastery, with the musical notes—consisting of lines and points placed over the syllables, and indicating by their forms the high and low tones in which these syllables were to be sung.

Of historical interest are—the original report of the trial of 'Johanne d'Arc,' dated the 7th of July 1456, and duly signed and attested by the notaries; the original declaration of eight of the bishops in favour of Henry VIII.'s assumption of power in church matters, in which they pronounce that Christian princes may make ecclesiastical laws; and two little volumes—one about

three inches square, containing sundry calendars and tables, written on leaves of vellum, and bearing on the fly-leaf, in the handwriting of the Duke of Somerset: 'Fere of the lord is the bebeginning of wisdume: put thi trust in the lord wh all thine heart; be not wise in thyne own conseyte but fere the lord and fle from evele frome the toware the day before deth, 1551. E. SOMERSET.' The other booklet is about an inch square, and bound in gold, enamelled in black, and furnished with two small gold rings, by which it could be suspended to its owner's waist. It consists of a hundred and ninety-six pages of vellum, on which are written the seven penitential psalms. This was one of Henry VIII.'s gifts to Anne Boleyn, and was given by her—Horace Walpole says—to her maid of honour Mrs Wyatt, when the beautiful queen bade farewell to the world on Tower Hill.

Among other originals of political importance may be noted the return concerning the levy of ship-money, made to Sir Peter Temple, High-sheriff of Bucks, from the parish of Great Kimble, bearing the names of those who tendered their refusal to the constables and assessors; the said constables' and assessors' names appearing in the list of protesters, at the head of which stands the name of John Hampden. Of a little later date is the secret article of the treaty made in 1654 between Louis XIV. and the Protector of England for the expulsion from France of Charles II., the Duke of York, and eighteen royalists; Cromwell undertaking in return to expel certain Frenchmen from England. This document is signed by De Bordeaux on the part of the French king; by Fiennes, Lisle, and Strickland on the part of the Commonwealth. The Grand Monarch's own signature appears to an order addressed to the governor of the Bastille—an order for him to permit the Countess de Bussy to sleep with her husband.

There are two literary curiosities in the shape of a five-act tragedy by Bale, Bishop of Ossory, who died in 1563; and a comedy, author unknown, intended to be played for the amusement of Elizabeth and her court; the latter ending with the following lines, addressed to Queen Bess:

May you have all the joys of innocence,  
Injoying too all the delights of sense.  
May you live long, and knowe till ye are told,  
T' endear your beauty, and wonder you are old;  
And when heaven's heate shall draw you to the skye,  
May you transfigured, not transfigured dye!

In the original draft of a dedication to be prefixed to some operas by Purcell, Dryden says: 'Musick and poetry have ever been acknowledged sisters, which walking hand-in-hand support each other. As poetry is the harmony of words, so musick is that of notes; and as poetry is a rise above prose and oratory, so is musick the exaltation of poetry. Both of them may excel apart; but sure they are most excellent when they are joined, because nothing is then wanting to either of their perfections, for thus they appear like wit and beauty in the same person.' At the end of a copy of Bacon's *Essays*, presented to Mrs Newsham, in 1725, by 'her servant, A. Pope,' is a sonnet in the poet's handwriting, entitled *A Wish to Mrs M. B. on her Birthday*, June 15. It is to be found in his works, expanded into a

twenty-line *Epistle to Miss Martha Blount, on her Birthday*.

'The Emperor of Morocco's curses against his two eldest sons, taken from the original in his own writing in the register of the principal church at Morocco,' is a curiosity, if scarcely a literary one; and the same may be said of a specimen of French penmanship—a series of portraits of the time of Louis XIV., executed with such freedom that they seem to have been done with one uninterrupted flourish of the pen. Each portrait has a song with music appended to it, the volume ending with a piece of music in Rousseau's own hand, composed by him at Paris in 1776.

The letters, original and transcribed, in the collection are so multitudinous, that it is impossible to enter into detail about them; they cover every reign from Edward III. to George III., and unrepresented Englishmen of any note are few indeed; while epistles written by such illustrious foreigners as Doge Andrea Contarini, Francis I., Cardinal Mazarin, Louis XIV., Madame de Maintenon, Voltaire, Frederick the Great, Mirabeau, Lafayette, and Napoleon the Great, figure in the catalogue of contents.

We must mention that among the treasures acquired by the nation are a number of manuscripts in the Irish language, and of manuscripts relating to the history and antiquities of Ireland; besides the correspondence of Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, Lord-lieutenant of Ireland under Charles II. The government having decided that manuscripts in the Irish language, and those bearing more or less directly upon Irish history and literature, should be lent indefinitely to the Royal Irish Academy, for the use of students and the public, the greater portion of the above will be lost to Bloomsbury—how large a portion will not be known, until the representatives of the British Museum and the Irish Academy have settled the matter between them.

#### A SKETCH FROM MY STUDY WINDOW.

THERE were three of them, little pale-faced, grave-eyed girl-children, unmistakable Londoners in their lack of the healthy colouring and sturdy limbs which would have marked country-bred children of their age. The eldest was perhaps eleven; the younger ones, eight and six years old respectively; and it was pretty, as well as pathetic, to see the prematurely motherly care which the eldest sister—whom the little ones called 'Gertie'—bestowed upon the tiny mite whose responsible protector she seemed to be.

When first I noticed them, they were walking demurely round the gravel-path of the square upon which my study window looks out. Each had a skipping-rope dangling loosely from her hands; and the younger ones were evidently intent upon some grave story from the lips of their sister. Presently, they came along the upper side of the garden, towards my window, and I had my first glimpse of their faces. Each was pretty in her childish way. The eldest, tall for her age, slight and dark, had regular features and soft brown eyes, whose naturally pathetic expression was heightened by the deep mourning-frock and crape-trimmed hat which each alike was wearing. The two younger children were less noticeable in



appearance, the second being, I fancied, ordinarily a merry, dimpled little maiden, whom, but for some temporary cloud on her spirits, I could more easily have pictured enjoying a good game of romps with some of the other small frequenters of our garden; and the youngest, like Gertrude, a pensive-faced baby, with sadly transparent colouring and fragile figure, betokening constitutional delicacy. It was summer-time; and as they passed beneath my widely opened window, I caught the word 'Mother' two or three times repeated, gravely pronounced by Gertie; and I judged, from the reverent expression of the three little faces and from their deep mourning, that she was recalling to the memory of her charges some childish reminiscences of a recently lost parent.

I had certainly never seen them before, or, child-worshipper that I was, I could not have failed to recognise them. All the other young people in the garden—from Tommy, surname unknown, aged two, with a penchant for sticky sweetmeats, and an aversion to nurses, to Miss Mildred Holford, verging upon sweet seventeen, and alternating between spasmodic propriety and innate tomboyism—were intimately known to me—by sight, at all events; and in my idle speculations upon the little strangers, I jumped to the conclusion—subsequently verified—that they were new-comers to one of the large empty houses facing mine on the further side of our square.

From that day forward I saw them frequently, generally, as on the first occasion, alone, the eldest in charge of the younger ones, sometimes accompanied by a tall lady, also in deep mourning, whom they addressed as 'auntie;' sometimes with a sober, matronly looking nurse, who carried in her arms a bundle of white drapery, enveloping what I opined to be a baby of tender weeks. This baby was the favourite toy of the three little sisters. Nothing else possessed the slightest attraction for them when their tiny brother was present; and it was a pretty study to watch the pride and delight of the two elder girls; when their nurse allowed each in turn to carry the white-robed atom a few steps away from her side and back again. Nor was little Ethel, the youngest of the trio, debarred from the privilege of playing nurse sometimes. Too weak and frail to be safely trusted to carry the precious burden, it was her chief delight to sit, still as a mouse, on the corner of one of the garden-seats, crooning and talking baby-talk to the unconscious morsel on her lap, while the nurse and elder girls kept guard at a few yards' distance, their absence being clearly a highly valued condition of this innocent 'confidence-trick.'

Morning after morning, throughout the first week of their residence in our square, was the same routine carried out; the younger ones sometimes indulging in a run with their hoops, from Gertie's side; sometimes amusing themselves with dolls or skipping-ropes; or again listening while their aunt or Gertrude read aloud to them. But on Saturday morning they did not appear as usual, and I found myself quite missing their company, and puzzling myself with vague speculations to account for their absence. Even in this short time my heart had gone out towards the little motherless girls, and I had begun unconsciously to weave fanciful theories of their past

and present life, to account for the sweet seriousness and precocious womanly airs of the eldest girl, and the influence of love—for her manner was untinted by any assumption of elder-sisterly prerogative—which she clearly possessed and exercised over the younger ones. Rightly or wrongly, I never knew, but I pictured them the children of parents separated by a long interval of years in age, but united by strong bonds of confidence and affection. Gertrude's sedate air suggested that she had been rather the companion than the plaything of her mother; and that the mother's influence had been tender, without caprice, was apparent from her child's gentle gravity, and from the unquestioning attention paid to her lightest hint or remonstrance by the younger sisters. The words, 'Mother would not have wished it,' or, 'Father would not like to see it,' from her lips were sufficient in a moment to quell Edith's occasional fractiousness, or to dry Ethel's ready tears; while the confidence existing between all three was enough to show that no undue favouritism had ever awakened jealousy of one another. Unselfish to a fault, Gertrude was the one to give way in every question of mere personal preference; but she never swerved from her adherence to what she believed would be 'mother's' wish or course of action, and an appeal from her opinion to aunt or nurse was rare indeed.

Such were some of my dreams of these little ones that Saturday morning. Luncheon-time came, and passed, without a sign; and so restless and idle had I been all morning, owing to the absurd interest I had taken in the non-appearance of my little friends, that, contrary to my usual custom, I was obliged to forego my half-holiday and settle to work again. Suddenly, glancing from my book for the thousandth time that day, I spied the little trio approaching. They looked less grave than usual, and were manifestly pre-occupied, as I judged from the frequent glances cast by one and all towards the entrance-gate, at the far corner of the square. At last the cause became evident. The gate swung open, and an elderly gentleman in deep mourning came hastily into the garden. He was quickly perceived; and with a glad cry of 'Father!' all three children scampered off to meet him. 'Father's' half-holiday was clearly the event of the week for his little motherless girls; and for the first time since I had seen her, the sad cloud passed from Gertie's eyes, and for a few hours was lost in the light of unalloyed happiness. Under 'father's' generalship they played merry childish games, laughing and romping as I had never yet deemed it possible they could laugh or romp; and when the delicate little Ethel grew weary and could play no longer, there was a knee for each of the younger pets, and a seat at her father's side for Gertrude, while it was evident that he was spinning yarns and racking his brains for fairy tales, each of which was rewarded with unanimous applause, and reiterated calls upon the narrator's memory or invention. So passed the happy holiday afternoon, a peaceful idyll in the great prose volume of London life; and when at length the father rose from his seat, and, with a tiny hand in each of his, moved slowly homewards, I felt as if the colour had faded out of the summer

evening, and the workaday clouds had begun to close in upon me again.

So the July days glided by, bringing no greater change into the lives of my three little maidens than the regular alternations of grave morning walks and gay Saturday afternoon romps. They seemed shy of making friends among their light-hearted young neighbours; and the other children appeared to be awed and checked in their advances by the sombre crape and sedate looks of the newcomers. Now and then, a timid overture was made, generally to Edith, the second of the trio, whose dimpled cheeks looked more suggestive of successful negotiation than her sisters' demure faces; but such attempts were rare, and as a rule, my own unsuspected interest was the only notice taken of their doings, and they were left unmolested in the pursuit of their quiet routine.

By-and-by my vacation-time arrived, and I left the heat and bustle of London for a country rest. On my return, the days had shortened perceptibly, the sun was shorn of half his brightness, the garden trees were shedding their leaves, and autumn fogs and winter frosts were approaching apace. There, as usual, on the first morning after my return to work, were the little ladies. But there were no longer quiet hours of basking in sunshine on the seats, and much of the sober confabulation seemed to have taken wing with the flight of their summer surroundings. Time was acting its usual part as the disperser of clouds and lightener of hearts. 'Mother' had become less a recent reality than a sweet occasional memory, and the young blood of the younger sisters called for more active exercise than the grave promenade that had sufficed previously.

But as autumn faded into winter, and the London sky donned its accustomed leaden-hued uniform, the fireside usurped the attractions of the window-seat, and but for an occasional glimpse, accidentally caught as I passed the window, I lost sight of my little triad of maidens.

The spring of 187- was unusually late in making its appearance. The sun sullenly refused to pierce the shroud of fog and mist; the buds seemed reluctant to shed their outer coats, and unfold their tender greenery to the dangers of frost and blighting east wind. The grass was still discoloured and sodden in our garden, and the costermonger appeared to have forgotten his customers in our square, so tardy was he in making the welkin ring with his hoarse vindication of his wares, 'All a-blowin' and a-growin'.' Though the almanac stoutly averred that we had entered upon the 'merrie month of May,' a fire was still an absolute essential for comfort, and I hesitated long before wheeling my writing-table to the window and taking up my fine-weather quarters. However, the move was at length made; and the first group that met my eyes, as they wandered from my work to the outer world, was the now familiar one of the 'serious family.' But they were no longer alone; with them walked a middle-aged lady, of precise and dignified aspect, whom it required but slight knowledge of female human nature to identify as a governess. The little ones too were changed. Gertie and Edith had grown apace. The former, prettier and even more demure than of yore, had shot up into a tall slip of a girl, giving promise

of graceful figure and carriage, though as yet showing the angularity and awkwardness of too rapid growth. Edith was more roguish-looking, and a trifle less roundabout than before, and had clearly a fine fund of animal spirits, longing for a chance of making their escape. But Ethel! Alas! more plainly than ever were the sure signs of delicacy noticeable in the sweet wee face and unnaturally deep-set eyes. She had lost rather than gained ground during the long severe winter. The effort to take part even in her sisters' quiet sports was clearly beyond her strength, and it was sad indeed to catch the patient, hopeless expression with which she urged her weariness, as a plea for resisting Edith's thoughtless, childish allurements.

Before long, I noticed that she had given up the attempt to join the play; and Edith herself was forced to recognise her plea, and to find allies in her romps among the other small-fry in the gardens, with many of whom she had now struck up acquaintance. Presently, even the daily walk grew to be too much for the feeble little frame, and a miniature carriage was devised, in which, tended constantly and lovingly by her eldest sister, she spent her outdoor hours. Many a long silent morning did she while away under the trees, the baby on her lap, and the sweet child-voice of her devoted sister reading to her, or telling her stories, with unwearying patience. Many a time have I paused in my work to watch the sad drama of pure unselfish love. Many a Saturday afternoon have I spent at my window, unable to turn away from the simple yet solemn scene, enacted in that commonplace London square, to seek pleasure and distraction among the busy haunts of river-side or park.

Those Saturday half-holidays were no longer joyous festivals for the father and children. His coming was as regular, and as eagerly looked for, as ever; but now there was no glad rush to meet him at the gate, no merry romps, in which he was the youngest child among the group. He saw, all too clearly, and Gertrude too had long since recognised, the inevitable parting that was slowly but surely approaching, and the tender devotion of both parent and sister was touching indeed to witness. Again a little while, and the bright summer sun, falling on the garden and its merry groups of children, kissed the little pale cheek no more. I could see the sudden pause in game and romp, when the two sisters appeared as usual for their morning walk. I could see the players hasten to their side, and could imagine the eager inquiries for the little invalid, the looks and words of childish sympathy offered with heartfelt though transient earnestness, before they turned away to resume their games, claiming Edith as a playmate, and leaving poor Gertie alone with her sad thoughts. Till at length the day came when inquiry was vain. The blinds were drawn close in the house across the square; the accustomed walk in the garden was omitted; for the little sister's pure innocent spirit had passed away into eternal peace; and ere yet the mourning-frocks worn for their mother were laid aside, baby Ethel had gone to join her in the better home, and Gertrude had another sweet memory to treasure up in her young heart, another heavy grief to add intensity to the pathos of her soft brown eyes.

Many months passed without my catching more than a passing glimpse of the young mourners. The garden had too many associations with the past to be any longer the scene of Edith's romps or Gertrude's daily walks; and it was only when I happened by accident to meet the children in the street, or to get a distant peep at them in the gardens of the Temple, now their chosen resort, that I could judge of my favourite's recovery of her spirits, or admire the delicate beauty which grew with her growth. She was fulfilling the promise of her childhood, and ripening into a quiet pensive style of beauty, forming a more marked contrast than ever to the vivacious younger sister, whose chatter and merry laugh rippled through the cloistered precincts of the Temple, and drew many a backward glance from the blue-bag laden lads passing through these quiet courts. Then came a long break in my connection with our square. Duty called me from England for a spell of some years, and on my return to the familiar scenes, I found it impossible to take up the old threads of association, and to recognise, in the grown youths and maidens who played lawn-tennis in the well-known garden, the little ones whom I had seen playing under care of nurses and governesses on those grass plots in my student days. I was forced to form a new circle of acquaintances-by-sight, among another generation of children, and I looked in vain for any among the gay tennis-players to remind me of the sombre-clad sisters, in whose childish joys and sorrows I had learned to feel so deep an interest.

Not long after my return to England, I was present, one summer night, at a large party given by a neighbour of ours in the square. It was a sultry evening, and the gas-lighted drawing-room, stripped of its furniture, and given up to such indefatigable dancers as will not be daunted by a thermometer standing at fabulous figures in the shade, had no attraction for a lazy non-dancer like myself. I therefore strayed, shortly after midnight, into the cooler atmosphere of an anteroom, where card-tables were set out, and a few of the quieter sort were enjoying a rubber within hearing-distance of the music. One of the players rose from his seat as I entered, and moved towards the folding-doors which opened into the drawing-room. There he stood for a moment or two watching the waltz, and then beckoned to some one among the dancers. From my quiet corner I saw a young couple approach in answer to his sign, and a happy, ringing voice entreated for one more dance.

'I have promised it to Gerald, father, and he will be so disappointed if I go before he has had it. Just this one more, and I will come.'

'Very well, dear,' he replied. 'But then we must really be going. Remember, you will have a tiring day to-morrow.'

'It is because of to-morrow that I don't want to disappoint Gerald to-night,' she answered, smiling to her partner. 'He won't care to waltz with me after to-morrow.' Gerald did not look as if he indorsed this statement, which was made with a pretty affectation of despair; and the couple were just turning to the dancing-room again, when the gentleman she had addressed as 'father' asked: 'Where is Gertrude?'

'She was with Mrs Gaythorn a few minutes ago,' replied the girl.—'Oh! here she comes.'

I glanced at the approaching figure, and instantly recognised my favourite of days gone by. She had fully realised all my expectations of her. Tall, graceful, beautifully moulded in face and figure, there was all the old pensiveness and the sweet half-melancholy of expression; and as she met my gaze, standing in her white cloud-like draperies in the shadow of the doorway, I could see at once that she was utterly unconscious of her loveliness, and unspoiled by the admiration it must win. I could not, even at the risk of appearing impertinent, resist the pleasure of studying her beauty and noting the grace of every movement and gesture. Fortunately, the corner in which I had ensconced myself was shaded, and my admiration passed unnoticed and unrebuked. I watched her as she courteously but decidedly declined the invitations of two or three eager candidates for the dance; and when at last the waltz was over, and the pretty girl I had before noticed came back, leaning on her partner's arm, and showing me in her *riante* features a dim resemblance to the merry little Edith of my earlier recollections, I followed the party down-stairs. Then having seen them don their wraps and start two and two, Gertrude with her father, and Edith with the happy Gerald, to walk round to their own side of the square, I took my hat and strolled home, my mind full of the sad memories of the old days when I used to watch the little trio of serious faces from my study window.

The following morning broke with a cloudless sky and brilliant sunshine, even in our gloomy old-fashioned quarter of London. I was taking a half-holiday that day; but feeling disinclined for exertion, I contented myself with a volume of Thackeray and a seat under the plane-trees in the square garden, where the sparrows were twittering with a specious make-believe of being in the country. My book lay neglected at my side, and my thoughts were wandering again to the past, prompted by my *rencontre* of the previous night. Half curiously, I turned from the contemplation of the groups of youngsters playing on the grass, to look up at the windows of the house in which my little friends had lived. A carriage and a cab stood at the door; and even as I looked, the door itself was opened, and a procession of trunks and bonnet-boxes was carried down the steps and deposited on the roof of the cab. Among the luggage was an unquestionably male portmanteau; and it needed not the white rosettes worn by the servants to suggest to me the meaning of these preparations. The despairing glance and mock-mournful suggestion that 'Gerald will not care to waltz with me after to-morrow,' recurred to my mind, confirming my conclusion. Five minutes more and the doorway was filled with a group of host and guests bidding farewell to the happy couple. Edith—the brightness of her eyes slightly dimmed as she clung to her father and sister in a last embrace—forced a glad smile through her tears as she turned to her young husband. Together they passed down the steps and entered the waiting carriage. A parting cheer, a shower of rice and satin shoes, a rattle of wheels upon the stony street, and in a moment the carriage turned the corner of the square and disappeared.

from sight. Gertrude, who with her father and one or two of their guests had remained at the foot of the steps, to see the last glimpse of her sister, now turned to re-enter the house. But before they passed out of earshot, I heard one of the elder gentlemen exclaim, in a tone of banter: 'Well, Miss Gertrude, I suppose it won't be long before we see some fine young fellow coming to carry you off; and then, what will your poor father do without his house-keeper?'

Gertrude turned at the words, and met her father's eyes with an expression of true, lasting, unselfish affection, which disposed of any need for answering this question. There was no misconstruing its meaning, no room to doubt its changeless truth. Her father took the hand she had slipped into his own, and pressed it closely, without speaking a word. So they moved slowly up the steps and into the house. The door closed; and the picture of sweet unspoken confidence passed from my eyes, to be engraved indelibly on my memory, the closing scene of the simple drama of everyday life, of which I had so long been an unknown and unsuspected witness.

#### AN INTERESTING ISLAND.

THERE are few subjects of more general interest to the inhabitants of this country than agriculture, in one form or another. To those who earn their bread by tilling the soil, it is of the first importance; to those who do not, it is of importance as indirectly affecting their material prosperity. But apart from the question of pecuniary interest, there is an inborn love of agricultural pursuits, which is a national characteristic. In some few privileged persons the taste shows itself so strongly as to lead them to indulge in farming for pleasure. Others, whose time and means will not allow of this, it leads to employ much of their leisure time in gardening. Many are obliged to confine its indulgence to tending a few flowers in pots. They are very few indeed who feel no interest whatever in the subject. The trait has shown itself more or less in all the greatest races that have swayed the destiny of the world. The haughty Roman dictator who yesterday was omnipotent, is content to-day to return humbly to his farm, and exercise his authority not over a nation, but over a team of oxen.

A peculiarly interesting example of the splendid results which have been brought about by this national taste is presented by the island of Ascension, which has been transformed from a comparatively barren rock, exposed to the most terrific and damaging winds, producing scarce enough of the coarsest vegetation to afford a meagre sustenance to a few wild goats, into a pleasant and fertile island, amply supporting in comfort and luxury a very considerable population. This change it took some time and considerable trouble to effect; but before indicating how it was brought about, a short history and description of the island itself may not be out of place.

The island owes its name to having been discovered on Ascension Day in the year 1501, by the Portuguese navigator Juan de Nova Gallego. Two years later it was visited by Alfonso d'Albuquerque; and from time to time other navigators landed, among them Captain Cook.

Such was its dreary aspect, however, that no one was induced to settle on it. But 'Jack' has always been famous for his ingenuity, and even here it did not fail him. In the north-west part of the island, which affords the best anchorage for ships, there is a small inlet called Sandy Bay. One of the rocks near the landing-place contains a very curious crevice. This was soon christened 'The Sailors' Post-office;' and it became an established custom to leave letters there, well corked up in a bottle, which were always taken to their respective destinations by the first ship bound thither which happened to call. This seems to have been the sole use made of the island till the year 1815, when it was taken possession of by the English, who erected a fort and placed a garrison on it soon after the banishment of Napoleon to St Helena.

Ascension is situated far out in the Atlantic Ocean, off the coast of Africa, and eight hundred miles north-west of St Helena. It is of a triangular shape, eight miles long, and six broad at its widest part, with an area of thirty-four square miles. It is one of the peaks of the submarine ridge which separates the northern and southern basins of the Atlantic. Its volcanic origin is clearly shown by the numerous crevices and ravines into which its surface is broken, and which are filled with scoria, pumice-stone, and other igneous products. The highest peak, called the Green Mountain, rises to a height of two thousand eight hundred and seventy feet. From this the land, on the north, sinks gradually towards the shore; but on the south it terminates in bold lofty precipices. Communication with the shore is frequently rendered dangerous by the setting in of heavy seas or rollers, which rise suddenly in the most perfect calm, and break with tremendous force on the beach. The cause of this phenomenon is unknown. Only such plants as required very little water were to be found. Of these, the tomato, castor-oil plant, pepper, and Cape gooseberry were the chief. It was always famed for its turtles, which abound to such an extent that as many as two thousand five hundred have been captured in one year. They are now usually collected into two ponds or crawls, the water of which is occasionally changed. They can be obtained only by purchase, any one taking them on the beach or near the island being liable to a heavy penalty. Fish abound, of which the conger-eel is the most prized. Another indigenous delicacy is the egg of the tropical swallow, or 'wide-awake' as it is called on the island. They are largely used as an article of food, ten thousand dozen being frequently gathered in a week. In addition to the goats referred to above, the only other useful product was the wild guinea-fowl, which were found in considerable numbers.

Napoleon's presence, even as a prisoner, in the island of St Helena determined the English government to place a garrison on Ascension. This was in 1815; and for years that garrison was entirely supported on food and water brought there at great expense by ships. The death of the illustrious prisoner in 1821 did away with the immediate necessity for keeping a garrison there; but the Admiralty were anxious if possible to turn the island into a victualling station for the African squadron. To ascertain the practica-

bility of this plan, they appointed Captain Brandreth, in 1829, to make a thorough survey, and use every effort to discover water. We can imagine him diligently examining every portion of the barren and uninviting rock, long discouraged by want of success. With indefatigable zeal, he and his willing workers sank shaft after shaft in the hope of discovering a spring, however far down. His strong belief that one did exist was at length justified. In the Green Mountain, at a great level from the sea, he found one at a depth of twenty-five feet which proved to be capable of supplying all the wants of the island. Large tanks were at once made and piping laid to the garrison.

Having now an abundance of water, the most vigorous efforts were put forth to bring some of the land under cultivation. The most promising parts of the Green Mountain were first planted; and sheltered spots in other parts of the island were chosen, and the ground broken up and irrigated. Recourse was even had to excavating in the side of the mountain, in order to gain the desired shelter. The government did all in their power to insure the success of these attempts. They sent out a trained head-gardener from the Kew Gardens, who took the utmost interest in his work. Great progress was made with the planting of young trees, shrubs, furze, grasses, and hardy plants. The Australian wattle was perhaps the most successful. Holes four feet wide and three deep were prepared, in which it was planted in layers. The hardness and rapid growth of these may be seen from the fact, that in twelve months they reached an average of between six and seven feet in height. Among the grasses early tried was one kind known by the name of 'Para,' a case of which was sent out by Sir William Hooker, of the Royal Gardens, Kew, who always took great interest in the cultivation of Ascension. This grass succeeded admirably, increasing in the most astounding manner, and growing down all weeds and inferior grasses. In 1861, Captain Bernard was appointed governor of the island, and by that time the most thankless part of the task of bringing Ascension into cultivation had been accomplished. He displayed, however, the full zeal of his predecessors; and with the able assistance of Mr Bell, the head-gardener, accomplished wonders in the next few years. A scarcity of manure was one great drawback. This was supplied by using the guano which was found in large quantities on Boatswain Bird Island, a small rock that lies off the west coast of Ascension. This is now largely supplemented by the manure supplied by the cattle, the island being able to support a large number without any imported food. The rapidity with which sheep fatten on the grass is very satisfactory, nearly doubling their weight in three months after importation.

The island is by no means free from vermin. The horses and cattle suffer greatly from a fly, in appearance like the house-fly, but which bites venomously, and causes intense irritation. The 'black grub,' as it is called there, effects great devastation at times among the plants, and as yet no practical remedy has been found for its ravages. The next destructive enemy is the field-rat, which attacks the root-crops, and feeds principally on the sweet-potato. Land-crabs, too,

exist in very large numbers, and add to the destruction. Another animal, the wild-cat, proves itself an enemy, as it lives on the rabbits, and is useless as a vermin destroyer. A determined war is being waged against all these tormentors, a regular system of trapping having been set on foot. In one year, fifty-three cats, seven thousand four hundred rats, and eighty-five thousand one hundred and fifty land-crabs, were destroyed. The thorough cultivation of the ground is also being furthered by the introduction of rooks, minhas, and other birds that help the farmer. With all these drawbacks, the island has been brought step by step from its original barrenness to such a pleasing condition, that we now have over thirty-one acres under actual cultivation, producing among other things, sweet and English potatoes, cabbage, carrots, pumpkins, and turnips; pine-apples, bananas, endive, French beans, leeks, herbs, seedling date-palm, and coffee; sugar-cane, guavas, oranges, shaddocks, fig bushes, mulberries, and cuttings of shrubs. There is good pasturage one thousand acres in extent for cattle, and five thousand acres for sheep, supporting easily over forty head of cattle and between seven and eight hundred sheep. Parts of the island are now well wooded, and about forty acres are laid out in fruit-trees and shrubbery. Few brighter monuments could be pointed out of the success sure to attend the enterprise and unyielding zeal of a nation when well and wisely directed.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MR PETRIE'S excavations in Upper Egypt, to which we briefly alluded last month, have already made considerable progress, and no fewer than one hundred and forty labourers are busily at work upon them. To some extent, the discoveries made possess that peculiar interest which attaches to the excavations at Pompeii, for they bear witness to the home-life of a people that lived many centuries ago. Thus, the walls of the now exhumed temple have had built upon them at a remote period various private dwellings. In one of these, apparently lived an artist, who possibly was engaged upon the decoration of the temple itself; his sketch-book and eraser—represented by a slab of fine limestone and a piece of black emery—have been found. The limestone is ruled in squares, just in the same way that a modern artist will rule his paper preparatory to making a drawing 'to scale.' Other houses seem to have been used as workshops for a Company of jewellers, for chips of carnelian, lapis-lazuli, and other valued stones have been found there, together with waste metal from copper working. A box filled with rolls of burned papyrus, upon which, however, the writing is still legible, is considered one of the most important finds. Mr Petrie is careful to examine every block of stone and every brick in search of inscriptions. Every inscription so found is carefully copied, and every other object of interest is photographed. The work is evidently being carried on with both energy and skill.

Another important archaeological discovery has been made also in Upper Egypt by Professor Maspero, who has found between Assiout and



Thebes the hitherto unsuspected site of a vast necropolis. Five catacombs have been already opened, and have yielded one hundred and twenty mummies; and Professor Maspero in a cursory manner has fixed the positions of more than one hundred of such sepulchres. We may therefore conclude that some thousands of embalmed bodies lie in this old cemetery, many of them probably of historical interest. In addition to the mummies, there will also be many treasures, in the shape of papyri, &c., which experience has taught us to look for. It seems to be something more than a fortunate accident that so many ancient peoples were moved to bury with their dead, relics connected with the arts or pursuits of the deceased.

A Canadian correspondent of *Nature* gives a curious and interesting account of a phenomenon often to be seen on Lake Ontario during the prevalence of cold and stormy weather, such as the past season has afforded. 'Ice volcanoes,' as they are aptly named, are formed by an uneven strip of ice accumulating along the shore, on which appear mounds twenty or thirty feet in height. Many of these mounds are conical in form, and often have a crater-like opening, communicating with the water beneath. In stormy weather, every wave dashes spray and fragments of ice through this opening, which congeal upon the sides of the cone and add to its height; just in the same way that the fragments of pumice and other material ejected from a fiery volcano gradually build it up into a mountain. But the ice volcano soon becomes extinct, for the crater is gradually clogged up with ice, and the irruption can no longer find a vent.

M. Trouvelet, who for the last nine years has been engaged in studying and mapping the configuration of the planet Mars, which, although not our nearest neighbour in the solar system, is that most conveniently situated for telescopic observation, has just presented a Report of his labours to the French Academy of Sciences. Sir W. Herschel long ago discovered that the polar patches of white on Mars increased and decreased in size in the winter and summer seasons of the planet, in the same manner as is experienced in the like regions of our own earth. Other observers have also mapped out the distant orb into regions of supposed land and sea, sometimes obscured by belts of cloud; moreover, the spectroscope has revealed to us, in its own wonderful way, the undoubted presence of water upon the planet. What are believed to be the continents of Mars are covered with faint grayish spots; and as these spots change their form and volume with the changes of the Martial seasons, M. Trouvelet supposes them to represent masses of vegetation which grow and die under the same solar influences which affect our own globe. Every contribution towards our knowledge of distant worlds—many of them proved to be so much greater than our own globe—must always have a fascinating interest for us.

The ingenious individual who lately accounted for the possession of a suspicious amount of dynamite by the statement that he used it as a remedy for chapped hands, may be congratulated upon pointing out a legitimate use for that commodity, although we trust that the majority of sufferers from injured cuticle will be content with glycerine in an uncombined form. Hitherto,

almost the only legally recognised use for the explosive has been for mining operations, and without doubt it has in this connection been of immense service. Attempts to use dynamite for firearms or artillery have hitherto failed because the explosive action is so rapid that the strongest barrel is shattered. Indeed, dynamite was employed by our naval brigade at the late bombardment of Alexandria for destroying the guns of a deserted fort. For such purposes, and for torpedo warfare, dynamite is invaluable; but hitherto it has been found impossible to use it in gunnery. An entirely new form of weapon has, however, recently been tried with success in the United States, in which dynamite, although not representing the propelling force, plays an important part. The new form of gun consists of a tube forty feet in length, made rigid by being fixed to a steel girder. By means of compressed air, a dart-like projectile charged with dynamite is propelled with great force from the tube. The weapon already tried has only a two-inch bore; but with an air-pressure of four hundred and twenty pounds on the square inch, a range of a mile and a quarter is attained. With the four and six inch weapons now in course of construction, it is believed that, with increased pressure, a range of three miles will be possible. The guns can be cheaply made, and are free from smoke or noise; while their destructive power must be far greater than those heavy guns whose shells can only be charged with gunpowder.

In our own navy, a new form of machine-gun will be probably supplied to the various ships, more especially for boat-service. For some time the Nordenfolt gun has been a service-fitting; but it is now proposed to introduce a Nordenfolt of larger calibre, which will fire explosive shells instead of solid bullets. From recent experiments at Portsmouth, the new weapon seems to be wonderfully efficient. For instance, a gun firing a shell weighing only two pounds was able to send its projectile through a solid steel plate two inches thick at a range of three hundred yards. It was shown, too, that a far larger Nordenfolt, a six-pounder, could be fired from a boat without straining it. These destructive weapons can be fired so rapidly as to deliver from eighteen to twenty-five shots per minute.

The *Telegraphist* newspaper publishes an account of what must be regarded as a truly marvellous triumph of electrical communication, before which Puck's proposal to 'put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes' seems to be quite a second-rate achievement. A correspondent of the paper in question visited the office of the Indo-European Telegraph Company by invitation, in order to note how good signalling could be maintained over thousands of miles of wire. First, a few words of conversation were exchanged with the telegraphist of a German town. The wire was next connected with Odessa, and next with the Persian capital (Teheran). In a few more minutes the experimenters in London were talking with the clerk in charge at Kurrachee; next they had a chat with a gentleman at Agra; and as a final triumph of science, the line was made direct between London and Calcutta, a distance of seven thousand miles. It is said that the signals were excellent, and the speed attained about thirteen words per minute.

In a recent lecture upon gas-lighting, Mr Thomas Fletcher pointed out that blackened ceilings and darkened picture-frames are not due to smoke from the gas-burners, but are caused by floating particles of dust being caught in the flame and thrown against the ceiling. It is easily proved, by holding a glass tumbler for a few seconds over a flame, that water is one of the products of combustion of gas. This water condenses upon a cold ceiling when the gas in a room is first lighted, so that the burnt particles of dust readily adhere to the flat surface. The servant who lights the gas on a dark morning before she proceeds to sweep and dust the room does practically all the smoking of the ceiling that takes place.

That unfortunate commercial experiment, but marvellous triumph of engineering skill, the *Great Eastern* steamship, will shortly proceed to Gibraltar to take up her position in the harbour as a coal-hulk. The gigantic paddles with their engines will be removed, leaving the screw propeller only to carry the ship to her last berth. The Admiralty authorities look with much favour upon the scheme, for the immense ship will supersede a number of small coal-hulks which now encumber the harbour, and are a source of much inconvenience to other vessels. We are glad that a use has been found for the unwieldy vessel, whose only serviceable work has been as the layer of the first Atlantic cables. She was far too big to be profitably worked, and has for many years been lying idle. Her new vocation, although of a lowly kind, is at anyrate better than pauperism.

A new motor, called a 'Triple Thermic Motor,' has, it is said, been in use in New York for the past seven months driving a sixty horse-power engine. Heat is generated by a fifteen horse-power boiler, and the steam thus raised is carried to a receptacle containing carbon disulphide, which passes into vapour at one hundred and eighteen degrees Fahrenheit. An engineer, in reporting upon this new contrivance, says that the fifteen horse-power boiler with very little fire under it generates steam, which operates the motor, which in turn runs the sixty horse-power engine. These seem to be all the particulars published; and it would be interesting to have details of the motor, if it be really as successful as reported. There are one or two difficulties to surmount in the employment of carbon disulphide. It has a most disagreeable and penetrating odour; its vapour is highly inflammable; and lastly, it is by no means cheap.

Some interesting particulars of the American lead-pencil trade have recently been published. With the improved machinery now in use, it is possible for ten men to turn out four thousand pencils a day. The cedar comes from Florida in slabs cut to pencil-length. Four parallel grooves are sawn in each little slab, each groove being destined to hold the lead, or rather graphite. The so-called leads are kept in hot glue, and after being inserted in the grooves, are covered over with a thin slab of cedar, also glued; then the whole is passed through a moulding-machine, and comes out at the other side in the form of four finished pencils. The graphite is mixed with a variable amount of white clay—the greater the proportion of clay the harder the pencil—and is ground with moisture into a paste. The paste

is pressed into dies, and is baked at a high temperature.

The recent outbreak of smallpox in London reminds us that we have not yet succeeded in stamping out this loathsome disease, although the practice of vaccination has checked it to a wonderful extent. Anti-vaccination agitators are very fond of pointing to the circumstance that many persons who have been apparently successfully vaccinated in childhood are in after-years attacked with smallpox. This is perfectly true; and statistics are available which show that in the years between 1871 and 1881 nearly eighteen thousand such cases were treated in the London hospitals. But the popular agitator abstains from pointing out that in ninety per cent. of these cases the sufferers were above ten years of age. These figures prove, in fact, what has been long ago acknowledged, that vaccination does not afford permanent protection. When a child reaches adult age, revaccination should take place. In our smallpox hospitals, the nurses and attendants enjoy complete immunity from infection by taking care to adopt this precaution; and all persons, for the general good of the community at large, would do well to submit to the trifling inconvenience which the operation entails.

The Isthmus of Corinth Canal, a scheme which was promoted originally so far back as the time of the emperor Nero, is now almost an accomplished fact. The dredging operations at the approaches to the canal proceed very rapidly, for about five thousand cubic metres of soil and sand are removed every twenty-four hours. There are large numbers of workmen employed also on the central portions of the channel, and they have the help of railway and plant for the conveyance of material. A new town, called Isthmia, has sprung into being, and it contains some two hundred houses and stores.

'The Rivers Congo and Niger viewed as Entrances for the Introduction of Civilisation into Mid-Africa,' was the title of a paper lately read before the Society of Arts by Mr R. Capper, Lloyd's agent for the district of the Congo. The lecturer stated that within the past five years, the western African trade has quadrupled in value. Twelve years ago there were but four English houses, one French, and one Dutch, trading up the Congo. There are now upon the river's banks forty-nine European factories, and the imports and exports are valued at two millions sterling. Mr Capper pointed out that the great value of these rivers lies in the possibility of connecting them with future railways. Such railways could be easily laid, for the interior of Africa is one vast tableland. A railway across the Desert of Sahara would turn a perilous journey of four months into one of twenty-four hours. By such means the interior slave-trade would be annihilated.

Boring in the earth for water is an operation often attended by great uncertainty. Some few years ago in the heart of London a firm of brewers bored to a depth of several hundred yards without tapping the precious fluid, and the expensive well had to be abandoned. Quite recently, at Burton-on-Trent a similar failure occurred upon a far smaller scale. When the operators had pierced to a depth of one hundred and seventy-six feet without finding water, they called in the advice

of some experienced artesian-well engineers, who recommended the abandonment of the works, and the commencement of a fresh bore upon a site which they selected two hundred yards away. At a depth of only one hundred and fourteen feet, a copious supply of water was found, yielding, in fact, between five and six thousand gallons per hour. It is remarkable that the sites of both bores were at the same level.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

##### THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN ENGLAND.

DURING the past few years, there have been recorded, unhappily, an unusual number of earthquakes in various parts of the world; and many thousands of lives have been lost by those terrible convulsions of nature. Inhabitants of Britain, although constant in their complaints of fog, inclement seasons, and other meteorological inconveniences, have hitherto congratulated themselves upon living in a country which is exempt from volcanic phenomena, and in which earthquakes seemed to be things of a past era. These comfortable reflections were suddenly dispelled on the morning of the 22d of April, when over a large tract of country in Southern England a shock of great severity occurred. In the town of Colchester, and many villages eastward of it, the destruction of houses was very great. Many were entirely unroofed; and in some villages, as the writer can testify from personal observation, it was the exception to note a dwelling in which the chimney-stacks had not been demolished. Providentially, no lives were lost, although several narrow escapes have been recorded. The damage is estimated to amount to several thousand pounds, and unfortunately the sufferers are as a rule very poor cottagers, who are unable to bear the expense of the necessary repairs. For their relief, a subscription has been set on foot under the auspices of the Lord Mayor, and there is little doubt that sufficient money will be readily forthcoming for their needs.

The occurrence of such a rare phenomenon in the British Isles—not quite so rare, by the way, as some people imagine, for nearly three hundred shocks have been actually recorded—has caused an immense amount of earthquake lore to be unearthed and published in the various newspapers. From *Iron* we have an interesting account of the way in which luminous paint is utilised in connection with earthquake alarms in countries where such visitations are prevalent. We are informed that large consignments of the paint are sent to such places, and that the material is employed in the following manner. Small metallic plates covered with the paint are fixed on the doorposts of the different rooms, so that at the first alarm—and happily there is often a premonitory warning of something more serious to follow—the inmates of the houses can readily find their way outside. In Manila, the paint is laid in patches about the staircases, door-handles, and various points of egress. A light which gives off neither fire nor heat is of the greatest value in such situations, where any other form of light would be apt to add its quota of disaster to the dangers to life, already too prominent.

##### IMPROVED ELECTRIC LIGHTING FOR SHIPS.

Mr J. D. F. Andrews, Woodside Electric Works, Glasgow, has lighted with electricity, after a new fashion, the North German Lloyd s.s. *Emis*. The system, which includes over three hundred and twenty incandescent lamps and a masthead arc lamp, presents some features of a novel and important character. In the case of the small lights, Swan's lamps and Siemens's machines are employed. The wires are all completely hidden, but they are nevertheless arranged in such a way that they can be easily reached when necessary. For these lamps there is provided a new style of holder, which is at once simple and efficient. Each lamp has its own switch, which is entirely of metal; and it is provided with a lead-wire, which fuses in the event of the current being too strong. In the case of every set of about twenty lamps there is another switch, so that the lights can be turned on and off in groups as well as individually; and another lead-wire, so that the leading wires may be protected from too strong a current. The whole system is such as to preclude the possibility of fire. Duplicate machines are fitted up to guard against any breakdown, and either of them can be started or stopped without interfering with the engine which drives them. The masthead arc lamp, of which Mr Andrews is the inventor, is here brought into requisition for the first time. It has about five thousand candle-power concentrated in a single beam of light, that can be moved in any direction forward of the ship. In construction it is extremely simple, consisting merely of a cylinder and piston, the former being an electrical coil of wire. The illuminating power of the lamp is so great that by means of it an object half a mile away can be clearly distinguished by the naked eye on a dark night.

##### DUTCH RUSH.

'Many years ago,' says Mr W. Mathieu Williams, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 'when the electrotype process was a novelty, I devoted a considerable amount of time and attention to the reproduction of medallions and other plaster-casts in copper by electro deposition. This brought me in contact with many of those worthy and industrious immigrants from Bagni di Lucca (between Lucca and Pisa), who form a large section of the Italian colony of Leather Lane and its surroundings. These Lucchesi are the image-makers and image-sellers, and general workers in plaster of Paris. Among other useful lessons I learned from them was the use of the so-called Dutch rushes, which are the dried stems of one of the most abundant species of the equisetum (*Equisetum hyemale*) or "horse-tail," which grows on wet ground in this country and Holland. It is well known to practical agriculturists as a tell-tale, indicating want of drainage.

Plaster-casts are made by pouring plaster of Paris, mixed to a creamy consistence with water, into a mould made of many pieces, which pieces are again held together in an outer or "case-mould" of two or three pieces. When the mould is removed piece by piece, fine ridges stand up on the cast where the plaster has flowed between these pieces. These ridges are removed by rubbing them obliquely with the surface of the stem

of the dried equisetum. It cuts away the plaster as rapidly as a file, but without leaving any visible file-marks. The surface left is much smoother than from fine emery or glass-paper, and the rush does not clog nearly so fast as the paper.

'In order to find the explanation of this, I carefully burned some small pieces of the equisetum stem, mounted the unbroken ash on microscope slides with Canada balsam, and examined its structure. This displayed a flinty cuticle, a scale-armour made up of plates of silica, each plate interlocking with its neighbours by means of beautifully regular angular teeth, forming myriads of microscopic saw-blades, which become loosened from each other and crumpled up in drying, and thus present their teeth obliquely to the surface. These teeth supply the image-maker with a file of exquisite fineness, and harder than the best Sheffield steel. Their comparative freedom from clogging I think must be due to their loose aggregation while held by the dried and shrivelled woody tissue of the sub-cuticle.

'This natural file is used for other purposes, such as the polishing of ivory, hard woods, and metal, but is only understood in certain obscure industrial corners. I here commend it to the attention of my readers, because I have just discovered a new use for it. Like many others, I have been occasionally troubled by minute irregularities of the teeth, lacerating the tongue, and producing small ulcerations, which, I am told, are dangerous to those who have passed middle age, being provocative of cancer. A friendly dentist has ground down the offending projections with his emery-wheel, and thus supplied relief. But in course of time other sharp angles have stood forth, but so trivial that I felt ashamed of visiting the torture-chamber for their removal. I tried emery paper; but it was ineffectual and unpleasant, as the emery rubbed off. Then I tried the Dutch rush, rubbing its surface cross-wise and obliquely against the offending angles. The success was complete, both grinding down and smoothing being effected by one and the same operation.

#### LIGHTNING-STROKES IN FRANCE.

M. Cochery, the French Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, has presented to the French Academy of Sciences a Report on the lightning-strokes in France during the last half of 1883. During the month of July there were no fewer than one hundred and forty-three strokes in France, thirty of these occurring on the 10th, and thirty-two on the 3d. Seven men, four women, a young girl, and a child were killed by these strokes, and over forty persons were injured, including ten men who were affected by the same flash, which struck a plane-tree in their neighbourhood. Nine horses were also injured by the flash in question, which happened at Castres, in the department of Tarn, at 9.15 A.M. on July 4. The same storm also killed a woman at Castres, three-quarters of an hour earlier. The total number of animals killed during July was fifty-seven, including a calf, two horses, three sheep, one goat, one dog, and one chicken; while fourteen cows, eleven horses, one dog, and a goose were injured. In general, the strokes were attracted by poplar-trees, or masts, chimneys, and steeples, as well as elm, oak, and fir trees. The

stems and points of lightning-rods have also been struck, the latter being fused, and the former heated red-hot. The wire used to support vines has also drawn the stroke. In the majority of cases, rain, often abundant, attended the discharge. In August there were only nine strokes, as compared with one hundred and forty-three in July; six persons were killed, and two bulls were injured. In September there were fourteen strokes, killing four persons and six animals, and injuring ten persons in all. In October there was only one stroke, on the 16th (4 P.M.), at Castellane, in the Basses-Alpes. In November and December there are no strokes recorded.

#### 'ONLY COUSINS, DON'T YOU SEE?'

CHARMING cousin, tell me where  
Shall I find one half so fair?  
Let me, as I taste thy lip,  
Swear how sweet is cousinship.  
Like a sister? Yes, no doubt;  
Still, not sister out and out.  
Who that ever had a sister,  
Felt his heart beat when he kissed her?  
Who by looking ever knew  
That his sister's eyes were blue?  
Who in name of all the loves  
Bets his sister pairs of gloves?

Charming cousin, still are you  
Sister in a measure too.  
We can act as pleases us,  
No one thinks it dangerous;  
Talk of love or of the weather,  
Row or ride or read together,  
Wander where we will alone,  
Careless of a chaperon.  
You may dance with none but me—  
'Only cousins, don't you see?'  
Cousins safely may forget  
All the laws of etiquette.

Charming cousin, in your eyes  
I can read a faint surprise;  
Most bewitchingly they glisten  
To my nonsense as they listen;  
'What can Harry mean to say?'  
You may come to know some day.  
Just one word, sweet cousin mine,  
Ere we go to dress and dine:  
If I ever chance to woo,  
Cousin, she must be like you,  
And the one who comes the nearest  
To yourself will be the dearest;  
Type of what my love must be,  
Cousin, what if you are she?

J. WILLIAMS.

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## THE NEWSMONGER.

HE is nothing if not omniscient; and, like Othello, his occupation's gone if he be not the first to spread the news and carry the fiery cross of scandal to the front. For the Newsmonger does not care to carry good news so much as bad; the latter having a dash of spice in it; wanting to the former—as red pepper titillates the palate more than does either honey or sugar. The Newsmonger knows everything, and foresees as much as he knows. When A's sudden bankruptcy takes the world in general by surprise, he, on the contrary, is not the least astonished. He knew it weeks ago. He can put in black and white the exact sum for which he has failed—for all that the books are still in the safe, and the accountant has not begun to score up the items; and he knows who is the largest creditor, who the most implacable, and what is the bad debt which has caused all the mischief. He takes care, however, not to state plainly all these things. He only says he knows; and people are found to believe him. When Mrs B runs off with Mr C, and thus exposes the hollowness of the domestic happiness of the B's, which was considered so complete; he knew all about that, too, long before it happened. Indeed, he had warned C that he was going too far, and that harm would come of it, Mrs B being but a feather-head at the best; and he had even thrown out friendly hints to B, advising him to be a little more strict in his guard and watchful in his care. But no man is so deaf as he who will not hear, nor so blind as he who will not see; and B was bent on his own destruction, and would not be enlightened. Whom the gods would destroy, they first madden; and what is the use of hammering your head against a stone wall? Again, when Edwin and Angelina come to an abrupt rupture, and the engagement which promised so well and looked so satisfactory all round, is broken off in a hurry, to the open-mouthed amazement of society—though the cause remains a profound mystery to all the rest, Our Newsmonger winks

knowingly when he gives you the story, and tells you that he is in the confidence of both parties, and understands the whole thing from end to end. How should he not, when he has been consulted from the beginning, and himself advised the rupture as the only thing left to be done? Whatever happens, he has been at the back of it; and no event takes place of which he has not been cognisant or ever it was made manifest to the crass public. This must needs be, seeing that he is the general adviser of the whole world, and taken into every one's confidence, from the laying of the egg to the strutting forth of the full-plumaged fowl.

It is the same thing with political matters. To hear him, you would say Our Newsmonger had a telephonic communication with all the courts in Europe; and that he and the secret things of the future lay together on the knees of the gods. He has the insight of Tiresias, and the prophetic vision of Cassandra. Russia cannot make a spring of which he had not seen the secret silent combining. France cannot pass a law which is not the logical outcome of the position he explained not so long ago. That insurrection at the back of unpronounceable mountains among tribes of whom no one but a few nomadic experts know, or the existence, or the aims, or the wrongs—did he not foretell it?—that tightening of the Bismarckian gag—did he not foretell that too? No one remembers that he did foretell any one of these things; but if he says so? As it is impossible to doubt the word of a man who is also a gentleman, and whom you ask to dinner four times in the year, we must take Our Newsmonger at his own showing, and assume that we have been deaf, not that he was—mistaken. When Major Corkscrew, however, twits him with that drop made in Panslavonic Unifeds, of which Our Newsmonger was a rather large holder, and asks him, why, knowing the turn things were sure to take, he did not go in for the fall, and sell out while stock was steady?—he puts on a grave air and says he thinks confidential communications ought to be sacred, and that it would be highly



dishonourable on his part were he to use his private information for his own private gain. Whereupon Major Corkscrew rubs up his three hairs and a quarter, and whistles, in that low way he has. 'Only give me the chance, that's all!' he says, swelling out his chest. 'If I knew a quarter as much as you say you do, my good friend, I would be a rich man before the year was out. Hang me else!'

And after all, it was strange, was it not? that, knowing of this coming insurrection at the back of the unpronounceable mountains, Our Newsmonger should have gone in for a rise, when Panslavonic Unifieds were so sure to come down with a rattling run, as soon as the first gun was fired by the obscure tribes aforesaid? Those who like it can accept the explanation as gospel truth and sure; but a healthy scepticism is not a bad state of mind for the more wary to cultivate, and the doctrine of infallibility is not so fashionable as it used to be.

On all the undiscovered mysteries of history and the undisclosed secrets of literature, Our Newsmonger has opinions as decided as on other things. Sometimes he follows one authority out of many—as when he supports himself on the dictum of Voltaire, and maintains that the Man in the Iron Mask was the twin-brother of Louis XIV., and that all other hypotheses do not hold water. And sometimes he asserts, but forgets to prove—as when he ascribes the *Letters of Junius* to Lord George Sackville, and scouts the reasoning of experts which gives them to Sir Philip Francis. In modern times, he knows all the 'ghosts,' and spots all the Anons. He does not give their names, because that would be dishonourable, you know, as he has been told by the people themselves in confidence, and he must not betray his trust. He would give them if he chose; but he must not; and you must be content with this vague flash of a dim light before your eyes. If you are not, you will have nothing better; for Our Newsmonger is above all a man of honour where undiscovered secrets are concerned. When they are made public, then he can say that he knew them all along—thus betraying no one.

This reticence in large matters where no one would be hurt by free speech, unfortunately does not influence Our Newsmonger in those small things of private life which do a great deal of harm and cause much personal pain when blurted abroad. It would not signify more than the buzz of a fly on the window-pane if the unknown inhabitants of an obscure village in the west of England were told the name of the person who wrote *Democracy*, for instance; or that of the Russian woman of high rank who played 'La Dame aux Camellias' in a mask; if they had the true key to one of Daudet's novels, or could dot the *i's* of all the 'Queer Stories' in *Truth*. No one would be substantially the wiser for knowing that the hero of the midnight escapade recorded in the one was the Duke of Sandwich or the Prince of Borrioboolagha. Nor would it be of the least consequence to any one whatever, inhabiting the pretty district of Pedlington-in-the-Mud, if the name of the young gentleman who fell among thieves when he went to the Jews, and had to pay eighty per cent. for a loan which included bad champagne and worse pictures, were George Silliman or Harry Pretty-

man. But things are different when it is said of Mrs Smith—the wife of the rector who rules over things spiritual, and directs things temporal too, in Pedlington-in-the-Mud—that she dyes her hair and corks her eyebrows; of Miss Lucy, the daughter of the Squire, that she paints her face and flirts with the footman; and of Major Corkscrew, that he tipples—and his housekeeper knows it. Such things as these carried from house to house as so many black beetles to infest the kitchen—so many moths to eat into the ermine—do an incalculable amount of damage. But Our Newsmonger, who would not sell a hundred pounds-worth of stock on information received, nor tell the name of Louis Napoleon's private counsellor, has no scruple in letting fly all these dingy little sparrows to peck at the golden grain of local repute, and to do irremediable harm to all concerned.

There is nothing that does not pass through the alembic of the Newsmonger. He knows the exact spot in the house where each man keeps his skeleton, and he can pitch the precise note struck when the bones rattle in the wind and the poor possessor turns pale at the sound. Mrs Screwer starves her servants; but then Mr Screwer gambles, and the family funds are always in a state of fluctuation which makes things too uncertain to be counted on. Mrs Towhead scolds her household till she maddens the maids and dazes the men, so that they do not know which end stands uppermost. But then Mr Towhead sends the poor woman mad herself by his open goings-on with that little minx round the corner. And if Mrs Towhead takes it out in a general conflagration, is it to be wondered at, seeing the provocation she has? The Spendthrifts are out at elbows, and no one can get paid, for all they gave that magnificent ball last week on the coming of age of young Hopeful, who inherits more debts than rents, and has more holes in his purse than coin to stop them with. Miss Hangonhand is taken to Paris for the chance of a husband, those in London proving shy and the supply not equalling the demand; and Dr Leech's bill was exorbitant, and a lawsuit was threatened if he would not abate just one half. And then that Mr Fieri Facias—have you not heard that he has been dealing with his clients' securities, and that if matters were looked into he would be now standing in the dock of the Old Bailey? I assure you they say so; and for my part I always believe that where there is much smoke there must be some fire! The Bank, too, is shaky; and you who are a shareholder, and you who are a depositor, had both better get out of it without a day's delay.

All these things, and more, Our Newsmonger will say with a glib tongue and a light heart; and whether what he says has a grain of truth, or is pure unmixed and unmitigated falsehood, troubles him no more than if the wind blows from the south-west or the south-south-west with a point to spare. He can retail a bit of gossip which will make his visit pass easily and keep the conversation from lagging; and which also will put him into the position of one who knows, and thus place him on rising ground while his friends are only in the shallows. And what matters it if, for this miserable little gain, he obscures a reputation, breaks a heart, destroys a

life? He has had his pleasure, which was to appear wiser than the rest; and if others have to pay the bill, the loss is theirs, not his!

A Newsmonger of this kind is the very pest of the neighbourhood where he may have pitched his tent. A fox with silent feet and cruel flair prowling about the henroost where the nestling chickens lie—a viewless wind-laden with poison-germs, and bringing death wherever it blows—a lurking snake, hidden in the long grass and discovered only when it has stung—these and any other similes that can be gathered, expressive of silent secret wrong-doing to innocent things, may be taken as the signs of the Newsmonger in small places where propinquity places reputations at the mercy of all who choose to attack them. From such, may the good grace of fortune and the honest tongues of the sturdy and the upright deliver us!—for if all the evil that is said of men were tracked to its source, that source would be found to lie, not in fact, but in the fertile imagination of the Newsmonger. After all, we know nothing better than each other. And as we have to live in human communion, it is as well to live in peace and harmony, and in seeing the best, and not the worst. The Newsmonger thinks differently. But then those who are wise discard him as a nuisance and a mischief-maker; and their way in life is all the more peaceful in consequence.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE CONJURER.

MR BEECHAM returned.

‘The young people are crowding in now; and Mrs Joy and the schoolmistress with some of their friends are trying to place them comfortably, so that the smallest may have the front benches. Come along and help them.’

The long narrow hall was already well filled, the faces of the children shining with the combined effect of recent scrubbing and excitement. Some of the youngest faces wore a half-frightened expression, for the only magician they knew about was the wicked one in the story of Aladdin, and they did not know what the magician they were to see to-night might do to them. But others had seen this conjurer performing on the village green in open daylight on fair-days, and were able to reassure the timid ones, whilst regaling them in loud whispers with exaggerated accounts of the wonderful things he had done.

In the background were parents, on whose heavy and usually expressionless faces a degree of curiosity was indicated by open mouths and eyes staring at the still unoccupied platform on which the performance was to take place. Along the side, near the front, was a row of chairs occupied by Mrs Joy and her friends, who were presently joined by Mr Beecham and Wrentham, and later by Dr Joy. One of Mr Beecham's ideas was not to overawe the children by the presence of too many of the ‘gentry;’ consequently, he only invited those who were to help him in making his young guests comfortable.

The whispering ceased suddenly on the appearance of the conjurer.

Wrentham leaned carelessly back on his chair, so that Mrs Joy's bonnet hid his face from Mr Tuppit.

The latter looked quite smart in his well-brushed black frock-coat, his white collar, his lavender-coloured tie, secured in a large brass ring with a glass diamond in the centre, which glistened in the lamp-light and at once attracted the children's eyes. The professor of wonders had a long solemn face, and black hair brushed close to his head, where it stuck as if pasted on with oil. His voice had a pleasant ring, and he began by merrily informing his audience that he intended to explain to them how all his tricks were done. Every boy and girl who watched him attentively would be able—with a little practice, of course—to do everything he did. This was delightful information, and secured immediate attention. But it was a little dashed by the intimation that they would first have to learn how to spell the mystic word ‘Abracadabra.’ However, he would teach them how to do that too; and he pinned on the wall a scroll bearing the word in large red letters. This was a clever dodge to divert too quick eyes from his sleight of hand.

Then, chattering all the time, he began his tricks. Pennies were transformed into half-crowns and back to the poorer metal, much to the regret of the grinning yokels—one of them denounced it as ‘a mortal shame;’ handkerchiefs were torn into shreds and returned to their owners neatly folded and uninjured; a pigeon was placed under a cap, and when the cap was lifted there was a glass of water in its stead; cards seemed to obey the conjurer like living things—and so on through the usual range of legerdemain.

The great feat of the evening was the last. Mr Tuppit advancing with a polite bow—an excessively polite bow—begged Mr Wrentham to be so good as to trust him for a few minutes with his hat, which should be returned uninjured. Wrentham stared at the man, as if privately confounding his impudence, and complied with the request. Another polite bow and a smile, and the conjurer returned to his rostrum. The glossy hat was placed on the table: flour, water, raisins, and all the ingredients for a plum-pudding were poured into it amidst the laughter and excited exclamations of the youngsters, who could scarcely retain their seats. The whole was stirred with the magic rod, then covered with a cloth, and when that was removed, there arose a column of steam as from a caldron. A waiter brought a huge plate, and the conjurer tumbled out on it a piping hot plum-pudding from the hat. The wonder was not over yet. The pudding was quickly cut into hunks, and two waiters were employed to serve it to the astounded audience. But how that pudding came to suffice for the supply of all those young folk and their parents was a mystery which only the conjurer, Mr Beecham, and the hotel cook could properly explain.

The hat was restored to its owner in perfect condition. Wrentham said ‘Thank you,’ and again stared at the man, who again bowed politely, and retired after saying good-night to the children,

whose cheers were not stifled even by mouthfuls of plum-pudding.

'There is another of my sources of happiness,' said Mr Beecham as Wrentham was going away; 'doing something to make others happy.'

Wrentham had not gained the particular information he had been seeking as to Beecham's antecedents, but he had learned several things.

'Bob is becoming troublesome. I must arrange with him either to sail in the same boat or not to run foul of me in this way.'

His report to Mr Hadleigh was brief and decisive. 'I can make nothing of Beecham except that he is a harmless, good-natured chap, who likes to spend his money in standing treat to all the youngsters in the parish. There is no sham about his philanthropy either: never a bit of fuss. Take last night, for instance. Nobody knew anything about it barring those who were invited. I can't make him out; but Miss Heathcote may be able to help you. He corresponds with her.'

'Corresponds with her?'

'Yes; I saw a letter addressed to her on his desk. They seem to be great chums, too, as I hear—and he is not too old to be a lover.'

'That is curious,' said Mr Hadleigh thoughtfully, but not heeding the jest with which Wrentham concluded his remarks.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.—THE ENTHUSIAST.

Philip was a little bothered by what Madge had told him. In honest dealing he was unable to comprehend how man or woman could have any knowledge or design which might not be communicated to the person who was nearest in affection to him or her. He took for granted that he must stand nearest in affection to Madge. If the knowledge or design was not intended to hurt anybody, why should there be any mystery about it? The more light that shone upon one's work, the better it would be done. Those who by choice worked in the dark must be trying to deceive somebody—maybe themselves. He had as little liking for mysteries as Aunt Hussy herself, because he could not see the use of them.

Had he consulted his brother Coutts on this subject, he would have learned from that City philosopher that the business of every man was to cheat—well, if the sound was more pleasing, overreach—every other man. Only a fool would make plain to others what he was going to do and how he meant to do it—and the fool paid the penalty of his folly by going promptly to the wall. He would have learned that in the race for Fortune there are many runners who want to be first to reach the winning-post. Therefore, it behoved every racer to keep the qualities of his horse dark, and to keep his fellows ignorant of the turns on the course where he purposed to put on an extra spurt and outwit them.

'A clever lie,' Coutts would have said with his cynical smile, 'often saves much trouble, and wins the game. Most of the losers grin and bear, and whilst congratulating the winner, laugh at the "truthful James" who grumbles that he has lost because he did not understand or could not submit to the recognised rules of the course.'

'But how can a lie be necessary?' Philip would have asked—'how can it be useful unless you mean to cheat?'

That was his great stumbling-block: he could not understand the use of a lie, any more than he could understand a captain in a fog running his vessel straight ahead without regard to compass or charts.

Coutts would regard him pityingly, and answer with the calmness of one whose principles are founded upon established law:

'Why I tell a lie is because I wish to gain an advantage over somebody. If gaining this advantage be cheating, then I must cheat, because everybody else is doing the same thing; or I must submit to be cheated. However, in the City it is vulgar to talk about cheating and lies in connection with respectable business transactions. When we profit by the ignorance of others, we call it rules of trade, custom, and may occasionally go so far as to speak of sharp practice; but so long as a man keeps on the right side of the law, we never use such rude language as you do. When he gets to the wrong side of the law, however—that is, when he is found out—we are down upon him as heavily as you like. You had better not meddle with business, Philip, for you will be fleeced as easily as a sick sheep.'

Philip turned away in disgust from the ethics of selfishness as expounded by his brother, and refused to believe that the primary rule for success in business was to do the best for yourself no matter what others lose, or that any enterprise of moment had ever been carried to a successful issue under the guidance of such a theory. People might hold their tongues when silence meant no harm to any one and possible good to somebody. That was right, and that was what Madge was doing.

So, after the first sensation of bother—for it was not displeasure or suspicion of any kind: only a mixed feeling of regret and astonishment that there could be, even for a brief period, a thought which they might not both possess—he proceeded with the work in hand. She gave him what is most precious to the enthusiast, sympathy and faith in his visions.

'People of experience,' he told her, 'say that I am aiming at an ideal condition of men, which is pretty as an ideal, and absolutely impracticable until human nature has so altered that all men are honest. Besides, they say, I am really striving after community of interest, which has been tried before and failed. Robert Owen tried it long ago—Hawthorne and his friends tried it—and failed. I answer, that although my object is the same as theirs, my way of reaching it is different. It is certainly community of interest that I seek to establish, but under this condition—that the most industrious and most gifted shall take their proper places and reap their due reward. Every man is to stand upon his own merits: if fortune be his aim, let him win it by hard work of hand and brain. The man who works hardest will get most, and he who works least will get least. I think that is perfectly simple, and easily understood by any man or woman who is willing to work. There are to be no drones, as I have said, to hamper the progress of the workers.'

Madge could see it all, and the scheme was a

noble one in her eyes, which ought to be workable—if they could only get rid of the drones. But that 'if' introduced Philip to his troubles.

The question as to the price of the land Philip desired to purchase had been settled with amazing promptitude after he had, in the rough but emphatic phrase, 'put his foot down.' Wrentham came to him with looks of triumph and the exclamation, 'See the conquering hero comes.' He was under the impression that he had done a good stroke of business.

'I treated the greedy beggars to what I call the don't-care-a-brass-farthing style. I was only an agent, and my principal said take it or leave it. I didn't care which way they decided, at the same time I had a conviction that they were throwing away a good offer—cash down. We had some fencing—I wish you had been there—and at last they agreed to accept a sum which is only two hundred beyond what you offered, so I closed the bargain.'

The difference was not of much consequence; but for a moment Philip thought it strange that Wrentham had been able to conclude the bargain so easily after what he had told him. The thought, however, passed from his mind immediately.

Now came the business of starting the work. Here Caleb Kersey proved useful, not only in organising the labourers but in dealing with the mechanics. The difficulty was much the same with the skilled and unskilled workers—namely, to enable them to understand that it was better and honester to employer and employed to be paid for the work done than for the time spent over it. Prospective profit did not count for anything in the minds of most of the men; and the 'honesty' that was in the system was regarded as only another word for extra profit to the employer.

'Gammon!' was the general remark; 'you don't take us in with that chaff. We get so much an hour, and we mean to have it.'

In spite of this, however, Philip, aided by Caleb, collected a band of workmen sufficient for his purpose. For a time all went well. There were grumbings occasionally; but most of the men began in a short time to comprehend how they could improve their own position by the amount of work produced. But these presently found themselves hampered and scoffed at by those whose chief object was to 'put in time.' That was the grievance of the real workers: the grievance of the master, which was not found out until too late, was that the highest market price for the best materials was paid for the worst. The groans became more numerous, and their outcries louder, as their pay decreased in accordance with their own decrease of production. But they said they had 'put in time,' and ought to be paid accordingly. They were completely satisfied with this argument, which proved to themselves beyond question that they were being injured by the man who pretended to be their friend.

Next the unions spoke, and all the men who belonged to them were withdrawn. Those who remained were picketed and boycotted until Philip took what was considered by his friends another mad step.

'Look here, lads, you who are willing to stand

by me—you shall have your home in the works, and before long we shall have help enough. I am sorry that we should have had this breakdown; but I expected something of the sort; and when I started this scheme of mutual labour for mutual profit—I ought to say the system of individual work—I was prepared to encounter much misunderstanding, but I was inspired by the hope that in the end I should find real help amongst the real workers. I am convinced that there are plenty of men willing to work if they can find it. Now, why should we not work together? The principle is a very simple one, and easily understood. You want to get as much as you can. So do I. But in getting it, let us try to deserve it by really earning it. I am trying to earn my share of the profit that ought to come from the capital that I hold in trust. At the same time, I will not allow any man to share with me who says he cannot produce, but must be paid for the time he spends inside our gates.'

He was striving to bridge that troublous sea which lies between capital and labour; and the great pillars of his bridge were to be productive labour on the one side and honest buyers on the other. The men applauded these sentiments, satisfied that nothing was wanting except the honest buyers.

'The real capital of the world is Brains,' he said; 'and to carry out the work which they devise, the labourer of all degrees is as necessary as the man with money.'

'Hear, hear!' cried a grim-visaged fellow who was leaving Philip's service; 'and, consequently, the labourer ought to have share and share alike in the profits with the money-man.'

'Undoubtedly; and he should, likewise, take his share in the losses,' was Philip's reply; and he endeavoured to explain his projected scheme of the regulation of wages by results.

But this was not easy to understand. So long as he talked of sharing profits, the thing was clear enough; but when it came to be a question of also sharing losses, the majority could not see it. Philip was impatient of their stubborn refusal to believe in what was so plain and simple to him—that when a man was paid for what he produced he would be the gainer or loser according to the degree of his industry.

However, Philip persevered eagerly with his scheme, and in his character of honest buyer of labour he met with many surprises.

Work was scamped: he detected it, and dismissed the scampers. They went to join the clamorous crowd of incompetent or lazy workmen who cry that they only want work, but do not add to the cry that they want it on their own terms.

The few real workers who remained became disheartened because they were so few, and some of them were frightened by vicious crowds outside. They had wives and families dependent on them; but they must obey the inexorable majority, although in doing so they would have to accept charity or starvation. They accepted the charity, and clamoured more loudly than ever against the tyranny of capital which left them no other alternative. They loafed about public-houses, drank beer, discussed their grievances, whilst their wives went out charring or washing. And they called themselves over their pewter

pots the ill-used, down-trodden people of England!

'I wish you could get rid of all that sham,' Philip said, irritated at last with himself as much as with the men. 'So long as you are mean enough to live upon the earnings of your wives, and what you can borrow or obtain from charity, and thus supported, refuse to work unless the terms and the nature of your work be exactly what you choose to accept, you will never have the right to call yourselves honest sellers of labour. I want you to understand me. I say that if a man wants work, he should be ready to take up any job that is offered him, whether it is in his line or not. The nature of the work is of no consequence so long as a man can do it, for all work is honourable. What is of consequence is that a man should be independent of the parish and the earnings of his wife. I say, here is work; come and do it: you shall not only have payment for what you do, but a share in whatever extra profit it may produce.'

That speech settled the whole affair so far as the men were concerned. All, except some half-dozen, left him, and filled their haunts with outcries against the new monopolist who wanted them actually to produce so much work for so much pay. Meanwhile, they got on comfortably enough with the earnings of their wives and the parish loaves.

'God forbid that we should call such creatures workmen!' cried Philip in his desperation; 'but the country is crowded with them—a disgrace as much to legislation as to human nature. Let us see how we can do without them.'

He could have done without them if he had been allowed a fair chance. But in the first place, there was Wrentham's frankly declared objection that the scheme was all nonsense, and could never succeed until all men ceased to be greedy or lazy. And then there was the hardest blow of all to Philip in the sudden change which came over Caleb Kersey.

Caleb had entered upon the work with an enthusiasm as strong as that of Philip himself, although not so openly expressed. There was a glow of hopefulness and happiness on his honest brown face when Philip first laid the plans before him. Here was the Utopia of which he had vaguely dreamed: here was the chance for poor men to take their place in the social sphere according to their capacities and without regard to the conditions under which they started. Here was the chance for every man to have his fair share of the world's wealth.

'I hadn't the means to work it out as you have, sir, but my notion has always been something of the kind that you have got into ship-shape form. I'll try to help you.'

And he kept his word. There was no more earnest worker on Shield's Land (that was the name Philip had given to the estate he purchased) than Caleb. Example, advice, and suggestions of the practical advantage each man would secure if he faithfully followed out the rules Philip had laid down, were given by him to all his fellow-workmen.

Suddenly the enthusiasm disappeared. The light seemed to fade from his eyes; and Caleb, who had been the sustaining force of the workers, became dull and listless.

About Wrentham's opposition there was a degree of lightness; as if one should say, 'Just as you please, sir; I don't believe in it, but I am entirely at your command,' which did not affect personal intercourse. With Caleb it was the reverse, because he felt more deeply. Wrentham could be at his ease because he regarded the whole affair as a matter of business out of which he was to make some money. Caleb thought only of the possibilities the scheme suggested of the future of the workman.

Philip had given up all hope of persuading Wrentham to believe in his theories; but he could not give up Caleb. So he resolved to speak to him.

'What is wrong, Kersey? You have not lost heart because those fellows have left us?'

'No, not because of that' (hesitatingly and slowly); 'but they were not so much to blame in leaving us as you may think, sir.'

'What do you mean?'

'Well, they did not understand you; and when they saw things coming in in the raw state at higher prices than could be got for them when made up, they didn't see where the profit you spoke of was to come from.'

'Oh——!' murmured Philip, curiosity aroused, and the note passing through the stages of surprise and perplexity to suspicion. 'Why have you not told me about this before?'

'It weren't my place, sir; Mr Wrentham has charge of these things.'

A pause, during which Philip tried a paper-knife on the desk as if it were a rapier. Then: 'All right; I'll see about that. But you have not answered me as to yourself. You are sulking for some reason. You say it is not the loss of the men which has put you out of sorts; I know it is nothing connected with me, or you would tell me. Then what is it?'

There was no answer; but Caleb bowed his head and moved as if he wished to go.

'You have not heard anything about Pansy?' said Philip suddenly, moved by a good-natured desire to discover the cause of the man's depression, in the hope that he might be able to relieve it.

There was a lurch of the broad shoulders, and Caleb's dark eyes flashed like two bull's-eye lanterns on his master. 'No—have you?'

The question was an awkward one for Philip, remembering what he had thought about the attentions of his brother to the gardener's daughter. He was immediately relieved from his unpleasant position by Caleb himself. 'No—I won't ask you that, sir; it 'ud be hard lines for you to have to speak about.'

The rest was a mumble, and Caleb again moved towards the door. Philip called him back. 'I won't pretend not to know what you mean, Kersey,' he said kindly; 'but if you listen to what is said by envious wenches or spiteful lads, you are a confounded fool. Trust her, man; trust her. That is the way to be worthy of a worthy woman.'

'And the way to be fooled by an unworthy one,' said Wrentham, who came in as the last sentence was being uttered. Then seeing Philip's frown and Caleb's scowl, he added apologetically: 'I beg your pardon. I thought and hope you were speaking generally, not of any one in particular.'



'Come to my chambers this afternoon, Kersey ; I want to speak to you.'

Caleb gave one of his awkward nods and left the office.

### STAINED GLASS AS AN ACCESSORY TO DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

IN a former paper (September 1879) we briefly reviewed the growth and progress of the art of glass-staining and painting, and described the various processes necessary to its prosecution, and practised at the present day ; and, after tracing its career in its application to the purposes of ecclesiastical decoration, hinted at its capability of adaptation to ornamental requirements beyond those pertaining to the embellishment of the sacred edifice. We propose in the present paper to deal more exhaustively with this branch of an art, and to endeavour to point out, as succinctly as possible, the more prominent and obvious cases where its introduction would be desirable in secular ornamentation.

Public buildings of course demand the first attention ; and in a country like our own, owing its prosperity to its commercial enterprise, its political organisation, and its unequalled system of municipal government, we have witnessed in the course of the last few years the commencement, progress, and completion of costly and magnificently adorned buildings. Upon these noble buildings have been lavished the utmost resources of decorative art ; and latterly, stained glass has formed an important element in the general scheme of decoration, and it is to its adaptation to this class of domestic architecture that we would first draw attention.

One of the first, as it is one of the most natural, motives prompting the enrichment of the ornamental accessories of a building, is discovered in a desire to see perpetuated the memory of its founder or founders. The most natural expression of this feeling is, of course, the desire to permanently retain a record of their features and personal characteristics in the shape of a pictorial representation. This desire at first sight seems to be susceptible of immediate gratification by a portrait, either on canvas or in marble ; but further consideration will tend towards the conviction that the use of these media is not altogether free from objection. Little, perhaps, can be said against the statue in itself ; but the elaborate and gorgeous decoration of our more sumptuous buildings is likely to be unpleasantly marred by the marble pallor of sculpture ; and after all, dignified and stately as are many of our statuesque memorials, they convey little more than an idealised impression of the features of the person commemorated.

The employment of oil portraiture is also open to certain objections. It must be remembered that modern decoration means a great deal more than a mere picking out in gold and colour of the salient lines of a cornice, or the stencilled powdering of a conventional pattern over the area of a wall or a ceiling ; it has advanced far beyond the province of the builder and house-painter, and demands no inconsiderable proportion of the genius of the artist. If the decoration of a room or hall is designed to constitute in itself a complete work of art, its effect may be grievously

injured by the injudicious introduction of a heavy gold frame, and colours, which while admirably accomplishing the purpose of the artist, may in a great measure interfere with the surrounding harmony of colour. We have, then, no other place left but the window, and the problem seems to be in a fair way towards solution. The perfection to which the painting of glass has attained leaves no room for doubt as to the fidelity of the likeness ; but apart from this fact, a far more extensive recognition of the virtues or services of the subject of the memorial is to be obtained by various devices and emblems, appropriate to the character and life of the person honoured, which could hardly with propriety be introduced into an oil picture. One example, recently erected, may serve to more clearly demonstrate our meaning. The lately erected town-hall of Lerwick has been enriched by two windows illustrative of persons and scenes connected with some of the primitive traditions of Orkney. In one window, divided by a central mullion into twin-lights, is represented the figure of Archbishop Eystein, one of the earliest of Orcadian prelates, clad in his archiepiscopal vestments ; while a panel beneath the figure illustrates his consecration of King Magnus. Side by side with the figure of the archbishop stands Bishop William, the founder of the venerable cathedral of Kirkwall, the formal ceremony itself being depicted in the panel below. The corresponding window displays the gigantic form of the Norse warrior Harald Haarfager, with his landing in Zetland shown in the lower panel ; and Jarl Rognvald, whose investiture as Earl of Orkney, 870 A.D., is represented in the panel beneath. In the 'tracery' above the two windows are shown respectively the Orcadian and Norwegian coats-of-arms. Now, a combination of such historical and traditional interest could hardly be otherwise so successfully treated, while the glowing colours and fine design materially add to the effect of the neighbouring beauties of the structure.

There is another consideration not without importance in connection with the establishment of a complete scheme of internal decoration. Light is one of the most important essentials in a building where exact and extensive business is transacted, and the presence of large and frequent windows is a necessity. But how painfully is the harmony and continuity of the ornament interrupted by the constant recurrence of these patches of white light. The eye, in following the progress of the decorative design, grows weary of the constant loss and recapture of its thread ; and that which would otherwise have pleased and charmed by its beauty as a whole, only perplexes and tires by its division into parts. Here, then, is called into requisition the art of the glass-stainer ; without any vital diminution of light, the scheme of colour is no longer disturbed, a perfect chromatic harmony is established, and the window serves a double purpose, by admitting the necessary illumination from without, and enhancing the beauty of the building within.

The foregoing remarks naturally have reference to all public buildings of more or less importance, though we have instanced the town-hall as a representative building, associated with the more imposing class of secular edifices.

There is an institution and building, without the existence of which the writing on subjects of beauty and art would be a serious waste of time—namely, the school; and here the introduction of stained glass may be found of beneficial effect. It is not to be denied that when the watchful eye of the master relaxes its vigilance, the youthful eye will wander too, and the direction of nearly every eye will be towards the window; and principals of schools and their subordinates are fully aware of the fact. They are also aware of the attractions or distractions presented by the tempting spectacle of green trees and spreading meadows in summer; or falling snow and ice-bound stream in winter, or even at all times the freedom of the open street; so, to remove the cause of temptation, the glass is made opaque by painting it over with a dull white mixture which effectually conceals the dangerous landscape. But by the introduction of cathedral glass, of the simplest patterns and pleasing tints, the unsightly whitewashed panes would be replaced by panels of unblemished glass more or less ornamental, perfectly effectual in their primary purpose, and at the same time affording some relief to the eyes from the monotony of the barren school walls. Tinted glass leaded in various geometric or flowing patterns might be made most useful as an excellent substitute for drawing copies of the elementary stage; the rudiments of freehand drawing could all be acquired from the glazed patterns; while, under competent hands, it could afford most valuable assistance in the teaching of the laws of the harmony and artistic contrasting of colours. The trifling initial expense would be speedily saved, as there would be no wear and tear of copies; there could be no *measuring*, most disastrous to the student; the copy would be always clean; the colour would be refreshing to the eye; and much labour would be saved to the teacher, as he could demonstrate his teaching to the whole class at once.

Passing from the consideration of public requirements to those of the private home, the increasing cultivation and appreciation of the fine arts, and their application to domestic necessities, are sufficient encouragement for the advancing of the claims of stained glass to hold a place in the general scheme of internal decoration. Of course, with such diversity as necessarily exists in the comparative size and extent of family abodes, from the lordliest mansion, standing in the midst of its own far-stretching grounds, to the more humble dwelling, forming a unit among the many that go to constitute a street, or terrace, or 'gardens,' it would be impossible to lay down any precise suggestions for their ornamentation; but it may be possible to offer a few general and broadly elastic ideas, capable of being expanded or contracted according to the means and wants of all.

The more pretentious of the mansions of the nobility and gentry are pretty sure to boast of at least one fine, large, and imposing window, affording ample scope for artistic design, and, whether in the family tracing its pedigree for centuries, or the *nouveau riche* who began life with a struggle, heraldry and its concomitants seem to be held, more or less, in equal reverence. It needs little apology, therefore, for suggesting the blazonry of shield, helmet, crest, mantling,

motto, supporters, and other resources of the gentle science, as affording a most appropriate exercise of the glass-stainer's skill. Making use, as heraldry does almost exclusively, of the five most prominent colours, as well as white and gold, it is admirably adapted for its reproduction in stained glass, whose exquisite and transparent tints are seen to fine effect in heraldic compositions. The matter of expense is of course an important consideration; but the treatment of heraldic design can be almost endlessly modified or elaborated; so that, while within easy reach of the only moderately affluent, it may, on the other hand, be raised to such a height of gorgeous enrichment as to form no unworthy element in the decoration of a palace.

Nor is a large and finely proportioned window an absolute necessity. At Rydal Hall, Westmoreland, the seat of the family of Le Fleming, a window, the heraldic blazoning of which was designed by the present writer, consisted merely of nine upright oblong square panels, each about two feet high by eighteen inches wide, arranged three, three, and three; and separated by mullions and transoms. But this unpromising rigidity of construction was not only overcome, but made subservient to the general design, in the following manner: the arms of the Le Fleming family, in a shield of nine quarterings, occupied the centre panel; the quarterings (all divisions of a shield above two, no matter how many in number, are called quarters) being those respectively of Le Fleming, of course in the place of honour, the dexter chief; and of eight ancestral and collateral branches of the family; and each of these quarterings, thus brought together in one shield to form the perfect 'achievement of arms' of the present representative, was displayed separately on single shields occupying the eight surrounding panels.

One of the principal documents in the muniment rooms of the great is the genealogical tree, duly set forth on musty parchment, in itself a guarantee of its own antiquity. How admirably could this be executed in glass! The tree, very conventionally designed, trained over the whole surface of the window; the quaintly hung shields depending from its branches at intervals; the whole forming an interesting study for antiquary and genealogist.

But in less ambitious dwellings, stained glass under various forms may be introduced with picturesque advantage. It will be acknowledged that very often, while the front of a house may look on a well-kept garden, or form part of the side of a spacious and beautiful square or public garden, the back may very likely look out on equally spacious but not equally beautiful or savoury mews. We know it may be contended that most back-rooms are bedrooms, and only used at night. This is true enough. But in nine cases out of ten, in houses of this class, there is a staircase window on the first landing, which, as a rule, looks out on the back, and is continually calling the attention of those passing up or down the stairs to the interesting spectacle of an equine toilet, or some similarly delectable operation. In this case, a window, though consisting of only two or three tints of rolled cathedral glass, and leaded in geometric or ornamentally flowing lines, would completely shut out the offensive prospect, while in no way

interfering with the necessary lighting of the stair, nor the opening or shutting of the window-frame; and the expense would be scarcely if any more than glazing the sashes with plate-glass, which, moreover, to look commonly decent, requires infinitely more frequent cleaning than the other. This, of course, is almost the simplest form of treatment; but, according to the length of purse of the householder, the window may be more or less ornate in its design. The owner's arms, or monogram; floral painted devices, heads, or figures representing the four seasons, field-sports, fables, nursery rhymes, and numberless kindred subjects, are all most appropriate for delineation, and can be obtained at far less cost than a doubtful 'old master,' or piece of Brummagem bric-à-brac. A very pretty effect is obtained at night by filling the sides of a hall-lamp, or any large conspicuous lamp, with painted glass of design according to the owner's fancy; the old-fashioned clumsy window-blinds are now frequently superseded by leaded glass screens, more or less ornamental in their details; and a great objection to the use of stationary firescreens hitherto—that while they screen, they also hide the fire, is removed by the use of screens of glass, leaded and painted according to the taste and purse of the buyer.

A great and most important consideration in the adoption of stained glass is the great variety of design of which it is susceptible, its range of artistic production being so extensive and peculiarly elastic as to bring it, in one form or another, within the reach of almost any one occupying a house; while for cleanliness, durability, and pleasing effect, whether in the comfortable dwelling of the thriving tradesman, or adorning the noblest monuments of private munificence or national philanthropy, it cannot fail to charm the eye by its intrinsic beauty; while from the artist's practised hand, the jewels of design shed their lustre on the illuminated walls.

### SILAS MONK.

#### A TALE OF LONDON OLD CITY.

##### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

ONE evening—a pitch-dark evening in autumn—a girl stood at one of the doors in a row of old houses in the neighbourhood of Crutched Friars, watching. It was difficult to see many yards up or down the street, for it was only lighted by three widely-separated gas-lamps. Under one of these lamps, at a corner of the street, there presently appeared a little old man. He came along slowly, but with a jerky step like a trot; his head was bent and his shoulders raised; and he seemed to be rubbing his hands together cheerfully and hugging himself from time to time, as though his thoughts were of a congratulatory nature.

'Why, grandfather,' said the girl, descending into the street as soon as she caught sight of this figure—'why, grandfather, how late you are!'

The old man came jogging on, still in his jerky manner, though faster, at the sound of her voice. 'Ay, ay!' said he, shaking out his words, 'ay, Rachel, my dear. Always late. Don't you take any notice of that. It has been so for years—fifty years; ay, more than fifty.'

'Fifty years, grandfather, is a long time,' remarked the girl as they passed in at the doorway together, her arms placed protectingly around him—'a very long time.'

'Ay, Rachel; so it is, my dear,' continued the old man—'so it is.'

They entered a small front-room on the ground-floor. An oil-lamp was burning on the mantel-shelf; it threw a dim light upon bare and dingy walls, upon an old deal table, two wooden seats without backs, and a well-worn leathern armchair near the fire. Towards this chair the girl now led the old man as one might lead a child. Then she began to lay the cloth for the evening meal. She was a pretty, homely-looking girl of about eighteen; perhaps a little too pale; and with eyes, though large and lustrous, somewhat sad and weary for one so young. But as she busied herself about the room preparing the supper, her eyes gradually brightened; and her face, growing more animated, gained colour, as though to match the better with her red lips.

The old man, crouching in his armchair before the fire, took no notice of the girl. His look had become deeply thoughtful, and he seemed to be gaining a year in age with every minute that was passing. The wrinkles increased, and covered his face like the intersecting lines in cobwebs; the white eyebrows drooped thick as a fringe, and meeting over the brow, seemed to be helping to hide some secret, vaguely expressed in the small gray eyes. His head was bald, except at the sides, where scanty locks of snowy white hair hung about his neck. His long lean fingers were occasionally spread out upon his knees, though sometimes the hands grew restless when an incoherent word escaped his lips. The workings of the mind indeed were expressed in the nervously shaped figure as much as in the face. There were moments when the fingers clawed and clutched perplexedly; then there came into the eyes a look of avarice, and the whole form would seem busily engaged in solving mysterious problems. There was something almost repellent in the workings of the mind and body of this strange old man.

'Come, grandfather!' cried the girl, when the meal was presently spread. 'The supper is ready now; and I hope,' she added, assisting him to a place at the table—'I hope you have a better appetite than usual.' She spoke in a cheerful tone, though looking doubtfully the while at what she had spread on the board. There was a small piece of cheese, part of a loaf, and a stone pitcher filled with water—nothing more.

The old man eyed the food keenly. 'No, Rachel, no,' said he; 'not much appetite, my dear.'

The girl sighed, and took her place opposite to the old man. 'I wish,' said she, 'that I could provide something more tempting. You must be almost famished, after all these hours of work. But—'

'Eh?'

'But we cannot afford it. Can we?'

'No, my dear, no,' said the old man, very shaky in voice; 'we can hardly afford what we have.'

Rachel cut her grandfather a slice of bread.

'Too much, my dear!' cried he, with a wave of his hand—'too much! I've no appetite at all.'

The girl divided the bread, a painful look

passing over her face. The old man, although there was a ravenous glance in his eyes strangely contradictory to his words, began to eat his bread slowly.

Presently the girl, as though expressing her thought impulsively, cried: 'Grandfather! why are we so poor?'

The old man, who was munching his crust, and staring abstractedly at the morsel of cheese, looked up with bewilderment at Rachel.

'I cannot understand why,' she continued, forcing out the words—'why we are so very, very poor! I cannot understand why such a wealthy House as Armytage and Company, where you have been a clerk for more than fifty years, should pay you such a small salary.'

'Small, Rachel?' asked her grandfather. 'Fifteen shillings a week, small?'

'Well, it does seem so to me,' the girl replied in a modest tone.

The old man rubbed his knees nervously and bent his head, and deep furrows gathered on his brow. 'Small, eh? Fifteen shillings a week, small? Why, Rachel, you talk as though you knew nothing of this hard-working world. How many clerks are there in this old city who would go down on their knees and thank Armytage and Company for fifteen shillings a week!'

'Many—very many,' said the girl sorrowfully. 'I know that too well. But, grandfather, not one like you—not one who has served a great House for more than fifty years.' She placed her hand upon the long lean hand of her grandfather. 'No,' she continued; 'not so long as you have. And,' she added, 'surely not so faithfully? The House of Armytage and Company—I have often heard you say—place every confidence in you as their head-cashier. Thousands and thousands of pounds in the course of the year pass through your hands: piles of bank-notes, bags and bags of bright sovereigns, have been paid by you into the bank'—

'Ay, ay!' cried the old man, raising straight before him, as though at a vision—'ay, ay! Bright sovereigns—bags and bags of them—bags and bags of bright sovereigns!—ah! how they shine!' While speaking, he rose from his seat, rubbing his hands slowly together and hugging himself, as he had done on his way through the dark street. He began to pace the room, still staring at the vision, and muttering: 'Ay, ay! how they shine!'

Rachel, watching him with a wondering expression, said in a low voice, as if speaking aloud her thoughts rather than addressing her grandfather: 'What a blessing, if only some of those shining sovereigns were ours!'

The old man stopped suddenly, staggering as though he had received a blow, and looked fixedly at the girl. 'What can have put that idea into your head?'

Rachel hung her pretty head as she replied: 'I want them, grandfather, for you! I want to see you placed at your ease.'

The old man was silent. His eyes remained for a moment bent upon the girl's face; then he sat down before the fire, and gradually seemed to fall back into his thoughtful mood, his face wrinkling more deeply, and the nervous movements of his hands answering to the constant plodding of his brain.

Rachel now rose from her seat to clear the table, moving silently about the room. When she had finished, she seated herself at her grandfather's feet, upon the threadbare patch of carpet before the hearth, and raising her eyes to his face, she said: 'You are not angry with me, grandfather, for speaking my mind?'

The old man placed his hand tenderly upon the girl's head. 'No, my child—no. There is nothing in your words to make me angry. But you know little of the world. You think that we are poor. You do not know, Rachel, what poverty is. Does,' he added, with a sudden glance at the girl's face—'does starvation threaten us?'

'Why, no, grandfather.'

'Is there any danger,' he demanded, 'that we shall be turned out of our old home?'

'None, grandfather, that I know of.'

'Then, my dear, do not let us say that we are poor. It sounds as though we were in sight of the workhouse; and that, you know,' he concluded, 'that is not true: no, no—not true.'

These words seemed to pacify the girl; and the two remained silent for a while. Rachel retained her place at the old man's feet, her head drooping on his knee, his hand laid protectingly around her shoulder.

'You are tired, Rachel,' said the old man presently, noticing that her eyes were half-closed with sleep. 'Go, my dear, get to bed. I shall find my way to my room soon. Don't mind me.'

'Shall you stay up, grandfather?' asked Rachel, looking at him with surprise.

'A little while, Rachel—a little while.'

The girl lingered, and looked reluctantly around the room. 'Are you sure you would not like me to stay with you?'

'Quite sure, my dear.—Good-night.'

The girl kissed her grandfather. Deep affection was expressed in her whole demeanour as she bent over him to say good-night. Then she placed a very ancient-looking candlestick on the table and left the room.

When she was gone, a striking change came over the old man—his face became more animated; he was younger in look and manner. Presently, he rose from his seat, with surprising ease for one so old. He stood for a moment in the middle of the room, leaning forward and listening, with keenness and cunning expressed in his eyes. There was not a sound. The street outside, little frequented even during daylight, was silent. The old man lit the candle, blew out the lamp, and went up the old staircase noiselessly. On one side of the landing above there were two rooms—the first the bedchamber of the grandfather, the second that of the girl. Reaching the landing, he entered his room and closed the door very cautiously, and always listening.

The room was grotesquely furnished. In one corner was a large bed, with four black, bare, oaken posts, with spikes, nearly touching the low ceiling. The bed-coverings were neat and clean; and beside the bed was a strip of carpet. But here all appearance of comfort began and ended. The contrast gave to the rest of the room a dreary aspect: the sombre walls, the patched-up window-panes, the uneven floor, suggested nothing beyond abject poverty and decay.

Still in a listening attitude, and frequently

glancing keenly about, as though the fear of being taken by surprise amounted almost to terror, the old man placed the candle on the drawers, and taking a bunch of keys from his pocket, unlocked a cupboard in the wall and took out sundry articles. Firstly, a thick long overcoat, into which he disappeared, leaving only his head visible; secondly, a large fur-cap, which he drew down to his eyebrows and over his ears; thirdly, he brought forth a dark-lantern; this he carefully trimmed, lighted, and closed. These strange proceedings completed, he threw the bedclothes, with evident intention, into some disorder, put out the candle, and left the room. For a moment he stood on the landing, listening at his granddaughter's half-open door. It was dark within her room, and a soft regular breathing, as from one who sleeps, fell upon the old man's ear. Apparently satisfied, he nodded his head slowly; and then he began to descend the dark staircase. Step by step he crept down, casting at intervals a trembling ray of light before him from the lantern which he held in his shaky hand. When he reached the passage, he opened the front-door and went into the night, closing the portal without a sound. As he had come, when his granddaughter stood waiting for him on the doorstep, so he went, hugging himself, and moving with a jerky trot along the silent, lonely way, under the dim lamps fixed in the walls over his head. So he went, like a mysterious, restless shadow. Where? The old city clocks are striking midnight; they awaken echoes in tranquil courts and alleys; their droning tones die out, and break forth again upon the night, as though demanding in their deep monotonous voices—'Where?'

When Rachel arose at an early hour on the following morning, her pretty face expressed no surprise when she found that her grandfather was up and away without awakening her. The same thing had occurred so often in her young life, that although she felt regret at not seeing him at the breakfast-table, she took for granted that the important affairs of the great firm of Armytage and Company had called him away to the counting-house; so she made herself as happy and contented as might be under the circumstances. She lit the fire, breakfasted, and then busied herself about the old house until towards noon, when she sat down by the window in the sitting-room with her work, looking out upon the dismal row. A dismal place, even upon a bright autumn morning. The row faced a plot of waste ground. On this plot there had once stood, in all probability, a row of houses similar to the row in which Rachel and her grandfather lived; but nothing now remained except the foundations of houses, filled with rubbish of every description in the midst of broken bricks. In the centre of the place there was planted a wooden beam with a crossbar, like a gibbet, from which was suspended a lantern, broken and covered with dust. Whether this lantern had ever been lighted, may be doubtful; but that some one had placed it there with the intention of warning people who had some regard for their skins against trespassing after dark, and had afterwards forgotten to light it, is the probable explanation of the matter. Be this as it may, Rachel sat

regarding this scarecrow-looking lamp dreamily, as she had often done, without being conscious that it was there, with the piles of dark houses in the background, when the figure and, more especially, the handsome face of a young man on the opposite side of the street, somehow got in front of the lantern and blotted it out.

As Rachel's eyes met the eyes of the young man, a smile of recognition crossed the girl's face. She threw open the window. 'Good-morning, Mr Tiltcroft.'

To which the young man answered, as he stepped across the road: 'Good-morning, Miss Rachel.'

'Have you come from the counting-house?'

'Yes; I'm on my "rounds," you know, as usual,' replied the young man; 'and happening by mere accident to be passing this way on matters of business for Armytage and Company, I thought it would scarcely be polite to go by the house of Silas Monk without inquiring after the health of Miss Monk, his grand-daughter.'

'You are very kind. Won't you come in?'

The young man willingly assented. The girl opened the front-door, and they went in together, and sat down side by side near the fire.

'You have always been such a kind friend to my grandfather and to me, Walter,' said the girl, 'that although it may seem strange to you that I should put the question I am going to ask, still I am sure you will believe I have a good reason for doing so. Tell me, if you can, why it is that my grandfather, who has served the House of Armytage and Company so many years—so many, many years,' she repeated with emphasis, 'and so faithfully too, should receive so paltry a salary? Can you explain it?'

The young man looked up with some surprise expressed in his frank eyes. 'Paltry, Rachel?' asked he. 'I call it princely!'

A look of disappointment, even of regret, came into the girl's face. 'That is what grandfather says. He talks as though he thought it princely too. He always reminds me, when I mention the subject, that there are hundreds of poor clerks in this old city of London who would be only too glad if they could make sure of a like remuneration.'

'So I should think,' cried the young man, laughing. 'Why, Rachel, if I had a salary half as large as your grandfather, I'd ask you to marry me to-morrow!'

'Be serious, please.'

'So I am serious! What astonishes me is, that Silas Monk, with the fine salary—in my opinion, very fine salary—which he draws from Armytage and Company, should live in a back street like this. It's downright incomprehensible!'

'What can you mean?' The girl uttered the words in a hurried voice, as though a sudden thought had crossed her mind. She placed her hand upon Walter's arm and said: 'Don't speak!'

What troubled her was the discovery that her grandfather had deceived her. There was no truth in what he had led her to believe about their intense poverty. They were perhaps rich, and had been for years, while she had remained in ignorance of the fact. What was his object in concealing this from her? She could not doubt that it was a good one. He knew the world and



all the horrors of poverty; how often he had spoken of that! He wished to leave her in a position of independence; and doubtless he had the intention of telling her this secret as an agreeable surprise.

'Walter,' said she, looking up into the youth's face after this pause, 'you must think me strangely discontented to speak as I have just done of Armytage and Company. I value my grandfather's services to the firm perhaps far too high. But he was a clerk in the House before the oldest living partner was born. No salary, not even the offer of a share in the business, would seem to me more than he merits.'

'Exactly what we all say in the office,' replied Walter. 'But then, you know, five hundred a year is not so bad. I shall think myself lucky if I ever get within two hundred of it—I shall indeed.'

Could she be dreaming? Five hundred pounds a year! Ever since her earliest childhood, she had implicitly believed that fifteen shillings a week was the amount her grandfather earned—not a farthing more.

Rachel rose from her seat and went to the window. Her perplexity was too great to allow her, without betraying it, to utter a word. Yet she wished to speak; she wanted to question Walter in a hundred ways. There were perhaps other mysteries—at least so she began to think—which he might assist her to solve. Calming herself as best she could, she turned to him, and said: 'Can you stay a moment longer? There is something I should like to know about my grandfather.'

'There are many things, Rachel, that I should like to know,' said the young man, laughing. 'Many things that most of us at the office would like to know about the dear, eccentric, old fellow!—Well, Rachel, what is it?'

The girl, hesitating a moment, replied: 'One thing puzzles me greatly—why is grandfather kept so very late every evening at the office?'

Walter Tilteroft looked round quickly. 'What do you call late, Rachel?'

'Ten o'clock, eleven, sometimes midnight.'

'No one remains after six.'

'No one?' asked the girl—'not even grandfather?'

'That,' replied the young man, 'no one knows. He is always the last. He locks up the place. He is First Lord of the Treasury. He looks after the cash: he stays to see that all is safe in the strong-room. That has been his office for years. He is, some of them think, getting too old for the post. But that's a matter for the partners to settle. He is still hale and hearty. There is, therefore, no reason why he should be superseded—at least, none that I can see.'

'But surely, Walter, the mere matter of locking up the strong-room cannot occupy grandfather from six o'clock until even ten, much less until midnight.'

'That's the mystery,' said the young man thoughtfully.

Rachel clasped her hands and turned her pale face towards Walter. 'What you tell me, makes me very anxious,' said she. 'Indeed, I know not why, but I begin to be seriously alarmed. What can all this mean?'

'What, indeed? That's the mystery,' repeated

the young man, in a still more meditative tone.

'Then again, Walter, I cannot understand why grandfather leaves home for the counting-house, as he tells me, at five o'clock in the morning. Can that be necessary?'

'Oh, no, no! The hours are from nine till six,' cried Walter. 'But at what hour Silas Monk arrives, no one knows, or ever did know. We always find him seated at his desk in the morning when we come, just as we leave him there when we go in the evening.—Do you know, Rachel,' added Walter, 'if I was ignorant of the fact that he had his home and this little house-keeper, I should be disposed to agree with the fellows at the office who declare Silas Monk haunts the counting-house all night long.'

Rachel started. These words, uttered by the young man half in jest, brought thoughts into the girl's head which had never entered there before.

'Good-bye, Rachel,' said Walter. 'Armytage and Company will be wondering what has become of me.'

The lovers went together to the front-door, where Walter hastily took his leave. He looked back, however, more than once, as he went down the street, and saw Rachel standing on the doorstep watching him. So, when he reached the corner, he waved his hand to her, and then plunged into the busy thoroughfare.

## SEALS AND SEAL-HUNTING IN SHETLAND.

'BY A SHETLANDER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THERE are but two species of seal permanently resident on our coasts—the Common Seal (*Phoca vitulina*) and the Great Seal (*Phoca barbata*). The Greenland seal has occasionally been seen in Shetland, and even shot; but these were only stragglers, not improbably floated far southward on small icebergs or floes of ice from the Arctic regions. The two species named, the common and the great seal, are very much alike in appearance, and not easily distinguished by a casual observer; but a Shetlander who has frequent, if not constant, opportunities of seeing them, is never at a loss to recognise them. In many respects, especially in their habits, they are distinguished by well-marked characteristics. The common seal is called in Shetland *Tang-fish*—that is, shore or bay seal; and the great seal is vernacularly the *Haff-fish*, or ocean seal. The male and female of both species are distinguished by the prefix 'Bull' and 'She'—*Bull-fish*, *She-fish*.

The common seal is gregarious, and appears to be polygamous. In herds of from ten to a hundred they frequent the small uninhabited islands, holms, and skerries, where the tideways are strong, but the ocean swell not great; and they do not seem to stray far from such favourite haunts, resting for several hours each day from the commencement of the ebb-tide on small outlying rocks, or stony beaches on the lee-side of the little islets, but almost always in such a position as to command a pretty extensive view, in case of surprise. Their food consists chiefly of pillocks

and sillocks—vernacular for the young of the saithe or of the coal-fish—small cod, flounders, and crustacea. In June, they bring forth their young, never more than one at a birth, and in the same season, on the low flat rocks close to the sea, and immediately lead them to the water, where they seem at once perfectly at home, disporting themselves amongst the waves with ease and grace equal to their seniors. For some time previous to this, the sexes separate into different herds; and during the two succeeding months in which they suckle their young, the females affect a somewhat solitary life. After that, they again become indiscriminately gregarious. The adult common seal sometimes attains the size of six feet, measured from the point of the nose to the end of the tail. It is obviously a mistake to measure to the end of the hind flippers, as is sometimes done. The males are considerably larger than the females, but I have never seen one exceeding six feet.

On the other hand, the haff-fish grows sometimes to eight or nine feet, and such venerable ocean patriarchs will weigh from six to seven hundredweight. This species is much less numerous than the tang-fish. They appear to be monogamous, and are not gregarious, being commonly met with in pairs. They frequent the wildest and most exposed of the outlying rocks and skerries along the coast where there is free and immediate access to the ocean, and are very seldom seen in the bays or amongst the islands, which are the haunts of their less robust congeners. They seem to luxuriate in the roughest sea, and delight to sport in the broken water and foam at the foot of steep rocks and precipices when the waves are dashing against them. They bring forth their young in caves, open to the sea—called in Shetland *hellyers*. These *hellyers* are natural tunnels in the lofty precipices, running or winding inwards, sometimes two hundred yards, into darkness, and generally terminating in a stony or pebbly beach. Some of these *hellyers* can be entered by a small boat, but only when the sea is perfectly smooth; others are too narrow for such a mode of access; and the openings to others are entirely under water.

It is in these wild and for the most part safe retreats that the female haff-fish, about the end of September or beginning of October, brings forth her young; and here she nurses it for about six weeks, all the time carefully and affectionately attended by her lord and master. Not till the baby haff-fish is nearly two months old does it take to the water. If thrown in at an earlier age, it is as awkward as a pup or kitten in similar circumstances, and does not seem to have the power of diving. In these respects, the two species differ markedly. Nor is the haff-fish so often seen basking on the rocks; and when he does take a rest on shore, he does not appear to mind what is the state of the tide or wind. But probably his usual and favourite resting and sleeping place is his *hellyer*, where he will feel secure from intrusion. His principal food is cod, ling, saithe, halibut, and conger-eel. Both species are exceedingly voracious, but can endure a very long abstinence. A tame one we once had never tasted food for three weeks before he died. They always feed in the water, never on land, tearing large pieces off their

fishy prey, and swallowing it without almost any mastication. They do not migrate, but remain in the vicinity of their breeding-places throughout the year. Formerly, seals' flesh used to be eaten by the natives of Shetland, but not now. I have eaten a part of a seal's heart, and found it by no means unpalatable. It was offered to me as a special delicacy by an old gentleman who could not have been induced to taste a crab or lobster. By-the-bye, why is it Shetlanders won't eat these delicious crustacea? I once put the question to an old fisherman, and his reply was: 'They're unkirsn—they eat the human,' meaning the dead bodies of sailors and fishermen. (Unkirsn is the vernacular for unclean, in the sense of being unfit for food.)

I believe seals' flesh is still sometimes salted and eaten by the Faroese and Icelanders; but if one may judge from the very strong coal-tarry smell of the carcass, it cannot be particularly savoury. It is different, however, with whale-flesh, that of the bottlenose at least. Shetlanders don't eat it; but the Faroese do, and esteem it highly. I remember, many years ago, being in Thorshavn shortly after a shoal of about twelve hundred bottlenoses had been driven ashore, and the houses of the little town were all covered with long festoons of whale-flesh hung up to dry and harden in the sun. The natives call it *grind*, and regard it as excellent, palatable, and nutritious food. I ate some of it. It looked and tasted very much like good coarse-grained beef, and had no unpleasant, fishy, or blubbery flavour.

Seal-hunting is splendid sport—superior, I confidently affirm, to every other species of sport in this country at least, not excepting deer-stalking and fox-hunting. The game is a noble animal, large, powerful, exceedingly sagacious, intensely keen of sight and hearing, suspicious, shy, and wary. You have to seek him amid the wildest and grandest scenery, where you will sometimes encounter danger of various kinds. To be a successful seal-hunter you must be acquainted with the habits of the animal. You must be cool and cautious, yet prompt and fertile in expedients, a good stalker, a good boatman, and a good cragsman; and you must be at once a quick and a steady shot. It is not enough to strike a seal; you must shoot him with a bullet through the brain, and thus kill him instantly, or you will in all probability never see him again. He may be lying basking on a rock within forty yards of you; you may put a bullet through his body; he plunges into the sea and disappears. But a seal's head is not a large object at any considerable distance; and if he is swimming, you have probably only a part of his head in view. If you are in a boat, your stance is more or less unsteady, however smooth the sea may be. Then, however close he may be to you, it is needless to fire, if, as is usually the case, he is looking at you; for he is quite as expert as most of the diving sea-birds in 'diving on the fire,' or rather throwing his head to a side with a sudden spring and splash. Further, if you kill him in the water, the chances are at least equal that he instantly sinks, fathoms deep, amongst great rocks covered with seaweed, where dredging is out of the question; and other expedients that may be tried, equally, in nine

cases out of ten, fail. At other times, however, a seal shot in the water will float like a buoy. It is not very clear why one seal should float and another sink. It is certainly not referable to the condition of the animal. Fat seals sink as readily as lean ones; and lean seals float as readily as fat ones. Probably they float or sink according as their lungs are or are not inflated with air at the moment they receive their death-wound.

Besides a thoroughly trustworthy weapon, the seal-hunter requires to provide himself with a 'waterglass,' a 'clam,' and a stout rod twelve to twenty feet long, with a ling-hook firmly lashed to the end of it, making a sort of gaff. These are for use in the event of a seal sinking. The waterglass is simply a box or tub with a pane of glass for its bottom. Placed on the surface of the water, it obviates the disturbing effect of the ripple. Looking through it with a great-coat or piece of cloth thrown over the head after the manner of photographers, you can see down as far as sixty feet if the water is pretty clear; and even to a hundred feet or thereby if it is very clear. The 'clam' is an enormous species of forceps, with jaws of from two to three feet width when open. Two stout lines are attached—one for lowering the clam with open jaws; the other for closing the blades over a dead seal that, by help of the water-glass, has been discovered lying at the bottom, and hauling him to the surface. Many a seal is secured in this way, which, but for these simple appliances, would inevitably be lost. The long-handled gaff is used for raising a seal that may have sunk in very shallow water where the rod can reach him, and sometimes is found very useful when he is just beginning to sink, if you have shot him from your boat. For a few seconds after being shot, he usually floats. Instantly, you pull up to him, but find him sinking slowly—only as yet, however, a foot or two beneath the surface. You at once and easily gaff him, and then he is safe enough.

The largest haff-fish I ever shot I lost from not having a seal-gaff in the boat. I was not seal-hunting, but shooting sea-fowl along the lofty precipices on the east side of Burracath, in the island of Unst. Suddenly a big haff-fish bobbed up close to the boat, but instantly disappeared with a tremendous splash. Seals are very inquisitive animals; and as he had not had time to gratify his curiosity, I thought it very likely he might show face again. We always carried two or three bullets in our pocket, to be prepared for such chances. One of these I quickly wrapped round in paper and rammed home above the shot, with which my fowling-piece—a long, single-barrelled American duck-gun—was charged. Again selkie broke the surface of the water, this time at a more respectful distance, but still within easy range. After taking a good look at the boat, and at me doubtless, who just then covered him with the sights, he turned fairly round and gave a contemptuous sniff of his nose skywards, preparatory to making off. Fatal and unusual hardihood; it cost him his life, for just then I pulled the trigger, and sent the bullet through his head. I was in the bows of the boat. 'Pull men, pull hard!' I shouted. As we came up to him, I saw he was beginning to sink. A rod

there was in the boat, but it had no hook at the end. I seized it, and stretching forward, got it under him, and raised him close to the surface. I tried to keep him up, but he slipped and slipped several times, and at last sank. I could have secured him easily enough, had there been a hook on the end of the rod. The water was very deep, and not clear; and although I spent that evening and the next day searching for him with the usual appliances, I was unsuccessful. All these conditions, contingencies, and uncertainties make the sport of seal-hunting surpassingly exciting and captivating.

## OVER-EDUCATING CHILDREN.

A SINGULAR question has arisen within the last few months in reference to the education of young children in our public and National Schools, and that is the somewhat startling query: Is not the present system of 'cramming' very young children not only inexpedient, but dangerous to brain and life, in trying to force too much 'book-learning' into small minds ill fitted for its reception? Many thoughtful people have of late given much attention to this interesting question; but the whole subject has at last been forced upon the notice of the public in a manner as tragic as it was unexpected. Two young children have lately suffered miserable deaths in consequence of over-work, in other words, over-education. One of these children, in the delirium of brain-fever, continually cried out, with every expression of pain and distress: 'I can't do it—I can't do it!' alluding, of course, to the difficult sum or long lesson which had been given her; and so the poor little overtaxed brain gave way, fever set in, and death speedily put an end to her sufferings.

Now this is very sad, and surely need not, and ought not, to be even possible. To put a higher and better class of education than was meted out to our forefathers within the reach of all, is one of the grandest systems of the present enlightened age—a system to which no sane person could possibly object. But even this blessing may be overdone, through the indiscreet zeal of teachers, until it becomes a curse, instead of what it really ought to be, a blessing. The body of man, acted on by the unerring laws of Nature, plainly rebels against all overdoing, whether it be in food, drink, exercise, heat or cold, and clearly indicates a limit—'Thus far, and no farther.' So it is with the brain. Children are not all constituted alike, and it is certain that all should not be treated in the same manner in the training either of their bodies or their minds. One boy will develop great muscular strength, and distinguish himself in athletic games and gymnasium practice. But will it be pretended because A and B can do this to their advantage, that C and D, who do not possess the physical requisites, should also be compelled to go through the same course? What must be the consequence? An utter breakdown. So is it with the mental organisation; a point which seems to be the last thing that many teachers take the trouble to study, or even to think of. All the children who attend the school—to use a homely but truthful saying—must be 'tared with the same brush,' no matter what their capacity or ability. The weak sensitive

mind, lacking both ready intelligence and quick perception, is to be 'crammed' and overdosed with learning for the reception of which it is unfitted; whilst no allowance is made for want of ability. And all this in obedience to the Revised Code of the Education Department, the principles of which have been denounced as not seldom producing more evil than good, and serving only to degrade the higher aims of true education. The consequences of this system, when it is overdone, are that the mind gives way, and brain-fever and death are the painful results. As far as the public have heard as yet, only two deaths of children have been recorded as having been produced by over-pressure of the brain in schools; but it is not improbable that if two have occurred in this way, that these are by no means all. It is also possible that a child may sicken and die from this overwork without its parents at all suspecting the real cause.

The question is now fairly before the public; and a large and influential meeting was held on the 27th of March last in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury, 'to protest against the existing over-pressure in elementary schools.' The most remarkable resolution was moved by Dr Forbes Winslow, a gentleman who, from his great professional experience, was well able to give a fair opinion on a question of brain-work and brain-pressure. This resolution was to the effect: 'That, in the opinion of this meeting, a serious amount of over-pressure, injurious to the health and education of the people, exists in the public elementary schools of the country, and demands the continued and serious attention of Her Majesty's government.' The resolution then goes on to condemn the Revised Code, adding, that 'if the recent changes even alleviate, they will not remove, this over-pressure.'

Other resolutions passed at this meeting also referred to the excessive brain-pressure exercised in schools, and deprecated the Code generally, especially the inelastic conditions under which the Education grant is administered, the excessive demands of the Code itself, and the defects of inspection. The system of 'classification' was also severely condemned by one speaker, who added these remarkable words: 'Ingenious cruelty could not have provided a more ruinous system than that of payment by results. All the children were ground upon the same grindstone, without reference to their capacity; and accordingly as they were ground up or ground down to the very same level, so was the percentage of public money handed over.' It was also insisted that teachers should classify according to ability, and not merely according to age; a wise and salutary suggestion, which, if carried out, would undoubtedly save much useless over brain-work, for it would follow that, where a child was found to be of a low order of intellect, cramming and over-pressure would be futile, and therefore not attempted, as being simply loss of time. But where children are placed according to age only in one particular class, it follows that all constituting that class—dull or bright—are to be crammed exactly alike, whether they can bear it or not, and the consequence must be that whilst the intelligent advance rapidly, the stupid break down entirely. Such a system, added to the principle of payment by results, can be productive of nothing but disaster.

The question has recently been before both Houses of Parliament; but Mr Stanley Leighton unfortunately lost his motion by a majority of forty-nine. His motion was to the effect, that children under seven should not be presented for examination—that greater liberty should be given to teachers to classify according to abilities and acquirements, and not age only—and that a large share of the grant should depend on attendance, and a smaller upon individual examinations. Mr Leighton concluded by saying that 'the existing over-pressure was killing not only children, but teachers as well.'

As this important subject has at length been fairly ventilated, it will probably not be allowed to drop until something has been attempted to modify and re-arrange much that now exists in the objectionable Revised Code. Nothing, however, will accomplish this much-desired result but agitation and pressure in the right quarters, and public opinion must make itself both heard and felt.

## GAS COOKING-STOVES.

BY AN ANALYTICAL CHEMIST.

A SHORT time ago, it was feared that the electric light would quickly and entirely supersede gas as an illuminating agent; and whether it eventually did so or not, there was no doubt that in the future it would prove a formidable rival. Those who were most interested in gas, foreseeing the inevitable change, whilst improving the positions they occupied so prominently and so long, sought new fields for the application of gas, in which they might hold their own, and probably more than their own, against the conquering rival. The application of gas to cooking purposes was one of the results, and, as experience has since proved, was a very useful and beneficial one. The writer has had a gas cooking-stove for some time in his possession, and offers, therefore, for the benefit of others the results of personal experience.

The gas-flame used in gas cooking-stoves differs essentially from the ordinary gas-flame used for lighting purposes. It is necessary to bear this in mind, for some persons object to gas-cooking because they are only acquainted with gas in the form used for illumination, in which it is capable of giving off so much soot and other objectionable products of combustion. In the gas cooking-flame the combustion is more perfect, and consequently the temperature is very much higher, so that by this simple change an extraordinary saving of gas is effected, while the objectionable products before mentioned are almost entirely eliminated. To effect this change, all that is necessary is to mix the gas with a sufficient quantity of air before it reaches the flame, and to subdivide the flame itself. This mixture of gas and air has been for a long period in use for heating purposes in the laboratory of the chemist under the form of the Bunsen burner, and also in the blowpipe, and is almost indispensable to him.

The advantages which gas possesses over coal and peat for cooking purposes may be summed up as follow: (1) It is always ready, and can be turned on and off in a moment; (2) It is

very clean, deposits no soot if properly lighted ; (3) The heat can be regulated to the requirements of the occasion ; (4) It requires no attention ; (5) It is cheap and economical ; (6) It preserves the flavour of meat ; and (7) It saves time and labour.

Any person who considers the amount of labour and time expended in connection with ordinary fires—the comparative difficulty of lighting them—the frequent attention necessary to maintain them, and the waste of fuel when not in use—the amount of soot they discharge about the compartment, and deposit, more particularly in open stoves, on the utensils used in cooking—the absence of any means by which the heat can be properly regulated—cannot fail to be convinced that coal for cooking purposes has a great rival in gas. That gas is economical cannot for a moment be disputed, even when the question of labour is not included. Of course the comparison will vary in different localities ; but wherever the price of gas is in proportion to the price of coal—that is to say, wherever no exceptionally high price is charged for the cost of manufacturing gas—the cost of cooking by the latter will compare favourably with that of coal. A few figures taken from actual trial will make this clear. A ton of Wallsend coals in London costs twenty-six shillings, and will feed a small kitchen stove for two months ; making the charge thirteen shillings a month. To this must be added one shilling a month for firewood, which costs in London three shillings and sixpence per hundred bundles. This amounts to fourteen shillings a month. The cost of gas for doing the same amount of cooking amounts, at three shillings per thousand cubic feet, to, say, fourpence a day, or ten shillings a month ; to which eightpence a month for rent of gas-stove has to be added. This amounts to ten shillings and eightpence ; making the saving per month upwards of three shillings. Where stoves can be had for hire from the Gas Companies—and they can now be had from most Companies—hiring is cheaper than purchase. Moreover, the Company keep them in repair without extra cost.

The advantages of gas are felt chiefly in summer, when coal-fires are not only not required for heating purposes, but when kept lighted all day, are positively objectionable ; and to the workers in the kitchen almost intolerable. The atmosphere of a kitchen where gas is used at this season contrasts strongly in temperature with that of one in which coal is burned. When coal-fires are kept up only for the preparation of each meal, the cost of relighting is somewhat considerable.

There are many objections offered to the use of gas for cooking. It is very commonly said that an offensive smell is imparted to the victuals cooked by gas—that gas is really more costly in the end—and that the statements made by gas and gas-stove manufacturers in respect to working cost are lower than can be obtained in practice. If the stove be a good one, the victuals are generally better cooked than by the ordinary method ; there is no objectionable smell, and no objectionable taste. The flavour of meat roasted or baked in a good stove is superior, because it can be done quickly, and is not allowed to toughen, as frequently happens before

a low kitchen fire. That gas is not more costly than coals is proved by the figures given above.

We will conclude by saying a few words about stoves. It should be seen that means are provided for supplying a sufficient quantity of air for admixture with the gas before it reaches the flame. The air is admitted through a number of holes or slits opening into the tube through which the gas passes, and in rushing forward under pressure the gas draws the air with it into the flame. To realise a maximum amount of heat out of a given quantity of gas, it is necessary to add to it a definite proportion of air. When the gas rushes rapidly towards the flame, a greater quantity of air is drawn in through the orifices provided for that purpose than when the gas passes more slowly. This to a certain extent regulates the supply of air ; but it sometimes happens that too much or too little air is admitted. A small quantity of gas passing through the pipe cannot exercise the force necessary to create a partial vacuum into which the air would be drawn, and as a consequence, the heat derived from the flame is far below what might be expected—in short, it ceases wholly or partially to be a blue flame, and becomes a luminous and comparatively cold, or perhaps a smoky one. The other provision is made for the proper control of the supply of air ; and since an excess is the lesser of the two evils, it is wiser to adopt the precaution of having holes or slits in the pipe large enough to admit a sufficient quantity of air. The larger the oven or roaster, the more convenient it will be. This oven should be provided with movable 'grids' or trays, and should have one metal tray for the reflection of heat, by which the tops of pies, &c., may be browned ; and also with a ventilator, to allow the gases to escape. A gas-stove with a small oven, or with one divided into a number of parts without the means of being enlarged, will be found very inconvenient if it is required to roast a large joint.

#### A BUTTERFLY IN THE CITY.

FAIR creature of a few short sunny hours,  
Sweet guileless fay,  
Whence fittest thou, from what bright world of flowers,  
This summer day ?

What quiet Eden of melodious song,  
What wild retreat,  
Desertest thou for this impatient throng,  
This crowded street ?

Why didst thou quit thy comrades of the grove  
And meadows green ?  
What Fate untoward urges thee to rove  
Through this strange scene ?

Have nectared roses lost their power to gain  
Thy fond caress ?  
Do woodbine blooms, with lofty scorn, disdain  
Thy loveliness ?

Oh, hie thee to the fragrant country air  
And liberty !  
The city is the home of toil and care—  
No place for thee !

EDWIN C. SMALES.

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## ST MARGUERITE AND ST HONORÂT.

### THE HOLY ISLES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

A MELANCHOLY interest is lent just now to the name of St Marguerite by the fact that the last public act of the lamented Duke of Albany was to sign a petition protesting against the sale of that island. The thrilling tale of 'the man with the iron mask,' which used to be a favourite in school-books, has since our childish days enveloped the little island for us in a halo of mystery and awe. St Marguerite and its companion island of St Honorât lie, like twin gems of ocean, in the Golfe de Frejus, and form a romantic point in the seaward view from Cannes; and among all the excursions which can be made from that delightful centre, none is more charming than a sail to the islands. Tradition tells us that they were first colonised by a noble young knight from the land of the Gauls, who in the early ages of Christianity embraced its tenets, and with a chosen band of friends, sought a retreat from the sinful world in this distant islet. He had one sister, the fair Marguerite, who loved him as her very life, and who was so inconsolable for his loss, that she followed him to his retreat in the southern sea. As Honorât and his brother-ascetics had vowed themselves to solitude, he could not allow his sister to take up her abode with him; but in compliance with her urgent desires, found a home for her in the neighbouring island, now known by her name of Marguerite. Yet this was only granted on the condition that he should never see her but when the almond tree should blossom. The time of waiting was very dreary to the lonely Marguerite, and with sighings and tears she assailed all the saints, till the almond tree miraculously blossomed once a month, and her poor heart was made glad by the sight of her beloved brother!

A little coasting-steamer plies daily between Cannes and the islands; and passengers land at a little pier near the fortress, which is built on steep cliffs at the eastern extremity of the island.

Like the old castles of Edinburgh and Stirling, it is in itself no very imposing building, and owes its strength and its romantic air solely to the rocky cliffs on which it is perched, and to the interesting associations which cluster around it.

It was a lovely day in April, like one of our most delicious midsummer days, that we went with some French friends to visit the islands. The water of the Mediterranean is so limpid that we could look down through fathoms of it to the sand and see the shells and seaweed. It is of such a true sapphire blue, that surely Tennyson must have had memories of it and not of the gray North Sea when he spoke of the

Shining, sapphire spangled marriage ring of the land.

The view of the coast, looking backwards, as the boat nears St Marguerite, is splendid: Cannes basking in the sweet sunshine, lying in a white semicircle around the bay, and climbing up the hills behind, with the gray olive groves making a silvery haze to tone down the brilliant colours. In the distance, the dazzling white peaks of the Maritime Alps form a noble background; while the picture is bounded on the west by the sierralike range of the Esterel Hills, painted against the skyline in vivid blues and purples. Landing at the little stone pier, we went up the causewayed road to the fort, which, with its whitewashed walls and red-tiled roof, is built around a wide stone court. Here we found the guide waiting, an old *cantinière*, very ugly, but proportionately loud and eloquent—a very different being from the pretty *vivandière* of comic operas. She carried us along a narrow passage to the dungeon where the unhappy 'Masque de fer' spent fourteen long years of hopeless confinement. It is closed by double doors of iron; the walls are of great thickness; and four rows of grating protect the little window. From this cell the prisoner was sometimes permitted egress to walk along the narrow corridor, at the end of which is a niche in the wall, which in his time held a sacred image. The 'Masque de fer' was never seen

without his iron veil, even by the governor of the prison; it was so curiously fitted as to permit of his eating with ease. He was treated with all the deference due to a royal personage; all the dishes and appurtenances of his table were of silver; the governor waited on him personally; but one day the prisoner succeeded in eluding his vigilance so far as to write an appeal for help on a silver plate and throw it over the precipice on which this part of the fortress stands. As the well-known story tells, a fisherman found it, and brought it at once to the governor, who turned pale and trembled on reading what was scratched thereon. 'Can you read, my friend?' he said. 'No,' answered the fisherman. 'Thank God for that, for you should have paid for your knowledge with your life!' He dismissed him with the gift of a gold-piece, and the caution to preserve a prudent silence as to what had passed.

When the governor communicated the attempt to headquarters in Paris, orders came for the prisoner to be removed to the Bastille. After some years of close confinement, he died there, and was buried in his mask; and the governor of the Bastille, who knew the secret of his august prisoner's name, died without divulging it. And thus ended the tale in the old school-books: 'The identity of the "Masque de fer" must remain for ever a mystery.' But it was no mystery to our old *vivandière*, or indeed to any of the French people who were listening to the story of his woes; for, in surprise at our ignorance, they all exclaimed: 'Don't you know that he was the *frère aîné* [elder brother] of Louis XIV.?' He was considered too weak in mind to govern France, and was therefore always kept in seclusion, till an attempt which was made to bring him forward was the cause of his being condemned to the life-long prison and the iron mask.

A very queer old gilded seat like an old Roman curule chair is shown in the chapel as that used by the 'Masque de fer.'

To this fortress, also, Marshal Bazaine was sent as a prisoner, after what the French call his 'betrayal of Metz.' The places where he and his family—who were permitted to follow him to the island—used to sit in the tiny chapel were pointed out to us; also the terrace-walk where he was allowed to promenade, unguarded, in the evenings; and the rock down which he escaped, by means of a rope-ladder, to the little boat which his wife had arranged to be in waiting below. Of course, it is said that Macmahon connived at his escape, not wishing his old comrade to be tried by a court-martial, which he knew would inevitably condemn him. He sent him to a sham imprisonment in this pleasant island, till the first wild wrath of the people of France against him had cooled down. A Frenchman told us that he now lives at ease in Spain, having saved his fortune from the wreck, but *tout déshonoré* in the eyes of France!

From St Marguerite we crossed in less than half an hour to the smaller island of St Honorât, now the property of the Cistercian order of monks. The shore is fringed with the beautiful stone-pines which are so conspicuous on the Riviera and in some parts of Italy. The first object which strikes one on landing is a large new archway, made probably as the gateway for a future avenue; behind it, at some distance, lie the church and monastery. On a promontory at the western end of the island stands an old ruined monastery of the thirteenth century. It is very like the style of architecture of some of the old castles in Scotland. There is a fine triforium in it with Gothic arches. In the refectory we saw on a raised platform at the side the arch for the lectern, from which it was the duty of a monk to read to his brethren while at their meals. The view from the tower is magnificent: the deep blue sea stretches to the southern horizon; the snowy line of the Alpes Maritimes bounds the northern; on the right, the white waves break in feathery foam on the Cap d'Antibes; while the purple Esterels, with the jagged summit of Mont Vinaigrier, lie to the left; and Cannes, with its picturesque old town on the hill of Mont Chevalier, and its modern wings spreading far and wide, fills up the middle distance. Since the young St Honorât sought a retreat here from the world in the fifth century, this island has been usually held by monks, although it was often ravaged by the Saracens. The ruins of the oldest monastery are within the present cloisters. At a little booth outside the monastic walls we found an English monk, who was deputed to sell photographs of the island and the ruins, and to make himself agreeable to the visitors. He told us that he had been in the Grande Chartreuse, near Grenoble; but as his health was not strong enough to bear the keen air on those rocky heights, he had been sent to spend the winter in this convent of the sunny south. In his youth he had been stationed in Edinburgh, and was much interested in speaking of it and hearing of the changes which had taken place there.

During the past century, St Honorât's isle has passed through strange phases. First of all, a Parisian *comédienne* bought it, meaning to build a summer villa there; then tiring of it, she sold it to a Protestant clergyman. When it came again into the market, the Cistercians bought it, built the new monastery, and settled a congregation of their order in it. The Cistercian rule is not so severe as that of the Trappists, but still, they are not allowed to speak except during the hours of recreation and on Sunday. The lay brother who showed us round told us he had a dispensation to speak, as he was told off to the post of cicerone for that day. He said it was a very happy life, as tranquil and blessed as in Paradise; and truly his face beamed with heavenly light and peace. One of our company was a gentleman from Grenoble, who came in the hope of seeing a young friend who had lately joined the order. He hoped even to get some of us invited to the 'parloir' to speak with him. Alas! the young monk would not even see his old friend, but sent him a tender greeting, and thanks for his kindness in coming. The English 'father' said he did this of his own accord, fearing to be

disturbed by old associations from his hardly won tranquillity. However that might be, we had to bid adieu to St Honorât without seeing the young recluse.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—HER PROBLEM.

MADGE in her own room; but it was evening and almost quite dark, so that it was not at all like the pretty chamber which it appeared to be in the bright sunshine of an autumn morning. Can there be any sympathy between the atmosphere and our feelings? There must be. A bright day helps us to meet sorrow bravely; a dull, dark day makes sorrow our master: we bow our heads and groan because nature seems to have entered into a conspiracy against us. The strong will may fling aside this atmospheric depression, but the effort is needed: whereas when the sun shines, even the weak can lift their heads and say without faltering: 'Let me know the worst.'

Madge held in her hand a letter—the same which Wrentham had seen on Beecham's desk, and of which he made due report to Mr Hadleigh. She knew well where to find the matches and candle, and yet she stood in that deep gloom looking at the window, as if she were interested in the invisible prospect on which it opened.

It is not instinct, but a telegraphic association of ideas which makes us hesitate to open particular letters. That was her case. And yet, if her face could have been seen in that gloom, no sign of fear would have been found upon it; only a wistful sadness—the expression of one who feels that some revelation of the inevitable is near.

After the pause, she quietly lit the candle, and, without drawing down the blind, seated herself by the window. Then, as methodically as if it had been only one of Uncle Dick's business letters, she cut the envelope and spread the paper on her lap. She was very pale just then, for there was no message from Beecham; only this inclosure of an old letter, which seemed to have been much handled, and of which the writing had become indistinct.

There were only a few lines on the paper. She looked at the name at the foot of them, and raised it to her lips, reverently.

'Poor mother!' was her sigh, and she laid the letter gently on her lap again, whilst she looked dreamily into the gloom outside.

Should she read it? He had left her to answer that question for herself. Yes; she would read, for there were so few words, that there could be no breach of faith in scanning them. Moreover, the letter had been sent to her for that purpose by the man who had received it, and who, therefore, had the right to submit it to her.

There was no need to raise any great question of conscience in the matter; the words were so simple that they might have been written by a mother to a child. No passion, no forced sentiment, no 'make-believe' of any kind. Only this pathetic cry:

'Dear Austin, do not go away. I am filled with fear by what thou hast said to me about

the vessel. I know it is wrong, since God is with us everywhere, and I am ashamed of this weakness. But thou art so dear, and—— I pray thee, Austin, do not go away.'

Then followed in the middle of the page the simple name:

'Lucy.'

This was what she might have written to Philip, and had not. It was all so simple and so like her own experience, with the difference that the lover had not gone away. Few daughters are allowed to know the history of their mothers' love affairs, and there are fewer still who, when they hear them, can regard them as anything more than commonplace sketches of life, which they pass aside as they turn over the leaves of a portfolio.

But to Madge!——

What did all this mean? That, with the best intentions, she was entering into a conspiracy against the man she loved, and her mother was invoked as the inspiration of the conspiracy!

Sitting there, the candle flickering in the strange draughts which came from nowhere, the gloom outside growing quite black, and the shadows in the little room growing huge and threatening, Madge was trying to read the riddle of her very awkward position.

A sharp knock at the door, one of those knocks which impudent and inconsiderate females give when they have no particular message to convey, and resent the necessity of carrying it.

'A man in the oak parlour wants to see you, if you ben't too busy.'

Madge passed her fingers over the aching head. She could not guess who the man might be, but presumed that he was one of Uncle Dick's customers.

She found Mr Beecham in the oak parlour. This was the first time he had been under the roof of Willowmere. He and Madge were conscious of the singularity of the meeting-place.

'I trust, Miss Heathcote, you are not annoyed with me for coming here,' he said softly. 'I did not mean to do so; but it occurred to me, after despatching that letter, you might require a few words of explanation. At first, my intention was to say nothing; but on consideration, it seemed to me unfair to leave you without help in answering the disagreeable questions which the situation suggests.'

Madge still had the letter in her hand; the tears were still in her eyes. She tried to wipe them away, but still they would force their presence on the lids. That was the real Madge—tender, considerate to others beyond measure.

'Oh, if'——

Here the superficial Madge claimed supremacy, and took the management of the whole interview in hand. Calm almost to coldness, clear in speech and vision almost to the degree of severity, she spoke:

'I have considered all that you have said to me, and I do not like the position in which you have placed me. I gave you my word that I should be silent, believing that no harm could follow, and believing that my mother would have wished me to obey you. You have satisfied me by this letter, that I have not done wrong so far. Take it back.'

She folded the letter, carefully replaced it in the envelope, and gave it to him.

'Thank you,' he said, with the shadow of that sad smile which had so often crossed his face.

'You cannot tell how much that letter has affected me. You cannot know what thoughts and impulses it has aroused. But you can believe that in my mother's blunder I read my own fate. . . . I know you are my friend: be the friend of those I love. Help *him*, for he needs help very much.'

Mr Beecham had quietly taken the letter and placed it in a small pocket-case, to which it seemed to belong.

'I feared you would not understand me, and the desire to save you from uneasiness has brought me here. You have promised to be silent: I again beg you to keep that promise for a little while.'

She bowed her head, but did not speak.

'In doing so,' he added, anxious to reassure her, 'you have my pledge that no harm will come to any one who does not seek it.'

'You cannot think,' she said coldly, and yet with a touch of bitterness that she seemed unable to repress—'you cannot think any one purposely seeks harm! It came to you and to my mother.'

For an instant he was silent. He was thinking that no harm would have come to them if both had been faithful.

'That is a hard hit, and not easily answered,' he said quietly. 'Let me say, then, that even if there had been no other motive to influence me, I should be his friend on your account. But I am your friend above and before all. For your sake alone I came back to England. For your sake I am acting as I am doing, strange as it may seem. If he is honest and faithful to you'

'There is no doubt of that,' she interrupted, her face brightening with confidence.

Beecham inclined his head, as if in worship. He smiled at her unhesitating assertion of faith, but the smile was one of respect and admiration touched with a shade of regret. What might his life have been if he had found a mate like her! The man she loved might prove false, and all the world might call him false: she would still believe him to be true.

'A man finds such faith rarely,' he said in his gentlest tone; 'I hope he will prove worthy of it. But let him take his own way for the present; and should trouble come to him, I shall do my best to help him out of it.'

She made a quick movement, as if she would have clasped his hands in thankfulness, but checked herself.

'Then I am content.'

'I am glad you can say so, for it shows you have some confidence in me, and every proof of kindly thought towards me helps me.'

He stopped, and seemed to be smiling at the weakness which had made his voice a little husky. Looking back, and realising in this girl an old dream, she had grown so dear to him, that he knew if she had persisted, his wisest judgment would have yielded to her wish.

She wondered: why was this man so gentle and yet so cruel, as it seemed, in his doubts of Philip?

'Let me take your hand,' he resumed. 'Thanks. Have you any notion how much it cost me to allow this piece of paper' (he touched the pocket in which her mother's letter lay) 'to be out of my possession even for a few hours? Only you could have won that from me. It was the last token of . . . well, we shall say, of her caring about me that came direct from her own hand. She was deceived. We cannot help that, you know—accidents will happen, and so on' (like a brave man, he was smiling at his own pain). 'The message came to me too late. I think—no, I am sure, that if she had said this to me with her own lips, there would have been no parting . . . and everything would have been so different to us!'

Madge withdrew one hand from his and timidly placed it on his shoulder.

'I am sorry for your past, and should be glad if it were in my power to help you to a happy future.'

His disengaged hand was placed upon her head lightly, as if he were giving her a paternal blessing.

'The only way in which you can help me, my child, is by finding a happy future for yourself. I am anxious about that—selfishly anxious, for it seems that my life can gain its real goal only by making you happy, since I missed the chance of making your mother so. I know that she was not happy; and my career, which has been one of strange good fortune, as men reckon fortune by the money you make, has been one of misery. Do you not think that droll?'

'You are not like other men, I think; others would have forgotten the past, and forgiven.'

She was thinking of Philip's wish that his father should be reconciled to Austin Shield.

'I can forgive,' he said softly; 'I cannot forget. —Now, let us look at the position quietly as it is.

The only thing which has given me an interest in life is the hope that I may be useful to you. When my sorrow came upon me, it seemed as if the whole world had gone wrong.' (That was spoken with a kind of bitter sense of the humorous side of his sorrow.) 'Doctors would have called it indigestion. You see, however, it does not matter much to the patient whether it is merely indigestion or organic disease, so long as he suffers from the pangs of whatever it may be. Well, I did not die, and the doctor is entitled to his credit. I live, eat my dinner, and am in fair health. But there is a difference: life lost its flavour when the blunder was made. When your mother believed the false report which reached her, the man who loved her was murdered.'

'She could not act otherwise than she did,' said Madge bravely in defence.

'She should have trusted to me,' he retorted, shaking his head sadly. 'But that is unkind, and I do not mean to say one word of her that could be called unkind. She would forgive it.'

'How she must have suffered!' murmured Madge, her hand passing absently over the aching brow.

'Ay, she must have suffered as I did—poor lass, poor lass!'

He turned abruptly to the hearth, as if he had become suddenly conscious of the ordinary duties of life, and aware that the fire required attention.

'I want you to try to understand me,' he said

as he stirred the embers, and the oak-log on the top of the coal started a bright flame.

'I wish to understand you—but that is not easy,' she replied.

He did not look round; he answered as if the subject were one of the most commonplace kind; but there was a certain emphasis in his tone as he seemed to take up her sentence and continue it.

'Because you stand on the sunny side of life, and know nothing of its shadows. Pity that they will force themselves upon you soon enough.'

'If you see them coming, why not give me warning?'

He turned round suddenly, his hands clasped behind him so tightly that he seemed to be striving to subdue the outcry of some physical pain.

'It is not warning that I wish to give you, but protection,' he said, and there was a harshness in his voice quite unusual to him.

The change of tone was so remarkable, that she drew back. There were in it bitterness, hatred, and almost something that was like malignity.

'You must know it all—then judge for yourself,' he said at length.

#### CURIOSITIES OF THE MICROPHONE.

It would be interesting to learn all the particulars relating to the birth of some great invention; to know the inventor's frame of mind at the time the pregnant idea occurred to him, and the influences under which he lived and laboured. This is usually an unwritten chapter of biography; but sometimes we can learn a little about these things. It is not always necessity, or the need of help, that is the mother of invention. In the case of the microphone, it was the need of occupation. Professor Hughes was confined to his chamber by an attack of cold, and to beguile the tedium of the time, he began to experiment with the telephone. This was in the early winter of 1877; and at that time the transmitting and receiving parts of the Bell telephone system were identical. The result was that the received speech was very feeble; and Professor Hughes began to try whether he could not dispense with the transmitting telephone, and make the wire of the circuit speak of itself. Some experiments of Sir William Thomson had shown that the electric resistance of a wire varied when the wire was strained; and Professor Hughes thought that if he could get the vibrations of the voice to strain a wire, so as to vary its resistance in proportion to the vibrations, he might be able to make the wire itself act as a transmitter. He therefore connected a battery and telephone together by means of a fine wire, and pulled on a part of the wire in order to strain it, at the same time listening in the telephone. But he heard no sound at all until he strained the wire so much that it gave way. At the instant of rupture he heard a peculiar grating sound in the telephone; and on placing the broken ends of the wire in delicate contact, he found that the slightest agitation of the ends in contact produced a distinct noise in the instrument.

This experiment, then, was the germ of the microphone. For the metal ends of the wire in contact, he substituted carbon points, and obtained

a much more sensitive arrangement. When one of the carbon pencils was lightly *pressed* against the other in a stable position, he found that the joint was sensitive to the slightest jar, and could transmit the voice when spoken to direct. Pursuing his researches further, he found that a loose and somewhat crazy metal structure, such as a pile of gold-chain or a framework of French nails, acted in a similar way, though not so powerfully as carbon. This material was found so sensitive, that a fly walking on the board supporting the microphone could be distinctly heard in the telephone, and each tap of its trunk upon the wood was said by one observer to resemble the 'tramp of an elephant.'

The marvels of the microphone were published to the world in the early summer of the next year; and many useful applications followed. The most obvious was its use as a telephone transmitter; and as Professor Hughes had made a public gift of his invention, a great many telephone transmitters were based upon it. Edison, who had invented a carbon transmitter which bore some resemblance to the microphone, laid claim to having anticipated the invention; but the merit of the discovery remains with Professor Hughes.

It is through the help of the microphone that telephony has become so practical and so extensively adopted. The Blake transmitter, the Ader, and many others by which music and speech are now conveyed so many miles, are all varieties of the carbon microphone. In some churches, microphone transmitters are now applied to the pulpit, so that the sermon can be transmitted by telephone to invalid members who cannot leave home. At the Electrical Exhibitions of Paris, Vienna, and the Crystal Palace, the music of an entire opera was transmitted from the stage by wire to other buildings where great numbers of persons sat and listened to it. The transport of music and other sounds in no way directly connected with the wire, is frequently effected by what is termed induction or leading-in. Over and over again, persons listening into telephones for the purpose of hearing what a friend is saying, have heard the strains of this music—aside, communicated by induction from some neighbouring line to theirs. Not long ago, a telegraph clerk in Chicago was listening in a telephone early one morning, and to his surprise heard the croaking of frogs and the whistling of birds. The explanation of the phenomenon is, that a loose joint in the telephone wire where it passed through a wood, acted as a microphone, and transmitted the woodland chorus to his ears. Messages in process of transmission are sometimes drowned by the rumbling noise of street-traffic induced by the wire.

The microphone is not only useful as a transmitter of sounds, but also as a relay of sounds received on a telephone. Professors Houston and Thomson of America were perhaps the first to construct a telephonic relay. They mounted a carbon microphone on the vibrating plate of a telephone in such a way that the vibrations of the plate due to the received speech would react on the microphone, and be transmitted in this way over another line to another receiving telephone at a distance. Thus the speech would be



relayed, just as a telegraph message is relayed, when it is weak, and sent further on its way. Curiously enough, the microphone acts as a relay to itself, if placed on the same table with the telephone with which it is in circuit. The jar of placing the microphone on the table causes the telephone to emit a sound; this sound in turn is transmitted by the microphone to the telephone, which again repeats it. The microphone re-transmits it as before, the telephone utters it, and so the process of repetition goes on *ad infinitum*.

Since the microphone can, as it were, magnify small sounds, and in this respect has some resemblance to the microscope, which magnifies minute objects, it might be thought that it would prove useful for deaf persons. But though the microphone enables a person with good ears to hear mechanical vibrations which otherwise would be inaudible, the sounds that are heard are not in themselves very loud, and hence a dull aural nerve might fail to appreciate them. M. Bert, the well-known French physicist, constructed a microphone for deaf persons; but its success was doubtful. Professor Hughes, however, has succeeded in making deaf persons hear the ticking of a watch by means of the microphone. In this case the telephone was placed against the bones in the head, and the vibrations communicated in this way to the aural nerve. The 'audiphone,' a curved plate held between the teeth, and vibrated by the sound-waves, also acts in this way; and it is probable that we hear ourselves speak not through our ears, but through the bones of the head as set in vibration by the voice.

Its power of interpreting small sounds has caused the microphone to be applied to many other purposes. Professor Rossi, for example, uses it to detect the earth-tremors preceding earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. It has been employed in Austria to detect the trickling of underground water; and its use has also been suggested for hearing the signal-taps of entombed miners and the noise of approaching torpedo boats. It is not, however, quite possible to realise all that has been claimed for it. Thus the *Danbury News* jestingly remarks that 'with a microphone a farmer can hear a potato-bug coming down the road a quarter of a mile away, and can go out with an axe and head it off.'

In 1876, a year before the microphone was invented, a writer named Antoinette Brown Blackwell foretold the use of such an apparatus. 'It remains,' she said, 'to invent some instrument which can so retard the too rapid vibrations of molecules as to bring them within the time adapted to human ears; then we might comfortably hear plant movements carrying on the many processes of growth, and possibly we might catch the crystal music of atoms vibrating in unison with the sun-beam.' Without calling in question the writer's theory, which does not apply to the microphone, we may mention that Professor Chandler Roberts attached a microphone to a thin porous septum, and on allowing hydrogen gas to diffuse through the latter, he heard a rushing sound, as of a wind, which became silent when the rapid diffusion ceased. The jar of the atoms on the pores of the septum was probably the source of this molecular sound. Again, Professor Graham Bell has found

a metal microphone joint sensitive to the impact of a beam of intermittent light; and it is highly probable that a microphone with selenium contacts would be still more sensitive to the sound of light falling upon it.

In medicine, the microphone has been usefully applied to enable a physician to read the pulse better and auscultate the heart.

Numerous experiments have been made recently with the microphone by Messrs Stroh, Bidwell, and others. Not long after the original invention of the apparatus, Professor Blyth found that the microphone would act as a receiver as well as a transmitter of sounds in an electric circuit. Thus, with two boxes of coke cinders (hard carbon) connected together through a wire and battery, Professor Blyth found that if words were spoken into one of the boxes, he could faintly hear them by listening in the other. Mr Bidwell has constructed a receiving microphone, composed of a pile of carbon cylinders resting on a mica diaphragm, and this gives out distinct effects when a strong battery is employed. On speaking to the transmitting microphone in circuit, the words can be distinctly heard in the receiving one.

By the use of the microscope, Mr Stroh has observed that the carbon points of the microphone which were supposed to be in contact, are not really so during the action of the instrument, but are separated by a minute distance. It would appear, then, that there is a repulsion between the points, and this repulsion accounts for the action of the microphone as a receiver. Metal microphones are also reversible in their action, and give out feeble sounds when used as receivers. The probability is that the contacts vibrate rapidly on each other, either in direct or very close contact, against a certain repulsive action of the current, which operates like a cushion or re-acting spring.

Metal microphones are in some respects more interesting theoretically than those of carbon. For example, one has been constructed of two different metals, zinc and iron, which when heated by the flame of a spirit-lamp generates its own current by thermo-electric action. Iron is one of the most useful metals for forming microphones; and one of iron-wire gauze has been found to act with singular clearness when inclosed in a high vacuum, such as that given by an incandescent electric lamp.

## SILAS MONK.

### A TALE OF LONDON OLD CITY.

#### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THAT day in the city seemed to Walter as if it would never end. This mystery about Silas Monk was now a matter to him of real interest. Hitherto, the eccentricities of the old man had given him little or no concern; for it had been so long the custom among the clerks to crack their jokes about 'Silas,' that nothing which he might do, however queer, could appear otherwise than perfectly consistent with his character. For so many years had Silas Monk been a clerk in the House, that his columns of pounds, shillings, and pence could be traced in the oldest ledgers,

it was said, even when books more than a hundred years old were examined. There was no record extant which satisfactorily settled the date of his engagement as a clerk by Armytage and Company. The oldest partners and the oldest clerks, with this one exception of Silas, were dead and buried many years ago.

It was a very old-looking place, this ancient counting-house; it seemed older even than the firm of Armytage, which had seen two centuries. There were railings in front, broken in places, but still presenting some iron spikes among them, standing up with an air of protection before the windows, like sentinels on guard. The stone steps leading up to the entrance were worn by the tread of busy men who had in their time hurried in and out in their race for wealth, and who were now doubtless lying in some old city churchyard hard by.

Walter Tilteroft having at last finished his 'rounds,' as he called his various errands, came back to the old counting-house. The clerks' office was on the ground-floor. It was a dark and dusty room, with men of various ages seated at long desks, all deeply engaged, with pens in hand and heads bent low, over the business of the firm. No one looked up when Walter entered; every one went on working, as though each individual clerk was a wheel in the great machine which had been going for nearly two hundred years.

Within an inner room, smaller, darker, and more dusty, was seated alone at his desk Silas Monk. The old clerk had several large ledgers before him; he was turning over the leaves with energy, and making entries in these books with a rapidity which seemed surprising in one who had an appearance of such great age. With his white hair falling on his shoulders, his long lean trembling fingers playing among the fluttering pages, and his keen eyes darting among the columns of pounds, shillings, and pence, he seemed, even by daylight, like an embodied spirit appointed by the dead partners and clerks of Armytage and Company to audit the accounts of that old mercantile House in Crutched Friars. So at least thought Walter Tilteroft as he sat at his own desk watching Silas Monk, and revolving in his mind how he could best solve the mystery which surrounded Rachel's grandfather.

It was growing dusk when the old city clocks in the church towers began to strike six, and the clerks in the office of Armytage and Company began to show signs of dispersing. Silas Monk alone remained at his post. Wishing to say a few words to the old man before taking his leave, Walter Tilteroft lingered behind; and when the last clerk had gone, he went to the door of the 'strong-room,' as Silas Monk's office was called, and said in his usual cheerful tone: 'Good-night, Mr Monk. You'll see, I suppose, that everything is safe and sound, as usual? Won't you?'

'Ay, ay! safe and sound, Walter.—Good-night.'

But the young man lingered with his eyes curiously fixed on Silas. 'The evenings are getting short,' continued he. 'Can you see to work by this light?'

'Why, no—not well,' Silas owned, with his eyes raised towards the window; 'and what makes it still more difficult is that scaffolding the workmen have put up outside—that's what makes

it so dark. Ay, ay!' he added, 'they're repairing the old walls. Dear me, dear me!'

The old walls outside, which surrounded a courtyard, were black with dust and age, and they had also in many parts a tumble-down aspect, which appeared to plainly indicate that repairs were needed badly. Upon the scaffolding, some half-dozen labourers were gathering together their tools and preparing to go home, as the clerks had done already. Silas was lighting an oil-lamp. 'Give me a hand, Walter,' said he, 'to close these shutters and put up the iron bar.'

'All right, Mr Monk,' said the young man, unfolding the old-fashioned shutters in the walls and claspings the iron bar across them with a loud clink. 'All right and tight!—Shall you remain long at the office?' he added, moving towards the door.

'Not long; half an hour, perhaps—not more.'

Still the young man lingered. 'Mr Monk,' said he, walking a step back into the strong-room, 'I saw your grand-daughter Miss Rachel this morning.'

Silas, who had reseated himself at his desk before the large ledgers, looked round keenly at Walter, with the light from the shaded lamp thrown upon his wrinkled face. 'You see my grand-daughter Rachel pretty often; don't you, Walter?'

'Pretty often, Mr Monk, I confess.'

Silas shook his long thin forefinger at the young man. 'Walter,' cried he, 'that's not business!'

'No; that's true. But you see, Mr Monk, it's not much out of my way. And,' he added, 'besides, I thought you would like to know that she's well. You're so busy here, that perhaps you don't see so much of her as you would like, and so I thought that news of her at any time would be welcome.'

'So it is, Walter!' said the old man, his voice trembling slightly as he spoke—'so it is. She's a good girl, and I love her dearly. But you don't pass that way, Walter, simply to bring me a word about my grand-daughter. You're not going to try and make me believe that, surely?'

'Not entirely, Mr Monk,' said the young man, smiling. 'I won't deny that it's a very great pleasure to me to see Rachel at any time; indeed, no one could admire her more than I do.'

The old man held out his hand. 'Come, come! That's more candid, my boy,' said he, as Walter took the hand in his and pressed it affectionately. 'So you admire Rachel, do you?'

'Mr Monk,' said the young clerk, 'I more than admire her—I love her!'

The deep lines in Silas Monk's face grew deeper at these words. 'Well, well,' said the old man presently, with a heavy sigh; 'it was to be. Better now, perhaps, than later—better now. But you won't take her from me yet, Walter—not yet?'

'Why, no, Mr Monk; I'd no thought of taking her away from you.'

'That's right!' cried Silas—'that's right! You're a good lad. Take care of her, Walter; take care of her when I am dead.' As Silas pronounced the last word, the sound of footsteps, which seemed strangely near, changed the expression on his face. 'What's that?' asked he in a tone of alarm.

Walter listened. 'Some one on the scaffolding above your window.'

'If it's a workman,' said the old man, 'he's rather late. Will you see that every one has left the premises; and then shut the front-door as you go out?'

'I'll not forget.—Good-night!'

It was just sufficiently light in the passage for Walter to find his way about the old house. Having promised Silas Monk to make sure that every one had left the premises, he ran up the dark oaken staircase to ascertain whether the partners, who occupied the floor above the office, had gone. He found the doors to their rooms locked. The young man threw a glance around him, and then descended the way he had come, walking out into the court, behind the clerks' offices, where the scaffolding was erected. It was not a large court, and on every side were high brick walls. The scaffolding reached from the ground almost to the eaves.

'Any one there?' Walter shouted.

Not a sound came back except a muttering echo of his own voice.

Walter Tilteroft then turned to leave the house. But at this moment his conversation with Rachel occurred to him, and he thought that he might do something to clear up the mystery of her grandfather's frequent absence from home at all hours of the night. 'Why not,' thought Walter, 'watch the old man's movements? Some clue might be found to the strange affair.' He formed his plan of action without further delay. No moment could have been more opportune. He closed the front-door with a slam which shook the old house; then he crept back along the passage softly, and, seating himself in a dark corner on the staircase, watched for the figure of Silas Monk.

The first thing he heard, very shortly after he had taken up his position, was a step in the passage leading from the courtyard. He sprang up with a quick beating heart, and reached the foot of the stairs just in time to confront a tall, powerful man dressed like a mason, and carrying in his hand a large basket of tools.

'Why, Joe Grimrood,' said Walter, 'is that you?'

The man, who had a hangdog, defiant air, answered gruffly, as he scratched a mangy-looking skin-cap, pulled down to his eyebrows: 'That's me, sir; asking your pardon.'

'Are you the last, Joe?'

'There ain't no more men on the scaffold, if that's what you mean.'

Walter nodded. 'Didn't you hear me call?' he asked.

'Not me. When?'

'Not five minutes ago.'

'How could I? I was among the chimneys.'

'Repairing the roof, Joe?'

'Fixing the tiles,' was the reply.

Having thus accounted for his tardiness, Joe Grimrood again scratched his cap, in his manner of saluting, and moved along the hall, in the semi-darkness, towards the front-door. 'I wish you a very good-night,' said the man, as Walter accompanied him to the entrance—'a very good-night, sir; asking your pardon.'

Walter Tilteroft closed the door, when the workman had gone out, with as little noise as

possible; for he feared that if any sound reached Silas Monk in the strong-room, his suspicions might be aroused, and the chance of solving this mystery might be lost.

Again retiring to his retreat upon the staircase, Walter waited and watched; but nothing happened. The twilight faded; the night became so dark that the lad could not see his hand before him. The hours appeared long; at endless intervals he heard the city clocks striking in the dead silence. He filled up the time with thoughts containing a hundred conjectures. What could Silas Monk be doing all this while? A dozen times Walter descended to the door of the office to listen; but never a sound! A dozen times his fingers touched the handle to turn it; yet each time he drew back, fearing to destroy the object he had seriously in view—the solution of this strange affair.

Ten o'clock had struck, and the young clerk was growing weary of waiting for the clocks to strike eleven. He began to imagine that something must have happened to Silas Monk. Had he fallen asleep? Was he dead, or—what?

Presently, the notion entered his brain that perhaps a grain of reassurance might be had by regarding the window of the strong-room from the courtyard. Possibly, thought he, a ray of light might find its way there through the shutters. He stepped out silently, but with eagerness. When he reached the yard, there, sure enough, was a streak of light piercing through a small aperture. Walter was drawn towards it irresistibly. He mounted the scaffolding by the ladder at his feet, and crept along the boarding on his hands; for the darkness, except within the limits of this ray of light, was intense. He reached at length the spot immediately above the window. The ray of light fell below the scaffold, slanting to the ground. Grasping the board, upon which he lay full length, he bent his head until his eye was almost on a level with the hole in the shutter. To his surprise, the interior of the strong-room was distinctly revealed. But what he saw surprised him still more. Silas Monk was seated there at his desk, under the shaded lamp. But he was no longer examining the ledgers; these books were thrown aside; and, in their place, before his greedy eyes, was to be seen a heap of bright sovereigns.

The change which had taken place in the face of Silas Monk since the young man had left him, was startling; and the manner in which he appeared to be feasting his eyes upon the coins was repulsive. He handled the sovereigns with his lean fingers caressingly; he counted them over and over again; then he arranged them in piles on one side, and began to empty other bags in their place. His look suggested a ravenous madman; his attitude resembled that of a beast of prey.

Walter was so fascinated by this unexpected scene in the strong-room, that he found it impossible, for some minutes, to remove his gaze. The mystery about Silas Monk had been solved. Rachel's grandfather was a wretched miser!

Walter descended from the scaffolding, and went out quietly into Crutched Friars. His lodgings were in the Minorities, hard by. But he could not have slept had he gone home

without passing under Rachel's window. He hurried along through the dark and silent streets. What he had witnessed, haunted him; he could not banish the scene of the old man and his bright sovereigns. When he entered the street, and was approaching Silas Monk's house, he was astonished, though not displeased, to see Rachel standing on the door-step.

'Why, Walter,' cried she, 'is that you? I thought it was grandfather.'

'I wish, Rachel, for your sake that it was. But I'm afraid, late as it is, that he won't be back quite yet.'

The girl placed her hand quickly on Walter's hand and looked up appealingly. 'Has anything happened? You have a troubled face. Don't hide it from me, if anything has happened to grandfather.'

The young man hastened to reassure her. 'Nothing has happened. Silas Monk is at the office still. I have just come away, Rachel. I left him there deeply occupied.'

The girl threw a quick glance into Walter's face. 'Then grandfather does work for Armytage and Company after six o'clock?'

'I doubt that, Rachel, very much.'

'Then why does he stay so late at Crutched Friars?'

'To dabble in a little business of his own.'

'What business is that, Walter?'

'Well, something in the bullion line of business, to judge from appearances.'

'Explain yourself, Walter! I am puzzled.'

'I'm afraid I can't; I'm puzzled too,' said the young man. 'This bullion business,' he added thoughtfully, 'is a strange affair.'

Rachel clasped her hands with an impatient gesture. 'Walter, tell me what you have seen!'

'I've seen,' said the young man reluctantly—'I've seen, through a hole in the shutter, an old man at a desk, under the light of a shaded lamp, seated over handfuls of gold. The desk was Silas Monk's, in the counting-house of Armytage and Company. But the face of the man was not the face of your grandfather; or if it was his, it was greatly changed.'

'In what way changed, Walter?'

'It was a face expressing dreadful greed. It was the face of a miser, Rachel—nothing less!'

The girl, standing under the dim street-lamp above the doorway, looked with wondering eyes into Walter's face. 'Does not all the money at the counting-house belong to the firm?'

'So I have always thought, Rachel.'

'Then grandfather was balancing the cash?'

'Not the hard cash of Armytage and Company. That is taken every day, before the closing hour, to the bank.'

Looking still into the young man's face, the girl said: 'Then the money must be his own.'

'He certainly seemed to eye it, Rachel, as if every sovereign belonged to him.'

The girl became pensive. 'He must be rich,' said she.

'Very rich, if all those sovereigns are his.'

'And he loves gold more than he loves his grand-daughter!' Rachel complained, in a tone of deep disappointment, while tears started into her eyes.

Not being able to deny that there appeared some truth in the girl's words, Walter could

answer nothing. He remained silent and thoughtful. Suddenly the clocks of the old city began striking midnight.

'Your grandfather will soon be coming now, Rachel,' said the young man, 'so I had better be off. It would never do to let him find me here at this late hour.' Taking leave of the girl tenderly, he quickly disappeared into the darkness.

Rachel re-entered the house, and threw herself into the old armchair, stricken with surprise and grief at what she had learned. Since she was a child, she had been taught to believe that she was struggling, beside her grandfather, against poverty. She had been happy in the thought that, although they were needy, nothing divided their affections. She believed that her grandfather was slaving day and night for their sake—slaving to keep the old house over their heads. But what was he slaving for, after all? For gold, it was true; but for gold which he hoarded up in secret places, hiding all from her, as though it were, like a crime, something of a nature to be shunned.

Meanwhile the clocks are striking the small-hours. But Silas Monk does not come home. The candle on the table beside Rachel burns low. The girl grows alarmed, and listens for the foot-steps of her old grandfather. She goes out and looks about into the dark night. No one is to be seen, no one is to be heard. Four o'clock—five. Still no footsteps—not even a shadow of the man.

The dawn begins to break in a clear gray light above the sombre houses; the roar of traffic in the streets hard by falls upon the girl's ear. Another busy day has commenced in the old city. 'Is it possible,' thinks Rachel, 'that her grandfather can still be at his desk, counting and recounting his gold?'

## FAMILIAR SKETCHES OF ENGLISH LAW.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

### II. PARENT AND CHILD.

CHILDREN may be divided into two classes—legitimate and illegitimate; and the liability of a father in respect of his children is widely different in the case of the latter class from the ordinary duty and responsibility of a parent. In order to clear the ground, we will first dispose of the illegitimate class; and throughout this paper it must be understood that the words parent and child, when used without any qualifying terms, refer to those between whom that mutual relationship lawfully subsists.

An illegitimate child, or bastard, is one who is born without its parents having been lawfully married; and in England, a bastard born is illegitimate to the end of his or her life; but in Scotland, such child may be rendered legitimate by the subsequent marriage of its parents, provided that at the date of its birth and of their marriage they were both free to marry. The father of an illegitimate child has no right to its custody; but he may be compelled to contribute to its support by means of an affiliation order. A bastard cannot inherit either real or personal estate from either of its parents, nor from any other person; neither can any person inherit from

a bachelor or spinster who is illegitimate. If, however, such a person marries, the husband or wife and children have the same legal rights as if the stain of illegitimacy had not existed.

A legitimate child—with the exception noted above—is the offspring of parents who were lawfully married before the time of its birth. A posthumous child, if born in due time after the husband's death, is legitimate.

The father has *prima facie* a right to the custody of his children while under the age of sixteen years; after that age, if they are able to maintain themselves, they may be emancipated from his control. But a mother can apply to the court for an order that she may have the exclusive care of her children while they are respectively under seven years of age; and after that age, for leave of access to them at reasonable times, in cases where husband and wife do not live together. In case of the divorce of the parents, the court will give directions as to the custody of the children of the marriage, taking into consideration the offence against morality of the guilty parent, but also what is best for the children's education and upbringing and prospects in life.

A parent is bound to maintain and educate his children according to his station; and if the father should neglect his duty in this respect, the mother—if living with her husband—may, as his agent, order what is necessary, and he would be responsible for the expense thus incurred, which must be strictly limited to what is reasonably necessary. If a child should become chargeable upon the poor-rates, both father and grandfather are responsible for repayment of the cost incurred; the former primarily, and the latter secondarily, in case of the absence or inability of the father. In like manner, a child may be compelled to repay to the poor-rates authorities the cost of maintenance of his parents, if he have the means of doing so.

A child while under the age of twenty-one years cannot enter into a binding contract, even with the consent and concurrence of its parent, except for special purposes. One of these purposes is the acquisition of knowledge which will enable the child to earn its livelihood when it arrives at maturity. Thus apprentices and artied clerks may be bound in such a manner as to render it compulsory for them to serve until they respectively attain the age of twenty-one years; but the binding cannot be extended beyond that age. As soon as an apprentice attains his majority, he may elect to vacate his indenture, and be free from any further compulsory service. This is founded upon the well-known principle, that a minor can only be compelled to perform contracts entered into on his behalf during his minority; and that when he attains the age of twenty-one years, he is free to enter into contracts on his own behalf, which stand upon an entirely different footing, and are entirely inconsistent with the former contract. It may also be mentioned here that a minor, when he becomes of age, is free to elect whether he will perform any other contracts which he may have entered into during his minority. If any such contract be beneficial, he may allow it to stand; and if it be otherwise, he may cancel it; but the other party, if of full age, will be bound by his contract.

In this connection we may notice the Infants Relief Act, 1874. Although primarily aimed at the protection of 'infants' from the consequences of their own imprudence, this statute, the operation of which extends to the whole of the United Kingdom, has been found very useful in relieving children against a cruel but not uncommon kind of pressure by impecunious parents, who in many cases induced their children to encumber their expectant property in order to assist them (the parents) when in difficulties. The manner was this: The son would while under age sign a promise to execute a valid charge, which would accordingly be executed the day after he attained his majority; and though the first promise was worthless, the deed was binding. But it was enacted that all contracts entered into by 'infants' for the repayment of money lent or to be lent, and all accounts stated with 'infants,' should be not merely voidable, but absolutely void; and further, the ratification when of full age of any such promise should be void also, and the ratified promise should be incapable of being enforced.

A parent may lawfully maintain an action on behalf of his child, whether such child be an infant or of full age, without being liable to be prosecuted for the offence of maintenance or champerty. In like manner, a child if of full age may maintain an action on behalf of his parent, even though he may have no personal interest in the subject-matter of the action.

A parent may also protect his child, or a child protect his parent, from violence or assault, in such circumstances as would expose a stranger to the charge of officiously intermeddling with strife which did not concern him.

The power of an Englishman to dispose of his property by will being absolute, the consideration of a parent's will as affecting his children need not detain us long. The principal peculiarity is this: In case of the death of a child or grandchild of a testator in the lifetime of the latter, leaving lawful issue, any devise or bequest in the will in favour of the deceased child or grandchild will take effect in favour of his issue in the same manner as if he had survived the testator and died immediately afterwards. In similar circumstances, a gift in favour of any other person who died in the testator's lifetime would lapse, that is to say, it would altogether fail to take effect.

But in Scotland, the power of a father to dispose of his property by will is much more restricted, being confined to what is called the 'dead man's' part—namely, so much as remains after setting aside one-third of the personal property or movable goods for the widow; and one-third for the children of the testator. Or if there be no widow, then the share of the children is one-half, which is divisible among them equally. The rights of either widow or child may be renounced by an antenuptial marriage contract, or for some equivalent provision given in such a contract, or by will; and a child of full age may by deed discharge his claim for *legitim*, as the children's share of the succession is called.

In case of intestacy, the eldest son is by the common law his father's heir-at-law, subject to his mother's dower, if not barred or discharged. But in some localities, special customs exist, such as Borough English—prevalent at Maldon



in Essex and elsewhere, by virtue of which the youngest son is the heir—and Gavelkind, which affects most of the land in Kent, where all the sons inherit in equal shares. Returning to the common-law rule, where there are both sons and daughters, the eldest son inherits to the exclusion of his younger brothers, and his sisters whether elder or younger. But if the intestate had no son, but several daughters, they would take as co-parceners in equal undivided shares. It will be understood that heirs and co-heiresses take freehold houses and land; but that leaseholds are personal property, and like money and goods, stocks and shares, are distributable, subject as hereinafter mentioned, among the widow (if any) and relatives of the deceased. Copyhold property is real estate, and the descent is in each case regulated by the custom of the manor of which the property is holden; Borough English and Gavelkind being much more common as affecting copyhold than freehold estates, though even in the case of copyholds the common-law rule is by far the most general.

The personal property of an intestate is the primary fund for payment of funeral and other expenses, costs of administration, and debts. When these have been paid, the widow (if any) is entitled to one-third of what is left; and the other two-thirds are divisible among the children. If there be no widow, the children take all, the collateral relatives having no claim. If any of the testator's children have died before him, leaving issue, such issue take in equal shares the portion which their parent would have taken if living.

In England, the heir-at-law who takes his father's freehold estates is not thereby deprived of his share, or any portion of his share, of the personalty. But in Scotland, the heir must bring into account or collate the value of what he has received in that capacity, before he can claim any part of the movables.

If a son or daughter be possessed of real and personal estate, and die unmarried, or widowed without children, and without making a will, leaving a surviving father, he would take the real estate as heir-at-law, and the personal estate as sole next of kin. If he were dead, the mother would take a share of the personal estate with the surviving brothers and sisters, and the eldest brother would inherit the real estate as heir-at-law. If the mother were living, but no brothers or sisters, nephews or nieces, she would have the personal estate, but could not inherit the real estate so long as any heir could be found on the paternal side. The children of deceased brothers and sisters take equally amongst them the share of personal estate which their deceased parent would have taken if living.

The law of Scotland is not so favourable to the father and mother of intestates. The father does not succeed to real or heritable estate if there be a brother or sister, and in the same event his right is limited to that of one-half the movable estate. When the father has predeceased, and the mother survives, she takes one-third of the movable succession, and the rest goes to brothers and sisters or other next of kin.

Having thus considered the rights, duties, and liabilities of parents with respect to the persons, the necessities, and the property of their children,

and the corresponding rights and obligations of children with regard to their parents, we must offer a few remarks on the authority of parents over their children, and the extent to which that authority may be delegated to others.

A parent may control the actions of his children so long as they remain under his roof, and may insist upon his regulations being observed and his commands obeyed. While they are of tender years, he may inflict any reasonable punishment for disobedience or other offence, either by personal chastisement or otherwise; but he must not torture them, nor endanger their lives or health. He may also instruct his children himself; or he may send them to school; in the latter case, delegating to the schoolmaster so much as may be necessary of his power to restrain and correct the children so intrusted to his care. Since compulsory education became law, he *must* use reasonable means to get them educated. If a child should prove incorrigible, the parent may apply to the justices of the peace to send him or her to an Industrial School; which they have power to do on being satisfied by evidence upon oath that the child is altogether beyond the power of its parent to manage or control; and an order may be made upon the parent to pay the expense of the child's maintenance and education in such school, if his means are sufficient to enable him to do so.

The liabilities imposed by marriage differ to some extent from the responsibilities of actual parentage. Thus, a man may be compelled to repay the expense incurred by the maintenance of his own father, but not of his wife's father, in the workhouse. And though a married man is bound to keep his wife's children, born before his marriage with her, until they are sixteen years of age respectively, if his wife live so long; yet, if she were to die while any of them were under that age, his responsibility would immediately cease. And if any of them were to become chargeable upon the poor-rates when more than sixteen years old, the stepfather could not be required to contribute towards the expense of their maintenance, even though their mother should be still living.

## IN A FURNITURE SALEROOM.

### A DAY-DREAM.

I JUST missed by a neck, as they say in steeple-chasing dialect—though on second thoughts I think it must have been liker a full horse-length—my lot being cast among second-hand furniture. I believe I was of too philosophic a nature to make a practical auctioneer and furniture-broker of. At least, such was something like the opinion held by my employer—the old gentleman was a bit of a wag—who told my father, when the latter went to see why this knight of the hammer had dispensed with his son's services, that my mind, like the late lamented Prince of Denmark's, was of too speculative a character ever to 'mak' saut to my kail' at his profession, and advised him to bring me 'out for a minister.' I need not say that this advice was, for divers reasons, never acted upon.

I suppose it must have been my twelve-months' sojourn in this old worthy's service which gives me to this day a certain meditative interest in brokers' shops and old furniture salerooms. I am not at any time much of a stroller about the streets and gazer into shop-windows; but next to looking into the windows of book or print and picture shops, I have a weakness for sauntering into musty old salerooms, and staring idly at the miscellaneous articles of second-hand furniture huddled within their walls, and moralising on the mutability of human hopes and possessions. A spick-and-span new furniture and upholstery establishment has no more fascination for me than a black-and-white undertaker's. But out of the bustle of the street and the broiling heat of the mid-day sun—which is my favourite time of indulgence—and in the dusty and shadowy corners, festooned with cobwebs, of a broker's shop or old furniture saleroom, I forget how the time goes, as I join over again the sundered human relationships to the pieces of furniture at which I stand staring in half-reverie. I fancy it must have been this same dreamy tendency which, peeping forth in my boyish career, led my shrewd master to forecast my future with so much certainty to my parent. I care not about purchasing any of the articles that so absorb me. It is not the barren desire of possession which makes me haunt these dusty salerooms. When the place becomes crowded with people, and the auctioneer mounts his little pulpit, I gather my wandered wits together and 'silently steal away.'

I say I love to linger among the cobwebs and amid the silence of old furniture salerooms—as fruitful a source of meditation to me as loitering among tombs ever was to Harvey. That venerable eight-day clock standing against the wall, behind those slim walnut chairs and couch done up in the bright green repp, its mahogany almost as black as your Sunday hat with age, turns on my thinking faculty just as the 'auld Scots' sangs' moves my guidwife Peggy to tears. I think of all the pairs of eyes that have gazed up at the hands and figures on its olive-tinted face, and wonder how many of them have taken their last look of earth. My imagination transports it to some well-to-do Scottish cottage home, where I see, held up in fond arms, the marvelling youngsters, in striped cotton pinafores, with their wide-open eyes staring at the representatives of the four quarters of the globe, painted in bright dazzling colours on each corner of the dial-plate. Perhaps some of those same youngsters, to whose inquiring and wondering minds the pictures were an every-day exercise, are settled down, old men and women now, in one of these distant quarters of the globe, say America, and are sitting at this very moment in their log-hut in the backwoods, their minds' eyes reverting to the familiar face of that old clock tick-ticking away in their childhood's home.

Over against where it stood in that same old home, between the room door and the end of the white scoured wooden dresser with its well-filled delf rack, I picture to myself the wasted face of a sick woman pillowed up in bed. What weary nights she has listened to its tick-tack, and counted the slow hours as they struck, waiting for the dawn! I know that her head aches no longer, and that she sleeps sound enough now, with the summer breeze stirring the green grass on her grave.

Turning away from the venerable time-keeper, my eye falls on an old-fashioned low-set chest of drawers, with dingy folding brass handles, and little bits of the veneer chipped off here and there, and the ivory awaiting in some of the keyholes. Where are now, I ask myself, the ashes of those bright household fires, which have winked in the shining depths of their mahogany in the darkening gloaming, before the blinds were drawn and the candles lit? What secrets and treasures have not these same drawers been the repositories of! I see a pensive female form, in striped shortgown and druggot petticoat, stop while she is sweeping the kitchen floor, and, with palpitating heart, pull out the centre small top drawer to take another look at the golden curl, wrapped in a precious letter, in the corner beside two or three well-worn toys. That bruised heart will throb no more with joy or pain; neither will her tears fall any more like scalding lead on the blurred parchment, as she lifts the bright curl to her lips before wrapping it away out of sight again—till, mayhap, the next day, when the old yearning returns, and she must needs go and unfold her treasure, the sight of which brings the little chubby face—over which the curl used to hang—once more before her brimming eyes.

The little bookcase, with the diamond-shaped panes, on the top of the chest of drawers is an object to me of even nobler regard than the drawers themselves. My venerable uncle, who was an author too, had just such a little bookcase on the top of his drawers, about three-fourths filled with sombre-looking volumes. I remember I never looked up at it as a boy, and beheld the dim dusty books, like gray ghosts, sitting erect, or leaning against one another in the twilight shelves, but I associated it in my fancy with the inside of his own gray head. Already I see the titles on the backs of some of these children of dead brains looming out of the empty gloom through the diamond-shaped panes; and I can recognise many of my own favourites among them. The binding is more faded and worn on the backs of some than others, as if they had been more often in the hand and more dear to the heart of the reader. I am almost tempted to stretch forth my hand and renew their acquaintance. One in particular, in faded green-and-gold binding, looking out from amongst a motley company of fiction, *The House with the Seven Gables*, I have a covetous eye upon.

How I should like to revisit the shadowy chambers of that old puritan mansion, especially

that low-studded oak-panelled room with the portrait of the stern old Colonel looking down from the wall; and feel the smell of its decaying timbers, 'oozy' with the memories of whole generations of Pyncheons; to see poor perplexed old Hepzibah in the midst of her first day's shop-keeping, with her wreck of a resurrected brother to care and provide for; and watch—not without reverence, even though we are constrained sometimes to laugh—the miraculously minute workings of her crazed old heart fighting—a kind of comic pathos, as well as rarest heroism in her mimic battling—those troublesome spectres of gentility which she has inherited with her Pyncheon blood.

Alas for this most bewitching of romancers! Well might his friend Longfellow exclaim of him:

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,  
And the lost clue regain?  
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower  
Unfinished must remain!

Sitting on the shelf beneath *The House with the Seven Gables* is the king of all the magicians—the enchanter's name printed in tarnished gold letters on a faded square of scarlet morocco on its calf back—'Shakespeare.'

On this hot July forenoon, with dusty smelling streets, when the united heart of our mighty Babylon is panting for the water-brooks, wouldn't it be a treat just to step into the forest of Arden? You don't require to change your clothes, or bolt a hurried luncheon, or run to catch a train, or take your place on the crowded deck of a snorting greasy steamboat under a vertical sun; but simply to open out the volume at that most delightful of all comedies, *As You Like It*, and at once fling yourself down 'under the shade of melancholy boughs,' and 'lose and neglect the creeping hours of time' listening to the moralising of a Jaques

As he lay along  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:

or to an encounter of his wits with the sage fooleries of a Touchstone; or the love-sick ravings of an Orlando; or the nimble pleasantries and caustic humours of a Rosalind.

But, to speak the truth, I don't know whether I should not prefer at this moment—to a lounge in the forest of Arden—a meditative ramble and chat with the Wanderer in Wordsworth's *Excursion*, which I spy leaning against my old friend *The Vicar of Wakefield*, there, on the other side of Shakespeare. How pleasant it would be, after toiling across the bare wide common, baked with the scorching heat, to join that venerable philosopher and retired packman just where the author himself meets him by appointment, reposing his limbs on the cottage bench beside the roofless hut of poor Margaret!

His eyes as if in drowsiness half shut,  
The shadow of the breezy elms above  
Dappling his face.

But the unceremonious porter is apparently unwilling to gratify me so far, having, in his preparations for the sale, pushed a tall half-tester bedstead right in front of my view of the chest of drawers and bookcase.

This alteration has brought to light an old armchair among a crowd of odd window-poles and bed-bottoms, a kind of bewilderment and shyness in its wrinkled features, as if it hardly felt at home in this nineteenth-century saleroom, rubbing shoulders, so to speak, with pompous old sideboards, and gouty old sofas and stuff-bottomed chairs, and wishing it were back to the earthen cottage floor again. From its shape and the colour of its wood, it looks more than a hundred years old. My Aunt S—, who was a paralytic, had just such a chair, which she sat in for ten years before she died. It had belonged to her mother's mother; and she took great pride in averring that Burns—who, her own mother told her, was a crony of her father's—had many a time sat in it. I think I see herself sitting in it at this moment, with her great black piercing eyes, and hear her clever critical tongue wagging as of old.

This ancient armchair, stuffed away amid the dust and lumber of the saleroom, touches my feelings more nearly than any other object joined together with hands. Its low, firm, but narrow seat, its solid curved arms, its straight sloping back with three spars in the centre, recall the tottering gait of silvery-haired grandfathers in knee-breeches and 'rig-an'-fur' stockings, and hale old grandmothers with white bordered 'mutes' or caps on their heads; and tartan napkins about their stooping shoulders; and old-fashioned Scotch kitchens with eight-day clocks, and wooden dressers, and clean-clayed roomy fireplaces with big-bellied pots hanging from the links on the 'sweet' or crane.

But what household god is this which is the subject of whispering criticism behind me? Turning round, I observe two women, evidently intending purchasers from their remarks, and not idle dreamers like myself, moving away from a large chest to inspect some dishes they have suddenly caught sight of on a side-table at the further end of the room. This chest I have seen before, especially about the term-time, mounted on the footboard of a cab beside the driver, while its 'sonsie' proprietress—unaccustomed as she is to ride in carriages—sits on the edge of the cushioned seat inside, staring apologetically at the foot-passengers on the pavement. It is the same kind of thing thrifty housewives in the country used to keep their blankets in, before the trunks and tin boxes came so much into vogue. It is painted an oak colour, though to my mind it resembles more a musty gingerbread; and it has a black line forming a square on each of its plain panels. Instinctively I lift the lid and peep in. Its white wood is covered with a wall-paper pattern of moss-roses. It has a 'shuttle' too, with a little drawer underneath; the same as was in the chest I had when a bachelor. I used to keep all my valuables in that little drawer, such as love-letters. How those epistles accumulated! I remember I had to press them down before the drawer would shut, when I happened to be refreshing my memory with some of their pleasant sentiments. Peg's portrait used to lie here in a corner of this same charmed sepulchre. If I were to tell my young readers how often I made an excuse to go into my chest for something or other, and never withdrew my head without

taking a peep at Peg's face, they would no doubt call me spooney, though they know quite well they do the same thing themselves.

The bustling old porter, who kept hovering in my vicinity—a kind of astonished interest looking out of his not unkindly gray eyes—here cut short my amorous reminiscences by shutting down the lid of the chest, and, apparently with a view to economise space—for odd customers were beginning to drop in—lifting a cradle on to the top of it. The cradle is one of the old-fashioned wooden sort, with good solid rockers, which used to be seen in the houses of plain folks in my young days, and was usually of some antiquity, being considered an heirloom, and descending from parent to eldest son. I remember another cradle just like this one, in our old home. It was painted a bluish-green colour inside, and a loud mahogany colour outside, interspersed with numberless artificial black knots, more like figures in the hangings, or wall-paper, than the grains of wood. That cradle had rocked no end of generations of my progenitors; and when baby visitors gave over showing their chubby little red pudding faces at our house, my sister and I used to play at 'shop' and 'church' in it on wet days. On these occasions, though I allowed her—as I no doubt thought became her good-for-nothing sex—the full management of the shop, yet I always insisted on being the clergyman, turning the cradle on its end, and preaching from under its hood, which served as a canopy.

That oldest and ever newest tragedy which we must all, some time or other, be witnesses of, or chief performers in, has been enacted in this hollow little bed ere now. I see the worn and anxious mother seated on a stool bending over the little sufferer in the cradle. She has not had her clothes off for nearly a week, but she will not be persuaded to lie down. She could never forgive herself if those glazed little windows, so set-like now in their deep sockets, under the ashy pale brow, were to be darkened for ever, and she not see the final darkening. She wets continually the livid and senseless little lips, and sighs as if her heart would burst, as she watches, in her own words, 'the sair, sair liftin' o' the wee breist, an' the cauld, cauld dew on the little face!' The struggle will not last long now, and the mother's pent-up feelings will ere long get relief.

Whether desirous of diverting my thoughts from this harrowing scene, or merely thinking it a pity that I should be exercising my mind over a lot of lifeless old sticks, the porter, with a delicacy of insight that I would hardly have credited him with, has brought two pictures, and without a word has put them up against the backs of two mahogany chairs in front of me. If that porter had been my friend the biggest half of his natural lifetime—which, judging from the furrows on his lean face and the whiteness of his scant locks, was already anything but a short one—he could not have selected two works of art more pat to my taste or my present mood; and I inwardly blessed him for his thoughtful trouble, though I had a vague suspicion that there might be a gentle touch of irony in his ministrations.

The largest picture, 'Crossing the Sands,' is a gloaming or twilight subject, somewhere, I

fancy, on the Ayrshire coast. Its features are as familiar to me as the streets and houses in my native town. It brings to mind the days of my childhood, when the old folks used to hire a garret at the seaside for a few brief—for us youngsters all too brief—days in the summer; and the lonely walks and talks of later years, when the sun had gone down, and the newly awakened winds blew all the stronger and fresher in our faces for their afternoon's slumber, and our voices mingled with the rhythmic murmur of the waves as they broke at our feet.

The artist, I suppose, has named his picture from the dim outline of a horse and cart, with two figures sitting in it, crossing the darkening sands. The tide is far out, and has left long zigzag shallow pools of water lying in the uneven places on the sands, into which the swift vanishing day, through a break in the dark saffron clouds, is casting wistful looks. The same pale reflection is glimmering faintly along the wave-broken verge of the distant sea; while the denser flood, where it stretches out to meet the gray skyline, wears something of a sad melancholy in its cold blue depth. In comfortable contrast with this lonesomeness, sitting among the deepening shadows on a dark clump of moorland, or bent, on the left-hand corner of the picture, is the dreamiest little hut, with the rarest blue smoke rising out of its crazy chimney, and floating like a spirit among the dark grays and purples sleeping on the hillsides.

The smaller upright picture is a street in Dieppe—the time, evening, from the green tinge in the blue of the sky, and the roseate hue of the low-lying clouds. It is just such an old French street as one would delight in strolling through at that poetic hour, to feast one's eyes on the bewitching mixture of sunlight and shadow, reclining side by side, or locked in loving embrace among the sombre reds, and rich browns, and warm ochres on the quaint roofs and gables and walls; and to note the leisurely figures of the picturesque women in white caps, blue shortgowns, and red petticoats, chatting in the mellow sunlight at the street corner, or moving along in the shadow under the eaves of the overhanging gables; or the slow cart in the middle of the street, its wheels resting on that streak of sunshine slanting from the old gable at the corner; or the decrepit vegetable-woman at her stand on the opposite side of that gutter, the fresh green colour of her vegetables—all the fresher and greener against the daub or two of bright red—wafting one's thoughts away to cottage gardens and pleasant orchards.

But I must not tarry any longer in this old French street, or, indeed, in this musty old saleroom, which has thrown off its pensive and meditative humour, and taken on a brisk, practical, and business-like air. Already the auctioneer and his spruce clerk have arrived, and the faces of the knots of people scattered up and down the floor are looking with expectancy towards the little pulpit. It is no longer a place for an idle dreamer like myself, and so I saunter out to the street. The sudden transition from the shadow of the saleroom to the bright white sunshine on the bustling city thoroughfare, together with the sight of the refreshing water-cart, with a group of barelegged, merry children prancing

in its cooling spray, instantly dispel my illusions ; and in another moment I am as completely in the midst of the living present as I was before in the dead past.

### SURGICAL SCRAPS.

THERE is a curious instrument in the *armamentarium* of the surgeon called a probang, employed for removing foreign bodies which have become fixed in the esophagus or gullet. It consists of a flexible stem, at one end of which is an arrangement of catgut fibres, and at the other end a small handle. By moving the handle slightly, these threads of catgut—which are stretched all round and parallel to the stem at its lower end—can be bent outwards in a radiating manner, which gives the instrument the appearance of a chimney-sweep's broom in miniature. When a person is so unfortunate as to get a piece of bone stuck in his throat beyond the reach of the surgeon's hand, the probang is sometimes found very useful. It can be passed down the gullet, in a closed condition, beyond the obstruction, then opened somewhat like an umbrella, and drawn upwards, carrying with it—if all goes well—the foreign body. The passing of such an instrument is far from being pleasant to the patient ; but if it be done with ordinary care and judgment, it will not be attended with any harm. Every one who has known the misery attendant upon getting a good-sized piece of bone impacted in the food-passage, will understand that when the operation has proved successful, the patient is likely to consider the pleasure of seeing the offending fragment caught in the meshes of the probang cheaply purchased by the discomfort attendant upon the passage of the instrument.

Another instrument employed for passing down the esophagus is used for a different purpose. When the gullet has been severely burned internally—as, for instance, from the accidental swallowing of corrosive acids—after the ulcer produced has healed, there is a great tendency to contraction in the scar, and consequent stricture of the esophagus. This may threaten life, by tending to close the passage altogether. To prevent this, instruments called bougies are passed through the constriction from time to time. These bougies are simply firm, smooth, slightly flexible rods with rounded ends, and are various in size as regards their diameters. An instance of the passing of these instruments being turned to account in a very curious way, occurred some years ago in one of the London hospitals. A patient was suffering from stricture of the esophagus, brought about in the manner above described ; and the tendency to contraction was in this case so great, that it was only by the frequent passing of instruments that it could be prevented from becoming to the last degree dangerous. Now, it was impossible that the man could remain in the hospital permanently ; it was therefore decided to teach him to pass the instrument for himself. He proved capable of this, after a certain amount of instruction ; and it then occurred to some one about the hospital that the daily performance of this operation might be made the means by which the man could earn a livelihood.

Accordingly, the patient was advised to get a bougie made as much as possible to resemble a sword. This he did ; and for a long time afterwards was to be seen about the streets of London making money by what looked like the swallowing of a sword. In his case there was really 'no deception' as regards the passing of a long instrument down towards his stomach was concerned, the only deception being that the instrument was not the weapon it represented. His daily street performance thus served him in two ways—it supplied him with food, and also kept open the passage by which that food could be conveyed to his 'inner man.'

The contraction about which we have spoken as taking place in scars formed after burns of the gullet, and which is so dangerous there, also occurs in burns on the surface of the body, and often leads to a good deal of deformity. Burns, indeed, are a great source of trouble to the surgeon in many ways. For instance, if a burn is very extensive, there may be great difficulty in getting a cicatrice to form over the whole of it. Cicatrization only begins in the immediate neighbourhood of living epidermis, and therefore a burn or ulcer must heal from the circumference to the centre. But the further that the cicatricial tissue extends from the margin of the burn, the more slowly and the more imperfectly is it formed ; and indeed it may fail altogether to reach the centre. This difficulty has often been met by a small operation called skin-grafting. A piece of sound skin about the size of a split pea is pinched up—say, on the outside of the arm—and the epidermis snipped off with a pair of curved scissors, the scissors just going deep enough to cut slightly into the second layer of the skin and draw a little blood. A special kind of scissors has been invented for the purpose, that will only take up just the right amount of skin, so that the operation is thus made even simpler still ; and if it is skilfully performed, it causes only very trifling pain. The little fragment of skin thus separated is then placed gently, with its raw surface downwards, on the unhealed surface of the burn. The same thing is repeated again and again, till there are many grafts, if the burn is a large one. Isinglass plaster, or some other similar material, is employed to keep the grafts in position and preserve them from injury. In about four days they should have taken root, and then the covering can be removed. There is now a number of foci from which cicatrization can start ; for, as before said, it will begin from where there is an epidermal covering, and thence alone. After a time, a number of little islands of scar tissue may be seen, which go on increasing until at length they coalesce with one another, and also join that extending from the margin of the burn. This is what happens if all goes well ; but, unfortunately, there is a very great tendency for a cicatrice formed from grafts to break down and disappear, so that the result is not by any means always so satisfactory as it at first promises to be.

Another trouble with burns is the great pain which they invariably cause ; and numberless are the applications which have been recommended for its relief. The great essential in all such applications is that they should completely exclude the air ; for the very slightest irritation to



the surface of a burn will give rise to the most excruciating pain. To prevent irritation and to keep the parts at rest is indeed one of the surest ways of relieving pain, not only in the case of burns, but in the treatment of other forms of injury, and also in many kinds of disease. An instance of this is found in the method adopted to relieve the pain in certain joint diseases. Those who have visited the Children's Hospital in Ormond Street, or indeed any other hospital for children, may remember having noticed that at the foot of many of the beds there was fixed a pulley, over which ran a cord with a weight attached to the end of it. This cord, it may further have been noticed, was fixed at the other end to a kind of stirrup which depended from the patient's foot. Thus the weight—which consisted of a tin canister partly filled with shot—had the effect of keeping the child's leg on the stretch continuously. In fact, the little patient looked very much as though he was lying on a kind of rack; and if the visitor could have heard the surgeon order more shot to be poured into the canister, saying that he thought the patient was able to bear more weight, the command would have sounded very like that of a torturer, rather than that of one whose object it was to relieve pain. But the truth is that this rack is a very humane one indeed. It is the rack of modern times, as distinguished from that of past ages; it is the rack of the surgeon, and not that of the inquisitor. The cases in which this apparatus is used are almost always instances of disease of the hip or knee joint. The object of this arrangement of pulley and weight is, by making traction on the foot and leg, to keep the lower of the bones, which go to form the diseased joint, away from the upper, and so avoid the excruciating pain caused by the carious or ulcerated surfaces touching one another.

The benefit in such cases of having a weight drawing on the leg is most marked at night, when the patient wishes to get to sleep. With a good heavy weight, many a patient may sleep comfortably, who would otherwise be in a most pitiable condition through the long watches of the night. The position of such a person without any weight attached would be this. Knowing from past experience what too often followed on his dropping off to sleep, he would endeavour to keep himself from doing so. This, however, would of course be impossible for long, and at last the heavy eyelids would droop, the ward with its long rows of beds would grow dimmer and dimmer, the breathing of the neighbouring sleepers would sound fainter and yet more faint, until sight and hearing failed him, and his long watching ended in sleep. But now that he was no longer on his guard to keep his limb in a state of perfect rest, the irritation of the diseased part would give rise to spasmodic contraction of the neighbouring muscles. This contraction of the muscles would bring the lower bone of the joint, with more or less violence, against the upper; the two highly sensitive ulcerated surfaces would touch, and with a shriek of agony, the child would awake, quivering in every limb. And then, as the pain gradually grew less, again the same terrible drowsiness would begin to oppress him; and after another long spell of watching, he would fall asleep once

more, to be once more awakened in the same horrible manner as before. But with a sufficient weight attached, the patient may go to sleep confident of comparative ease; for the weight is too much for the spasmodic action of the muscles to overcome, and the bony surfaces therefore remain separated. And not only does the surgeon's rack thus save the patient from a terrible amount of pain, but, by allowing him to get good rest of a night, it must increase enormously the probability of ultimate recovery.

#### IN THE RHINE WOODS.

CUCKOO! CUCKOO!

I HEAR it again!

An echo of youth from its far sunny shore;  
Through the dim distant years it resoundeth once more.  
How mingled the feelings that rise with the strain—  
The joy and the pain!

I hear it, but not

In the home of my childhood, the glorious and grand,  
'Mid the wild woody glens of my own native land.  
Ah! dear to me still is each far distant spot,  
And present in thought.

I see them to-day!

The glory of Spring-time on valley and hill,  
That struck to my heart with a rapturous thrill,  
And friends in the sunshine of life's early ray,  
Young, happy, and gay.

All vanished and gone!

Could I see it indeed as in spirit I see,  
The home of my youth would be joyless to me;  
Like a bird's empty nest when the tenant has flown,  
Deserted and lone.

Soft, softly it rings!

O shades of the buried Past, slumber in peace!  
O heart, bid thy sad, tender memories cease!  
And welcome the Present, with all that it brings  
Of beautiful things.

How often in youth

I have dreamed of this land of the oak and the vine,  
This green, lovely land on the banks of the Rhine,  
With longing prophetic, that one day in sooth  
The dream should be truth.

Now gladly I rest

'Mid its scenes of enchantment with those that I love;  
Warm hearts are around me, blue skies are above;  
And though distant are some of the dearest and best,  
I am thankful, and blest.

The years as they roll

Rob the cheek of its glow and the eyes of their light,  
And much we have cherished is lost to the sight;  
But one thing remains that they cannot control—  
The youth of the Soul.

I. A. S.

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## NATURE ON THE ROOF.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES,

AUTHOR OF THE 'GAMEKEEPER AT HOME,' ETC.

INCREASED activity on the housetop marks the approach of spring and summer exactly as in the woods and hedges, for the roof has its migrants, its semi-migrants, and its residents. When the first dandelion is opening on a sheltered bank, and the pale-blue field veronica flowers in the waste corner, the whistle of the starling comes from his favourite ledge. Day by day it is heard more and more, till, when the first green spray appears on the hawthorn, he visits the roof continually. Besides the roof-tree and the chimney-top, he has his own special place, sometimes under an eave, sometimes between two gables; and as I sit writing, I can see a pair who have a ledge which slightly projects from the wall between the eave and the highest window. This was made by the builder for an ornament; but my two starlings consider it their own particular possession. They alight with a sort of half-scream half-whistle just over the window, flap their wings, and whistle again, run along the ledge to a spot where there is a gable, and with another note, rise up and enter an aperture between the slates and the wall. There their nest will be in a little time, and busy indeed they will be when the young require to be fed, to and fro the fields and the gable the whole day through, the busiest and the most useful of birds, for they destroy thousands upon thousands of insects, and if farmers were wise, they would never have one shot, no matter how the thatch was pulled about.

My pair of starlings were frequently at this ledge last autumn, very late in autumn, and I suspect they had a winter brood there. The starling does rear a brood sometimes in the midst of the winter, contrary as that may seem to our general ideas of natural history. They may be called roof-residents, as they visit it all the year round; they nest in the roof, rearing two and sometimes three

broods; and use it as their club and place of meeting. Towards July, the young starlings and those that have for the time at least finished nesting, flock together, and pass the day in the fields, returning now and then to their old home. These flocks gradually increase; the starling is so prolific that the flocks become immense, till in the latter part of the autumn in southern fields it is common to see a great elm-tree black with them, from the highest bough downwards, and the noise of their chattering can be heard a long distance. They roost in firs or in osier-beds. But in the blackest days of winter, when frost binds the ground hard as iron, the starlings return to the roof almost every day; they do not whistle much, but have a peculiar chuckling whistle at the instant of alighting. In very hard weather, especially snow, the starlings find it difficult to obtain a living, and at such times will come to the premises at the rear, and at farmhouses where cattle are in the yards, search about among them for insects.

The whole history of the starling is interesting, but I must here only mention it as a roof-bird. They are very handsome in their full plumage, which gleams bronze and green among the darker shades; quick in their motions and full of spirit; loaded to the muzzle with energy, and never still. I hope none of those who are so good as to read what I have written will ever keep a starling in a cage; the cruelty is extreme. As for shooting pigeons at a trap, it is mercy in comparison.

Even before the starling whistles much, the sparrows begin to chirp; in the dead of winter they are silent; but so soon as the warmer winds blow, if only for a day, they begin to chirp. In January this year I used to listen to the sparrows chirping, the starlings whistling, and the chaffinches' 'chink, chink' about eight o'clock, or earlier, in the morning; the first two on the roof, the latter, which is not a roof-bird, in some garden shrubs. As the spring advances, the sparrows sing—it is a short song, it is true, but still it is singing—perched at the edge of a sunny wall. There is not a place about the house where they will not build

—under the eaves, on the roof, anywhere where there is a projection or shelter, deep in the thatch, under the tiles, in old eave-swallows' nests. The last place I noticed as a favourite one in towns is on the half-bricks left projecting in perpendicular rows at the sides of unfinished houses. Half-a-dozen nests may be counted at the side of a house on these bricks; and like the starlings, they rear several broods, and some are nesting late in the autumn. By degrees as the summer advances they leave the houses for the corn, and gather in vast flocks, rivalling those of the starlings. At this time they desert the roofs, except those who still have nesting duties. In winter and in the beginning of the new year, they gradually return; migration thus goes on under the eyes of those who care to notice it. In London, some who fed sparrows on the roof found that rooks also came for the crumbs placed out. I sometimes see a sparrow chasing a rook, as if angry, and trying to drive it away over the roofs where I live. The thief does not retaliate, but, like a thief, flees from the scene of his guilt. This is not only in the breeding season, when the rook steals eggs, but in winter. Town residents are apt to despise the sparrow, seeing him always black; but in the country the sparrows are as clean as a pink; and in themselves they are the most animated, clever little creatures. They are easily tamed. The Parisians are fond of taming them. At a certain hour in the Tuileries Gardens, you may see a man perfectly surrounded with a crowd of sparrows—some perching on his shoulder; some fluttering in the air immediately before his face; some on the ground like a tribe of followers; and others on the marble seats. He jerks a crumb of bread into the air—a sparrow dexterously seizes it as he would a flying insect; he puts a crumb between his lips—a sparrow takes it out and feeds from his mouth. Meantime they keep up a constant chirping; those that are satisfied still stay by and adjust their feathers. He walks on, giving a little chirp with his mouth, and they follow him along the path—a cloud about his shoulders, and the rest flying from shrub to shrub, perching, and then following again. They are all perfectly clean—a contrast to the London sparrow. I came across one of these sparrow-tamers by chance, and was much amused at the scene, which, to any one not acquainted with birds, appears marvellous; but it is really as simple as possible, and you can repeat it for yourself if you have patience, for they are so sharp they soon understand you. They seem to play at nest-making before they really begin; taking up straws in their beaks, and carrying them half-way to the roof, then letting the straws float away; and the same with stray feathers. Neither of these, starlings nor sparrows, seem to like the dark. Under the roof, between it and the first ceiling, there is a large open space; if the slates or tiles are kept in good order, very little light enters, and this space is nearly dark in daylight. Even if chinks admit a beam of light, they do not like it; they seldom enter or fly about there, though quite accessible to them. But if the roof is in bad order, and this space light, they enter freely. Though nesting in holes, yet they like light. The swallows could easily go in and make nests upon the beams, but

they will not, unless the place is well lit. They do not like darkness in the daytime.

The swallows bring us the sunbeams on their wings from Africa to fill the fields with flowers. From the time of the arrival of the first swallow the flowers take heart; the few and scanty plants that had braved the earlier cold are succeeded by a constantly enlarging list, till the banks and lanes are full of them. The chimney-swallow is usually the forerunner of the three house-swallows; and perhaps no fact in natural history has been so much studied as the migration of these tender birds. The commonest things are always the most interesting. In summer there is no bird so common everywhere as the swallow, and for that reason, many overlook it, though they rush to see a 'white' elephant. But the deepest thinkers have spent hours and hours in considering the problem of the swallow—its migrations, its flight, its habits; great poets have loved it; great artists and art-writers have curiously studied it. The idea that it is necessary to seek the wilderness or the thickest woods for nature is a total mistake; nature is at home, on the roof, close to every one. Eave-swallows, or house-martins (easily distinguished by the white bar across the tail), build sometimes in the shelter of the porches of old houses. As you go in or out, the swallows visiting or leaving their nests fly so closely as almost to brush the face. Swallow means porch-bird, and for centuries and centuries their nests have been placed in the closest proximity to man. They might be called man's birds, so attached are they to the human race. I think the greatest ornament a house can have is the nest of an eave-swallow under the eaves—far superior to the most elaborate carving, colouring, or arrangement the architect can devise. There is no ornament like the swallow's nest; the home of a messenger between man and the blue heavens, between us and the sunlight, and all the promise of the sky. The joy of life, the highest and tenderest feelings, thoughts that soar on the swallow's wings, come to the round nest under the roof. Not only to-day, not only the hopes of future years, but all the past dwells there. Year after year the generations and descent of the swallow have been associated with our homes, and all the events of successive lives have taken place under their guardianship. The swallow is the genius of good to a house. Let its nest, then, stay; to me it seems the extremity of barbarism, or rather stupidity, to knock it down. I wish I could induce them to build under the eaves of this house; I would if I could discover some means of communicating with them. It is a peculiarity of the swallow that you cannot make it afraid of you; just the reverse of other birds. The swallow does not understand being repulsed, but comes back again. Even knocking the nest down will not drive it away, until the stupid process has been repeated several years. The robin must be coaxed; the sparrow is suspicious, and though easy to tame, quick to notice the least alarming movement. The swallow will not be driven away. He has not the slightest fear of man; he flies to his nest close to the window, under the low eave, or on the beams in the out-houses, no matter if you are looking on or not. Bold as the starlings are, they will seldom do this. But in the swallow, the instinct of suspicion is

reversed; an instinct of confidence occupies its place. In addition to the cave-swallow, to which I have chiefly alluded, and the chimney-swallow, there is the swift, also a roof-bird, and making its nest in the slates of houses in the midst of towns. These three are migrants, in the fullest sense, and come to our houses over thousands of miles of land and sea.

Robins frequently visit the roof for insects, especially when it is thatched; so do wrens; and the latter, after they have peered along, have a habit of perching at the extreme angle of a gable, or the extreme edge of a corner, and uttering their song. Finches occasionally fly up to the roofs of country-houses if shrubberies are near, also in pursuit of insects; but they are not truly roof-birds. Wagtails perch on roofs; they often have their nests in the ivy, or creepers trained against walls; they are quite at home, and are frequently seen on the ridges of farmhouses. Tits of several species, particularly the great titmouse and the blue tit, come to thatch for insects both in summer and winter. In some districts where they are common, it is not unusual to see a goatsucker or fern-owl hawk along close to the eaves in the dusk of the evening for moths. The white owl is a roof-bird (though not often of the house), building inside the roof, and sitting there all day in some shaded corner. They do sometimes take up their residence in the roofs of outhouses attached to dwellings, but not often nowadays, though still residing in the roofs of old castles. Jackdaws, again, are roof-birds, building in the roofs of towers. Bats live in roofs, and hang there, wrapped up in their membranous wings till the evening calls them forth. They are residents in the full sense, remaining all the year round, though principally seen in the warmer months; but they are there in the colder, hidden away, and if the temperature rises, will venture out and hawk to and fro in the midst of the winter. Tame pigeons and doves hardly come into this paper, but still it is their habit to use roofs as tree-tops. Rats and mice creep through the crevices of roofs, and in old country-houses hold a sort of nightly carnival, racing to and fro under the roof. Weasels sometimes follow them indoors and up to their roof strongholds.

When the first warm rays of spring sunshine strike against the southern side of the chimney, sparrows perch there and enjoy it; and again in autumn, when the general warmth of the atmosphere is declining, they still find a little pleasant heat there. They make use of the radiation of heat, as the gardener does who trains his fruit-trees to a wall. Before the autumn has thinned the leaves, the swallows gather on the highest ridge of the roof in a row and twitter to each other; they know the time is approaching when they must depart for another climate. In winter, many birds seek the thatched roofs to roost. Wrens, tits, and even blackbirds roost in the holes left by sparrows or starlings.

Every crevice is the home of insects, or used by them for the deposit of their eggs—under the tiles or slates, where mortar has dropped out between the bricks, in the holes of thatch, and on the straws. The number of insects that frequent a large roof must be very great—all the robins, wrens, bats, and so on, can scarcely affect them; nor the spiders, though these, too, are numerous.

Then there are the moths, and those creeping creatures that work out of sight, boring their way through the rafters and beams. Sometimes a sparrow may be seen clinging to the bare wall of the house; tits do the same thing—it is surprising how they manage to hold on—they are taking insects from the apertures of the mortar. Where the slates slope to the south, the sunshine soon heats them, and passing butterflies alight on the warm surface, and spread out their wings, as if hovering over the heat. Flies are attracted in crowds sometimes to heated slates and tiles, and wasps will occasionally pause there. Wasps are addicted to haunting houses, and in the autumn, feed on the flies. Floating germs carried by the air must necessarily lodge in numbers against roofs; so do dust and invisible particles; and together, these make the rain-water collected in water-butts after a storm turbid and dark; and it soon becomes full of living organisms.

Lichen and moss grow on the mortar wherever it has become slightly disintegrated; and if any mould, however minute, by any means accumulates between the slates, there, too, they spring up, and even on the slates themselves. Tiles are often coloured yellow by such growths. On some old roofs, which have decayed, and upon which detritus has accumulated, wallflowers may be found; and the house-leek takes capricious root where it fancies. The stonecrop is the finest of roof-plants, sometimes forming a broad patch of brilliant yellow. Birds carry up seeds and grains, and these germinate in moist thatch. Groundsel, for instance, and stray stalks of wheat, thin and drooping for lack of soil, are sometimes seen there, besides grasses. Ivy is familiar as a roof-creeper. Some ferns and the pennywort will grow on the wall close to the roof. Where will not ferns grow? We saw one attached to the under-side of a glass coal-hole cover; its green could be seen through the thick glass on which people stepped daily.

Recently, much attention has been paid to the dust which is found on roofs and ledges at great heights. This meteoric dust, as it is called, consists of minute particles of iron, which are thought to fall from the highest part of the atmosphere, or possibly to be attracted to the earth from space. Lightning usually strikes the roof. The whole subject of lightning-conductors has been re-opened of late years, there being reason to think that mistakes have been made in the manner of their erection. The reason English roofs are high-pitched is not only because of the rain, that it may shoot off quickly, but on account of snow. Once now and then there comes a snow-year, and those who live in houses with flat surfaces anywhere on the roof soon discover how inconvenient they are. The snow is sure to find its way through, damaging ceilings, and doing other mischief. Sometimes, in fine summer weather, people remark how pleasant it would be if the roof were flat, so that it could be used as a terrace, as it is in warmer climates. But the fact is the English roof, although now merely copied and repeated without a thought of the reason of its shape, grew up from experience of severe winters. Of old, great care and ingenuity—what we should now call artistic skill—were employed in constructing the roof. It was not

only pleasant to the eye with its gables, but the woodwork was wonderfully well done. Such roofs may still be seen on ancient mansions, having endured for centuries. They are splendid pieces of workmanship, and seen from afar among foliage, are admired by every one who has the least taste. Draughtsmen and painters value them highly. No matter whether reproduced on a large canvas or in a little woodcut, their proportions please. The roof is much neglected in modern houses; it is either conventional, or it is full indeed of gables, but gables that do not agree, as it were, with each other—that are obviously put there on purpose to look artistic, and fail altogether. Now, the ancient roofs were true works of art, consistent, and yet each varied to its particular circumstances, and each impressed with the individuality of the place and of the designer. The finest old roofs were built of oak or chestnut; the beams are black with age, and in that condition, oak is scarcely distinguishable from chestnut.

So the roof has its natural history, its science, and art; it has its seasons, its migrants and residents, of whom a housetop calendar might be made. The fine old roofs which have just been mentioned are often associated with historic events and the rise of families; and the roof-tree, like the hearth, has a range of proverbs or sayings and ancient lore to itself. More than one great monarch has been slain by a tile thrown from the housetop, and numerous other incidents have occurred in connection with it. The most interesting is the story of the Grecian mother, who with her infant was on the roof, when, in a moment of inattention, the child crept to the edge, and was balanced on the very verge. To call to it, to touch it, would have insured its destruction; but the mother, without a second's thought, bared her breast, and the child eagerly turning to it, was saved!

## BY MEAD AND STREAM.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.—JUDGE ME.

MR BEECHAM had spoken the words, 'You must know it all,' as if they contained a threat, but impulse directed tone and words. He became instantly conscious of his excitement, when he saw the startled expression with which Madge regarded him. His emotion was checked. Mechanically, he gripped the bridle of his passion, and held it down as a strong man restrains a restive horse.

'Shall I go on?' he said with almost perfect self-control, although his voice had not yet quite regained its usual softness. 'I know that you will be pained. I do not like that, and so you see me hesitating, and weakly trying to shift the responsibility from my own shoulders. Shall I go on?'

'I am not afraid of pain,' she answered quietly, but with a distant tremor in her voice; 'and if you think that I should hear what you have to say, say it.'

'Then I will speak as gently as it is in my power to do; but this subject always stirs the most evil passions that are in me. I want to win your confidence, and that impels me to tell you why I doubt Philip—it is because I know his father to be false.'

'Oh, you are mistaken!' she exclaimed, rising at once to the defence of a friend; 'you do not know how much good he has done!'

'No; but I do know some of the harm he has done.' There was a sort of grim humour in voice and look, as if he were trying to subdue his bitterness of heart by smiling at the girl's innocent trustfulness.

'Harm!—Mr Hadleigh harm anybody! You judge him wrongly: he may look hard and—and unpleasant; but he has a kind nature, and suffers a great deal.'

'He should suffer' (this more gently now—more like himself, and as if he spoke in sorrow rather than in anger). 'But, all the same he has done harm—cruel, wicked harm.'

'To whom—to whom?'

'To me and to your mother.' A long pause, as if he were drawing breath for the words which at length he uttered in a faltering whisper: '*His* lies separated us.'

Madge stood mute and pale. She remembered what Aunt Hessy had told her: how there had come the rumour first, and then the confident assertion of the treachery of the absent lover—no one able to tell who brought the news which the loss of his letter in the wreck, and consequently apparent silence, seemed to confirm. Then all the sad days of hoping—of faith in the absent, whilst the heart was sickening and growing faint, as the weeks, the months passed, and the unbroken silence of the loved one slowly forced the horrible conviction upon her that the news *must* be true. He—Austin, whom she had prayed not to go away—had gone without answering that pathetic cry, and had broken his troth.

Poor mother, poor mother! Oh, the agony of it all! Madge could see it—feel it. She could see the woman in her great sorrow dumbly looking across the sea, hoping, still hoping that he would come back, until despair became her master. And now to know that all this misery had been brought about by a Lie! . . . and the speaker of the lie had been Philip's father! Two lives wrecked, two hearts broken by a lie. Was it not the cruellest kind of murder?—the two lives lingering along their weary way, each believing the other faithless.

She sprang into the present again—it was too horrible. She would not believe that any man could be so wicked, and least of all Philip's father.

'I will not believe it!' she exclaimed with a sudden movement of the hands, as if sweeping the sad visions away from her.

Beecham's brows lowered, but not frowningly, as he looked long at her flushed face, and saw that the bright eyes had become brighter still in the excitement of her indignant repudiation of the charge he made.

'Do you like the man?' he asked in a low tone.

The question had never occurred to her before, and in the quick self-survey which it provoked, she was not prepared to say 'Yes' or 'No.' In the moment, too, she remembered Uncle Dick's unexplained quarrel with Mr Hadleigh on the market-day, and also that Uncle Dick, who wore his heart upon his sleeve, never much favoured the Master of Ringsford.

'He is Philip's father,' she answered simply;



and in giving the answer, she felt that it was enough for her. She *must* like everybody who belonged to Philip.

'Is that all?'

'It is enough,' she said impatiently.

'Do not be angry with me; but try to see a little with my eyes. You will do so when you learn how guilty he is.'

'I will not hear it!' and she moved.

'For Philip's sake,' he said softly but firmly, 'if not for that of another, who would tell you it was right that you should hear me.'

Madge stood still, her face towards the wall, so that he could not see her agitation. The bright fire cast the shadow of his profile on the same wall, and the silhouette, grotesquely exaggerated as the outlines were, still suggested suffering rather than anger.

'Do you know that Hadleigh has good reason for enmity towards me?'

'No; I never knew or thought that he could have reason for enmity towards any one.'

'He had towards me.'

'I believe you are wrong. I am sure of it;' and she thought that here might be her opportunity to further Philip's desire to reconcile them.

'Should you desire to test what I am about to tell you, say to Hadleigh that you have been told George Laurence was a friend of Philip's mother. He was my friend too. My poor sister was passionate and, like all passionate people, weak. Hadleigh took her from my friend *for her money*—a pitiful few hundred pounds. I never liked the man; but I hated him then, and hated him still more when Laurence, becoming reckless alike of fortune and life, ruined himself and . . . killed himself. But the crime was Hadleigh's, and it lies heavy on his soul.'

'Oh, why should you speak so bitterly of what he could neither foresee nor prevent?'

'I charged him with the murder,' Beecham continued, without heeding the interruption, 'and he could not answer me like a man. He spoke soft words, as if I were a boy in a passion; he even attempted to condole with me for the loss of my friend, until I fled from him, lest my hands should obey my wish and not my will. But he had his revenge. He made my sister's life a torture. She tried to hide it in her letters to me; but I could read her misery in every line. And then, when he discovered that I had gone into the wilds of Africa, without any likelihood of being able to send a message home for many months, he told the lie which destroyed our hopes.'

'How do you know that it was he who told it?' she asked, without moving and with some fear of the answer.

'The man he employed to spread the false report confessed to me what had been done and by whom.'

Madge's head drooped; there seemed to be no refutation of this proof of Mr Hadleigh's guilt possible.

Beecham partly understood that slight movement of the head, and his voice had become soft again when he resumed:

'I did not seek to retaliate. She was lost to me, and it did not much matter what evil influence came between us. I am not seeking to retaliate

now. I would have forgotten the man and the evil he had wrought, if it had not been for the cry my sister sent to me from her deathbed. She asked me for some sign that in the future I would try to help and guide her favourite child, Philip. I gave the pledge, and she was only able to answer that I had made her happy. I am here to fulfil that pledge, and it might have been easily done, but for you.'

'For me!'—Startled, but not looking at him yet.

'Ay, for you, because I wish to be sure that you will be safe in his keeping; and to be sure of that, I wish him to prove that he has none of his father's nature in him.'

'Do you still hate his father so much?' she said distressfully.

'I have long ceased to feel hatred; but I still distrust him and all that belongs to him. Now that you know why I stand aside to watch how Philip bears himself, do you still ask me to release you from your promise?'

'I will not betray your confidence,' she answered mechanically; 'but what I ought to do I will do.'

'I would not desire you to do anything else, my child,' and all his gentleness of manner had returned. 'I will not ask you to say at this moment whether or not you think I am acting rightly. I ask only that you will remember whose child you are, and what she was to me, as you have learned what I was to her. Then you will understand and judge me.'

'I cannot judge, but I will try to understand.'

Then she turned towards him, and he saw that although she had been speaking so quietly, her pain had been great.

'Forgive me, my poor child, for bringing this sorrow to you; but it may be the means of saving you from a life of misery, or of leading you to one of happiness.'

There was a subdued element of solemnity in this—it was so calm, so earnest, that she remained silent. He imagined that he understood; but he was mistaken. She did not herself yet understand the complicated emotions which had been stirred within her. She had tried to put away those sad visions, but could not: the sorrowful face of the mother was always looking wistfully at her out of the mists. She ought to have been filled with bitterness by the account of the crime—for crime it surely was—which had wrought so much mischief, and the proof of which appeared to be so strong. Instead of that, she felt sorry for Mr Hadleigh. Here was the reason for the gloom in which he lived—remorse lay heavily upon him. Here, too, was the reason for all his kindness to her, when he was so cold to others. She was sorry for him.

Hope came to her relief, dim at first, but growing brighter as she reflected. Might there not be some error in the counts against him? She saw that in thinking of the misfortunes of his friend Laurence, passion had caused Austin Shield to exaggerate the share Mr Hadleigh had in bringing them about. Might it not be that in a similar way he had exaggerated and misapprehended what he had been told by the man who denounced Mr Hadleigh as the person who had employed him to spread the fatal lie? Whether or not this should prove to be the case, it was clear that until

Mr Shield's mind was disabused of the belief that Philip's father had been the cause of his sorrow and her mother's, there was no possibility of effecting a reconciliation between the two men. But if all his charges were well founded—what then? . . . She was afraid to think of what might be to come after.

Still holding her hand, he made a movement towards the door. Then she spoke :

'I want you to say again that whilst I keep your secret, you leave me free to speak to Mr Hadleigh about . . . about the things you have told me.'

'Yes, if you still doubt me.'

'I will speak,' she said deliberately, 'not because I doubt you, but because I believe you are mistaken.'

Again that long look of reverent admiration of her trustfulness, and then :

'Act as your own heart tells you will be wisest and kindest.'

As he passed down the frozen gravel-path, he met Philip. He was in no mood for conversation, and saying only 'Good-evening,' passed on. Philip was surprised ; although, being wearied himself, he was not sorry to escape a conversation with one who was a comparative stranger.

'What is the matter with Mr Beecham?' he inquired carelessly, when he entered the oak parlour and, to his delight, found Madge alone.

'He is distressed about some family affairs,' she answered after a little hesitation.

Philip observed the hesitation and, slight as it was, the confusion of her manner.

'Oh, something more about that affair in which you are his confidant, I suppose, and came to you for comfort. Well, I come upon the same errand—fagged and worried to death. Will you give me a glass of wine?—Stay, I should prefer a little brandy-and-water.—Thank you.'

He had dropped into an armchair, as if physically tired out. She seated herself beside him and rested a hand on his shoulder.

'You have been disturbed again at the works,' she said soothingly.

'Disturbed!—driven to my wits' end would be more like my present state. Everything is going wrong. The capital has nearly all disappeared, without any sign of a return for it, so that it looks as if I should speedily have to ask Uncle Shield for more.—What has frightened you?'

'Nothing—it was only a chill—don't mind it. Have you seen—him?'

'Came straight from him here. He was rather out of humour, I thought ; and as usual, referred me to his lawyers on almost every point. As to more capital, he said there would be no difficulty about that, if he was satisfied that the first money had been prudently invested.'

'I understood that he was pleased with what you were attempting.'

'So did I ; but it seems to me now as if he was anything but satisfied. However, he would give me no definite answer or advice. He would think about it—he would make inquiries, and then see what was to be done. He is right, of course ; and queer as his ways are, he has been kind and generous. But if he pulls up now, the whole thing will go to smash, and—to fail,

Madge, to fail, when it only requires another strong effort to make a success!'

'But you are not to fail, Philip.'

'At present, things look rather like it. Oh, it will be rare fun for them all!' he added bitterly.

'All?'

'Yes, everybody who predicted that my scheme was a piece of madness and must come to grief. That does not matter so much, though, as finding myself to be a fool. I wish uncle would talk over the matter quietly with me. I am sure he could help me. . . . Why, you are shivering. Come nearer to the fire.'

She moved her chair as he suggested.

'But how is it that the money is all gone?'

'It is not exactly gone, but sunk in the buildings and the machinery ; and the disputes with the men have caused a lot of waste. The men are the real trouble ; they can't get the idea into their heads, somehow ; and even Caleb is turning rusty now. But that is because he is bothered about Pansy. . . . Ah, Madge' (his whole manner changing suddenly as he grasped her hand and gazed fondly into her eyes) ; 'although it will be a bitter pill to swallow if this scheme falls through—I was so proud of it, so hopeful of it at the start, and saw such a bright future for it, and believed it would be such a mighty social lever—although that would be bitter, I should get over it. I could never get over any trouble about you, such as that poor chap is in about Pansy. . . . But that can never be,' he concluded impulsively.

For the next few minutes he forgot all about the works, the men, and the peril in which his Utopia stood, threatening every day to tumble all to pieces. Madge was glad that his thoughts should be withdrawn for a space from his worry, and was glad to be able to breathe more freely herself in thinking only of their love, for those references to his Uncle Shield troubled her.

'You are not losing courage altogether, then?' she said smiling.

'I shall never lose it altogether so long as you are beside me, although I may halt at times,' he answered. 'There ; I am better now. Don't let us talk any more to-night about disagreeable things—they don't seem half so disagreeable to me as they did when I came in.'

So, as they were not to talk about disagreeable things, they talked about themselves. They did remember Caleb and Pansy, however ; and Madge promised to see the latter soon, and endeavour to persuade her to be kind to her swain.

#### A NORMAN SEASCAPE.

It was on our way from Paris to the sea that we found out Dives ; a little town, forgotten now, but once, long ago, holding for four short weeks an urgent place in the foreground of the world's history. It is a day's journey distant from Paris, a long summer day's journey through fair France, fairest of all when one reaches green Normandy, rich in sober old farmhouses, quaint churches, orchards laden with russet fruit ripening to fill the cider-barrels.

The little station near Dives is set in a desert of sand ; one white road leads this way, another that. Of the modest town itself you see nothing.

Your eye is caught for a moment as you look round you by the gentle undulation of the hills that rise behind it. On these slopes, a nameless battle was once fought and won; but the story of that struggle belongs to the past, and it is the present you have to do with. At this moment your most urgent need is to secure a seat in omnibus or supplement; all the world is going seawards, and even French politeness yields a little before the pressure of necessity; for the crowd is great and the carriages are small. There is infection in the gaiety of our fellow holiday-seekers, whose costumes are devised to hint delicately or more broadly their destination. Their pleasure is expressed with all the *naïveté* of childhood; so we too, easily enough, catch something of their spirit, and watch eagerly for the first hint of blue on the horizon, for the first crisp, salt breath in the air. Dives, after its spasmodic revival, falls back into silence, and is forgotten. We forget it too, and for the next few days the problem of life at Beuzeval-Houlgate occupies us wholly.

He who first invented Beuzeval must have had a vivid imagination, a creative genius. What possibilities did he see in that sad reach of endless sand, in that sadder expanse of sea, as we first saw it under a gray summer sky? Yet here, almost with the wave of an Aladdin's wand, a gay little town sprung into existence—fantastic houses, pseudo-Swiss chalets, very un-English 'Cottages Anglais,' 'Beach' hotels, 'Sea' hotels, 'Beautiful Sojourn' hotels lined the shore, and Paris came down and took possession. Houlgate and we are really one, though some barrier, undefinable and not to be grasped by us, divides us. But Houlgate holds itself proudly aloof from us; Houlgate leads the fashions; it is dominated by 'that ogre, gentility;' its houses are more fantastic, its costumes more magnificent, its ways more mysterious. At Beuzeval, one is not genteel, one is natural; it is a family-life of simplicity and tranquillity, as the guide-book sets forth in glowing terms. We live in a little house that faces, and is indeed set low upon the beach. There is a strip of garden which produces a gay crop of marigolds and sunflowers growing in a sandy waste—gold against gold. We belong to Mère Jeanne, an ancient lady, who wears a white cotton night-cap of the tasselled order, and who is oftenest seen drawing water at the well. Her vessel is of an antique shape; and she, too, is old. Tradition whispers that she has seen ninety winters come and go, yet her cheeks are rosy as one of her Normandy apples. One feels that life moves slowly and death comes tardily to this sea-village, where the outer world intrudes but once a year, and then but for one brief autumn month alone.

Bathing is the chief occupation of the day, and it is undertaken with a seriousness that is less French than British. Nothing can be funnier than to watch this matter of taking *le bain*. From early morning till noon, all the world is on the beach. Rows of chairs are brought down from the bath-house—all gay at this hour with wind-tossed flags—and are planted firmly in the soft loose sand; here those of us who are spectators sit and watch the show. A paternal government arranges everything for its children. Here one goes by rule. So many hours of the

morning and so many hours of the evening must alone be devoted to the salt bath; such and such a space of the wide beach, carefully marked off with fluttering standards, must alone be occupied. Thus bathing is a very social affair; the strip of blue water is for the moment converted into a *salon*, where all the courtesies of life are duly observed. On the other side of the silver streak, business of the same nature is no doubt going on; but French imagination alone could evolve, French genius devise, the strange and wonderful costumes appropriate to the occasion.

Here is a lady habited in scarlet, dainty shoes and stockings to match, and a bewitching cap (none of your hideous oilskin) with falling lace and telling little bows of ribbon. Here another, clad in pale blue, with a becoming hat tied under her chin, and many bangles on her wrists. The shoes alone are a marvel. How do all these intricate knots and lacings, these glancing buckles, survive the rough and sportive usage of the waves? Who but our Gallic sisters could imagine those delicate blendings of dark blue and silver, crimson and brown, those strange stripes and æsthetic olives and drabs? The costume of the gentlemen is necessarily less varied, though here and there one notices an eccentric harlequin, easily distinguishable among the crowd; and again, what Englishman would dream of taking his morning dip with a ruff round his neck, a silken girdle, and a hat to save his complexion from the sun? Two amiable persons dressed in imitation of the British tar, obligingly spend the greater part of the day in the sea. Their business it is to conduct timid ladies from the beach and to assist them in their bath. The braver spirits allow themselves to be plunged under the brine, the more fearful are content to be sprinkled delicately from a tin basin. There is also a rower, whose little boat, furnished with life-saving appliances, plies up and down among the crowd, lest one more venturesome than his neighbours should pass beyond his depth; an almost impossible event, as one might say, seeing with what fondness even the boldest swimmer clings to the shore.

Danger on these summer waters seems a remote contingency. Here is neither 'bar that thunders' nor 'shale that rings.' It is for the most part a lazy sea, infinitely blue, that comes softly, almost caressingly, shorewards. At first, one is struck with the absence of life which it presents—the human element uncounted. There is no pier, and boating as a pastime is unknown. Occasionally, a fleet of brown-sheeted fishing-smacks rides out from the little port of Dives, each sail slowly unfurled, making a spot of warm colour when the sun shines on the canvas; now and then there is a gleam of white wings on the far horizon. But the glory of the place is its limitless, uninterrupted sea, shore, and sky—endless reaches of golden sand, endless plains of blue water. With so liberal a space of heaven and of ocean, you have naturally room for many subtle effects, countless shades and blendings of colour, most evanescent coming and going of light and shadow. To the left, gay little Cabourg, all big hotels and Parisian finery, runs out to meet the sea; farther still, Luc is outlined against the sky. To the right are the cliffs at Havre, pink

at sunset; their position marked when dusk has fallen by the glow of the revolving light. Beyond, *là bas*—that 'indifferent, supercilious' French *là bas*—an 'elsewhere' of little importance, lies unseen England. When the sun has set, dipping its fireball in haste to cool itself in the waters, there comes sometimes an illusive effect as of land, dim, far off, indistinct; but it is cloud-land, not our sea-island.

The sunsets are a thing to marvel at, never two nights alike. 'C'est adorable!' as our old Norman waiting-woman said, with a fervent pressure of the hands, as she looked with us on 'the crimson splendour when the day had waned.' Sometimes it is a lingering glory, the rose-light on the pools fading slowly, as if loath to go; sometimes the spectacle is more quickly over, and almost 'with one stride comes the dark;' then swiftly in their appointed order the familiar stars. Now and again, it is a great storm—a blue-black sea and an inky sky, rent too frequently by the zigzags of the lightning. There is always the charm of change and novelty; the piquancy of the unexpected.

After the serious business of the bath is over, the lunch-hour has arrived. Being as it were one family, we all take our meals at the same time. Later in the afternoon, Houlgate rides and drives, elegant landaus, carriages with linen umbrellas suspended over them, donkey-carts driven by beautiful young ladies in beautiful Paris gowns. Beuzeval braves the dust, and looks on respectfully at the show; but Beuzeval does not drive much. It takes its little folks to the beach and helps them to build sand-castles. It goes off in bands armed with forks to the exciting chase of the *équilles*. These little fish of the eel tribe, which are savoury eating, burrow in the sand at low tide, and it requires some skill to capture them. Whole families go out shrimping too, looking not unpicturesque as, set against the light on the far sea-margin, they push their nets before them. One afternoon we watched two bearded men amuse themselves for hours with flying a pink kite. Their gesticulations were lively, and their excitement great, when at last it sailed bravely before the breeze. We are very easily amused here; for the most part, we are content to look about us, hospitable to all stray impressions. At such times, one is tempted to the idlest speculations: Why, for instance, are all the draught-horses white? Is it that the blue sheep-skin collar may have the advantage of contrast? Why, in a land of green pastures, where kine abound, is milk at a ransom price, and butter not always eatable? Why, again, in spite of our simplicity, our *vie de famille*, is it necessary to one's well-being here to have an inexhaustible Fortunatus's purse? But these things are mysteries; let us cease to meddle with them, and follow Houlgate wider afield, on foot, if you will, to little Dives, too long neglected—Dives, which sends its placid river to swell the sea, but lingers inland itself, hardly on the roughest day within sound of the waves.

It was at Dives that Duke William of Normandy and his host waited for the south wind, that fair wind that was to carry them to England. The harbour, choked now with the shifting sand, and sheltering nothing larger than a fishing-smack—held the fleet which some have numbered

in thousands; gallant ships for which Normandy's noblest forest trees were sacrificed during that long summer of preparation. Finest of them all, riding most proudly on the waves, was William's own *Mora*, the gift of his Matilda. At its prow there was carved in gold the image of a boy 'blowing on an ivory horn pointing towards England.' 'Stark' Duke William thus symbolised his conquest before ever he set foot on that alien shore. On the gentle slopes above the little town, where the cattle feed, the great army encamped itself, waiting for that fair wind that never came. Four weeks they lingered, long enough to associate the seaport inseparably with the Conqueror's name; and brave stories are chronicled of the order he kept among his fierce Gauls, and how the worthy people of Dives learned to look on the strangers without distrust—almost with indifference; to till their fields, to tend their flocks, to gather in the harvest, as if no nation's fate hung on the caprice of a breeze. Four weeks of this, and then that great company melted away almost with the suddenness of a certain Assyrian host of old—a west wind blew gently—not the longed-for south; but the ships, weary of inaction, spread their wings, and flew away to St Valery, where a narrower band of blue separated them from the desired English haven. And the village folks were left once more to the vast quietude of their country life.

There is an old church, rebuilt since English Edward destroyed it, a noble specimen of Norman architecture, and there they keep recorded on marble the names of the knights who sailed on that famous expedition from the port hard by. The church has its legend, too, of a wondrous effigy of our Lord found by the fishermen who launched their nets in these waters. It bore the print of nails in the hands and feet; but the cross to which it had been fastened was wanting. The village folks gave it reverent sanctuary, and devout hands busied themselves in fashioning a crucifix; but no crucifix—let the workman be ever so skilful—could be made to fit the carven Christ. This one was too short, that too long. Clearly the miracle had been but half wrought; the cross must be sought where the image had already been found. In faith, the fishermen cast their nets again and again into the deep. At last, after long patience on their part, the sea gave up what it had previously denied. The long-lost cross was found; and with the figure nailed to it once more, the sacred symbol was borne to its resting-place. A great feast-day that, for Dives; but only the memory of it lingers. The treasure has vanished, and nothing save a curious picture representing the miracle remains to witness to the event. It hangs in the transept, and there are many who linger to look at it. The outside of this grand building pleased us well; it stands secure and free, with open spaces about it, green woods behind, and the blue sky of France above. A stone's-throw off there is the market, which is nothing but a wide and deep overhanging roof, supported on pillars of carved wood. Here the sturdy peasants of this white-cotton-night-cap country sell the cheeses that smell so evilly and taste so well.

But the chief interest of Dives centres itself in the *Hôtellerie de Guillaume le Conquérant*.

Heart could not desire a quainter, more out-of-the-world spot in which to pass a summer day. One may take a hundred or two of years from the reputed date—they boast that Duke William was housed here, and they show you the chain by which the *Mora* was fastened to the shore!—and yet leave the place ancient enough. The famous reception-rooms may have been, and have been, redecorated and renewed after an old pattern; but they contain treasures that can boast a very respectable past. Such black carved oak is seldom to be seen; and there are tattered hangings, brasses, bits of china enough to fill a virtuoso's heart with envy; a wonderful medley of all tastes and periods.

Of deepest interest to some of us is the Louis XIV. chair with gilded arms and seat of faded, silken brocade, from which the most brilliant correspondent of her day wrote some of the letters that are models yet of what letters ought to be. Madame de Sévigné came here once and again on her way to Les Rochers. Once, at least, she came with 'an immense retinue,' that must have taxed the resources of the modest inn, smaller then than now. The 'good and amiable' Duchess de Chaulnes is of the company. Madame de Carmen makes the third in the trio. The ladies travel 'in the best carriage' with 'the best horses,' and that large following behind them. Madame de Chaulnes, who is all activity, is up with the dawn. 'You remember how, in going to Bourbon, I found it easier to accommodate myself to her ways than to try and mend them.' They make quite a royal progress, halting here and there. At Chaulnes the good duchess is taken ill, seized with sore throat. The kindest lady in the world nurses her friend and undertakes the cure. 'At Paris she would have been bled; but here she was only rubbed for some time with our famous balsam, which produced quite a miracle. Will you believe, my dearest, that in one night this precious balsam completely cured her?' While the patient slept, the kind nurse wandered in the noble alleys and the neglected gardens. 'I call this rehearsing for Les Rochers,' she writes gaily; but there is little heat, 'not one nightingale to be heard—it is winter on the 17th of April.'

Soon, however, the southern warmth floods the land, and they set off, a gay trio, and one of them at least with eyes for every quick-passing beauty as they drive through green Normandy. From Caen she writes: 'We were three days upon the road from Rouen to this place. We met with no adventures; but fine weather and spring in all its charm accompanied us. We ate the best things in the world, went to bed early, and did not suffer any inconvenience. We were on the sea-coast at Dives, where we slept.' (She loves the sea, and elsewhere tells how she sat at her chamber window and looked out on it.) 'The country is beautiful.' Later, she exclaims: 'I have seen the most beautiful country in the world. I did not know Normandy at all; I had seen it when too young. Alas! perhaps not one of those I saw here before is left alive—that is sad!' This is the shadow in the bright picture; she, too, is growing old, and her spring will not return. It is the last journey she is making to the well-loved country home.

Somewhat, as we turn away from the quaint hostelry, it is this gracious and beautiful lady

who goes with us, and not 'stark' hero William. At Beuzeval, as we reach it, the sun is already dipping towards the sea, and all the bathers—a fantastic crowd set against the red light—are hurrying homewards across the sands.

#### ARE OUR COINS WEARING AWAY?

AFTER the recent speech by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in which he showed that our gold coins are much lighter than they ought to be, we shall have to answer the above question in the affirmative. Our coins *are* wearing away, and although not at any very alarming rate, yet at a perceptible one. Every sovereign, half-sovereign, half-crown, florin, shilling, or sixpence, &c., which has been out of the Mint any length of time, weighs less now than it did when brand new. Indeed, in some old coins this is quite evident upon a casual inspection, for the image may be worn flat and unrecognisable, and the superscription may be illegible. Now, the difference in value between this old coin and the same coin when turned out new may be very trifling; but when we consider that there are probably millions in circulation which have similarly suffered depreciation to a greater or less extent, and that this loss will at some time or other have to be made good, this question of the wear of our coins becomes of sufficient importance for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to seek to cope with it. We shall here only offer a few observations on the mechanical aspects of the subject.

The office youth fetching a bag of gold from the bank to pay wages with—the workman putting his small share into his pocket after the lot has been shot on to a desk and his money has been, duly apportioned to him—the shopman banging it on his counter to see whether it is sound when it is tendered in payment for groceries, &c., are all participators in a gigantic system of unintentional 'sweating.' Under this usage—quite inseparable, by the way, from the functions the coinage has to subserve—it would appear that in the United Kingdom alone there is something like seven hundred and ten thousand pounds-worth of gold-dust floating about, widely distributed, and in microscopic particles, lost to the nation—dust which has been abraded from the gold coins now in circulation. There are similarly thousands of pounds-worth of silver particles from our silver coinage worn off in the same way.

It has been estimated from exact data that a hundred-year-old sovereign has lost weight equivalent to a depreciation of eightpence; in other words, that such a sovereign is only of the intrinsic value of nineteen shillings and fourpence. There has been a hundred years of wear for eightpence—as cheap, one would think, as one could possibly get so much use out of a coin for; but as we shall now see, we have, comparatively speaking, to pay more for the use of other coins. Thus, for a hundred years of use of a half-sovereign we pay a small fraction under eightpence; in other words, the half-sovereign has lost nearly as much weight as the sovereign; and considering its value, it has therefore cost the nation nearly twice as much for its use, two half-sovereigns costing us nearly one shilling and fourpence. It appears from Mr Childers's statement that at the present time, taking old and new coins, there are in the United



Kingdom ninety million sovereigns in circulation ; and of these, fifty millions are on the average worth nineteen shillings and ninepence-halfpenny each. Of the forty million half-sovereigns in circulation, some twenty-two millions are of the intrinsic value of nine shillings and ninepence three-farthings each. Hence the proposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to issue, instead of half-sovereigns, ten-shilling pieces, or tokens, containing only nine shillings-worth of gold, with the idea of making up for the loss by waste of the gold coins now in circulation.

Now, if we inquire into the reason why the half-sovereign wastes so much faster than the sovereign, we can only come to the conclusion that, being of half the value, it is a more convenient coin than the sovereign, and consequently has a much busier life. This applies with greater force still to coins like the half-crown, shilling, and sixpence, which are only one-eighth, one-twentieth, and one-fortieth respectively of the value of a sovereign. And we find upon examination, what one would naturally expect, that the silver coinage is even more costly than the gold coinage. The depreciation of the half-crown, reckoned in terms of itself, is more than double that of the half-sovereign ; that is, if a half-sovereign wastes in the course of a century to the extent of one-fifteenth of its value, the half-crown will waste more than two-fifteenths of its value. The depreciation of shilling-pieces is not far off three times as much as that of half-crowns ; and sixpences waste faster than shillings, though by no means twice so fast. There is thus an immense waste of our silver coinage taking place, and it proceeds at such a rate in the case of sixpences, that the intrinsic value of one a hundred years old would be only threepence, a century of use having worn away half the silver.

It is evident from these facts that the relative amounts of wear of coins are *not* so much owing to the nature of the metal they are made of as to the activity of the life they have to lead. The less the value of the coin, the greater is the use to which it is put ; and consequently, the greater is the depreciation in its value from wear in a given time. The sovereign being of greatest value, is used least, and depreciates the least—a circumstance quite in accordance with the fitness of things when we reflect that it is 'really an international coin, largely used in exchange operations, known to the whole commercial world,' and that any heavy depreciation of it would lead to much embarrassment.

### SILAS MONK.

A TALE OF LONDON OLD CITY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

UNLESS Rachel had reflected, in the midst of her alarm at the absence of her grandfather, that Walter Tiltcroft would be at the counting-house of Armytage and Company at an early hour, there is no saying what steps she might have taken with the hope of gaining some tidings of the old man. If anything had happened, Walter must be the first to bear the news to her. Towards nine o'clock, therefore, her anxiety began to take a different form ; she ceased to expect her grandfather's return, and dreaded the appearance of her lover.

The house was soon put in order ; everything about the poor home of Silas Monk looked as neat and clean as usual. Rachel was on the point of taking up her needlework, when a quick step on the pavement under the window attracted her attention. It was Walter Tiltcroft. He followed her into the sitting-room. He was somewhat out of breath ; and when Rachel caught sight of his face, she thought she had never seen it so pale. 'Sit down, Walter,' said the girl, placing a chair. 'You have come to tell me something. You have come to tell me'—and here her voice almost failed her—'you have come to tell me that he is dead.'

'No. I thought that I should find your grandfather here.'

'Why, he has not been here the whole night long !'

The young man passed his hand confusedly across his brow. 'What did I tell you I saw at the office last night ?'

'You told me,' answered Rachel, 'that you saw grandfather, through a hole in the shutter, counting handfuls of sovereigns on his desk.'

'Ah !' exclaimed Walter, 'then I cannot have dreamt it. I was the first to enter the office this morning. His room was empty. His ledgers were lying on his desk ; the key was in the lock of the large safe, and the door of the safe stood open. But there were no signs of Silas Monk.'

The girl looked at the young man with a scared face. 'What shall we do, if he is lost ?'

Walter rose quickly from his seat. 'Wait !' cried he. 'We shall find him. Mr Armytage has sent for a detective—one, as they say, who can see through a stone wall.'

'Oh !' cried the girl, 'they cannot suspect my grandfather ! I shall not rest until you bring him back to me, here, in our old home.'

The young man promised, with earnest looks and words, to do his best ; and then hurried away with all possible despatch.

The commotion at the office, which had been going on ever since nine o'clock that morning, was showing no signs of abatement when Walter walked in. The entrance was guarded by two stalwart police-officers, who assisted the young clerk to make his way through a gaping crowd. Rumours had already spread about the city : Silas Monk had 'gone off,' some said, with the contents of the great iron safe in the strong-room of Armytage and Company ; and the value of the documents which he had purloined was estimated at sums varying from one to ten thousand pounds. Other reports went even further, and declared that Silas, when entering as a clerk into the firm of Armytage and Company, years and years ago, had sold himself to the Evil One ; that last night, while the old city clocks were striking twelve, he had received a visit—as did Faust from Mephistopheles—and had been whisked away in the dark.

Walter Tiltcroft found another constable near the stairs. 'You're wanted,' said the officer in a snappish manner. 'This way.' The man conducted Walter to the private office of Mr Armytage, the senior partner. Here he left him.

Walter stepped into the room boldly, but with a fast-beating heart. A gentleman with a head

as white as snow and with a very stiff manner, was standing on the rug before the fire, as he entered. 'Do you want me, Mr Armytage?'

The senior partner turned his eyes upon the clerk. 'Yes, Tiltcroft; I want you.'

Looking round, Walter noticed for the first time that they were not alone. Seated at a table, with his back to the window, so that his face was in shade, was a gentleman, writing quickly with a quill-pen. This gentleman had jet-black hair, cut somewhat short; and there was a tuft of black whisker on a level with each ear. His hat was on the table, and beside the hat was lying a thick oaken stick.

Walter had made this observation in a rapid glance, when Mr Armytage added: 'What news have you brought from Silas Monk's house?—Has Silas been there?'

'No, sir; not for twenty-four hours.'

'Ah! Now, tell me, were you not the last to leave the office yesterday?'

When Mr Armytage put this question, the noise of the pen suddenly ceased. Was the gentleman with the jet-black hair listening? Walter could not look round, because the senior partner's eyes were fixed upon him. But he felt inclined to think that the gentleman was listening very attentively, being anxious to record the answer. 'I was the last, sir, except Silas Monk,' was Walter's reply.

The pen gave a short scratch, and stopped.

'Except Silas, of course,' said Mr Armytage. 'Did you, after leaving Silas, go straight home?'

'No, sir.'

'Tell me where you did go, will you?'

'First of all, under the scaffold outside, where I called out, in order to ascertain if the workmen had gone. As I found no one there, I closed the front-door. Then I came back, and sat down in a dark place on the staircase.'

Scratch, scratch, scratch from the quill.

'On the staircase!' exclaimed Mr Armytage, with surprise.

'I wanted to know why Silas Monk never went home when the rest did, because his granddaughter was uneasy about him,' continued Walter. 'She told me that it was often close upon midnight before he got home.'

'Well?'

'I found out what kept him at the office.'

The senior partner raised his chin, and said encouragingly: 'Tell us all about it.'

Walter remained silent for a moment, as though collecting his thoughts; then he said: 'What happened that night at the office, Mr Armytage, is simply this. I had hardly sat down on the staircase when, to my surprise, a workman came out of the yard from his work on the scaffold. I stopped him and questioned him. He told me that he had remained to finish some repairs on the roof, and had not heard me call. I let the man out, and then returned to my place.'

The scratching of the quill began and finished while Walter was speaking. He was about to resume, when the gentleman at the table held up the pen to enforce silence.

'Mr Armytage,' said the stranger, 'ask your clerk if he can tell us, from previous knowledge, anything about this workman.'

The senior partner looked inquiringly at Walter.

'I've known him for years,' said the young clerk. 'When a man is wanted to repair anything in the office, we always send for Joe Grimrood.' While the quill was scratching, the head gave a nod, and the voice exclaimed: 'Go on!'

Walter then mentioned briefly by what accident he had discovered Silas Monk at his desk with the pile of sovereigns before him; and how, not daring to disturb him, he had gone away convinced that the head-cashier was nothing better than an 'old miser,' as he expressed it.

As soon as Walter Tiltcroft had finished his recital, the pen gave a final scratch; then the stranger rose from the table, folded some papers together, placed them in his breast-pocket, and taking up his hat and stick, went out.

When he was gone, the senior partner, still standing on the rug, turned to Walter, and said: 'Go back to your desk. Do not quit the counting-house to-day; you may be wanted at any moment.'

All day long, Walter sat at his desk waiting, with his eyes constantly bent upon the iron-bound door of the strong-room. Within it, he pictured to himself Silas Monk wrapped in a white shroud lying stretched in death, with his hands crossed, and his head raised upon huge antique ledgers. Presently, Walter even fancied that he heard the sovereigns chinking as they dropped out of the old man's hands, followed by the sound of shuffling feet; and once, while he was listening, there seemed to issue from this chamber a stifled cry, which filled him with such terror and dismay, that he found it no easy matter to hide his agitation from his fellow-clerks, who would have laughed at him, if they had had the slightest suspicion that he was occupying his time in such an unprofitable manner, while they were as busily engaged with the affairs of Armytage and Company as if Silas Monk had never been born.

While these fancies were still troubling Walter Tiltcroft's brain, he was sent for by the senior partner. 'Read that,' said Mr Armytage, pointing to a paper on his table as the young man entered the room. 'It is a telegram from Fenwick the detective.' It ran as follows:

*'Send Tiltcroft alone to Limehouse Police Station.'*

Walter looked at the senior partner for instructions. 'Go!' cried Mr Armytage with promptness—'go, without a moment's delay!'

The young man started off as quickly as his legs would carry him for the railway terminus near Fenchurch Street. What an inexpressible relief to escape from his ghostly fantasy regarding the old strong-room, and to feel that he was at last beginning to take an active and important part in the search for Silas Monk!

The train presently arrived at Limehouse. Walter leaped out and made his way with all speed to the police station. He inquired for the detective of the first constable he saw, standing, as though on guard, at the open doorway.

'What name?'

'Tiltcroft.'

The constable gave a short comprehensive nod; then he looked into the office, and jerked his head significantly at another constable who was seated at a desk. This man quickly disappeared into an inner room.

'Walk in,' said the custodian at the doorway, 'and wait.'

Walter walked in, and waited for what seemed an interminable time. But Fenwick made his appearance at last, walking briskly up to the young clerk and touching him on the shoulder with the knob of his stick. 'It's a matter of identification,' said he mysteriously; 'come along.' He settled his hat on with the brim touching his black eyebrows, and led the way into the street. Walter followed. They walked along through well-lighted thoroughfares, up narrow passages and down dark lanes, until they came suddenly upon a timber-yard with the river flowing beyond. At this point the detective stopped and gave a low whistle. This signal was immediately followed by the sound of oars; and the dark outline of a boat gliding forward, grew dimly visible out of the obscurity, below the spot where Fenwick and the young clerk stood. Some one in the boat directed the rays of a lantern mainly upon their feet, revealing steep wooden steps.

'Follow me!' cried the detective.

As they went down step by step to the water's edge, the rays of the lantern descended, dropping always a few inches in advance to guide them, until they were safely shipped, when the lantern was suddenly suppressed, and the boat was jerked cautiously out into the river by a figure near the bow, handling shadowy oars.

Towards what seemed the centre of the stream there was a light shining so high above them that it appeared, until they drew nearer, like a solitary star in the dark sky. But the black bulk of a ship's stern presently coming in sight, it was apparent that the light belonged to a large vessel lying at anchor in the river. Under the shadow of this vessel—if further shadow were possible in this deep darkness—the boat pulled up, and the lantern was again produced. 'I'll go first, my lad,' said Fenwick, touching Walter on the shoulder again with his stick. 'Keep close.'

This time the rays from the lantern ascended, rising on a level with the men's heads as they went up the ship's side. As soon as they reached the deck, the rays again vanished.

'We will now proceed to business,' said the detective.

'Ay, ay, sir,' cried a sailor who had stepped forward to receive the visitors. 'Your men are waiting below.'

'Then lead the way.'

Walter, wondering what this mystification meant, followed close upon the heels of Fenwick and the sailor. A few steps brought them to what was obviously the entrance to the steerage, for it had the dingy appearance common to that part of a passenger-ship.

'Are the emigrants below?' asked the detective.

'Ay, ay,' replied the sailor—'fast asleep.'

'So much the better,' remarked Fenwick. Then he added, with a glance at Walter: 'Now for the identification.'

The sailor led the way down to heaps of human beings lying huddled together not unlike sheep, with their heads against boxes, or upon canvas bags, or packages covered with tarpaulin. The air was warm and oppressive; and the men, women, and children who were packed in this place had a

uniform expression of weariness on their faces, as though they were resigned to all the perils and dangers that could be encountered upon a long voyage.

'When do you weigh anchor?' asked the detective.

'At daybreak,' answered the sailor.

'Ah! a little sea-air won't be amiss,' remarked Fenwick, looking about him thoughtfully.—'Now, let me see.' He peered into the faces with his quick keen eyes, leaning his chin the while upon the knob of his stick. Presently he cocked an eye at Tilteroft, and said: 'See any one you recognise?'

Walter threw a swift glance around him. Most of the faces were thin and pale, and there were several eyes staring at him and his companion; but many eyes were closed in sleep; among these he saw a half-hidden face which he seemed to know, yet for the moment could not recall; but the recollection quickly flashed upon him.

The detective, watching his expression, saw the change; and following the direction in which Walter was staring in blank surprise, perceived that the object in which he appeared to take such a sudden interest was a large, muscular person, wrapped in a thick pea-jacket, with his head upon his arm, and his arm resting upon a sea-chest, which was corded with a thick rope. The man was fast asleep, and on his head was a mangy-looking skin-cap, pulled down to his eyebrows.

'Well,' said the detective, glancing from this man into Walter's face; 'who is he?'

'Joe Grimrood!' cried Walter.

It would seem as though the man had heard the mention of his name; for, as Walter pronounced it, he frowned, and opening his eyes slowly, looked up askance, like an angry dog.

'Get up!' said the detective, giving the man a playful thrust in the ribs; 'you're wanted.'

Joe Grimrood showed his teeth, and started, as though about to spring upon Fenwick. But on reflection, he appeared to think better of it, and simply growled.

Fenwick turned to the sailor, and said, pointing to the chest against which Joe Grimrood still leaned, 'Uncord that box. And if,' he added—'if that man moves or utters a word, bind him down hands and feet with the rope. Do you understand?'

'Ay, ay, sir,' cried the sailor, with a grin on his honest-looking face. With all the dexterity of a practised 'tar,' the sailor removed the cord from the chest; then he glanced at the detective for further instructions.

'Open it!' cried Fenwick.

At these words, Joe Grimrood, who sat with his back against the iron pillar and his arms crossed defiantly, showed signs of rebellion in his small glittering eyes. But a glance from Fenwick quelled him.

When the chest was opened, a quantity of old clothes was discovered. 'Make a careful search,' said the detective. 'If you find nothing more valuable than old clothes in that box, I shall be greatly surprised.'

Something far more valuable, sure enough, soon came to light. One after another the sailor brought out fat little bags, which, being shaken, gave forth a pleasant ring not unlike the chink of gold.

Fenwick presently, after opening one of these bags, held it up before Joe Grimrood's eyes, tauntingly. 'You're a nice emigrant, ain't you? Why, a man of your wealth ought to be a first-class passenger, not a steerage. How did you manage to accumulate such a heap of gold?'

Joe Grimrood gave another growl, and replied: 'Let me alone. I'm an honest workman. Mr Tiltcroft there will tell you if I'm not; asking his pardon.'

'That's no answer. How do you come by all this gold?'

'By the sweat of my brow,' answered the man, with the perspiration rolling down his face. 'So help me. By the sweat of my brow.'

'That will do,' continued the detective. 'Take my advice, and don't say another word.—Come, Tiltcroft. The sooner we get back to the city the better. There is work to be done there to-night.' With these words, Fenwick beckoned to two constables. These men, at a sign from the detective, seized Joe Grimrood and handcuffed him before he had time to suspect their intention. Meanwhile, the sailor had packed up the box, gold and all, and had corded it down as quickly as he had uncorded it.

The constables went first, with Joe Grimrood between them. The man showed no resistance. Behind him followed the sailor with the valuable chest. The detective and Tiltcroft brought up the rear. The boat which had brought Walter and his companions alongside the emigrant ship was still waiting under the bow when they came on deck. In a few minutes, without noise or confusion, they were once more in their places, with the chest and Joe Grimrood—still between the two constables—by way of additional freight. Once more the boat moved across the dark river and carried them to the shore.

Having deposited Joe Grimrood and his luggage at the police station, the detective turned to Walter and said: 'Now, my lad, let us be off. This business in the city is pressing. Every moment is precious; it's a matter of life and death.'

#### THE RATIONALE OF HAUNTED HOUSES.

THAT a very old house should gain the reputation of being haunted is not surprising, especially if it has been neglected and allowed to fall out of repair. The woodwork shrinks, the plaster crumbles away; and through minute slits and chasms in window-frames and door-cases there come weird and uncanny noises. The wind sighs and whispers through unseen fissures, suggesting to the superstitious the wailings of disembodied spirits. A whole household was thrown into consternation, and had its repose disturbed, one stormy winter, by a series of lamentable howls and shrieks that rang through the rooms. The sounds were harrowing, and as they rose fitfully and at intervals, breaking the silence of the night, the stoutest nerves among the listeners were shaken. For a long time the visitation continued to harass the family, recurring by day as well as night, and especially in rough weather. When there was a storm, piercing yells and shrieks would come, sudden and startling, changing anon into low melancholy wails. It was unaccountable. At length the mystery was solved. Complaints had

been made of draughts through the house, and as a remedy, strips of gutta-percha had at some former time been nailed along the window-frames, while its owners were at the seaside. This, for some reason explainable upon acoustic principles, had caused the disturbance. Even after the gutta-percha had been torn away, a sudden blast of wind striking near some spot to which a fragment still adhered, would bring a shriek or moan, to remind the family of the annoyance they had so long endured.

Meantime, the house got a bad reputation, and servants were shy of engaging with its owners. A maid more strong-minded than the others, and who had hitherto laughed at their fears, came fleeing to her mistress on one occasion, saying she must leave instantly, and that nothing would induce her to pass another night under the roof. There was a long corridor at the top of the house, and the girl's story was, that in passing along it, she heard footsteps behind her. Stopping and looking back, she saw no one; but as soon as she went on, the invisible pursuer did so too, following close behind. Two or three times she stood still suddenly, hoping the footsteps would pass on and give her the go-by; instead of which, they pulled up when she did. And when at last, wild with terror, she took to her heels and ran, they came clattering along after her to the end of the passage!

The mistress suspected that some one was trying to frighten the girl, and she urged her to come up-stairs and endeavour to find out the trick. This the terrified damsel refused to do, so the lady went off alone. On reaching the corridor and proceeding along it, she was startled to find that, as the maid had described, some one seemed to be following her. Tap, tap, clack, clack—as of one walking slipshod with shoes down at heel—came the steps, keeping pace with her own; stopping when she stopped, and moving on when she did. In vain the lady peered around and beside her; nothing was to be seen. It could be no trick, for there was nobody in that part of the house to play a practical joke.

Ere long the cause was discovered in the shape of a loose board in the flooring of the corridor. The plank springing when pressed by the foot in walking along, gave an echoing sound that had precisely the effect of a step following; and this, in the supposed haunted house, was sufficient to raise alarm.

It happened to us once to be a temporary dweller in a mansion that had a ghostly reputation. We were on our way to Paris, travelling with an invalid; and the latter becoming suddenly too ill to proceed on the journey, we were forced to stop in the first town we came to. The hotel being found too noisy, a house in a quiet street was engaged by the week. It was a grand old mansion, that had once belonged to a magnate of the land; fallen now from its high estate, and but indifferently kept up. Wide stone staircases with balusters of carved oak led to rooms lofty and spacious, whose walls and ceilings were decorated with gilded enrichments and paintings in the style of Louis XIV. At the side of the house was a covered-way leading to the stables and offices. This was entered through a tall *porte cochère*; and at either side of the great gates, fixed to the iron railings, were a couple of those huge

metal extinguishers—still sometimes to be seen in quaint old houses—used in former times to put out the torches or links carried at night by running footmen beside the carriages of the great. The stables and offices of the place were now falling into decay, and the *porte cochère* generally stood open until nightfall, when the gates were locked.

We had been in the house for some little time before we heard the stories of supernatural sights and sounds connected with it—of figures flitting through halls and passages—the ghosts of former occupants; of strange whisperings and uncanny noises. There certainly were curious sounds about the house, especially in the upper part, where lumber-closets were locked and sealed up, through whose shrunken and ill-fitting doors the wind howled with unearthly wails. In the dining-hall was a row of old family pictures, faded and grim; and the popular belief was that, at the 'witching hour,' these worthies descended from their frames and held high festival in the scene of former banquetings. No servant would go at night into this room alone or in the dark.

We had with us a young footman called Carroll, the son of an Irish tenant; devoted to his masters, under whom he had been brought up. He was a fine young fellow, bold as a lion, and ready to face flesh and blood in any shape; but a very craven as regarded spirits, fairies, and supernatural beings, in whom he believed implicitly. One night, after seeing the invalid settled to rest and committed to the care of the appointed watcher, I came down to the drawing-room to write letters. It was an immense saloon, with—doubling and prolonging its dimensions—wide folding-doors of looking-glass at the end. I had been writing for some time; far, indeed, into the 'small-hours.' The fire was nearly out; and the candles, which at their best had only served to make darkness visible in that great place, had burnt low. The room was getting chilly, dark shadows gathering in the corners. Who has not known the creepy, shivering feeling that will come over us at such times, when in the dead silence of the sleeping house we alone are wakeful? The furniture around begins to crack; the falling of a cinder with a clink upon the hearth makes us start. And if at such a time the door should slowly and solemnly open wide, as doors sometimes will, 'spontaneous,' we look up with quickening pulse, half expecting to see some ghastly spectral shape glide in, admitted by invisible hands. Should sickness be in the house, and the angel of death—who knows?—be brooding with dark wing over our dwelling, the nerves, strained by anxiety, are more than usually susceptible of impressions. I was gathering my papers together and preparing to steal up-stairs past the sick-room, glad to escape from the pervading chilliness and gloom, when the door opened. Not, this time, of itself; for there—the picture of abject terror—stood Carroll the footman. He was as pale as ashes, shaking all over; his hair dishevelled, and clothes apparently thrown on in haste. To my alarmed exclamation, 'What is the matter?' he was unable, for a minute, to make any reply, so violently his lips were trembling, parched with fear. At last I made out, among half-articulate sounds, the words 'Ghost, groans.'

'Oh,' I said, 'what nonsense! You have been

having a bad dream. You ought to know better you who'—

My homily was cut short by a groan so fearful so unlike anything I had ever heard or imagined that I was dumb with horror.

'Ah-h-h!—there it is again!' whispered Carroll, dropping on his knees and crossing himself; while vehemently thumping his breast, he, as a good Catholic, began to mumble with white lips the prayers for the dead. Up the stairs through the open door the sounds had come; and after a few minutes, they were repeated, this time more faintly than before.

'Let us go down and try to find out what it is,' I said at last. And in spite of poor Carroll's misery and entreaties, making a strong effort, I took the lamp from his trembling hands and began to descend the wide staircase. Nothing was stirring. In the great dining-room, where I went in, while the unhappy footman kept safely at the door, casting frightened glances at the portraits on the walls, all was as usual. As we went lower down, the groans grew louder and more appalling. Hoarse, unnatural, long-drawn—such as could not be imagined to proceed from human throat, they seemed to issue from the bowels of the earth, and to be re-echoed by the walls of the great dark lofty kitchens. Beyond these kitchens were long stone passages, leading to cellars and pantries and servants' halls, all unused and shut up since the mansion's palmy days; and into these we penetrated, led by the fearful sounds.

All here was dust and desolation. The smell of age and mould was everywhere; the air was chill; and the rusty hinges of the doors shrieked as they were pushed open, scaring away the spiders, whose webs hung in festoons across the passages, and brushed against our faces as we went along. Doubtless, for years no foot had invaded this dank and dreary region, given over to mildew and decay; or disturbed the rats, which ran scampering off at our approach. The groans seemed very near us now, and came more frequently. It was terrible, in that gruesome place, to hearken to the unearthly sounds. I could hear my agonised companion calling upon every saint in the calendar to take pity upon the soul in pain. At length there came a groan more fearful than any that had been before. It rooted us to the spot. And then was utter silence!

After a long breathless pause, broken only by the gasps of poor Carroll in his paroxysm of fear, we turned, and retraced our steps towards the kitchens. The groans had ceased altogether.

'It is over now, whatever it was,' I said. 'All is quiet; you had better go to bed.'

He staggered off to his room; while, chilled to the marrow, I crept up-stairs, not a little shaken, I must confess, by the night's doings.

Next day was bright and fine. My bedroom looked to the street; and soon after rising, I threw open the window, to admit the fresh morning air. There was a little stir outside. The *porte cochère* gates were wide open, and a large cart was drawn up before them. Men with ropes in their hands were bustling about, talking and gesticulating; passers-by stopped to look; and boys were peering down the archway at something



going on within. Soon the object of their curiosity was brought to light. A dead horse was dragged up the passage, and after much tugging and pulling, was hauled up on the cart and driven away.

It appeared that at nightfall of the previous day the wretched animal was being driven to the knacker's; and straying down into our archway, while the man who had him in charge was talking to a friend, he fell over some machinery that stood inside, breaking a limb, and otherwise frightfully injuring himself. Instead of putting the poor animal out of pain at once, his inhuman owner left him to die a lingering death in agonies; and his miserable groans, magnified by the reverberation of the hollow archway and echoing kitchens, had been the cause of our nocturnal alarm.

Carroll shook his head and looked incredulous at this solution of the mystery, refusing, with the love of his class for the supernatural, to accept it. Though years have since then passed over his head, tinging his locks with gray, and developing the brisk, agile footman into the portly, white-chokered, pompous butler, he will still cleave to his first belief, and stoutly affirm that flesh and blood had nought to do with the disturbance that night in the haunted house.

## UMPIRES AT CRICKET.

CRICKET has undergone many changes during its history, but, as far as we can tell, one thing has remained unaltered—the umpires are sole judges of fair and unfair play. The laws of 1774, which are the oldest in existence, say: 'They (the umpires) are the sole judges of fair and unfair play, and all disputes shall be determined by them.' Various directions have been given to them from time to time, but nothing has been done to lessen their responsibility or destroy their authority. An umpire must not bet on the match at which he is employed, and only for a breach of that law can he be changed without the consent of both parties. It is probable that the reason why an ordinary side in a cricket-match consists of eleven players is that originally a 'round dozen' took part in it, and that one on each side was told off to be umpire. An old writer on cricket says that in his district the players were umpires in turn; so, though there might be twelve of them present, only eleven were actually playing at once. This may have been a remnant of a universal custom; and it would explain why the peculiar number eleven is taken to designate a side in a cricket-match.

It is not always possible for an umpire to give satisfaction to both parties in a dispute, and very hard things have sometimes been said by those against whom a decision has been given. Mobbing an umpire is not so common in cricket as in football, but it is not unknown. Nervous men have sometimes been influenced by the outcries of spectators, and have given decisions contrary to their judgment. But occasionally the opposite effect has been produced by interference. A bowler

who has been unpopular has been clamoured against when bowling fairly; and the umpire has not interfered even when he has bowled unfairly, lest it should look as if he was being coerced by the mob.

For some years there has been a growing demand for what may be called umpire reform. It has been said that in county matches umpires favoured their own sides. A few years ago, a Manchester paper commenced an account of a match between Lancashire and Yorkshire with these words: 'The weather was hot, the players were hotter, but the umpiring was hottest of all.' This kind of danger was sought to be obviated last year by the appointment of neutral umpires. The Marylebone Cricket Club appointed the umpires in all county matches; but this did not remove the dissatisfaction which had previously existed, as it was said that the umpires were afraid to enforce the strict laws of the game.

Some people who think there will not be fair-play as long as professional umpires are employed, would have amateurs in this position, and they predict that with the alteration there would be an end to all unfairness and dispute. But Lord Harris, who is the chief advocate for greater strictness on the part of umpires, says he believes they would never be successful in first-class matches; he has seen a good many amateur umpires in Australia, and, without impugning their integrity, he would be sorry to find umpires in England acting with so little experience and knowledge of the game.

Dr W. G. Grace has told two anecdotes of umpires whom he met in Australia. He says: 'In an up-country match, our wicket-keeper stumped a man; but much to our astonishment the umpire gave him not out, and excused himself in the following terms: "Ah, ah! I was just watching you, Mr Bush; you had the tip of your nose just over the wicket." In a match at Warrnambool, a man snicked a ball, and was caught by the wicket-keeper. The umpire at the bowler's wicket being asked for a decision, replied: "This is a case where I can consult my colleague." But of course the other umpire could not see a catch at the wicket such as this, and said so; whereupon our friend, being pressed for a decision, remarked: "Well, I suppose he is not out."'

The Australians have frequently said that English professional umpires are afraid of giving gentlemen out, but this cannot be said of those who are chosen to stand in the chief matches. A well-known cricketer tells about a country match in which he was playing. A friend of his was tempting the fieldsmen to throw at his wicket, until at length one did throw, and hit it. 'Not out,' cried the umpire; and coming up to the batsman, said: 'You really must be more careful, sir; you were clean out that time.' This reminds us of the umpire who, in answer to an appeal, said: 'Not out; but if he does it again, he will be.' Caldecourt was a famous umpire—'Honest Will Caldecourt,' as he was called. The author of *Cricketers* had a high opinion of him, and said he could give a reason for everything. That is a great virtue in an umpire. Some men in that position will give decisions readily enough, but they either cannot or will not explain on what grounds their decisions are formed.

John Lillywhite was a very honest umpire. It was his opinion that bowling was being tolerated which was contrary to the laws of cricket as they were then framed. In a match at Kennington Oval in 1862, he acted according to his opinion, for he was umpire. Lillywhite would not give way, and another umpire was employed in his place on the third day of the match. Lillywhite was right, and it was unfortunate that he was superseded. That was not the way to make umpires conscientious.

When the old All England Eleven were in their prime, and were playing matches in country places against eighteens and twenty-twos, the players did not always pay that deference to umpires which was customary on the best grounds, and advantage was sometimes taken of an umpire's nervousness and inexperience. It seemed to be an axiom with some players, 'To appeal is always safe.' If several famous cricketers cried 'How's that?' it is not to be wondered at that an umpire would occasionally say 'Out' on the spur of the moment, without knowing why. But a very fair retort was once made to a player who was fond of making appeals, on the chance of getting a lucky decision. 'How's that, umpire?' he cried. The reply was: 'Sir, you know it is not out; so why ask me, if you mean fair-play?'

The umpire has not an easy post to fill, even if he have all the assistance which can be rendered by the players. Points are constantly arising which are not provided for in the laws, and he must be guided by the practice of his predecessors in the best matches. There is such a thing as common law in cricket, as well as what may be called statute law. It is undecided whether the umpire should be considered part of the earth or part of the air. If a ball hit him, and be caught before it touch the ground, is the batsman out? Some umpires say Yes, and others say No. Severe accidents have sometimes happened to umpires who have been struck with the ball, and there is on record that at least one has met his death in this way.

When matches were played for money, and when cricket was subject to open gambling, it was more difficult for umpires to give satisfactory decisions than it is now. In the account of a match played about sixty years ago between Sheffield and Nottingham, the Sheffield scorer wrote, that every time a straight ball was bowled by a Sheffield bowler the Nottingham umpire called: 'No ball.' Many stories arose at that time about umpires who were supposed to favour their sides. One town was said to possess a champion umpire, and with his help the Club was prepared to meet all comers. Only twenty years ago, the following statement appeared in a respectable magazine: 'Far north, there is an idea that a Yorkshire Eleven should have an umpire of their own, as a kind of Old Bailey witness to swear for Yorkshire through thick and thin.'

But Yorkshiremen themselves have told some racy stories about some of their umpires. One was appealed to for a catch, and he replied: 'Not out; and I'll bet you two to one you will not win.' Another at the close of a match threw up his hat, and exclaimed: 'Hurrah! I have won five shillings.'

It is well known that when Dr E. M. Grace made his first appearance at Canterbury, Fuller Pilch was umpire. The doctor was out immediately, but the umpire gave him in. When he was afterwards expostulated with, he said he wanted to see if that Mr Grace could bat; so, to satisfy his curiosity, he inflicted an injustice on his own side. If the same thing had been done in favour of his own county, it would not have offended a gentleman whom Mr Bolland refers to in his book on Cricket. This gentleman, referring to an umpire's decision on one occasion, said: 'He must be either drunk or a fool, to give one of his own side out in that manner.'

At Ecclesall, near Sheffield, there was formerly a parish clerk called Lingard, who was also a notable umpire. One hot Sunday he was asleep in his desk, and was dreaming about a match to be played the next day. After the sermon, when the time came for him to utter his customary 'Amen,' he surprised the preacher, and delighted the rustics who were present, by shouting in a loud voice the word 'Over.'

#### PARTED.

FAREWELL, farewell—a sadder strain  
No other English word can give;  
But we are parted though we live,  
And ne'er may meet on earth again.

My life is void without thy love—  
A harp with half its strings destroyed;  
And thoughts of pleasures once enjoyed,  
Can naught of consolation prove.

We live apart—the ocean's flow  
Divides thy sunny home from mine;  
And, musing on the shore's decline,  
I watch the waters come and go.

I trace thy image in the sand;  
I call thy name—I call in vain:  
The breeze is blowing from the main,  
And mocks me waiting on the strand.

I see the mighty rivers roll  
To plunge, tumultuous, in the sea;  
So all my thoughts flow on to thee,  
And merge together in their goal.

But thou hast uttered 'Fare thee well';  
And I must bid a last adieu,  
Nor let the aching heart pursue  
The longings that no tongue can tell.

And now, the slow returning tide  
No longer murmurs of the sea;  
The breeze has changed; it flies to thee  
And breathes my message at thy side.

The tide shall ebb and flow for aye,  
The fickle breeze may wander free;  
But all my thoughts shall flow to thee,  
Till life and longing pass away.

FRANCIS ERNEST BRADLEY.

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## OUR HEALTH.

BY DR ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

### III. SOME FOOD-DANGERS, AND HOW TO AVOID THEM.

IN connection with the subject of food and health, an important topic naturally intervenes in the course of such discussion, in the shape of the relation which impure foods bear to the production of illness and disease. Pure air and pure water are required by natural and common consent as necessities of existence; but the purity of the food we consume is no less a paramount condition of physical well-being. Food-impurities may be ranked under diverse heads. Adulteration of foods is thus a common cause of illness. The food, rendered of poor quality, does not contain the necessary amount of nutritious material; or it may impart disease from its being impregnated with matters foreign to its composition, and which have been added thereto for purposes of unfair trade-profit. For example, when one hears of alum and sulphate of copper being added to bread, it is evident that a serious form of adulteration is thus practised; while equally reprehensible modes of procedure are known to be in vogue when flour is treated so as to yield more than its legitimate quantity of bread; when rice, potatoes, and other starchy matters are added to the bread in the course of manufacture; or when flour of damaged or inferior quality is used. Similarly, when milk is adulterated with water, treacle, turmeric, and so forth, a cause of ill-health is clearly discovered. If tea be 'faced' with black-lead, or with Prussian-blue, turmeric, and China clay, there can be no question of the fraudulent and dangerous nature of such a practice; and when we read of preserved green peas being largely adulterated with sulphate of copper, and that a one-pound tin of green peas has been found to contain two and a half grains of this poisonous compound, it becomes evident that legislation directed against this worst of frauds—food-adulteration—is both necessary and highly requisite as an active feature of social law.

Into questions connected with the adulteration of food, we need not enter. Such topics necessarily belong to the sphere of the analytical chemist and of the sanitary inspector. Where adulteration is suspected, the wisest course for the public to pursue is carefully to note the place and date of purchase of the suspected article—full evidence on this head is necessary—and to supply the sanitary authorities of the town or district with a sample of the substance in question. This clue will be followed up independently by the authorities; and if adulteration be present, means will be taken to substantiate the charge and to prosecute offenders. There should be no leniency shown where cases of food-adulteration can be satisfactorily proved. Such practices form the worst of all frauds; they involve not merely commercial dishonesty, but include fraud against the health and well-being of the community and nation at large.

Other forms of food-impurity are well known, and demand attention from the public; inasmuch as, by the exercise of ordinary knowledge, many of these latter dangers to health may be avoided. Of impurities in water, we shall treat hereafter; hence nothing need be said at present regarding this class of food-dangers. Our milk-supply and our meat-supply, however, are matters over which every householder may and should exercise supervision. Special dangers attach, for example, to the incautious treatment of milk. If milk is suspected to be adulterated, or of poor quality, the determination of the error or fraud is a matter of scientific examination; and with regard to the detection of milk-dangers, arising from disease-contagion, the same remark holds good. It is indeed unfortunate that the first information we usually receive regarding a milk-supply which is thoroughly impure or hurtful, is derived from the effects of such diseased matter on the human frame. In this case, we are unfortunately able only to prevent the spread of an epidemic of disease—the prevention of the epidemic itself is impossible, save, indeed, by the vigilance of the dairyman or farmer in keeping the milk he sells free from

all source of contamination. Epidemics of typhoid fever, for instance, are, as a rule, only made known by the occurrence of a series of cases in a given district. On being traced out, these cases are usually found to have been supplied with milk from one and the same source. When the surroundings of the dairy or farm are inspected, sewage-contamination is usually found. Leakage of drains into a water-supply is a common occurrence; and as this infected water is used in cleansing the milk-vessels, the origin of the epidemic is clearly enough accounted for. In some cases, dairies have been found to be constructed in a thoroughly insanitary manner, and cleanliness—the first condition where milk is concerned—is by no means always observed. The remedy for these errors and negligences in connection with this all-important article of diet, lies in one direction only—namely, a system of rigid and continuous dairy inspection. Such inspection is never complained of by those tradesmen who take a pride in their occupation, and who endeavour, by ordinary attention to business, to secure the purity of the milk they sell. It might be added also, that if other articles of food are duly liable to official examination, and if the articles sold by grocer and butcher are duly supervised and examined, there is no reason why the premises of the dairyman should not be similarly inspected. We do not, as a rule, contract serious illness from impure coffee, or even from a poor quality of butcher-meat; but a dirty dairy and an infected milk-supply may, in a single day, sow the germs of a fever which may prostrate a village or community, and entail all the misery and hardship which serious illness inevitably carries in its train.

The domestic care of milk is a second topic to which the attention of the householder should be directed. It cannot be too clearly borne in mind that milk, of all fluids, is singularly apt to absorb deleterious matters. Sewage-emanations and other gases, paint, metallic matters, &c., are all readily taken up by milk. Hence the absolute necessity for seeing that when milk is received into our homes, it is stored in a safe and sanitary position. Milk should never be stored in metallic vessels in the first place; and it should not be kept in cupboards or other receptacles which are situated in the neighbourhood of sinks, closets, or open drains. Too frequently, such carelessness in the home-treatment of the milk-supply leads to illness, which is all the more serious, because its origin is unsuspected.

With regard to the liability of milk, taken from cows suffering from various diseases, to produce illness in man, many and varied opinions exist. A general rule, and one in the observance of which great safety exists, is, that milk from an animal in any way affected with disease should never be sold to the public. Where uncertainty exists, it is a matter of sheer common-sense to err on the safe side, and to incur no risk whatever. It is only fair to add, that milk from cows suffering from 'foot-and-mouth' disease has been consumed in many cases without injury resulting.

But opposed to this fact, we find cases in which the use of such milk has been followed by throat-ailments and other troubles in man. The milk of over-driven cows—'heated milk,' as it is called—has been known to produce colic and diarrhoea in children. It is also probable that while some persons in robust health may escape, others are liable to be affected by milk taken from diseased animals. Pigs to which the milk of cows, ill with 'foot-and-mouth' disease, has been given, are seized with that disease in a few hours. The safe rule, therefore, appears to be that already mentioned. If a cow is affected with any disorder or disease, the milk of the animal should not be consumed by man. Only by attention to this rule can outbreaks of disease in man be avoided, and the public safety fully secured.

The flesh of animals is liable to acquire under certain conditions diseased properties. Hence, it is necessary that we should be on our guard against such sources of illness. Thus, certain fevers to which pigs, sheep, and cattle are subject render their flesh unfit for human food; and there are certain parasites inhabiting the flesh of fish which may also be productive of disease when the meat in question has been eaten by man.

Good meat in a fresh state should be firm and elastic to the touch. The characteristic odour of fresh meat should be present, and the meat-tissue should be dry, or at the most merely moist. The appearance of good meat is marbled, and its action on blue litmus-paper is acid—that is, it turns the blue paper to a red colour. Bad meat, on the other hand, is usually extremely moist, or even wet; it has a sodden feel, and the presence of dark spots in the fat is a suspicious sign. The marrow of the bones, instead of being light red in colour, as in fresh meat, is brown-tinted, and often shows black spots. Tested by litmus-paper, bad meat is either neutral or alkaline, and turns red litmus-paper to blue, or does not alter either red or blue test papers. The odour of bad meat is highly distinctive; and its colour, as a rule, is suspiciously dark.

Regarding those animal-diseases which are believed to unfit the flesh for human use, considerable diversity of opinion exists. For example, the flesh of animals suffering from *pleuro-pneumonia* is regarded, almost universally, as unfit for consumption; although opinions exist which regard such flesh as harmless. Here, as in the case of milk, already alluded to, it is probable diversity of opinion arises from the different conditions under which the results of eating such flesh have been studied. In some cases, it is true, no evil results have accrued from this practice; Loiset showing that during nineteen years, at least eighteen thousand oxen suffering from *pleuro-pneumonia* were killed and used in Lyons, as food, without any known evil results. But it should be remembered that the disease has its advanced as well as its initial stages; and in any case the opinions expressed with regard to the harmless character of the flesh, can only apply to cases in which the animals have been killed in an early phase of the disorder. The disease known as 'braxy' in sheep presents a similar conflict of opinions. Over fifty per cent. of young sheep in Scotland are stated by Mr Cowan in his Essay (1863) to perish from this disease. The disorder

is a fever, attended by very characteristic symptoms; but 'braxy mutton' is eaten nevertheless by Scottish shepherds with impunity—although an important precaution is observed in this case by steeping the mutton in brine for six or eight weeks, and then drying it. The chief danger which appears to arise in man from the use of diseased meat is the development of blood-disorders and of blood-poisoning. 'Carbuncular disease' has increased in Scotland since 1842, when pleuro-pneumonia first appeared; and this affection has apparently increased since lung-diseases in animals have become common. On the whole, then, it may be urged that even with opinions of weight which allege the harmless character, in certain cases, of the flesh of diseased animals, there are risks involved which make the rule, that meat under such circumstances should be rejected, a highly safe and commendable practice both for public and trade attention.

In the case of the *parasites* which may affect meat under certain circumstances, there is fortunately no diversity of opinion to be encountered. The question of 'braxy mutton' may be debatable; in that of meat infested with parasites, no argument is permissible. All parasitic animals are liable to induce disease of more or less serious character in man; hence, if meat can be proved to be so infested, it should be summarily rejected.

The most common parasites which man is liable to acquire from flesh of various kinds are certainly *tapeworms*, which have been frequently described, and the dangers from which are well known. More serious in its nature is the *Trichina spiralis*, a minute worm, found chiefly in the muscles of the pig. This worm, if eaten by man with pork, develops with great rapidity within the human digestive system, and produces enormous numbers of young, which, boring their way through the tissues to the muscles of the patient, cause serious and often fatal illness. Once in the muscles, no further change ensues to the worms, which simply degenerate into mere specks of lime. It is this *trichina* which produces the disease known as *trichinosis*. Fatal epidemics of this disease are not uncommon on the continent, especially where the unsanitary practice of eating uncooked or dried sausages is greatly in vogue.

Regarding the prevention of the diseases caused by parasites, one stringent rule should be invariably kept in mind—namely, that all flesh-meat should be *thoroughly cooked* before it is consumed. The practice of eating underdone meat and smoked provisions is attended with great danger. A degree of heat sufficient to cook meat thoroughly, may, as a rule, be trusted to destroy parasitic life which the flesh may contain—although, of course, no one would sanction the employment as food of any meat known to be parasitically infested. To this necessary precaution may be added the advice, that drinking-water should never be taken from ponds, lakes, canals, or rivers in which vegetable matter grows freely, as such water is liable to contain parasitic germs; and all vegetables used for food, and especially those used raw—as in the case of salads—should be thoroughly washed before use. Our dogs being liable to harbour certain forms of internal parasites highly injurious to man, should also have their health

and feeding inspected and supervised. And it may be lastly mentioned, by way of encouragement in sanitary reform, and in the care and selection of our flesh-foods, that as far back as the reign of Henry III. the desirability of securing meat free from parasites was clearly known. In the reign of that monarch, butchers who were convicted of selling 'measly pork' were sentenced to exposure in the pillory as a punishment for their misdeeds.

## BY MEAD AND STREAM.

### CHAPTER XXXV.—THE MAID WAS IN THE GARDEN.

MADGE was glad that it was in her power to comfort Philip, most glad, because, in spite of the relief which he found in her presence, a vague fear was beginning to creep into her mind that somehow this power was slowly weakening. Was it his fault or hers? Was it the knowledge that the confidence which they had desired to keep perfect between them was no longer perfect? Was it the knowledge that she had accepted a secret which could not be shared with him that, disturbing her mind, suggested changes in him which had no existence? Maybe, maybe, and yet . . . relieved as he had been for a little while, there was no mistake, there was no mistake about the weary look in his eyes when he was going away, or about his nervously lingering manner of saying 'Good-night,' as if he were afraid to leave her, lest the bogeys which had arisen in his path should seize upon him the moment he should be alone.

She had many bitter reflections that night before she went to sleep: first, about the position in which she was placed against her will; and next about the customs which allowed a woman so few opportunities to give practical assistance to the man she loved. If he had been only a labourer and she a washerwoman, then she could have been of some real value to him. As it was, she must stay at home, await his coming when the struggle was over, give him sympathy when he was in difficulty, and nurse him when he was sick. That was all. She wanted to be by his side in the heat of the struggle, helping him with hands and head as well as heart. She wished that his enterprise had assumed some other form than its present one, so that she might have had a full share in the actual work of it. To her it was absurd that, because she wore petticoats and happened to be above the necessity to earn a living, she should be excluded from his office, or go to it under the penalty of bringing ridicule upon him. She knew how many times in those weary chambers, and in that weary office during this period of worry and disappointment, he must long for her to cheer and steady him as only she could do.

As for Wrentham, she had not much faith in him, although, having no specific charge to make against him, and aware of Philip's confidence in him, she remained silent. She could only have said: 'I do not like him;' and Philip would have laughed at her, or chid her for being ungracious to his friend. She had not forgiven Wrentham for the accident with the horse; and she was not



yet satisfied about it, for she could not forget what Uncle Dick had said in his passion.

'If I wanted to kill anybody, do you know what I'd do?—that is, supposing I could go about it in cold blood. Well, I'd keep a mettlesome mare in the stable for three or four days, feed her high, and then ask the man I wanted to hurt to take a ride on her. Five hundred to one but he'd come back in a worse plight than Philip did. And that's what I'd have said the man was trying on, if they hadn't been such close friends.'

Uncle Dick did not repeat this angry exclamation; but Madge could not forget it, and the remembrance of it made her this night the more discontented that she could not be always with Philip during the ordeal through which he was passing.

However, there was one way in which she might render him practical assistance; that was, by setting Caleb Kersey's mind at ease, and so enabling him to serve his master with a light heart, which is always a brave one. She had delayed speaking to Sam Culver until she could tell him that Caleb was not only working steadily but was successful, and could offer Pansy a comfortable home. She would not wait any longer: she would speak to them both in the morning. That thought helped her to sleep. For the time, the more serious business which she had to do with Mr Hadleigh held only a distant place in her mind.

Caleb had not been making progress in his wooing, and when he became aware of that fact, he grew discontented with the nature of things in general and especially with himself. The discontent with the condition of his fellow-labourers which had earned for him an ill repute amongst the farmers, had some grains of reason in it. There was no doubt that the majority of the labourers had large families and scant fare; that their cottages were in many instances examples of the deplorable state of ruin into which roof and walls may fall and still be reckoned fit for human habitation; whilst in harvest-time, when there was an influx of labouring men, women, and children from the large towns and from Ireland, the lodging arrangements were disreputable. But in the present case, he could discover no reason to justify his discontent, and that made him feel bad.

He had never been a regular churchgoer, and for some time he had ceased going altogether; but lately he had become so punctual in his attendance, that the beadle-sexton, the clerk, with old Jerry and young Jerry Mogridge, had held more than one consultation on the subject in the taproom of the *Cherry Tree*. They shook their heads very wisely, and thought that there must be something wrong about this sudden conversion. But the vicar, who had as quick an eye for every face in his congregation as the thorough shepherd has for every sheep in his flock, was pleased, and concluded that there was some good spirit at work in the Agitator's mind. He would not speak to him yet. He knew how easily a hesitating sheep may be frightened away by overzeal on the part of the shepherd. He would wait until the man felt quite at his ease.

So, in a distant corner of the church, Caleb

sat Sunday after Sunday, his eyes fixed on the back of Pansy's hat, and brightening when any of her movements enabled him to catch a glimpse of her face. At first he merely dawdled along the road in the wake of Pansy and her father on their way home, until they entered the gates of Ringsford. There it was Sam's custom to halt and gossip with the gatekeeper; whilst Pansy hastened home by a bypath through the trees, in order to have dinner ready for her father. Then Caleb, by hurrying to the home-field and crossing it, would catch another glimpse of her before she entered the cottage.

He was ashamed of dogging their steps in this fashion, and could not help himself. Several times he made up his mind to speak to the gardener, and find some excuse for walking along with them; but he could not yet muster courage to grasp so much joy, although it was well within his reach. One bright day, however, he was as usual standing in the porch to see Pansy as she went out, and receive from her as usual a bashful glance and timid smile, which made the food he lived on for the week, when he was almost startled by her father speaking to him:

'Come up the road a bit wi' us, Kersey, if you have naething better ado.'

Caleb muttered that he was ready, and muttered still more awkwardly to Pansy that he hoped he saw her quite well.

'Quite well, thank you,' was the demure reply; and there was no further conversation.

She took her place on one side of her father, Caleb walked on the other. But she was there quite close to him, and—although decidedly ill at ease—he began to feel a degree of content which he had not known for many days.

The gardener had been amongst those who had observed Caleb's conversion in the matter of church attendance, and being already sensible of the young man's intelligent appreciation of his flowers, he was willing to credit him with having turned over a new leaf, and had charitably set aside his doubts of him.

'Man, Kersey,' said Sam, as soon as they were free from the crowd, 'I have got one of the bonniest geraaniums that ever mortal set een on, and I want you to see it for yoursell'. I wouldna have asked you to come on the Sabbath, if it hadna been that I can never get sight of you on a week-day noo.'

'I don't suppose there can be any harm in looking at the flower,' said Caleb, restraining the much more decided opinion he would have expressed on the subject if Pansy had not been there, or if he had been able to guess what she might have thought of it. One strong principle of his creed was that the more beautiful things men look at, the more refined their natures will become, and that for this purpose Sunday was the most appropriate day.

'That's just my opinion,' was the satisfied comment of the gardener; 'and I wonder you that's fond o' flowers, dinna take to studying them in earnest. Do you know anything at all about botany?'

'Nothing,' was the honest and regretful reply, for it was not easy to confess absolute ignorance in her presence.

'Then you'll just have to come whiles to see me, and I'll learn you something about it. You

will have to come especially in the spring-time; and it's wonderful how soon you'll find a real pleasure in it—especially in the geraniums.'

In this way Caleb became a prospective pupil of the gardener, and after this he walked home with the father and daughter every Sunday. And Pansy became more and more shy in his presence, and blushed more deeply at his coming; whilst his heart swelled and throbbed, and the words he wanted to speak played tantalisingly about his tongue, but found no voice. By-and-by there was a curious change in Pansy. Her shyness and her blushes disappeared: she spoke to him in much the same manner as she did to Jacob Cone or Jerry Mogridge or any of the other men about the place. At first he was disposed to be pleased with the change, for it seemed to make him more at home when he visited the cottage. Presently he began to fancy that she tried to keep out of his way, and he did not understand it. Then one day she had a basket of flowers to take up to the house for the young ladies, and Caleb accompanied her. As they neared the house, he surrendered the basket to her, and he had only done so when they met Coutts.

'Ah, early birds!' he said, with his cynical smile; 'good-morning.—Will you give me a flower for my button-hole, Pansy?—Thank you. That is a very pretty one—it will make me think of you all day.'

He passed on, and Pansy was blushing as she used to do when Caleb spoke to her.

Caleb drew a long breath, and with it inhaled the poison which distorted all his thoughts. He spoke no word; but the gloom which fell upon him spoiled him for work, and checked his visits to the cottage until he heard that warning cry from Philip:

'Trust her, man; trust her. That is the way to be worthy of a worthy woman.'

The words seemed to rouse him from a wretched nightmare and to clear his eyes and head. The words kept ringing in his ears, and when he peered through the black span which lay between this day and the one on which Pansy gave Coutts Hadleigh the flower, he felt that the darkness was due to films on his own eyes, not to change in the atmosphere.

He straightened his shoulders and raised his head: he was able to look his future in the face again.

'I will trust her,' he said to himself bravely. When he went to Gray's Inn in obedience to his master's instructions, he had only to say: 'Thank you, sir; you have done me a deal of good, and I'll do what you tell me.'

'Spoken like the sensible fellow I always believed you to be,' rejoined Philip, much relieved. He would have rejoiced, but he was at the time too much distracted by his own affairs to be able to feel elated by anything. 'There will be no more sulks, then, no more losing heart and seeing mountains in molehills?'

'I hope not.'

'That's right; and . . . look here, Caleb. I have a notion, from something you said, that I know the man you have been worrying yourself about. Take my word for it, if my guess is right, he is much too cautious a fellow—to put it on no higher ground—and too careful of himself, to be a poacher. He likes a joke, though; and if I were

you, I would not let him see that he was making me uneasy. You understand—he might for the fun of the thing get up some hoax.'

Caleb thought he understood, and at anyrate the main point was quite clear to him—he was to trust her. And he kept faith with himself in that respect. Whenever she seemed cold to him, he blamed himself for bothering her at the wrong time. She had other things to take up her attention—all the work of the cottage, many odd jobs to do for her father, besides the hens to look after and their eggs to gather for the breakfast-table of the Manor. When she seemed to be trying to keep out of his way, he set it down to the fact that she had something particular to do. He found excuses for every change, real or imaginary, that had come over her manner of treating him. Come what might of it, he would trust her.

Then there was a bright forenoon on which Philip sent him out to Ringsford to fetch a small box, and he had an hour to spare before he had to start for his return train. So he went over to the cottage. The sun was gleaming whitely on the little green in front, and the grass was sparkling with frozen dewdrops. There was Pansy—eyes in their brightness rivalling the flashing dewdrops, cheeks aglow with healthful exercise, and sleeves tucked up above the elbows—hanging out the clothes she had just taken from the tub.

Caleb halted at the corner of the green. He had never in this world seen anything so graceful as that lithe figure moving actively about in the clear sunlight casting the clothes over the lines, now reaching up on tiptoe to place a peg in some high place, and again whipping up her basket and marching farther along with it.

She had covered one long line and taken a clothes-pole to raise it. That was a feat of strength, and Caleb sprang to her side.

'Let me do that for you, Pansy.'

'Gracious!' was the startled exclamation; and at the same moment he planted the pole upright, the clothes thus forming a screen between them and the vine-house where Sam Culver was at work.

'You didn't expect to see me here at this time of day,' he said, laughing, but already beginning to feel awkward, and looking everywhere except where he most desired to look—in her face. 'I had to come down for this box; and as there was time enough, I thought I'd come round this way.'

She laughed a little, too, at her scare, and then began to hang out more clothes on another line as hastily as if she had not a minute to spare. He looked on, his eyes glancing away whenever she turned towards him. She also began to feel a little awkward, and somehow she did not fasten the pegs on the line with such deft firmness as she had done before he made his presence known.

'Father is in the vine-house,' she said by-and-by, compelled to seek relief by saying something.

'I wish you would let me do something for you,' was his inconsequent reply.

'Something for me!'

'Yes, carry the basket—anything.'

'The basket is empty, and I have to go back to the washhouse.'

'I will go with you.'

'But there is nothing to do except wring out the clothes.'

'Let me help you with that.'

'Pretty work it would be for you!' This with a nervous little laugh, which she evidently intended to convey an impression of good-natured ridicule.

'It doesn't matter what it is, so being it is for you.'

She stooped quickly, seizing one handle of the basket; he took the other, and they lifted it between them. He looked straight in her face now, and he fancied that the colour faded from her cheeks.

'Father is in the vine-house,' she repeated, looking in another direction.

'I want to tell you something, Pansy.' He was a little husky, and unconsciously moved the basket to and fro.

She knew what he wanted to tell her, and she did not want to hear—at least not then.

'I can't stay—I must run in now.' She tried to take the basket from him.

'Don't go yet. I made up my mind to tell you when I was standing over there looking at you. I was meaning to do it many a time afore, but just when I was ready, you always got out of my way, and I couldn't say it when you came back.'

'I wish you'd let me go. I don't want to hear anything—I'm in a hurry. Won't father do?'

She was nervous; there were signs even of distress in her manner, and she could not look at him.

'Ay, your father will do,' he answered earnestly, 'if you say that I may tell him we have agreed about it.'

'About what?—No, no, no; you must not tell him that. We are not agreed. We never will agree about that.'

She was frightened, dropped the basket, and would have run away, but he had caught her hand. He was pale, and although his heart was hammering at his chest, he was outwardly calm.

'Don't say never, Pansy,' he pleaded in a low voice; and she was touched by the gentleness of it, which contrasted so strangely with the manner of the loud-voiced orator when speaking to a crowd on the village green. 'I've scared you by coming too sudden upon you. But you'll think about it, and you'll give me the right word some other time.'

'There is no need to think about it—I cannot think about it,' she answered with tears of mingled vexation and regret in her eyes.

'But you'll come to think about it after a bit, and I'll wait—I'll wait until you come to it.'

'I never will—I never can.'

'You're vexed with me for being so rough in my way of asking you. I couldn't help that, Pansy: but I'll be patient, and I'll wait till you come round to it or . . . until you say that you can't do it because your head is too full of somebody else.'

Pale and earnest, his lips trembled as these last words passed them. She uttered a half-stifled 'Oh!' and ran into the cottage. He stood in the bright sunlight looking after her, and the gloom fell upon his face again. There was something

in that cry which seemed to tell him that her head was already too full of somebody else for him to find the place he yearned to hold in her thoughts. He knew the somebody.

(To be continued.)

## THE CHARR OF WINDERMERE.

THE confined localisation of this delicate fish renders its natural history somewhat difficult to ascertain. As little, or even less, is known of its proceedings during a great portion of the year as of the salmon itself during its sojourn in the sea. There are several varieties of the charr in the Lake district of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire; but undoubtedly they are merely the same fish changed by circumstances and general surroundings; just as the common trout varies in appearance, size, and condition according to the nature of the water in which it is found and the food obtained there. Charr are found in many of the Scotch and Irish lochs; whilst in the English Lake district they are more or less plentiful in Windermere, Coniston, Buttermere, Hawes-water, Ennerdale, Crummock-water, Goats-water, and one or two other tarns or meres. In the first-named lake it is by far the most numerous; and Coniston holds a good supply, though Sir Humphry Davy, writing thirty years ago, says: 'The charr is now scarce in Coniston, and quite extinct in Ullswater.' Now it is occasionally found in the latter; whilst in the former it is plentiful, and, with a comparative discontinuance of the working of the lead mines, the wash from which polluted the water, is increasing. Large quantities of very fine fish were taken during last year. It is similar pollution which has destroyed the fish in Ullswater. For this beautiful lake, let us hope for a return of the olden times, when charr and trout and skellies 'peopled' its waters, over which the kite and golden eagle often flew, and down whose slopes the red-deer from Martindale fells may even now find its way to quaff a morning's draught. As regards edible qualities, the Windermere and Coniston charr are the best; those of Hawes-water and Goats-water being smaller and of inferior quality.

Local history tells us that the love of a dainty dish induced the monks of Furness to stock Windermere with charr, which were obtained from some lake in the neighbourhood of the Alps; hence the fish is still known as *Salmo alpinus*; but the correct nomenclature is *Salmo umbla*. The same history or tradition tells us that this fish was placed there only about two centuries ago. Against this, a manuscript has recently been discovered, bearing date 1535, to the effect that a certain Jacques Tallour was permitted 'to catch and tol the fayre fish charr in Wynandermer, and also his son Gerald.' There is no reason to doubt that the charr is as likely to be indigenous to some of our lakes as our ordinary trout. During a considerable portion of the year, the charr frequent the deepest parts of the lake, feeding upon and finding nourishment in the minute crustaceans and larvæ found in such places. In this respect the nature of this fish is actually the reverse of that of the trout, which delights in

the shallows, and feeds on the flies and moths hatched on the gravel-beds and elsewhere. Nature would doubtless 'people' Windermere, Coniston, and other lakes with that fish which could best live in its deepest parts, and this fish is the charr. Probably, specimens were removed from here to smaller sheets of water, in some of which, however, it fails to thrive, though breeding and increasing in numbers. There is a vast difference in appearance between the charr of Windermere and the charr of Hawes-water: the latter thin and flabby; the former elegantly shaped, and more graceful in outline than the trout, not so fat and podgy as many of our spotted beauties are; a general and a uniform shade of pinkness appears, as it were, to shine through the skin; in some specimens, as it approaches the belly, this hue becomes a deep red; hence the 'red-bellied charr.' It has, of course, other distinctive differences, as in the shape of gill covers, number of fin rays, &c., which have often been described.

Unfortunately, our charr is mostly a bottom or mid-water feeder, and cannot take high rank as a sporting fish; but on the table it excels. In size it varies from a pound in weight downwards, though larger specimens have often been caught. The usual size is about three fish to the pound of sixteen ounces; though in Hawes-water and Goats-water, about eight to the pound is considered the usual run. In both these tarns the charr rises pretty freely at the fly, indicating an insufficiency of food below the surface; and it is this bottom-food which gives to them the excellent condition and flavour they attain in the deeper and larger lakes. The same may be said of the gillaroos, found in some of the Irish lochs.

It is surprising that more attention has not been given to the artificial rearing of charr. Some years ago, the Windermere Angling Association hatched and turned into that lake some thousands of the young fish; but the earliest note we have of their artificial rearing was by Dr Davy, then living at Lesketh How, Ambleside. This took place about thirty years ago, and was done in the most rough-and-ready fashion. Still the infant fish were produced from the milt-impregnated ova; and a few days after hatching, and with the 'sac' still in attachment, the delicate 'infants' were transferred to Easedale tarn. Too young to defend themselves, the fry no doubt perished. Yarrell says that in the autumn of 1839, several charr, of some half-pound weight each, were placed in Lily Mere, not far from Sedburgh. Twelve months later, two of these fish, when retaken, were said to have been two pound-weight each! They were served at the Queen-dowager's table at Kirkby-Lonsdale. These reputed large charr were no doubt trout, for which the mere in question was famous. A few years since, charr were placed in Potter Fell tarn, which is connected with the river Kent (Westmoreland) by a small runner. One of these charr was caught with fly in the river itself, some miles from the tarn. It had increased in size from about four to some seven ounces in the space of twelve months. It was kept alive, and in due course returned to the Potter Fell. This is evidence that charr may live in a stream, and in the absence of suitable bottom-food, adopt the habits of the trout, and rise to the fly. On this account, they are worth cultivation; and their delicacy and fine

flavour make them more valuable than the best trout—a fact which should be an inducement to their propagation. Potted charr is considered amongst the greatest fish-dainties that can be set before the gourmet.

The charr is usually taken in nets, though often caught with artificial baits, trolled at varying depths, after the style of the paternoster used in perch-fishing. Commencing at the beginning of March, the fishermen know the water the charr frequent, and soon find at what depth they lie in shoals or schools. As the season becomes warmer, the charr approach nearer the surface; and in genial weather, towards the end of May or beginning of June, are at times seen basking near the surface of the lake; not feeding, but 'bobbing' their noses out of the water, causing rises or bubbles, which in calm weather are easily discerned by the fishermen. If possible, the shoal is surrounded by a net or nets, and a rare capture ensues. Upwards of one hundred and eighty pound-weight of charr has thus been taken at one haul; and when one considers they are worth wholesale from sixteen to eighteen pence per pound, the employment cannot fail to be a lucrative one. We cannot, however, commend the practice of netting, which is not sport, but wholesale destruction.

## SILAS MONK.

### A TALE OF LONDON OLD CITY.

#### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

THE streets in the old city are dark and deserted as the detective and Walter Tilteroft hasten through them towards Crutched Friars. The street-lamps cast limited spaces of light upon the fronts of lofty warehouses and counting-houses, leaving limitless spaces of shadow about and above. The windows of these mansions have the blankness of blind eyes; the great, black, massive office-doors are firmly closed; and the greater doors of the warehouses are fastened with huge padlocks and chains, like prisons, or places with dead secrets made safe in the custody of night. Not a word is spoken. The two men, earnestly bent on their search, walk along with the echoes of their footsteps sounding loudly in their ears; while the tap on the pavement of Fenwick's stick falls with a musical ring, as though it were gifted with the power, like a magic wand, of chasing the echoes away. When they presently stop at the entrance to the counting-house of Armytage and Company, the detective produces a latchkey, opens the door, and leads the way into the house. As soon as Walter has entered and the door is closed behind him, Fenwick draws forth a dark-lantern, which he flashes unceremoniously in the young clerk's face. 'I call this light,' says Fenwick, 'my eye.'

Walter stares at it, and blinks.

'It has peered into and pierced through many a dark deed.—Catch hold!'

Walter, with trembling expectation, takes the lantern.

'Throw the light upon the keyhole!' cries Fenwick. 'I will open the door.' He rattles, as he speaks, a bunch of keys.

'Which keyhole first?' Walter asks.

'The strong-room.'

Walter shows the way. They pass through the clerks' office and reach the iron-bound door of the strong-room. The keyhole is rusty with age; and when Fenwick stoops and applies the key, there is a grating sound inside the lock like the grinding of teeth. As soon as the door is thrown open, Walter, with quick-beating heart, flings the light forward into the room; that strange fancy coming over him that his eyes will encounter the ghostly form of the old miser, as he had imagined him that afternoon, wrapped in the white shroud, dancing round his heap of gold. But finding nothing except dark walls, he boldly steps in. The high stool beside the old desk, where he has so often seen Silas Monk sitting and poring over large ledgers, is vacant, and the ledgers are lying about on the desk, closed.

'Now,' says Fenwick, 'give me the lantern.'

Walter complies, and the detective flashes the light about from ceiling to floor. Suddenly the two men are startled by a stifled cry. Fenwick casts his lantern angrily upon Walter's face, as though he suspects him of having uttered it. The clerk's eyes are terror-stricken, and his face deadly pale.

'What's that?' asks the detective.

Walter clutches at Fenwick's wrist. 'It is the cry which I heard this afternoon.'

'What do you mean?'

The light of the lantern is still on Walter's face as he answers: 'I was seated at my desk. The cry came from this room; but I thought it was a fancy. At that moment Mr Armytage sent for me, and I was afraid, if I mentioned it, that the clerks would laugh at me.'

'Why?' asks Fenwick, with surprise. 'Do you believe in ghosts?'

'N—no,' says Walter with some hesitation. 'But that cry did seem rather ghostly too.'

'Nonsense! It is Silas Monk.'

'But it sounded,' continued Walter, 'as though it were in this room.'

'That's true.'

'Then it must be his ghost; for there is no living being here except ourselves.'

Fenwick again flashes the light from ceiling to floor, as though to make sure of this. Then he says: 'Kneel down, my lad. Place your ear to the ground, and listen.'

Walter quickly obeys; and for some minutes a dead silence reigns in the strong-room. The beating of his heart is all that Tilteroft hears; and all that he is otherwise conscious of is that Fenwick's 'eye' is watching the side of his face uppermost on the floor as he lies there listening. Their patience is presently rewarded. Their ears are filled with another cry, pitiable and more prolonged.

Walter springs to his feet. 'It is there!' he cries. 'Below?'

'Yes; directly beneath our feet.'

The detective begins to examine the flooring. Inch by inch the 'eye' wanders over the ground. An antique threadbare drugget is moved on one side; packets of papers, ledgers, and lumber are shifted from one corner to another. At last Fenwick lights upon a circular hole about the size of a crown-piece, scarcely an inch deep. 'Ah!' cries he, 'now we are on the track.' He takes from his pocket a penknife, scoops about, and

turns up a ring attached to the floor. He puts his large muscular thumb into this ring, and gives a jerk. A patch three or four feet square in the boarding is detached. 'A trap-door!' cries Fenwick. 'Stand clear.'

So it proves—a trap-door, which the detective quickly raises, revealing pitch-darkness in the opening.

'Go below,' says Fenwick; 'I'll follow.'

Walter looks down, hesitating. But when the light is thrown that way, and he observes that there are steps leading into the obscurity, he takes the lead. The descent seems endless; for he moves slowly, as Fenwick, coming after him, throws the light upon him. Walter hears the hard breathing of the detective, and it sounds so strange in the stillness that he holds his own breath to listen. Suddenly the light from the lantern falls upon something which glitters on the ground on all sides.

'Gold!' cries Walter. His feet touch the ground. He stoops and picks up a handful of sovereigns. 'The place is a vault, and it is paved with gold.—What's that?' He points to something in one corner like a human form.

The detective steps forward and bends down, throwing the light upon a ghastly wrinkled face. The small eyes glitter like the gold, as though they had caught the reflection, and the long lean fingers are clutching sovereigns and raking them up. Fenwick touches the miser on the shoulder. 'What is all this?' asks he. 'Have you lost your senses?'

The old man utters a cry of distress which has in it a ring of madness.

'Speak to him, my lad,' says Fenwick. 'He will perhaps recognise your voice.'

Walter kneels and takes the old miser's hand. 'Mr Monk,' says he, 'do you know me? I am Walter Tilteroft, your friend.'

Silas Monk looks up, bursts into a wild fit of laughter, and then falls back senseless.

The detective lifts the old man in his strong arms as though handling a child. 'Ascend the ladder!' cries he quickly to Walter, 'and show a light; not a moment must be lost in getting the old man home.'

Silas Monk was taken back to his tumble-down dwelling in the dismal row, and was tended with all possible care by his devoted grand-daughter. His recovery to a certain point was rapid. But the mental condition was curiously impaired. His brain had lost its force: no recollection of the past survived. His memory seemed to have fled into darkness, and to be resting there and sleeping—a darkness into which it was safer not to admit a single ray of light. This was the bitter irony displayed by nature when granting to this old miser a further extension to his lease of life. For time out of mind, Silas Monk had been governed by a master-passion—his only thought that of hoarding gold. The glitter, like sunlight, had pierced his cold heart, and had helped to keep it beating; and it would almost seem as though the warmth which this gold had driven into his veins still lingered there, and helped to sustain vitality, even when the memory which had given birth to all this agitation was dead.

It had been thought advisable by those who study the mysterious workings of the mind, that



gold should be concealed from the sight of Silas Monk, and, if possible, even the sound of it, in order that his memory might rest dormant and his life be prolonged.

One evening the old man was seated in his armchair before the fire, with closed eyes. Rachel sat on a low stool at his feet, holding his hand. On the other side of the hearth was Walter Tiltcroft.

'Walter,' said the girl in a low voice, 'you hardly know how happy I am, now that grandfather can give me all his love. He thinks no more about his'— She stopped, and looked up at her grandfather's face, frightened that even the mention of gold should reach his ears.

'Ah!' cried Walter with a sigh, 'how many are there, I wonder, in this old city whose minds would be less disturbed if that precious word was forbidden to be uttered in their presence? Does not your grandfather already look less pale and haggard than he did a few weeks ago?'

'Indeed, he does,' replied Rachel. 'He remembers both of us when we are near him. He seems to need nothing now except our affection.'

Walter took the girl's disengaged hand and said: 'Rachel! Let me be near you and him. Why should we not be one, and watch over grandfather together?'

At the young man's words, a look of rapture crossed the girl's face. 'Dear Walter,' cried she, 'that is all I wish for in this world!' She spoke like a true and tender woman—from her heart. Seated there by that homely fireside, with the only two beings who were dear to her, she never thought, or cared to think, that all the gold which Walter Tiltcroft and the detective had found in the vault below the strong-room in Crutched Friars would one day belong to her—that, when her grandfather died, she would be a great heiress—worth, indeed, some thousands of pounds. All she thought of, with that look of rapture in her face, was that she had gained Walter Tiltcroft's love.

Meanwhile, Joe Grimrood having been accused of the robbery in Crutched Friars, was tried, and convicted. Thereupon, he made a full confession. For some days before committing the theft, he had watched Silas Monk from the scaffolding, after the rest of the workmen had gone. Through a chink in the old shutter he had observed every movement of the old miser. He had seen Silas Monk raise the trap-door which led into the vault; he had seen him descend with his lantern, and bring up bag after bag of gold, and pour it out on the desk before him. Watching in Crutched Friars, after having been shown to the door by Walter Tiltcroft, he had seen the young clerk leave the premises. Re-entering the house by means of a key which he had taken the precaution to forge, he had gone straight to the strong-room, where he had met with unexpected resistance. Silas Monk had displayed, according to Grimrood's statement, almost supernatural strength; defending his gold as a tigress defends her young ones, with a savage leap at the workman's throat. When utterly exhausted, Grimrood had carried Silas down into the vault and had closed the trap-door upon him. Then, having placed all the gold with which the desk

was covered, into the bags, the burglar had decamped, making his way to the docks, and securing a berth on board an emigrant ship which was on the point of departure for the high seas.

Thus it happened that, but for the shrewdness and energy of the detective, Joe Grimrood would have started on a voyage to Australia with, as it appeared, nearly a thousand pounds in hard cash belonging to Silas; and the old miser himself would in all probability have been left to die in the vault under the strong-room in Crutched Friars, and 'the mystery of Silas Monk' would have remained a mystery to the present day.

All this occurred some years ago. Silas Monk is long dead; and Walter Tiltcroft, who married the old miser's grand-daughter, is now a merchant-prince. He purchased, soon after the death of Mr Armytage, a partnership in the great firm; and thus the gold which old Silas had hoarded up in Crutched Friars proved the means, to a great extent, of making Walter Tiltcroft's fortune.

## SOMETHING ABOUT THE HONEY-BEE.

BY A BEEKEEPER.

To ascertain the kind of flower, plant, or shrub which the honey-bee mostly prefers, is worth care and consideration. Having been a keeper of bees for some years, I think it may be useful to make known the results of my experience and observations in Somersetshire, Hertfordshire, and Middlesex.

I will suppose that I have purchased a new stock and hive, bar-frame for preference, and caused it to be removed from the market-gardens around Middlesex to a country town in Hertfordshire. My bees on arrival examine their prospect, and what an estate-agent may call their 'outlook,' very minutely, going even over the walls and trees adjacent to their own hive, and taking trial-trips of flight into the air, straight up—very like the rising of a skylark from a field—and dropping again almost as suddenly. Having to some extent, after a day or two, mastered the topography of the district, they will, if on a warm day in February, commence upon the crocuses, and work only upon them—not, as some may suppose, dodge about irrespective of the kind of flower. Although the casual spectator may see bees upon every description of open flower upon one and the same day, yet they are winging their way from different hives. Our bees have commenced on the crocus. The day following this, they will try the common field dandelion; and the next, the white arabis of the garden culture. Then the black-thorn; later on, the currant and gooseberry blossoms, and the sweet 'may' of our hedgerows; and of trees—lime, palm, chestnut come next.

The hive should face the south, and the alighting-board occupy as free a space as possible. Water should be given, even during winter—inside, if frost is severe.

Some beekeepers suppose that colour attracts the bee; others, that they possess acutely the

sense of smell; and much has been written on the subject. But our readers are to suppose that we are keeping bees between us, and that I am relating my own experiences, which point to this—the preference of these intelligent insects for some plants over others. I have tried to educate my bees, by inducing them on certain days to gather from flowers presented to them in small bunches upon the alighting-board of their hive. In two instances I succeeded. One was with white clover, which I picked in a field a mile distant. This appeared to cheer the bees greatly, and drove away their listlessness and inactivity. After making an examination of my offering, they began work in earnest; and this stimulant had the desired effect of inducing an idle community to work well. The second experiment was much more demonstrative. Early in the morning, before the workers came forth, I placed by the alighting-board some bunches of alder-flower. I had shortly the satisfaction of seeing the outgoing bees return with little white trousers of pollen, and I watched their flight to an alder tree at a corner of the garden, not far from their hive. This was conclusive.

Now for some descriptions of preference shown by bees. I have grown garden-peas of various descriptions near my hives without inducing the bees to notice them. Yet they will greedily gather from French beans or scarlet runners the whole day, till long after sunset. In spring-time, the yellow gorse on uncultivated spots forms a very strong attraction for the honey-bees; yet they never touch the blossom of the laburnum, which to ordinary mortals smells much the same. The cultivated hyacinth they do not care about, although they gather from the wild sort in the woods and shady groves. Bees show great preference for the pollen of some sorts of lilies, yet are wholly indifferent to the lily of the valley. They gather from the field-daisy, yet are careless of the cultivated sort.

Stocks they prefer to pinks, and lavender to either; also the small flower of the borage delights them; yet wild foxglove possesses little charm. I have heard that bees like monkshood, and will gather from it, but I have never seen them do so. If they did, their honey would be poisonous. Bees are passionately fond of clover and certain vetches, and they will desert any garden flowers for such natural feeding. Wild thyme and heather, which improve the flavour of the honey, bees perfectly revel in. Garden primroses, they do not care much for; and auriculas, however gaudy in colour, form no kind of attraction. The polyanthus they have a languid liking for. I have seen the wild-bees attack the cowslip; but not the honey-bee of our hives. I saw a bee once upon a cultivated rose; it was only resting. I have likewise a distinct remembrance of seeing many upon the wild-rose and dog-rose, wild clematis, honeysuckle, and blackberry blossom.

The situation of our hive cannot always be in such a flowery land; and the beekeeper will do well to study the different flora and trees in the immediate neighbourhood of his hive, and endeavour to supply any deficiencies of pollen-bearing plants, as well as to give a gentle hint to the

inhabitants of his hives of any honey-bearing plant from which he especially wants them to gather. Of course, in wild heather districts, there is no need to resort to planting or sowing for the bees; they will in such places always take care of themselves. In Somersetshire, bees find honey from the many miles of apple-orchard stretching away to the mild county of Devon; and farmers well know that a good bee season, with a warm and early spring, means a plentiful show of fruit in the autumn for cider. In and around Middlesex, there are market and fruit gardens; and in Hertfordshire, grazing and clover lands, besides hedges lined with limes and hawthorn, and later on, honeysuckle.

It is always a good plan to send late swarms of the hive into heather-bearing counties; for the bees being young, and having every inducement to work for the approaching winter, will store better than hives which have been 'swarmed' and deprived of honey, the colonies of which are worn or fatigued with the long-continued gathering of a summer in more southern counties. It must likewise be remembered that bees cannot gather, or rather will not do so, late in the autumn, when the cold prevents them sealing over with wax the top of the cell.

And now, a last word as to the preference of our bees for certain flowers over others, which we would imagine, with our limited powers of the sense of smell and taste, would be preferred by these insects, and for which we have the greater amount of regard. I have seen, upon the approach of a bee to any flower, that it flies around the calyx almost always before alighting upon the flower itself. This is a cursory examination; and with its antennæ outstretched and quivering, it is evidently scenting the honey contained within. Should this prove a fruitful flower and of the flavour required, the bee settles on the centre of the stamen, and clutching it with its four front-legs, steadies itself with its longer outstretched two hindermost ones, and withdraws the nectar by its proboscis, the rings of the body assuming a vibratory motion the while. The bee's proboscis is a most important instrument. It is composed of forty cartilaginous rings, each of which is fringed with minute hairs, having also a small tuft of hair at its extremity, where it is somewhat serrated. Its movement is like the trunk of an elephant, and is susceptible of extension and contraction, bending and twisting in all directions. Thus, by rolling it about, it searches out the calyx, pistil, and stamen of every flower, and deposits its nectar upon the tongue, whence it passes into the gullet at the base. The gullet or first stomach is the honey-bag. No digestion takes place here. In shape, it is like an oil-flask, and when full, contains about one grain. It is susceptible of contraction, and is so arranged as to enable the insect to disgorge its contents into the cells of the hive. A short passage leads to the ventricle or true stomach, which is somewhat larger. This receives the food from the honey-bag, for the nourishment of the bee and the secretion of wax. Dzierzon says that the honey which a bee can take into her stomach will enable her to subsist for a week under some circumstances, while under others she will die of hunger within twenty-four hours.

This opinion of Dzierzon settles my conviction, that in the selection of the kind of food which will enable the bee to live longest, the true guide is to be found in the flowers for which it has the strongest preference.

### BOOK GOSSIP.

THE Norman Conquest is one of the great outstanding and predominating facts in English history. It occasioned a sudden break in the life of the English people, and its influence is felt in their character and institutions even to the present day. A hundred and fifty years before that event, the long black ships of the Norse pirates entered the wide mouths of the Seine and the Loire, and their crews, the rudest of the rough barbarians of Denmark and Norway, sacked the towns and pillaged the churches of the country which was afterwards to be called by their name. They had no science, no arts, no culture. Their physical strength was their glory; and their weapons of war, their defence at home, served also as their passport into the lands of the stranger whom they plundered and slew. But they had a remarkable power of adaptation. However foreign to them the environment into which their hardy courage had brought them, they did not long remain untouched by it. Without losing their own native hardihood and fearlessness, they quickly absorbed into them the spirit of the peoples and institutions among which they had taken root; and before a century had passed over their heads in France, they had already become one of the great political forces of Europe. It was this people, brave, warlike, and with strong practical sagacity, who landed on the English shores in 1066, and shattered the Saxon arms on the slopes of Senlac. The battle at 'the hoar apple tree,' where Harold lay dead with the Norman arrow deep in his brain, marks the beginning of a new epoch in England.

The history of that great event, with its antecedents and consequents, has rarely been better told than it is by Mr Wm. Hunt, in the new volume of the 'Early Britain Series,' entitled *The Norman Conquest* (London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). As compared with the work of Freeman, this is in bulk but a small book; yet it contains within it all that thousands of readers would desire to know of the history of the Conquest. The author is extremely well-informed on his subject, and his scholarly little book gives evidence not only of original research but of much original thought. The pictures he draws for us of the England that preceded the Conquest, and of the England that followed it, are sketched with a fullness and beauty of detail which amply exhibit the capacity and preparedness of the author for the task which he undertook, and which he has executed so well. His extensive reading has enabled him to take advantage of the results obtained by all the best and more recent investigators in this section of European history; and the Northmen both before and after their descent on France, as well as the Saxon tribes and Danish hordes that scoured our coasts centuries before, are portrayed with a quick and living touch. Still more interesting is the story of the Normans after their taking possession

of England; and the strange manner in which the Saxon head eventually conquered the Norman hand—the Saxon language and institutions arising in more than their original vitality and force out of the ashes, as it were, of a temporary death—is here narrated with admirable clearness and coherency. The book is one of the best of the very valuable series to which it belongs.

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The same publishing house issues another learned little volume on *Anglo-Saxon Literature*, by Mr John Earle, Rawlinson Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford. It belongs to the series bearing upon 'The Dawn of European Literature,' and is rich with the results of the best modern scholarship on the early history and growth of our language. The time when Latin and Greek formed the chief essentials of learning is fast receding into the past, and these languages are having a place assigned them more consistent with the necessities of the modern world, which is not tolerant of the acquisition of a kind of knowledge that in great part is archaic and useless. Under the influence of this change, our own language is rising into an importance which it could never attain so long as it was regarded simply as a vulgar tongue, and the historical study of English is becoming one of the most popular as well as one of the most useful pursuits of our philologists. The great English Dictionary of the Philological Society is only one evidence of this; for individual scholars, during the last twenty years, have done not a little to lay bare to us the inner structure of our language, and the changes and modifications to which it has been subjected in the course of its long descent.

In the little work under review, Mr Earle states that Anglo-Saxon literature is the oldest of the vernacular literatures of modern Europe. The materials of this early literature are found chiefly in written books and documents; but they are found also in such subsidiary sources as inscriptions on churches and church towers, sun-dials, crosses, and even on jewellery. One of the most remarkable in this last category is what is known as the Alfred Jewel. It was discovered in Newton Park, near Athelney, in 1693, and in 1718 had found its way to the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford, where it still is. It consists of an enamelled figure enshrined in a golden frame, with a golden back to it, and with a thick piece of rock-crystal in front, to serve as a glass to the picture. Around the sloping rim the following legend is wrought in the fabric: ÆLFRED MEC HEHT GEWYRCAN ('Alfred me commanded to make'). 'The language of the legend,' says the author, 'agrees perfectly with the age of King Alfred, and it seems to be the unhesitating opinion of all those who have investigated the subject that it was a personal ornament of the great West-Saxon king.' Mr Earle traces the language from the Heathen Period—that is, from the time previous to the English conversion to Christianity, about 597 A.D.—down to the times that immediately succeeded upon the Norman Conquest, and gives examples of the language during these six centuries, with translations of the various passages adduced. All who have an interest in the study of the English

tongue, and of the changes superinduced upon it by contact with other European vernaculars, will find Mr Earle's volume a ready and efficient guide.

### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

PROJECTS for cutting waterways across isthmuses follow one another with such amazing swiftness, and the project is in most cases so quickly followed by realisation, that it would appear that before many years have passed, all the available peninsulas of the world will have been operated upon and transformed into islands. Our French neighbours are at present discussing the feasibility of a gigantic undertaking of this nature, which, if carried out, will unite the Bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean. This projected canal, which is to be of such dimensions that the largest ships afloat can make use of it, is to have one entrance near Bordeaux, and the other at Narbonne. This short-cut across France will obviate the necessity of the tedious voyage round Spain and through the Straits of Gibraltar, and will undoubtedly be a boon to shipping, and especially to British vessels; but the scheme is at present only on paper. It remains to be seen whether the undertaking is possible; by which is meant, in these days of engineering marvels, whether it will pay.

Like most other canal projects, this one is by no means new; indeed, a canal already exists almost along the same line of route—namely, the Canal du Midi, which finds an outlet at Cette in the Gulf of Lions, and joins the river Garonne at its other extremity at Toulouse; the entire navigable distance from Bordeaux to Cette being three hundred and thirty-two miles. The existing canal only accommodates small vessels, and the entire journey is by no means a rapid one, for there are more than a hundred locks to be encountered, which gradually raise the boats to a level of nearly eight hundred feet above the sea. Whether the engineers of the new undertaking propose any novel means of battling with this difficulty of level, we do not know; but it will be readily seen that the undertaking has not the simplicity of a simple cutting, such as the Suez Canal presents. Another formidable obstacle to the work is the presence of certain rivers which flow right across the track. In the present case, these are crossed by aqueducts. But what would be the size and cost of aqueducts which would give passage to the floating palaces which have taken the place of the small vessels of days gone by?

Coming nearer home, a project has been mooted for cutting a channel from the river Tyne to the Solway; and another across the low land which separates the Forth from the Clyde. It is true that in the latter case a narrow passage already exists; but what is required is—according to the opinion of a former President of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, who writes to the *Times* upon the subject—a channel which will allow the passage of our largest merchantmen and ships of war, so that in case of need the efficiency of our naval defences may be practically doubled. In case of war, the advantages of quick transport

of our ships from one coast to the other is obvious, and may in a manner be compared to the undoubted advantages which we reap from being able to convey information quickly from place to place by telegraphic agency.

Some very interesting Roman relics have recently been unearthed in the bed of the river Rhone at Geneva, where some engineering works are in progress. The most interesting of these is a Roman altar furnished with an inscription to the effect that the writer, a certain soldier of the twenty-second legion, who had been shipwrecked in the waters hard by, had raised this altar to the god of the waves, Neptune, as a thank-offering for his escape from death. We have also to record a far more valuable find near Rome itself—at Subiaco, where several priceless statues supposed to have been sent by the Emperor Nero to that place for the decoration of his villa there, have been dug up. In Britain too, a Roman villa has just been laid bare at Woolstone, Berkshire, where, in addition to many tessellated pavements, several graves of the Anglo-Saxon period have been found. In London, our knowledge of the Roman city which lies beneath the busy metropolitan streets has been much enriched by numerous discoveries made during the recent excavations for the completion of the Underground Railway. There is little doubt that interest in things antiquarian is rapidly increasing on all sides. This is not only apparent from the attention which every fresh discovery receives, but is indicated in a most satisfactory manner by the circumstance that the University of Cambridge has given archaeology a recognised position among the subjects for the classical tripos examination, and has just opened a Museum which will give an impetus to studies of the kind.

Although interest in matters archaeological shows a healthy increase, we have to regret a decrease of interest in another important branch of knowledge. The Royal Geographical Society, which has just held its anniversary meeting, has had to deplore, by the mouth of its President, Lord Aberdare, that the Council have failed in their attempt to introduce the efficient study of geography into the curriculum of our great public schools, such as Eton and Harrow. Prizes have been offered; but there were few who cared to compete for them. This seems a very extraordinary state of things in a country which is always proudly pointing to its possessions as being so large that the sun must always shine upon some part or other of them. But the fault probably lies with the teachers more than with the pupils. The members of the Geographical Society evidently understand this, for they are now about to institute an inquiry into the systems adopted for geographical instruction in continental schools, from which, if all reports speak truly, we may well take a lesson.

Professor Monier Williams's recent lecture on India, delivered before the University of Oxford, was full of interesting particulars relating to the great progress in every way which that vast country had experienced under British rule. But perhaps the most interesting portion of his remarks was that relating to the new route to India which will probably be opened, and which it is expected will lead to great development of intercourse between our Eastern and Western possessions.

This route will consist of a journey from London to Odessa; thence by steamer across the Black Sea to Batoum; then by Russian railway—a thirty-six hours' journey—to Baku on the Caspian; and a day's voyage across the Caspian to Michaelovsk. At this latter place is the terminus of the Central Asian Railway, which some months ago was complete for one hundred and forty-four miles, and which will eventually land the traveller at the gate of India—Herat. The journey from Calais to our Indian frontier will be possible in nine days, so long at least as we remain friends with Russia. Professor Williams considers that we shall be bound to extend our railway from its present limit at Quetta, through Candahar, so as to meet the Russians at Herat. He thinks that we can meet them there as friends rather than enemies; and all will agree in trusting that his words may come true.

During the past year, the progress made by the British Ordnance Survey has been greater than in any previous period, an area of more than two and a half million acres having been mapped. It is expected that the survey of the entire kingdom will be complete by the year 1888, and that the publication of the maps will be finished two years later. A largely increased staff of surveyors and draughtsmen has been engaged to insure this acceleration in the work, and considerable time has been spent in instructing their assistants in their duties. The maps are reduced to the six-inch scale, and are reproduced by the zincographic process. All particulars of the work are contained in a recently published Blue-book.

The long-continued dispute as to the right of the telegraph department to erect posts and wires over our crowded city streets has at last been set at rest, and the Postmaster-general can, with certain restrictions, do much as he likes about the matter. The Telephone Companies, who are new-comers and have no statutory powers, have yet to fight the question. We must for many reasons deplore the circumstance that additions will still be made to the metallic spider-webs which cover so many of our fine metropolitan streets. It has been suggested that the lines could be made to follow the contour of the roads, and could be hidden under eaves and behind coping-stones so as no longer to offend the eye, or to present the risk of danger to life, which they now undoubtedly do. This innovation would doubtless mean a great deal of difficulty to telegraphic engineers, and would be naturally opposed by them, for there is a sweet simplicity about a suspended wire; but the gain to others would be great.

The International Health Exhibition, London, which follows so closely upon the Fisheries Exhibition, and occupies the same spacious site, bids fair to be a success, although it can hardly be expected to be quite so popular with the multitude as its predecessor. Still, there is much to attract the far larger part of the community who long for amusement rather than instruction, and as the financial success of the undertaking must be dependent upon such visitors, the caterers cannot be blamed if they have admitted within their walls many exhibits which, by the widest stretch of the imagination, can hardly be associated with the subject of health. For more thoughtful visitors, there are Conferences upon all manner

of questions connected with Domestic Sanitation, questions of which the majority of people are at present profoundly ignorant. There will also be papers read upon the subjects of Meat-supply; Food-adulteration and Analysis; School-diet; School-life in Relation to Eyesight; Posture in Schools; Epidemics in Schools; and numberless other matters of social interest. As these Conferences are under the care of different Societies and Associations, which exist only to increase our knowledge regarding the different subjects indicated, and which have in most cases been at work for many years, we may be sure that much good will accrue from these discussions. Following the procedure of the Fisheries Exhibition, a number of pamphlets will also be issued, dealing with the multifarious sections of the Exhibition.

Although, as we have more than once pointed out, the general adoption of the electric light for domestic purposes cannot be looked for in the near future, it can easily be installed for special occasions. An account has recently been published of a ball at a private house in London where the rooms were illuminated during the evening by one hundred and twenty incandescent lamps. These lamps were fed by secondary batteries, which arrived in two vans, and which were subsequently accommodated in an adjoining coach-house. The batteries had been previously charged at a place ten miles distant. This use for the light may possibly become common in cases where cost is not a matter of first consideration.

Another phenomenal diamond has fallen to the lot of a fortunate digger at the Kimberley mine, South Africa. Its weight is three hundred and two carats; but, unfortunately, it does not possess that purity of colour, or rather absence of colour, which is the first desideratum in a diamond. Its value is said to be about three thousand pounds; whereas the far smaller Porter-Rhodes gem, found in the same mine about three years ago, was valued by its owner at one hundred thousand pounds. But the popular notion is that the value of a thing is what it will fetch, and there are certainly very few persons in the world who would look up such an enormous sum for the doubtful advantage of possessing such a thing.

A document, which should be widely known, was recently issued by the Board of Trade, in the form of a Report of the first year's experience of the Boiler Explosions' Act of 1882. This Act, we may remind our readers, provides that an inquiry should be held into the cause of every boiler explosion, with a view to their prevention if possible. The causes of the forty-five casualties of this description which were inquired into, and which resulted in the loss of thirty-five lives and injuries to as many more, were entirely preventable. One of the assistant-secretaries to the Board goes so far as to say that 'the terms "inevitable accident" and "accident" are entirely inapplicable to these explosions, and that the only accidental thing about many of them is that the explosions should have been so long deferred.' The prevailing cause of the disasters is the unsafe condition of the boilers through age, corrosion, wasting, &c.; and a noticeable feature in many cases is the absence of any effort on the part of the steam-user to ascertain the condition of



the boiler, and consequently of any attempt to repair, renew, or replace defective plates or fittings.

The authorities of Kew Observatory have undertaken a duty which will be hailed with satisfaction by all watchmakers and watchowners in the kingdom. They will undertake for a small fee to test the virtues of any watch left in their care, and with every watch so tested, will issue a statement of its going powers, under varied conditions of position, temperature, &c. They will also award to watches of superior excellence certificates of merit, which certificates will possess an equal value with documents of the same nature which have for years been granted by the Geneva and by the Yale College Observatories. The Swiss and Americans have long enjoyed these facilities for obtaining independent testimony as to the qualities of their watches, and it is only surprising that a movement has not been made before in this direction here at home; for English-made watches, in spite of foreign competition, are still much sought after.

A new method of dealing with road-sweepings and the contents of domestic dust-bins is now on its trial in New York, and seems to be very successful. The rubbish is carted, to the extent of forty loads a day, to a wonderful machine, which separates the paper, rag, iron, glass, coal, and cinder into different heaps. These are afterwards sold, with the exception of about four hundred pounds of coal and cinder, which are used for firing the engine attached to the machine. The remaining refuse—of no use to anybody, and too often, under existing systems, a possible source of disease—is reduced by fire to impalpable ash. It has been the custom in New York for many years to carry their rubbish out to sea and to discharge it outside the harbour. Pilots and others have long protested against this procedure, and affirm that the approaches to the harbour's mouth are gradually being silted up by the accumulation of dirt thrown in. The experiment will be watched with interest by all those who acknowledge the importance of improved sanitation in our large towns and cities.

Moon's Patent Quicksilver-wave Gold Amalgamator is the imposing title of a clever machine which has been introduced to obviate the serious loss of gold which is inseparable from previously existing methods of treating the ore. From the discovery of gold in California in 1848 to the end of 1882, the value of the gold found there was nearly two hundred and thirty-seven million pounds sterling. It is said on competent authority that this vast amount is less than fifty per cent. of the gold known to be in the ore treated, more than half the precious metal escaping in particles so fine that the machines employed could not intercept them. In this new machine, the crushed ore, mingled with water, is thrown in small quantities into a moving wave of quicksilver, and not merely across a quicksilvered plate, as under the old system. The tiniest spangles of gold are by this means speedily absorbed by or amalgamated with the liquid metal, the two being afterwards separated by heat in the usual manner. In one mine where Mr Moon's machine is in use the increase of yield is estimated at forty pounds sterling per week, so it would seem

that the cost of the appliance is soon repaid to its purchaser.

A very convenient combined seat and easel for the use of sketchers has lately been brought under our notice. It packs into a very small compass it will hold a large picture; it fully justifies its name, 'The Rigid,' and actually weighs only four pounds. Its price is moderate, and it is to be had of Messrs Reeves, London.

Referring to a recent article in this *Journal* on 'Some Queer Dishes,' in which it was stated that the cuttle-fish is used for food in Japan and elsewhere in the Pacific, a Portuguese correspondent writes to us that in Portugal the cuttle-fish is used as an article of food. It is opened, and then dried; and may be seen hanging up for sale in the shops. The people, he remarks, consider it a delicacy; and it is, when properly cooked, very rich and nourishing.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### NEW POSTAL ORDERS.

THE system of Postal Orders, instituted in 1881, has proved so successful, that it has been found desirable to make certain alterations and extensions therein, with a view to affording further facilities to the public for the ready transmission of small sums of money through the post. On the 2d of June, a new series of Postal Orders were issued, the former series being entirely withdrawn. The new Postal Orders are of fourteen different denominations, instead of ten, as formerly; and the amounts of the various denominations, together with the rates of poundage chargeable thereon, are as follows:

s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
1	0	0	4	6	0	1	0
1	6	0	5	0	0	1	0
2	0	0	7	6	0	1	0
2	6	0	10	0	0	1	0
3	0	0	10	6	0	1	0
3	6	0	15	0	0	1	0
4	0	0	20	0	0	1	0

There can be no doubt that these classes will prove extremely useful to the public generally, more especially as any amount of shillings and sixpences up to twenty shillings can be transmitted by means of only two of the above-named classes of orders. A novel feature, too, is introduced, whereby postage-stamps not exceeding fivepence in value are to be allowed to be affixed to the back of any one Postal Order to make up broken sums—a feature which, it needs not much of the spirit of prophecy to anticipate, will extensively be taken advantage of. By this useful concession, any sum up to a pound can now be sent through the post by means of Postal Orders, and in no case are more than two orders required to make up the exact desired amount. It will be noticed that the former twelve shillings and sixpence and seventeen shillings and sixpence orders are not included amongst the new denominations of Postal Orders; but their abolition will cause no inconvenience, as these two denominations were of all the orders of the old series probably the least used; and where such amounts are desired to be sent under the new series, they can be made up by using two orders, the poundage

on which will be no more than is now charged for each of the denominations referred to—namely, twopence. In several cases, the poundage has been reduced, a benefit that will probably be the best appreciated of all. A ten shillings and ten shillings and sixpence order now only costs one penny; and the orders for fifteen and twenty shillings have been reduced to three-halfpence, instead of twopence, as heretofore. Compared with the former money-order rates, the Postal Order system is remarkably cheap, and on this score, will undoubtedly commend itself more than ever to popular favour; and it is extremely probable that for small sums the money-order system will in future be very little if at all used. Indeed, the Postal Order system, with its ready convenience and cheapness, seems likely to supersede all other methods of transmitting sums of a pound and under.

The Act under which these changes have taken place also authorises the issue of Postal Orders on board Her Majesty's ships, a boon that the seamen concerned will not be slow to appreciate. The system is also to be extended to many of the colonies as opportunity occurs. It is indeed now in operation in Malta and Gibraltar, where it has met with much popularity, owing to the fact, no doubt, that the same rates are charged on Postal Orders issued there as on Postal Orders issued in this country. If we compare these rates with those charged on foreign and colonial money orders, it can readily be imagined that the system will be hailed with unmixed satisfaction by the colonies where it is shortly to be instituted.

#### NEW METALLIC COMPOUND.

Delta-metal, a new metal said to be not unlikely to rival steel under certain conditions, has, according to the *Hamburg Correspondent*, been lately submitted to the Polytechnic Association in Berlin. Delta-metal contains iron in addition to the ordinary constituents of brass. It takes on an excellent polish, and is much less liable to rust than either steel or iron. When wrought or rolled, it is harder than steel, but not when cast only. It can be forged and soldered like iron, but not welded. It melts at about one thousand seven hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit; and at from one thousand three hundred to one thousand five hundred degrees it is remarkably malleable, and in this condition can admirably well be pressed or stamped. For founding, it is also well suited. The price is somewhat higher than that of the better kinds of brass. It should be found specially serviceable for objects exposed to rust and requiring great hardness. At present—not to mention other cases—the small steamers for the exploration of Central Africa are being made of delta-metal.

#### HARBOUR OF REFUGE FOR EAST COAST OF SCOTLAND.

We have before alluded to the operations of the Committee appointed by the Government to take evidence as to the most suitable place for a harbour of refuge on the east coast of Scotland. The Report of the investigators has now been published, with their final recommendations. The towns and harbours of Wick, Fraserburgh, Peterhead, Aberdeen, Arbroath, and Montrose, are sever-

rally reported upon, and the advantages and disadvantages of each stated, with the result that the reporters unanimously recommend Peterhead as the site of the proposed harbour of refuge. That town is situated almost midway between the great natural harbours of the Firth of Forth and Cromarty Firth, and its bay is well adapted as a place of shelter. Its anchorage also is excellent, the bottom of the bay being of mud with a sandy surface, affording a good holding-ground. The harbour is to be constructed by Scottish convict labour.

#### SUBTERRANEAN FISH.

A fact of much interest to students of natural history is vouched for by Cavalier Moerath, a civil engineer, formerly of Rome, and now visiting this country. This gentleman has devoted much labour and attention to the improvement of water-supplies in Italy. In sinking for water with one of Norton's Abyssinian Tube Wells, he tapped a spring from which was pumped a tiny living fish. This fish had passed into the tube well through the ordinary perforations of about one-eighth of an inch. Examination proved it to have no eyes, clearly indicating that it belonged to an order intended to inhabit subterranean waters. The occurrence was certified to by two other gentlemen who were present when the fish was pumped up.

The site of the well is Fontano del Prato, near the old city of Cori, between Rome and Naples, and the depth is about seventy feet. The soil from which the fish came was fine sand. The strata passed through above this sand were volcanic loose earth, clay and water, other volcanic earth, rocks and sand, and clay. The temperature of the water was low—about forty degrees Fahrenheit. The water was fresh. The fish, we are informed, has been preserved in spirit, and is to be brought to England, when it will probably be exhibited at the Health Exhibition in London.

#### THE FASTEST PASSAGE ON RECORD.

This great feat has just been achieved by the Guion line steamer *Oregon*, which left New York on the 26th of April last, and arrived at Queens-town at 5.16 on Saturday morning the 3d of May, making the trip in six days sixteen hours and fifty-seven minutes, which is the fastest homeward trip yet recorded. This is the more remarkable from the fact that she had to traverse over a hundred miles at least out of her course to avoid the icebergs, those pests of the North Atlantic. Passengers who embarked at New York on Saturday the 26th April were landed at Liverpool on the evening of that day week. The *Oregon* is another of those naval masterpieces for which the industry and skill of Scotland are so justly celebrated, and is considered one of the finest steamers afloat. Her highest score of miles run in one day was four hundred and thirty-six.

#### A CANINE 'COLLECTOR.'

That dogs can be taught the performance of tricks or acts showing a remarkable amount of sagacity and intelligence, no one will pretend to doubt, for it is a fact patent to all. But that a

dog could become a 'collector,' and a collector of money too, is at first sight somewhat startling. Yet such is the fact. A splendid and thoroughbred Scotch collie, known as 'Help,' has been actually trained as a collector of money for charitable contributions, or subscriptions, for the 'Orphan Fund of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants.' His tutor has been one of the guards of the night-boat train on the London, Brighton, and south-coast line. He is described as a dog not only of great beauty, but of gentle and winning ways, possessing marvellous intelligence and a generous disposition. In his capacity as collector he has travelled over the greater part of England, always returning home to the headquarters in the City Road, London, with the proceeds of his charitable efforts. Last year, he is reported to have crossed the Channel, having been taken over by the captain of the steamer *Brittany*, and introduced by him to Her Majesty's consul at Dieppe. In this port he is stated to have collected about six pounds ten shillings; and on returning home he seems to have made a rather profitable stay at Newhaven, where he collected nearly seven pounds. In February last it was reported in the newspapers that Help had been killed at a level crossing at Middlesborough, in Yorkshire, where he had been run over by an 'express' train. This, however, turns out to have been a mistake. A handsome Scotch collie *was* killed as stated, and as he resembled Help very much, the story got about that the canine 'collector' had lost his life on the line. But Help is at this moment actively following his charitable avocation, in which, we believe, he excites more interest than ever. And long may he continue to carry on his useful career of helping the fatherless and the afflicted. It would be interesting to know the plan or system employed for the dog's operations; in other words, how it is done. The animal must, of course, always be in charge of somebody, otherwise, when he had done a fair day's work in collecting money, there are numbers of unprincipled people who would speedily ease the collie of his subscriptions, if they did not take his life as well.

#### WILD-FLOWERS FROM ALLOWAY AND DOON.

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

No book to-night; but let me sit  
And watch the firelight change and flit,  
And let me think of other lays  
Than those that shake our modern days.  
Outside, the tread of passing feet  
Along the unsympathetic street  
Is naught to me; I sit and hear  
Far other music in my ear,  
That, keeping perfect time and tune,  
Whispers of Alloway and Doon.

The scent of withered flowers has brought  
A fresher atmosphere of thought,  
In which I make a realm, and see  
A fairer world unfold to me;  
For grew they not upon that spot  
Of sacred soil that loses naught  
Of sanctity by all the years  
That come and pass like human fears?  
They grew beneath the light of June,  
And blossomed on the Banks of Doon;

The waving woods are rich with green,  
And sweet the Doon flows on between;  
The winds tread light upon the grass,  
That shakes with joy to feel them pass;  
The sky, in its expanse of blue,  
Has but a single cloud or two;  
The lark, in raptures clear and long,  
Shakes out his little soul in song.  
But far above his notes, I hear  
Another song within my ear,  
Rich, soft, and sweet, and deep by turns—  
The quick, wild passion-throbs of Burns.

Al! were it not that he has sung  
A sunshine by the songs he sung  
On fields and woods of 'Bonnie Doon,'  
These simple flowers had been a boon  
Less dear to me; but since they grew  
On sacred spots which once he knew,  
They breathe, though crushed and shorn of bloom,  
To-night within this lonely room,  
Such perfumes, that to me prolong  
The passionate sweetness of his song.  
The glory of an early death  
Was his; and the immortal wreath  
Was woven round brows that had not felt  
The furrows that are roughly dealt  
To age; nor had the heart grown cold  
With haunting fears that, taking hold,  
Cast shadows downward from their wing,  
Until we doubt the songs we sing.  
But his was lighter doom of pain,  
To pass in youth, and to remain  
For ever fair and fresh and young,  
Encircled by the youth he sung.

And so to me these simple flowers  
Have sent through all my dreaming hours  
His songs again, which, when a boy,  
Made day and night a double joy.  
Nor did they sink and die away  
When manhood came with sterner day,  
But still, amid the jar and strife,  
The rush and clang of railway life,  
They rose up, and at all their words  
I felt my spirit's inner chords  
Thrill with their old sweet touch, as now,  
Though middle manhood shades my brow;  
For though I hear the tread of feet  
Along the unsympathetic street,  
And all the city's din to-night,  
My heart warms with that old delight,  
In which I sit and, dreaming, hear  
Singing to all the inner ear,  
Rich, clear, and soft, and sweet by turns,  
The deep, wild passion-throbs of Burns.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, Surname, and Address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.
- 4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to insure the safe return of ineligible papers.

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